

Revival 1281

Chapter 1281 - A Step Too Late

"We've arrived in Dahan City."

A red glow illuminated the sky but quickly vanished,

Eight individuals with peculiar expressions emerged one after another from an alley near the street. Their appearance was abrupt and out of place with the passersby, yet their arrival went unnoticed by anyone.

"Is this where the Ghost Post Office in Dahan City is located? But, if the compass points correctly, Zhang Xiangguang indeed is here."

Lu Zhiwen glanced around, immediately recognizing the current location as he looked at the barricaded and unfinished building nearby.

"Is it that five-story unfinished building?" Leuk San approached slowly, his gaze fixed ahead.

Though he had seen the file, it was his first time here.

"It indeed seems unremarkable. It's hard to imagine such a place concealing a Ghost Post Office, but there's no sign of Zhang Xiangguang around here. He appears not to be nearby; perhaps he's inside the Ghost Post Office. Let's hope your compass is useful."

Li Leping watched the bustling passersby; everything around was peaceful.

It hardly seemed like any supernatural incidents were occurring.

Moreover, he couldn't sense any paranormal aura around.

Of course, it wasn't just him—everyone else felt the same.

"Whether he's inside the Ghost Post Office or not, we'll know once we go in." Wei Jing's expression was numb.

"Just going in directly? Isn't that too rash? Should we prepare or set up an ambush?" Zhou Deng suggested.

"..."

The others looked at Zhou Deng with peculiar eyes.

Ambush?

The opponent likely possesses the Ghost Domain too; how would you ambush them?

"Sun Rui is currently managing the Ghost Post Office in Dahan City. If Zhang Xiangguang really entered, then Sun Rui might be in grave danger. Don't delay; go in immediately."

Yang Jian's eyes were heavy, and he was somewhat worried.

His Ghost Eye opened once more.

Red light enveloped the front, forming a path leading directly forward by the Ghost Domain.

Under the Ghost Domain's influence, the building ahead transformed, no longer appearing familiar. It became a modern five-story apartment building situated in a dim world, not existing in reality.

Following the path shaped by the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian, Li Jun, Leuk San, Li Leping, Lu Zhiwen, Zhou Deng, He Yiner, Wei Jing headed straight for the apartment building.

Colorful neon lights flashed.

The sign reading "Hell Apartment" stood at the entrance.

Though the name changed, everyone knew its predecessor was the Ghost Post Office.

Their strong-willed invasion directly ignored the Ghost Post Office's rules, not even the manager could stop their entry.

"The door is blocked."

However, upon reaching the entrance, they found a thick wall behind the door, blocking their way in. This seemed intentional, aimed at preventing outsiders from entering or possibly keeping those inside from leaving.

"Supernatural constructs may be powerful but sometimes they have flaws."

At this moment, Wei Jing stepped forward and placed his palm on the wall.

With slight force,

the wall collapsed instantly.

Soon after,

the lobby behind the wall revealed itself.

However, the hall was pitch-black, with a faint smell of decay in the air, and an overwhelming eerie vibe pervading.

"It seems we are a bit late; Sun Rui might have already met with trouble." Wei Jing numbly surveyed the area.

He saw malevolent spirits within the lobby.

Not overly terrifying, but exceptionally dangerous.

Given Sun Rui was the manager, he wouldn't likely exist in such a malevolent spirit-infested place.

"Yet the compass indicates Zhang Xiangguang is still here."

Lu Zhiwen produced the paper covered in Zhang Xiangguang's name, placing a pen on it.

The pen spun, pointing into the darkness ahead.

This clearly indicated to everyone Zhang Xiangguang was inside the Ghost Post Office.

"Let me light up the area to check out the surroundings."

Li Jun spoke, then employed his supernatural ability, igniting Ghost Flame to dispel the surrounding darkness.

Ominous green Ghost Flame flickered within the ground floor lobby, dispersing the darkness, revealing the surroundings.

Though preventing sinister vibes, the luxurious lobby contained sofas, bars, bookshelves, televisions, and various modern amenities.

Only, it lacked liveliness, appearing desolate.

"Sun Rui indeed seems to be in trouble,"

Yang Jian's face darkened; he walked in quickly without delay, searching for traces of Sun Rui with his Ghost Eye.

He worried over Sun Rui's death, as being manager should negate death, but Zhang Xiangguang was terrifying; eliminating a manager wouldn't be hard.

If the manager died, the Ghost Post Office might lose control, wasting all Yang Jian's past efforts.

Soon,

his eyes fixed on a corpse, precisely speaking, a headless corpse.

The headless corpse stood eerily unmoving, holding a cane.

"It's Sun Rui's body." Yang Jian's expression changed slightly.

His greatest fear had materialized. Sun Rui suffered a grievous injury, his head severed, leaving only his body roaming the Ghost Post Office.

This scene was exactly like when Gao Ming was killed.

Without doubt,

it was Zhang Xiangguang's doing.

"Help find Sun Rui's head; if he's still here, he should be alive, discovering him will unveil what happened. Sun Rui cannot die; we must save him, or else this place will lose control."

Yang Jian instructed, "Additionally, watch out for wandering malevolent spirits; stay cautious."

"It's a minor issue."

Wei Jing unraveled the grass rope from his waist, expressionless, advancing into unbreakable darkness.

In the darkness, none could be darker than his.

Since he was codenamed Ghost Envoy.

"Seems we've drawn a blank, so be it, we'll first handle the situation here, or else Dahan City will suffer again." Li Jun nodded, swiftly taking action.

The others wasted no words and began dealing with the malevolent spirits here.

Yang Jian strode to Sun Rui's corpse without hesitation, using a split spear to pin it on the wall, preventing any anomalies.

Soon enough,

The ground floor's threat was swiftly eradicated. Some hidden malevolent spirits were discovered and then promptly captured by the captains.

Though malevolent spirits posed danger, facing eight captains together was evidently manageable.

As time ticked by,

Everyone searched for Sun Rui's head but to no avail.

At this moment,

"I found it; I've found a head, don't know if it's Sun Rui's." Zhou Deng's voice suddenly rang.

He vanished somewhere midway and returned cradling a head.

However, the head was entirely wrapped with black paper.

"Let me see." Yang Jian moved forward immediately.

Zhou Deng remarked, "Yang, do you think this is Sun Rui? Wrapped like this, can't tell at all."

Yang Jian scrutinized the black paper.

It resembled black envelope paper used before when dealing with the Ghost Post Office, linked to its second manager Tian Xiaoyue before.

Without hesitation,

He accepted the head, extending his dark Ghost Hand to tear off the black paper.

As the paper fell, Sun Rui's face appeared.

The black paper seemed to possess supernatural power, sealing Sun Rui entirely, but now this seal was ineffective.

With only a head, Sun Rui's eyes opened, regaining consciousness.

"Yang Jian?"

Sun Rui saw Yang Jian, unsurprised, promptly asked, "What time is it? How long was I sealed?"

"Not long, likely under half an hour. I pursued Zhang Xiangguang here; he had at most half an hour for his deeds." Yang Jian answered.

"Is that so." Sun Rui breathed a sigh of relief, "I thought much time had passed."

"Let me fix your head back first."

Yang Jian brought Sun Rui's head to his body.

A Ghost Shadow behind him rose slowly, retrieving the head from Yang Jian and placing it onto the headless body pinned on the wall.

The Ghost Shadow's stitching instantly took effect.

The head fit onto the body perfectly, as if the wound never existed.

After finishing everything, Yang Jian then pulled out the coffin nail that was pinning down the corpse.

Immediately.

Sun Rui recovered.

"This time really is embarrassing, not only did I not help but also added trouble for you." Sun Rui sighed.

Seeing so many people come to help, he felt a bit awkward.

"Let's first restore things here and then we'll talk." Yang Jian said.

"Okay."

Sun Rui nodded.

The next moment.

The dim apartment was immediately lit up, the doors that had appeared on the walls closed with a bang and quickly disappeared.

The wandering ghost in the floor was forcibly sent to the depths of the apartment, unable to reappear.

In just a few minutes, everything here was restored to its original state.

"Is this the ability of a manager? It truly is incredible, but I want to know, if you can control everything here, how did you lose so badly?" Zhou Deng was amazed as he watched, then he cast a puzzled look at Sun Rui.

"Brother, don't mention the embarrassing stuff, there are so many people here, at least give me some face." Sun Rui said.

Zhou Deng said: "Alright then, I'll go over there and take a look around, you don't mind, do you?"

"I don't mind, you're welcome to come by anytime." Sun Rui said.

"Sun Rui, where's Zhang Xiangguang?" As things settled down, Li Jun came over immediately and inquired.

The other captains saw that the situation was improving and, no longer busy, gathered over too.

"Everyone, please sit, I'll speak slowly." Sun Rui said, then gestured for everyone to sit on the sofas.

Soon.

The ground sank, several sofas rose and appeared before everyone.

"The situation is urgent, there's no time to waste."

He Yiner urged: "Don't dawdle."

"Just a moment ago, Zhang Xiangguang brought three people and broke into the Ghost Post Office. At first, I thought they were the Fifth Floor Messengers left from back then, but then I recognized Zhang Xiangguang and became alert. Initially, I wanted to trap them in the Ghost Post Office, but in a flash, my head was chopped off."

Sun Rui sighed: "After that, he took away He Yuelian and repelled Tian Xiaoyue. I couldn't stop him and was forced to be subdued by the black paper from Tian Xiaoyue, cutting off my perception and putting me to sleep, hiding me in some part of the apartment."

"I don't know what happened after, but there's no way the Ghost Post Office could trap Zhang Xiangguang, he likely has already left."

"But he's still in the Ghost Post Office, my pen wouldn't be wrong."

Lu Zhiwen slightly opened his mouth, a continuous voice came out.

Sun Rui said: "That is Zhang Xiangguang in the oil painting. He was once a messenger in the Ghost Post Office. After delivering their last letter, every messenger leaves behind an oil painting in the Post Office, and the person in the painting is forever frozen in that moment. Furthermore, the version of oneself in the oil painting can only exist in the world of the painting and cannot appear in reality."

"So the Zhang Xiangguang in reality is the real Zhang Xiangguang, while the one in the oil painting is just a record from when he was a messenger."

"I see." Lu Zhiwen slightly nodded.

Yang Jian asked: "Is He Yuelian always here?"

Last time he asked He Yuelian to find Sun Rui here, and he didn't expect to run into Zhang Xiangguang this time. It was too coincidental.

Sun Rui said: "Sorry, given the situation at the time, I couldn't protect her."

"Now He Yuelian and the ghost painting are all in Zhang Xiangguang's hands, it seems he's almost done with what he wanted to do, and it's the next part that I'm most worried about."

Yang Jian frowned, also feeling that Zhang Xiangguang's progression had been too smooth.

It seemed everything was going according to his plan.

"I want to meet Zhang Xiangguang in the oil painting." Yang Jian said.

"That's no problem." Sun Rui nodded.

He Yiner said: "Now that the situation here is under control, we should be tracking down the culprit, he hasn't been in Dahan City for long, he must still be nearby, we can catch up with him soon."

"It's useless, without understanding what Zhang Xiangguang wants to do, we can't stop him, he can always stay a step ahead of us." Yang Jian said.

"Yang Jian is right, talking to the past Zhang Xiangguang might let us know what he wants to do, so we can get ahead of him and block him, otherwise just chasing after him is a futile effort." Leuk San walked over and said: "Your impatience won't work, if the opponent uses this against us and prepares, we'll suffer when we go."

He Yiner said: "If we keep dragging on, the other is likely long gone."

"Since we've already come, another moment won't matter, let's hear what Zhang Xiangguang in the oil painting has to say." Wei Jing said with a numb expression.

"Since you're all saying that, I'll take back my previous suggestion." He Yiner didn't argue and chose to relent.

Soon.

An oil painting was brought by Sun Rui.

This oil painting was very large, depicting a man of about thirty, wearing a Zhongshan suit, looking quite refined.

Yang Jian didn't hesitate and immediately walked towards the oil painting.

As soon as he touched the oil painting, his figure was absorbed into it, becoming a person within the painting.

"This thing is similar to the Ghost Painting," Li Jun observed.

"Let's go inside and take a look," Leuk San curiously suggested, wanting to investigate further.

The others also wanted to see who this Zhang Xiangguang really was, so they followed Yang Jian and Leuk San into the painting.

However, Zhou Deng didn't go in; he wandered off somewhere and was no longer visible.

Inside the painting was an eerie five-story building.

This was the Ghost Post Office within the painting.

"Has Yang Jian arrived?"

Yang Jian's arrival immediately caught the attention of many people inside the painting.

These were not living people; they were former Fifth Floor Messengers. After delivering their last letter, their memories at that time were completely retained, even possessing some supernatural ability, although not to the extent of when they were alive.

"I'm here to find Zhang Xiangguang."

He said directly, getting straight to the point.

"He's here." Some of the people in the painting pointed to a spot not far away.

Zhang Xiangguang stood there, looking over with curiosity.

Yang Jian walked over with large strides: "The you outside in the real world has caused quite a commotion. He took the Ghost Painting, took He Yuelian, and eliminated a person in charge... I want to ask you, do you really not know what he intends to do?"

"Goodness, Zhang Xiangguang, you really make a mess, don't you? Killing the city head, are you trying to rebel?"

An older, outdated person looked at him with some surprise.

"No wonder you haven't disappeared; it turns out the you outside has always been alive, truly admirable," someone marveled.

"Always causing trouble for the younger generation, Zhang Xiangguang, you'd be better off dying sooner," another person snorted coldly, expressing displeasure.

The other leaders also appeared, watching Zhang Xiangguang and, like Yang Jian, hoping for his answer.

"This question again."

The Zhang Xiangguang inside the painting sighed and said, "I've already answered last time; everything about me stopped when he left the Ghost Post Office. What he experienced and what he wants to do afterward, I truly know nothing about. Honestly, I also want to cooperate with you, but what I can do is indeed very limited. After all, time can change people, right?"

"Yang Xiao, what do you think?" Yang Jian looked at another person.

Immediately.

Another person emerged from the corner, looking about seventy to eighty percent similar to Yang Jian, at first glance almost mistaken for the same person.

"Yang Jian? No, it's not him, just someone similar," Leuk San was surprised.

"Yang Xiao? This should be a pseudonym; his real identity should be Yang Jian's father."

Lu Zhiwen said, "In the archives, Yang Jian's father is named Yang Xiaotian, and his mother is named Zhang Fen, native of Dachang City, Yang Town, Meishan Village... However, Yang Jian's father has been

dead for over a decade; the cause of death was a car accident. This Yang Xiao here should be a supernatural duplicate left before his father died, just like Zhang Xiangguang."

"I see."

The others suddenly understood, greatly astonished at the same time.

Unexpectedly, Yang Jian's father was also a ghost wielder and got involved in supernatural incidents.

"Why do you think I would know anything?" Yang Xiao asked.

Yang Jian said, "Intuition."

"Intuition? Alright then, based on my understanding of him, if he intends to do something significant, he will definitely go to the place where the nightmare began. This is both determination and cutting off the past," Yang Xiao slowly spoke.

"No matter what Zhang Xiangguang wants to do, I guess he will definitely start from Shuangqiao Town."

"Shuangqiao Town? Your hometown?" Yang Jian looked at Zhang Xiangguang again.

The Zhang Xiangguang in the painting nodded: "Indeed, that is my hometown. However, I've never mentioned this place here. Yang Xiao, how do you know about it?"

Yang Xiao simply said, "Talking in one's sleep is not a good habit."

"I see, did your supernatural power ever interfere with me before?"

Zhang Xiangguang chuckled bitterly and said, "There is an abandoned private school in Shuangqiao Town. I'm not sure if it's still there, but you can go take a look. I used to study there, which might provide you with some help."

Yang Jian gave him a deep look: "I hope you truly cooperate with us and aren't intentionally hiding something."

"I haven't hidden anything," the Zhang Xiangguang in the painting declared earnestly.

"Let's head to Shuangqiao Town now and intercept him," Li Jun suggested.

Yang Jian nodded, not wasting any time, and immediately turned to leave.

"Wait a minute."

Suddenly, the Zhang Xiangguang inside the painting reminded them: "I used to know some ghost wielders. If you are going to deal with him, be cautious of a few very skillful aides he might have. I'm not sure if those people are still alive, but a few of them you must be especially careful with, namely Song Xin Hai, Nie Yingping, Zhang Xian, and Chen Qiaoyang."

"Alright, I got it," Yang Jian nodded.

Chapter 1282 - Familiar Ashen White

"Go to Shuangqiao Town to intercept and kill Zhang Xiangguang, bring back the ghost painting, and put an end to this matter."

Yang Jian walked out from the world of the oil painting, his attitude resolute, filled with murderous intent.

A few captains also emerged from the world of the oil painting one after another. They understood the cause and effect, and also learned about Zhang Xiangguang's past. Such a dangerous character must be eradicated.

"Shuangqiao Town is not far from here. If we use the Ghost Domain, we can get there within a minute," said Leuk San.

"If everything goes smoothly, we can finish everything within an hour. Just in time, I need to return to Dayuan City before evening," He Yiner was already a bit impatient at this moment.

She felt that Yang Jian had wasted too much time; this matter could have been resolved more quickly.

"Where's Zhou Deng? Where did he run off to now?" Yang Jian was preparing to set off when he realized someone was missing from the team.

"He's wandering around on the fifth floor," Sun Rui said with his cane.

"Get him down here; it's time to go," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui nodded.

Very soon.

On the fifth floor, Zhou Deng suddenly misstepped, and with a cry of surprise, he fell straight down.

"Bang!"

Zhou Deng landed in the first-floor lobby. He quickly got up, looked around, and saw everyone staring at him.

"H-hello, everyone."

Yang Jian stared at him and said, "What are you holding in your hand?"

"This? It's nothing; I just picked it up on the fifth floor," Zhou Deng hurriedly hid the thing in his hand.

"Forget it, let's move out."

Yang Jian didn't bother with it much, but he did find the item Zhou Deng was holding somewhat familiar. He seemed to have seen it at the Ghost Post Office before; it was a supernatural item. However, heading to Shuangqiao Town was more important now, so he let it go.

Immediately.

The group set off again.

They left the apartment and arrived in Dahan City. Then the Ghost Domain spread, and Yang Jian led them straight to Shuangqiao Town.

Shuangqiao Town is a very ordinary small town. If it weren't for the fact that this is Zhang Xiangguang's hometown, no one would know this place.

Like other small towns, it's beautiful, peaceful, and tranquil, far from the hustle and bustle of big cities. The pace of life is slow, making it a nice place for a leisurely retirement.

However, a bizarre event broke the peace of Shuangqiao Town.

This afternoon.

It suddenly started to snow in the sky over Shuangqiao Town.

"No, it's not snow; it's ash from paper?"

By the roadside, a passerby thought it was snowing, reached out to catch some, and found that it was actually ash from paper in his hand.

At first, the paper ashes were sparse, but soon they increased, and the sky began to be obscured. The surrounding green hills and waters gradually turned into a hazy gray, as if the vibrant world suddenly lost its color, leaving only gray and white.

Many people in Shuangqiao Town were curious and began to discuss it.

"Why so much ash? Could someone be burning paper on the mountain? But it's not the time for paper burning and worship." Someone speculated.

"It must be air pollution. It takes so much paper for all this ash; there must be a chemical factory built nearby." An elderly man asserted confidently.

"I wonder if this ash is harmful." More people were worried.

However, their lives were not really affected. Everything went on as usual; they just found it hard to adapt to the sudden change for the moment.

Yet, this scene made Yang Jian and the others abruptly stop in their tracks.

They arrived at Shuangqiao Town but didn't dare to enter because the grayish sky made them feel intense unease.

"The ghost painting is out of control... that Zhang Xiangguang truly deserves to die."

Li Jun's face was somber, his hollow eye sockets staring intently at the small town enveloped in that gray world.

"There are still residents in the town; it seems he doesn't care about ordinary people," Wei Jing's numbly face showed a somewhat unpleasant expression.

"Can't we bring those people out?" He Yiner frowned.

Yang Jian's expression was cold: "We can't bring them out. Ahead is the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting; entering there is like entering the World of Ghost Drawing. The only way to come out is to find the source of the ghost painting and walk out through the frame of the painting."

"Like earlier when we went in and out of that oil painting?" He Yiner asked.

"Yes, although we can't rule out other supernatural means to enter or exit the ghost painting, it's hard to say if they would be effective," Yang Jian said.

"Zhang Xiangguang did it on purpose. He wants to use the ghost painting to isolate Shuangqiao Town, so even if we track it down, we're afraid to venture into it casually because, with the slightest misstep, we might be trapped to death in the World of Ghost Drawing. Last time, an operation targeting the ghost painting ended in total annihilation."

Leuk San said with a heavy expression.

"But we can't just stand here and do nothing," Zhou Deng muttered.

"Here's a question: how did Zhang Xiangguang know we would come directly to Shuangqiao Town?"

Lu Zhiwen said, "We got the news from Sun Rui, and as soon as we knew, we came straight here. Under normal circumstances, Zhang Xiangguang couldn't possibly be prepared in advance."

"The Zhang Xiangguang in the painting is probably lying," Li Leping said, "I think he's got issues."

"Now's not the time to dwell on that, the ghost painting is out of control..." Li Jun was saying, but before he finished his sentence.

Suddenly.

For some reason, everyone sharply looked up at the sky.

The gray white paper ashes gently floated down from above.

"The ghost domain of the ghost painting is expanding, and very quickly. This isn't normal loss of control; it seems someone is controlling all of this?"

Yang Jian squinted, feeling his ghost eye being suppressed, wanting to close up.

"Could it be that the ghost painting was harnessed?" Li Jun asked.

Yang Jian said, "Absolutely impossible. This level of ghost can't be harnessed by a living person. Even Zhang Xiangguang wouldn't dare to harness the ghost painting; it's courting death. Now, only two paths lie before us. Either enter Shuangqiao Town, find Zhang Xiangguang and deal with him, then collectively handle the ghost painting event."

"Or, retreat now, directly seal off Shuangqiao Town, controlling the influence of the ghost painting within a certain range."

"If the former fails, the ghost painting loses control, the captains die, the situation gets entirely out of hand. The latter is safer, but we'll have to abandon Shuangqiao Town. We eight captains, let's not ask Headquarters about it, we'll vote on it."

After speaking, he looked at everyone.

The crowd wore solemn expressions, naturally understanding how crucial the decision was.

The atmosphere suddenly grew a bit heavy.

But at this moment, a phone rang.

Yang Jian answered the call, though the signal was being supernaturally disturbed, with some static interference.

The call was from Sun Rui. He had connected a telephone line using gold, linking the Ghost Post Office with the outside world for communication.

"Captain Yang, something's wrong in Dahan City; it seems to be raining gray white paper ashes. What's the situation on your end? Have you found Zhang Xiangguang?"

Sun Rui stood at the doorway, watching the gray sky over Dahan City, worry noticeable on his face.

"I got it, give me some time to handle it. Also, be wary of the Zhang Xiangguang from the oil painting. Erase him if necessary; he may be problematic." After Yang Jian hung up, he immediately hung up the phone.

Everyone else also heard the voice from the call.

"Could Dahan City be showing signs of a ghost painting invasion as well?" The group paused in silence.

"Not just Dahan City, nearby towns are experiencing the same situation."

Lu Zhiwen looked into the distance, speaking, "Yang Jian is right; the ghost painting isn't just out of control, it's being manipulated. Someone is trying to spread the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting. After all, in theory, the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting can expand limitlessly until it covers all those who triggered the ghost painting's killing rules."

"If someone exploits this, the range of influence the ghost painting can reach will exceed imagination."

"If that's the case, then there's no need to vote. If we don't eliminate the opponent, deal with the ghost painting, this thing could spread to my Dayuan City."

He Yiner, with a cold face, walked towards Shuangqiao Town without hesitation at this moment.

The reality left them no room to hesitate.

"Let's go."

Wei Jing turned around numbly, also heading forward.

Yang Jian said nothing at the moment, water seeping from under his feet, with a cracked long spear lifted by a floating corpse in the water.

He grabbed the long spear, walking resolutely towards Shuangqiao Town without looking back.

And the water stains behind him did not disappear, instead starting to continuously spread gurglingly.

Only that the speed of this spread was somewhat slow.

Li Jun, Leuk San, Li Leping, Zhou Deng, and Lu Zhiwen, all five of them, also said nothing and immediately followed.

Chapter 1283 - A Terrifying Plan

The worst-case scenario as expected has happened.

The Ghost Drawing has completely spiraled out of control under human interference. At this moment, not only is a gray, ashy rain falling over the sky of Shuangqiao Town, but the nearby villages and towns are also experiencing the same, even Dahan City is showing signs of a Ghost Drawing invasion.

Despite the long distance between Shuangqiao Town and Dahan City.

The invasion of the Ghost Drawing can ignore the influence of distance; even cities thousands of kilometers apart will soon be shrouded in the Ghost Domain of the Ghost Drawing, as long as someone has seen the real Ghost Drawing and triggered its deadly pattern.

Until in the end, all invaded areas will merge into one, forming an unimaginably large world of the Ghost Drawing.

That's exactly why this drawing is classified as an S-level supernatural event.

"The residents of Shuangqiao Town seem unaware that danger has descended."

Walking on the town's road, Li Jun, wearing sunglasses, looked around but found that the residents on the street were all calm, not panicking, merely using umbrellas to shield from the falling ashes, not paying much attention.

"They haven't seen the Ghost Drawing, so the ghost won't target them. They're temporarily safe, but being in the Ghost Domain of the Ghost Drawing, it's only a matter of time before they're targeted," said Leuk San.

"We can't worry about them now, the Ghost Drawing's loss of control is escalating, affecting more people for sure. Previously, in the oil painting, that Zhang Xiangguang said they might be in an old private school here in Shuangqiao Town. Though we don't know if it's true, we still have to check," Wei Jing said, expressionless, his gaze searching the surroundings as if he discovered something.

But he didn't find anything.

They have already entered the world of the Ghost Drawing, where everyone's Ghost Domain is affected, making movement not that easy.

Of course, this issue affects them and also Zhang Xiangguang and the others.

"I inquired with a few elders in the town, and there is indeed such a private school, but it was rebuilt into a school many years ago. Its current name should be Shuangqiao Town Primary School."

Leuk San remained silent for a moment, then suddenly spoke up.

His paper person also entered Shuangqiao Town unconsciously.

Even without leaving himself, he could still grasp the situation around through his paper person.

"Shuangqiao Town Primary School?"

Lu Zhiwen pointed in a direction and said, "It should be over there."

The group changed direction and accelerated, heading straight for Shuangqiao Town Primary School.

When they arrived, they indeed saw a five-story building, with tall courtyard walls enclosing it. Padlocked rusted iron gates hung there, and through them, they could see the school's playground overgrown with weeds, evidence that the school hadn't been used for a long time.

Yang Jian walked to the iron gate, pulled with his hand, causing it to twist, and the padlock broke immediately, the gate creakingly opened slowly.

"Looking at them, they don't seem like they'd be hiding here. Is the Zhang Xiangguang in the oil painting lying?" Li Jun frowned, the eerie Ghost Flame in his eyes flickering, ready to ignite the place at any moment.

"His words are unreliable, but at times we have no choice but to believe them. After all, we are desperate to find Zhang Xiangguang; any lead should be pursued. Plus, some of his information is indeed true, the Ghost Drawing is here in Shuangqiao Town, this place bears the deepest marks of a supernatural invasion, so the Ghost Drawing's loss of control must have started from Shuangqiao Town."

"As for whether Zhang Xiangguang is here or not, we'll only know after we look," said Yang Jian emotionlessly.

"But here we are, claiming to be captains, circling around and ending up not even finding the enemy, speaking of this would be quite embarrassing," He Yiner said with some displeasure.

But despite the talk.

The group still entered the abandoned school.

"I can feel it, indeed there's someone in that building. Looks like our luck isn't too bad."

Suddenly, Leuk San squinted his eyes, staring at the old classroom building ahead.

His senses were indeed spot-on.

The next moment.

A footstep sound appeared at the stairway of the abandoned building, and someone slowly walked down the dim steps.

This person was..... Zhang Xiangguang.

He actually showed himself unprovoked, having no intention of hiding any longer, or perhaps for him, there was no need to hide anymore.

"You're a step too late, but it's not your fault. After all, I've been planning this for a long time; there's simply no chance of failure."

However, Zhang Xiangguang stepped out, and upon seeing everyone, he was not surprised at all. Instead, he seemed to have anticipated it, and uttered just one sentence.

"What about the Ghost Drawing?" Yang Jian stared at him coldly, not rushing to make a move.

Zhang Xiangguang shook his head with a smile and said, "The Ghost Drawing? At this point, the Ghost Drawing is no longer important. You just need to know that it's currently losing control, and the speed of losing control is very fast....."

"Using the loss of control of the haunted painting to let the Ghost Domain invade the town, dragging everything in reality into the painting; is that your plan? Do you want to use supernatural powers to kill everyone?" Lu Zhiwen asked.

Zhang Xiangguang replied, "No, quite the opposite, I want to save everyone. The outside world is full of supernatural events, ordinary people live precariously, relying on you ghost tamers running around, how many fierce ghosts can you solve? The failure of the previous generation is the best evidence, so we must take a different path."

"For example, let them live in the World of Ghost Drawing. After all, the world within the ghost painting can expand infinitely, large enough to accommodate everyone. You've experienced the ghost painting incident before, you should know, after a foreign city was absorbed by the ghost painting, many survivors lived within the painting for more than half a year, and they are still healthy."

He mentioned a terrifying idea, wanting everyone to live in the World of Ghost Drawing.

"You're truly insane to come up with such a foolish plan?"

Li Jun said coldly, "Staying in the World of Ghost Drawing and being killed by ghosts is only a matter of time."

"Foolish?"

Zhang Xiangguang looked at him, "Do you think the issue you're thinking of hasn't crossed my mind? The only reason the World of Ghost Drawing is dangerous is that there's no one to control it. But what if

someone could successfully control the ghost painting? Once it's successfully controlled, the world will no longer be dangerous, because every danger would be manageable."

"Even the top ghost tamers will face death someday; the erosion of supernatural forces is irreversible. Your insane plan is doomed to fail," He Yiner said.

As a Soul Summoner, by theory she could only live about a hundred years.

After that, her limits would be reached, and she would die too.

The previous Soul Summoner lived even shorter, barely reaching sixty.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "I've considered this issue, and twenty years ago I thought of a solution, and that's to have a person who would never die to control the ghost painting."

"No one lives forever," Leuk San said.

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, "No, there is one kind of person who does not die."

"What kind of person?" The others looked at Yang Jian,

Zhang Xiangguang smiled, "It seems like you figured it out, yes, there is one kind of person who doesn't die,"

"The managers of the Ghost Post Office." Yang Jian's expression became serious.

Sun Rui?

Instantly, everyone thought of Sun Rui, the former manager of Dahan City.

Even if Sun Rui's head was severed, losing his body, without the ghost inside his body maintaining his life, he could still survive.

"You want the managers of the Post Office to control the ghost painting, and then use the ghost painting's ability to invade reality, letting everyone live in the world within the painting, isolating them from supernatural events outside, solving the harm caused by supernatural forces once and for all? And the managers of the Ghost Post Office would not die themselves, allowing for eternal control of the ghost painting, preventing the painting from losing control?"

At that moment, Yang Jian understood Zhang Xiangguang's idea.

"Yes, that's right."

Zhang Xiangguang nodded, "And I call this plan the Peach Blossom Fountain plan, just like the ancient people portrayed, living in a world of Peach Blossom Fountain that is free from worldly troubles, and as the manager of this world, I can solve disasters, wars, supernatural events, diseases... Everything would be perfect, wouldn't it?"

"However, the new world still needs order and management. If possible, I hope you all can join my plan and help me maintain and perfect this new world."

With that, he extended his hand to everyone, offering an invitation.

"If your plan succeeds, then everyone's lives will be tied to you. If anything happens to you, everyone will die in the ghost painting. Dozens of billions of lives, are you so confident you can bear that burden?"

Yang Jian gripped the cracked long spear in his hand tightly.

"I've thought of that too, so for the most part, I won't personally manage the new world. I will leave it to those with the will to manage it, like Tian Xiaoyue, like Sun Rui, or like you captains, after all, as the ancients said, the most accomplished have no self, the divine beings have no achievements, the saints have no name."

"What does he mean by that?" Zhou Deng asked, a bit puzzled.

Lu Zhiwen explained, "It means those who reach the pinnacle of status should not be biased, beings like gods or deities should not undertake any actions because not acting means not erring, thus they can be worshipped forever, and sages should not seek fame and fortune, being bound by fame and fortune. It means becoming an existence without bias, doing nothing, and not seeking fame or fortune."

"So is that still human?" Zhou Deng was surprised.

"To achieve that is no longer to be human, but to be the way of heaven," Lu Zhiwen replied.

"Zhang Xiangguang, do you really think we'd believe such nonsense?"

He Yiner said with a cold expression, "And your plan is destined to be impossible to realize because you will die today."

"The managers of the Post Office do not die," Zhang Xiangguang shook his head.

Yang Jian said, "You are not a manager now, the true managers cannot leave the Ghost Post Office."

Zhang Xiangguang said, "That's right, the true managers cannot leave the Ghost Post Office, the only way to leave is to die."

"You're not a manager, so why are you talking nonsense? At the end of the day, it's all just fooling ghosts," Zhou Deng cursed.

Zhang Xiangguang walked over slowly and said, "But I am not the real Zhang Xiangguang."

As soon as he said this, everyone was instantly awakened.

They immediately widened their eyes, associating with the person in the oil painting.

"It seems you've realized, but it's a pity you're still a bit slow. Ever since I became the manager of the post office, I have never left the Ghost Post Office, because this plan requires the manager's identity," said Zhang Xiangguang.

"I see, so my pen didn't point to the wrong place." Lu Zhiwen's expression turned serious.

Zhou Deng, more puzzled, asked, "If you're not Zhang Xiangguang, then who are you?"

"He is the Zhang Xiangguang in the oil painting. Every messenger has three choices after delivering the last letter: either leave the Ghost Post Office, or choose to go to the sixth floor of the Ghost Post Office, which allows them to become a manager of the Ghost Post Office, and as for the third choice, it's to resurrect someone from the oil painting."

Yang Jian took a deep breath, shocked by this guy's fearfulness.

"After Zhang Xiangguang delivered the letter for the first time, he left the Ghost Post Office, then left behind his own portrait. The second time he entered the Ghost Post Office again, delivered the last letter, and chose to resurrect himself from the oil painting. But after successfully resurrecting, he would

return to the first floor of the Ghost Post Office to start delivering letters again until the third time he delivered the last letter, he became the manager."

"So, although Zhang Xiangguang entered and exited the Ghost Post Office twice, he actually delivered the last letter three times because only in this way could he meet his current requirements."

Although he understood, Yang Jian's heart was still shocked.

Passing through the Ghost Post Office three times, this Zhang Xiangguang was still able to survive and become the manager of the post office—how terrifying is that?

One must know that the difficulty of the letter delivery task increases based on the messenger's strength, and it's not as if once Zhang Xiangguang cleared it once, the second time would become easier.

Back then, Yang Jian was already a top-level ghost master and had become an anomaly, and even so, several times he almost died in the process of delivering letters while clearing the Ghost Post Office.

"You're right, I delivered the last letter three times."

Zhang Xiangguang did not deny it, nodded, and acknowledged, "But from today on, all these secrets no longer have meaning, and I voluntarily reveal all this so you can understand that my plan has the potential to succeed and it's not just an illusion."

"With that said, the possibility of your plan succeeding is indeed quite high, no wonder you have strived for it for decades," Yang Jian said.

He Yiner exclaimed, "You actually believe his nonsense?"

"Why not believe? He's not an irrational madman but has really found a feasible path, albeit very extreme, but it can indeed solve supernatural events once and for all," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Xiangguang smiled, "It seems there are still people who can understand me."

"However, even though your plan is good, betting on so many lives to gamble on the uncertainty of the supernatural is, to be honest, something I don't dare to gamble on, so I hope you can terminate this plan. If possible, kindly just go and die now, so as not to cause us more trouble," Yang Jian said seriously.

"Then can I understand this as a negotiation failure? Do other captains share the same view?" Zhang Xiangguang asked.

"I have a different idea. If you are willing to commit suicide, I can leave two paper figurines to guard your grave," said Leuk San.

Li Jun said, "A person like that should just have his corpse burned to ashes to prevent the revival of a vengeful ghost after death."

"I told you not to waste time, we should act quickly and solve it fast, he might be stalling for time," He Yiner said.

Zhang Xiangguang sighed after hearing these words, "Since the negotiation has failed, please do not obstruct my affairs anymore, and therefore, I ask that all of you captains die here today."

"Is that so?"

Suddenly, a voice next to him sounded. Li Leping, who hadn't spoken all along, appeared by his side at some point, grabbing Zhang Xiangguang's wrist with a cold hand.

"Well done, Li Leping." Li Jun immediately strode forward.

Ghost Flame ignited, instantly setting the entire building ablaze. As the flames spread, they completely surrounded Zhang Xiangguang.

The next moment.

A blackened hemp rope descended from the air, directly strangling Zhang Xiangguang's neck, hanging him up.

"Did it work?"

The other captains did not act, only coldly watched this scene.

They needed to be alert to their surroundings.

Because Zhang Xiangguang was not alone; he had accomplices.

The sound of bones breaking echoed with a crack.

Zhang Xiangguang, hung by the rope, glanced laboriously at Li Leping beside him: "I won't make the same mistake twice; I don't remember you, but I will guard against you."

"Hmm?"

Li Leping furrowed his eyebrows.

Zhang Xiangguang immediately stopped struggling, lowered his head, lost the ability to move, and seemed to be dead.

The corpse began to rapidly decompose, the flesh peeling off, quickly leaving just a skeleton, which then shattered and turned to dust, disappearing completely.

The body just vanished into thin air like that.

But suddenly.

Li Leping looked towards the staircase.

Footsteps were heard, along with the metallic sound of a rusty, old knife scraping the floor.

Zhang Xiangguang descended once more from the stairs.

At this moment, Li Leping sensed danger, not waiting for him to prepare.

An arm slowly detached from his body, falling to the ground.

Thick blood gushed out.

Li Leping immediately grabbed the fallen arm, retreating slowly with an uncertain expression.

"To stop me, you'll have to give it your all, or else you risk total annihilation."

The resurrected Zhang Xiangguang patted his shoulder.

The Ghost Flame burning on his shoulder was extinguished just by his pat.

Not only that.

Abnormalities also emerged around the abandoned playground.

At this moment, the sky was no longer gray; it quickly darkened.

A mass of darkness enveloped the area.

"The Ghost Envoy has arrived."

Wei Jing looked at the familiar darkness with a numb expression and said.

"What a joke, how could the Ghost Envoy appear at this time?" Zhou Deng was shocked.

Li Jun's hollow eye sockets flickered with fire: "It must be the doing of the Ghost Shepherd, Chen Qiaoyang."

But around them, Chen Qiaoyang's figure could not be seen.

Living people only see ghosts; life and death, the Ghost Shepherd is unseen.

Now it seems, this saying is indeed true.

"The Ghost Envoy's suppression limit is 9. Once you fall behind, you're doomed. We must stay together," Wei Jing said again.

As soon as he said this, the other captains immediately gathered together.

Eight captains gathered together, with definitely more than 9 ghosts, could temporarily ignore the Ghost Envoy's attack.

"Then comes the question, which is more dangerous: the Ghost Envoy or me?"

At this moment, another figure emerged from the abandoned classroom.

This person was also holding an old, rusty knife.

He was still Zhang Xiangguang.

No.

Not just that, a second, a third, a third Zhang Xiangguang emerged from different corners of the teaching building.

They were all exactly the same, with no differences, even their supernatural weapons were identical.

A total of five Zhang Xiangguangs converged, joining forces to approach.

"Infinite reset?"

This scene felt familiar, yet it filled people with extreme horror.

"This guy....."

Yang Jian's face was grim; it was the first time he felt the oppressive force of a fellow ghost master.

Chapter 1284 - Brutal Collision

At this moment, Zhang Xiangguang finally revealed those terrifying fangs.

His plan not only horrified people but also showed strength that left them feeling despair.

No ghost controller in the supernatural circle has ever been able to display a level of supernatural power, even just at the onset. Everyone already had a rough assessment in their hearts, which was that there was a huge gap between them and Zhang Xiangguang, at least by a level.

And now, there were five Zhang Xiangguangs joining forces.

Not only that, the surrounding area was being swallowed by darkness, hidden within was a terrifying ghost envoy... a ghastly presence.

"The appearance of the ghost envoy is not to attack us, but to trap us, to restrict us, to prevent us from scattering. Wei Jing, are you sure the suppression quota of the ghost envoy must be 9?" At this moment, Leuk San felt uneasy and gritted his teeth.

The appearance of the ghost envoy had too much impact on his paper figures.

As soon as the paper figures got close, they would be immediately cleared by the ghost envoy, so he needed to know the correct number to allow the paper figures to gather and then come here.

Wei Jing explained with a numb expression, "The suppression quota of the ghost envoy after coming out of the training base is 9, but after the subsequent supernatural incidents, the specific quota of the ghost envoy is uncertain, but I can confirm that my suppression quota is 9, so probably the ghost envoy's is the same. Some uncertain changes caused the ghost envoy's suppression quota to remain at this number."

He gave a reason.

"Alright, I'll trust you this time." Leuk San didn't ask further.

"He Yiner, conjure the spirits, immediately." Yang Jian looked at her and said.

"No need for your reminder."

He Yiner took a deep breath, immediately removed the hand string from her wrist, and also took out an old wooden comb and a pocket watch that had long stopped running from her clothes.

Three vague outlines gradually appeared nearby.

She summoned three spirits in one go.

But the appearance of the spirits would take some time.

However, the opponent wouldn't give He Yiner time to summon the spirits.

At this moment, five Zhang Xiangguangs had already attacked. Their actions weren't coordinated, but they raised their rusty old broadswords all at once.

This knife didn't need to touch humans, nor was it clear what medium it used, but the moment the knife was raised, everyone felt a strong sense of crisis.

Almost without any hesitation.

Yang Jian, Li Jun, Leuk San, Wei Jing, and Li Leping took a step forward and directly blocked in front of the other three.

The first attack must be withstood.

If it can't be blocked, there would be no chance to fight back.

A knife fell, as if casually swiping in the air.

Instantly.

A terrifying supernatural power erupted, directly attacking the five of them.

A grotesque wound appeared on Yang Jian's neck again, and a head fell off his neck once more. He couldn't restart at this moment because he was inside the ghost painting's Ghost Domain, and his ghost eye was suppressed, almost useless.

Beside him, a slit tore open on Li Jun's face, and sinister Ghost Flames spewed out from the slit, as if the out-of-control flames were about to engulf him.

Leuk San's paper figure's body was similarly torn apart, but a corpse with a chilling feeling was revealed inside, its skin sliced open, dripping thick blood.

Wei Jing's expression remained unchanged as his chest was directly ripped open, exposing rotten, foul-smelling innards.

Li Leping was even more miserable, being cut in half and collapsing on the ground.

"You all..."

He Yiner was momentarily stunned upon witnessing such a tragic scene.

She hadn't expected the several of them would so decisively block Zhang Xiangguang's attack, allowing her to survive unscathed.

Zhou Deng was also shocked, and then his eyes turned red.

Because He Yiner wasn't the only one protected; he was within the protection range as well.

"Did they block it?"

Lu Zhiwen remained expressionless, but he fixed his stare on Zhang Xiangguang in front of him, exuding murderous intent.

"Trying to solve us like this, Zhang Xiangguang, you're underestimating people too much."

At this moment, Yang Jian's headless corpse moved, raising his hand to throw the cracked spear.

One of the Zhang Xiangguangs immediately stopped and prepared to defend.

However, the flying spear was caught mid-air by a tall Ghost Shadow, with a blood-red face branded on its face, exactly like Yang Jian's.

The Ghost Shadow grabbed the cracked spear and swung it towards Zhang Xiangguang.

Zhang Xiangguang intended to move but discovered he was grabbed by countless blackened, stiff hands at his feet. These hands piled up layer after layer, climbing upwards, almost engulfing him.

The sound of metal clashing reverberated.

"You're nothing special either."

He expressionlessly raised the eerie old broadsword to block the attack.

However, the immense force caused him to lose some balance.

Suddenly, a deadly curse unleashed.

Zhang Xiangguang's face turned ashen immediately, and then this ashen complexion swiftly spread all over his body.

"Bang!"

The inevitable curse disrupted him, turning the spear around as the Coffin Nail pierced directly through his body, pinning him to the ground.

Immediately, this Zhang Xiangguang fell completely silent, while his body began to rapidly decay as before. However, differently this time, even the old machete in Zhang Xiangguang's hand also decayed, leaving nothing behind.

"Indeed, you are stronger than the others."

The other four Zhang Xiangguang looked somewhat surprised, seemingly not expecting Yang Jian to eliminate one of them so quickly.

But before he could think further, the captains' counterattack had already begun.

The sinister Ghost Flame enveloped, instantly swallowing a Zhang Xiangguang within it, and Li Jun disappeared into the flames altogether, his body colliding with Zhang Xiangguang's figure, and the whole Human Skin Mask stuck onto him as if to cover him entirely.

Wei Jing ignored the wounds on his body at the moment, as a blackened grass rope fell from all directions, winding around another Zhang Xiangguang. The grass rope tightened more and more, almost binding him into a straw man.

The terrifying suppression of the Ghost Envoy made him lose the strength to struggle.

At this moment, Leuk San's hand peeled away yellow paper, revealing a weirdly emaciated hand, which was lifted high, and then suddenly dropped towards Zhang Xiangguang.

A certain dreadful killing rule was triggered.

At this moment, the fourth Zhang Xiangguang's heart abruptly stopped, and he stumbled to the ground directly.

Li Leping, who had been cut into two halves, had already disappeared at some unknown time, and the recollection just now vanished into thin air, and he appeared intact in front once more.

Thick smoke enveloped the fifth Zhang Xiangguang, who plunged into the smoke, wandering in search.

Once found, triggering the killer's rule might eliminate the last Zhang Xiangguang.

The tall Ghost Shadow slowly lifted the cracked spear, staring at several unusual spots around, while the shadow covered the ground, lifting a head on the ground to piece it back slowly onto the headless body.

"A single fire can't burn me away." At the same time, the second Zhang Xiangguang's voice came from within the Ghost Flame.

In the flames, a figure forcibly tore off a layer of human skin, and then the Ghost Flame gradually extinguished. However, his body bore several scorch marks yet he remained alive, while Li Jun's body was no longer full, like a deflated balloon, only left with a limp human skin, held in Zhang Xiangguang's grip, unable to move.

Meanwhile.

On the other side, the Ghost Rope wrapping Zhang Xiangguang started continuously breaking, as some terrible supernatural power resisted suppression, trying to break free.

"Bang!"

The next moment, the Ghost Rope snapped in unison, and the third Zhang Xiangguang's body twisted somewhat, yet he still wielded a machete to cut the Ghost Rope, ignoring Wei Jing's attack.

The fourth Zhang Xiangguang, under Leuk San's attack, collapsed to the ground, but he suddenly lifted his head and slowly stood up again, showing that his consciousness was still present and he wasn't killed in one strike.

This scene made Leuk San widen his eyes, feeling horrified.

"Stop searching, I'm right here."

Amid the thick smoke, a figure groaned and tumbled out.

That turned out to be Li Leping.

And the fifth Zhang Xiangguang, unharmed, walked out of the smoke in large strides.

Despite the captain-level attack, only Yang Jian succeeded in taking down one Zhang Xiangguang, while the remaining four Zhang Xiangguang still survived.

Moreover, Li Jun, who exerted himself completely, directly perished, managing only to burn one layer of Zhang Xiangguang's skin.

"Soul Summoner, we're not a match for this person, even during the Republic of China Period he's a top-tier existence, use the spirit tablet, don't hesitate."

At this moment, a specter summoned by He Yiner saw this scene and immediately reminded.

As soon as this was said, the three specters immediately looked fierce, seemingly lost their rationality, and then, like malevolent spirits, rushed straight toward Zhang Xiangguang.

The three specters did not separate to attack but charged at the second Zhang Xiangguang instead.

The older generation of specter made the right judgment, they wanted to take down this Zhang Xiangguang to save Li Jun, striving to reverse their disadvantage while taking down the opponent as much as possible.

"Even specters want to cause trouble?" These Zhang Xiangguang once again raised their machetes.

However, at this moment.

One Zhang Xiangguang reached for his weapon and grasped nothing but air.

The machete... had vanished.

"I did it."

Zhou Deng, wearing a Human Skin Mask, looked strange and unfamiliar, yet spoke with a hint of joy because at this moment he held a rusty old machete in his hand.

This machete was Zhang Xiangguang's own.

"Huh?"

Then, the moment Zhou Deng held the machete, he noticed that his vision changed, becoming especially peculiar, as the sight was not complete but fragmented, like a complete picture torn into many pieces, each rip like a gouge, sinister and eerie.

But when Zhou Deng looked into the darkness, all the rips vanished, and everything returned to normal.

"Don't hold that thing."

Beside him, Lu Zhiwen grabbed Zhou Deng's hand, snatching away the old machete, and tossed it aside.

At this moment, Zhou Deng's arm had already completely rotted, the flesh and blood peeling away, leaving only bones.

"Curse?" Zhou Deng gasped.

He looked at his own hand, yet felt no pain at all.

However, the earlier scene made him seem to understand something.

Chapter 1285 - The Man Who Walked Out of the Oil Painting

On the playground of the abandoned elementary school in Shuangqiao Town, the top group of ghost riders in the paranormal circle were engaged in a fierce supernatural confrontation.

With just a move, it was an all-out killing strike, aiming to kill the opponent on the spot.

The paranormal confrontation was filled with various uncertainties and dangers; a slight mistake could lead to the immediate death of even captain-level ghost riders.

While Zhang Xiangguang was fighting against a few captains.

Not far outside the Shuangqiao Town elementary school.

A few people were watching the area, not daring to approach because the Ghost Envoys had already been lured over, surrounding that place, creating a death match arena. Anyone who got close would trigger the killing law of the Ghost Envoys.

"Eight captains without exception, Zhang Xiangguang risking his life like this is worth it. Even if he can't eliminate them all at once, as long as he takes out half, the Ghost Envoys can finish off the rest. This is a battle with no winner."

An old man with age spots looked solemnly at the area locked in darkness.

His name was Zhang Xian, also a resident of Shuangqiao Town. Though he looked old, in front of Zhang Xiangguang he could only be considered a junior.

"Was this his purpose for having me lure the Ghost Envoys here? Truly ruthless, wanting to trade his life for the eight captains from headquarters. If successful, there's really no one in the paranormal circle who can stop his plan."

Chen Qiaoyang squinted and said.

Zhang Xian calmly said, "This is the safest method. Eight captains teaming up, if it really comes down to it, Zhang Xiangguang is likely to lose. And we can't afford to lose, we must win, so we have to use this extreme method."

"If a few of us teamed up, we might not lose to the other side."

Chen Qiaoyang said, "You know my skills, they're always effective in dealing with planned battles like this."

"I know, but the opponent is also not simple, they have contingencies. Zhang Xiangguang wouldn't gamble on this at such a crucial time, and I don't recommend gambling either," Zhang Xian said.

Chen Qiaoyang nodded, "Understood, after planning for decades, definitely wouldn't want one last battle to decide victory or defeat. Otherwise, losing one match leads to losing everything, how unjust. If there's a fight, it should be meaningful. Now that the Ghost Envoys have surrounded the area, what are we doing here?"

He then asked.

Zhang Xian said, "Preventing plan failure, if necessary, let the Ghost Envoys go out of control, increase Ghost Envoy suppression numbers, and deliver a fatal blow to any remaining captains, preventing any captains from escaping."

"I see."

Chen Qiaoyang squinted and said, "No wonder you need me to keep watch here."

"The moment they entered the elementary school in Shuangqiao Town, they already lost," Zhang Xian spoke, "This is the Ghost Drawing world, they can't escape."

"Then I really want to wait and see how those captains eventually die."

Chen Qiaoyang felt a bit expectant as well.

At this moment, Zhang Xian turned his head to look in another direction, "While all the captains are fighting here, over there it can almost begin."

He referred to the Ghost Post Office in Dahan City.

And inside the Ghost Post Office.

Sun Rui stood at the door with a cane, looking at the grey space outside, his brows furrowed deeply with worry.

"The situation of paranormal erosion is getting more serious, at this rate the entire city will be enveloped in the ghost domain of Ghost Drawing soon. I wonder if Yang Jian and the others can stop all this in time. If it gets any later, this city might be doomed."

He was very anxious because he was the person in charge of Dahan City.

Having been responsible for the city for so long, now he could only watch the supernatural appear helplessly.

But what Sun Rui didn't notice was.

In the world of oil painting.

The real Zhang Xiangguang was still inside the Ghost Post Office, sitting quietly in a corner silently calculating time.

In the oil painting world, there's no concept of time, he could only roughly estimate based on when Yang Jian left.

The timing can't be too early or too late.

Exposing too early would add unnecessary risk, but appearing too late could affect the smooth progression of the plan, so he had to be very careful with timing.

"I wonder when I can get out of this ghost place. Being trapped here for too long, I've almost forgotten what the outside world looks like."

The complaints in the Ghost Post Office within the oil painting came again.

Such complaints happened daily, nothing new.

"I feel this time the Ghost Drawing might lose control, it's also an opportunity for us."

"Opportunity? I see it as a crisis. If a supernatural incident breaks out, many people outside will surely die."

While these people were discussing, someone else looked towards the corner at Zhang Xiangguang.

"Hey, Zhang Xiangguang, what exactly do you want to do outside? Killing captains, messing with Ghost Drawing, I feel you're planning something big. Also, your answer to Yang Jian seemed somewhat concealed."

Thought Zhang Xiangguang wouldn't answer, unexpectedly he slowly stood up from the corner.

"Time is almost up."

"What?"

The Zhang Xiangguang in the oil painting smiled slightly, "I said, time is almost up, I should leave here."

"Leave here? Zhang Xiangguang, are you confused? We are all people drawn in the painting, not real, can only exist in the oil painting world, can't get out, even suicide is hard, can only wander here forever like lost souls, not free."

Someone stared at him weirdly, seemingly finding him unfamiliar for a moment.

Unlike the person they usually knew.

Zhang Xiangguang didn't speak, just walked out on his own.

Others watched him with confusion, not understanding.

"If you don't want to explain, no matter what you're going to do, I'll stop you."

At this moment, Yang Xiao stepped out, standing at the door of the Ghost Post Office, blocking his way.

"That's right, without an explanation, you can't get out of here."

Others also noticed Zhang Xiangguang's odd behavior and were reminded by Yang Xiao, immediately went up to block his way.

A group, at least a dozen people, were all former Fifth Floor Messengers, not top ghost riders outside, they were still a huge paranormal force.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "Explain? Sure, considering we've known each other for so many years, it's indeed time I give you an explanation so you won't be kept in the dark up till now."

"But this matter is quite long to tell, I have other things to do, so I'll keep it brief."

"Actually, I'm different from you, you are paranormal beings drawn in the oil painting, but I'm not, I'm a normal living person."

"Are you kidding? A normal living person? Living in the oil painting world for over ten years, and you say you're a normal living person? Do you think I'm blind?" Someone immediately refuted.

Yang Xiao also frowned, "I came after delivering the last letter, and you were already here. Normal ghost riders can't remain unchanged under paranormal power for over ten years without eating or drinking while maintaining normal body functions, even as a variant, it's impossible to always maintain this state."

"Yes, so I have another identity, which is the manager of the post office. Only as a manager can I stay in the post office without dying and remain the same for over ten years, seamlessly blending among you," Zhang Xiangguang said.

As soon as these words were spoken, everyone's faces changed dramatically.

The information revealed was a huge shock to them.

"You're the post office manager?" Yang Xiao stared at him.

Zhang Xiangguang nodded, "Yes, to be precise, I'm the third manager, the outside Sun Rui is the fourth manager, after all, the Ghost Post Office didn't say only one manager could exist."

"Okay, that's roughly the case, you actually should thank me, because I've let Ghost Drawing cover the entire Dahan City, soon it will succeed. Once it succeeds, the paranormal beings within the oil painting can enter the world of Ghost Drawing, escape this narrow place, and hopefully, see your previous relatives and friends. I believe the future won't be boring."

"Hmm?"

They were stunned for a moment, then realized what was happening and their eyes suddenly narrowed sharply.

"You madman, are you trying to drag the entire city into the ghost painting first?"

"Wrong, not the entire city, but all cities, all people. Only by staying in the world of ghost drawing can we isolate supernatural attacks, ensuring that everyone can live safely." Zhang Xiangguang said earnestly and coldly.

"I hope that when the time comes, you will become my companions, not interference. However, now is not the time for you to choose."

"What if I kill you here?" Yang Xiao squinted his eyes and said.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "I am the manager of the post office. I won't die inside the post office; you can't kill me."

"Then I will let you sleep forever."

Yang Xiao took a large step forward, his figure gradually blurred, about to disappear, while a strong wave of sleepiness swept over Zhang Xiangguang.

"Yang Xiao, you're a genius. If you continued to grow for another ten years, I have no doubt you'd truly succeed. But you're already dead, so now I need to change partners for this chess game."

Zhang Xiangguang didn't dare to hesitate, lest he be dragged into a nightmare, so he immediately took a step forward. An exit appeared in front of him, and he truly walked out of the world of the oil painting through this suddenly opened gap.

Yang Xiao failed to stop him; his supernatural power couldn't affect those outside the oil painting.

"He was telling the truth; he really walked out of the world of the oil painting." Others were stunned.

Zhang Xiangguang glanced back, said to Yang Xiao in the world of the oil painting, "Once I succeed, we will play chess again."

Then, the exit closed.

The perspective outside the post office was cut off.

At this moment.

Zhang Xiangguang appeared again in the first-floor lobby of the apartment, where he saw Sun Rui standing by the door.

Sun Rui also noticed him, turning his head sharply to look at him.

"You... you're Zhang Xiangguang, you actually walked out of the oil painting, how is that possible?" Sun Rui was very shocked.

"Nothing is impossible, because I'm not someone from the oil painting, Yang Jian can come and go freely, so can I." Zhang Xiangguang casually replied.

Upon hearing that, Sun Rui immediately connected the dots: "You are the real Zhang Xiangguang, the third manager of the post office?"

"Correct, it seems you're not stupid, just a bit weak." Zhang Xiangguang nodded.

But the next moment.

Bam!

A loud crash as the apartment door was swung open by a strong force.

A man in his thirties strode in, "The plan can start, everything is ready."

"Nie Yingping, you've done well, everything is going smoothly." Zhang Xiangguang said expressionlessly, as if it was within his expectations.

At this moment, the man called Nie Yingping placed the large oil painting he was carrying heavily on the ground.

The oil painting was covered with a black cloth, its features obscured, but Sun Rui had a feeling that this was the ghost painting, but it should not be the true source ghost painting, rather a derivative.

"Let's go." Zhang Xiangguang said.

He intended to use this oil painting to leave here, the only way to stay connected to the ghost post office while leaving this place.

Nie Yingping stared at Sun Rui, "What about him? He's also the manager of the post office."

"Ignore him, he can't hinder what we're doing, and now it's too late for him to stop us. Even if he tries, he can't do anything. Because I'm also the manager of the post office, whatever he does, I can change it back." Zhang Xiangguang disregarded Sun Rui. He either wouldn't come out, or if he did, it must be a success.

So Sun Rui's presence was insignificant to him.

Ultimately, the one to control the ghost painting and manage everything would be him, not Sun Rui.

Sun Rui's face was exceptionally grim. He tightly gripped his cane, his veins bulging, wishing to fight, but knowing he wasn't an opponent. Even his status as a post office manager brought no advantages.

Nie Yingping nodded, untied the black cloth, revealing the ghost painting.

Zhang Xiangguang walked into the world of the ghost painting without hesitation, disappearing within the ghost post office.

"What a worthless person, you think you're fit to be the fourth manager?"

Nie Yingping glanced at Sun Rui, then turned and left with the ghost painting.

"Damn it."

Sun Rui now felt powerless, understanding that his position as a manager wasn't earned by himself but forced upon him by Yang Jian.

"However, you will regret ignoring me today. I'm not engaging because I know I can't stop you alone, but that doesn't mean I have no solution."

He gritted his teeth, picked up his cane, and struck it heavily on the ground.

The next moment.

A series of large oil paintings appeared on the wall.

These paintings depicted the fifth-floor messengers of the post office throughout history.

At this moment, all the fifth-floor messengers turned their gaze to Sun Rui.

Sun Rui, with a grim expression, opened a hidden compartment on the wall, taking out a large painting.

This painting was also covered with a black cloth.

Identical to the ghost painting that Nie Haiping had.

Because this was also a ghost painting, though it was just a derivative.

This ghost painting was personally delivered by Yang Jian at the time.

At that time, Sun Rui had already suspected Zhang Xiangguang and was investigating him, so he secretly hid this painting, a fact unbeknownst to anyone other than Yang Jian.

Zhang Xiangguang, despite being the manager of the post office, had hidden himself so well that he was unaware of this event.

This was kept in the dark, right under his nose.

"I have another ghost painting. Are you willing to enter it to stop Zhang Xiangguang?" Sun Rui asked, looking at all the paintings.

"Another ghost painting? Then let's not waste time, let us in, we will help you stop that Zhang Xiangguang." Yang Xiao spoke up.

"He's a manager and can't be killed. We, the half-dead souls, may not be his match, but I'd like to try and see if anything can be changed."

"This guy wants to drag everyone into the world of ghost drawing; he's going to kill everyone. Although I long to see my family, I don't want to meet them in the world of ghost drawing. It's too cruel,"

All the souls in the paintings were emotionally stirred, unanimously wanting to stop Zhang Xiangguang, unwilling to see his plan succeed.

This kind of crazy plan was hard to accept.

"Whether you're sincere or deceiving me with lies, I have no choice now but to believe you. Our kind has met a tragic end. If you don't want everyone else to end up like us, living in the world of ghost painting, please help me." Sun Rui took a deep breath and said.

After earnestly pleading, without hesitation, he uncovered the black cloth covering the ghost lake.

He laid the ghost painting over one of the oil paintings.

The oil painting and the ghost painting came into contact.

A passage connecting them was opened.

Chapter 1286 The Decaying Old Man

The events happening at the Ghost Post Office are unknown to Yang Jian and the others at the abandoned elementary school in Shuangqiao Town. The problems they are currently facing are much bigger than those Sun Rui is dealing with.

Because the supernatural confrontation continues.

Under the protection of Yang Jian, Li Jun, Wei Jing, Leuk San, and Li Leping, He Yiner succeeded in summoning souls.

The three spirits possess the supernatural powers they once controlled in life, but this supernatural power only lasts a short time. However, in battles between ghost wielders, the victory or defeat, and even life and death, can be decided in an instant, so this is enough for these three spirits.

The current onslaught visibly shook the remaining four Zhang Xiangguang.

He raised the rusty old machete in his hand, intent on repeating the previous scene, instantly taking out the three spirits and leaving them no chance to cause chaos.

Who would have thought that at this moment, some incomprehensible supernatural power made the machete in one Zhang Xiangguang's hand disappear.

Opportunity!

At this moment, the remaining consciousness of the three spirits reacted, and they quickly adjusted their strategy. One spirit changed direction, charging towards the unarmed Zhang Xiangguang, while the other two spirits continued to try to rescue Li Jun.

"Take action, once more, If one can't do it, then all three of us together."

Yang Jian's body had successfully reassembled. He shouted in a low voice, the Ghost Shadow Hand wielding a cracked spear, rapidly advancing towards the nearest Zhang Xiangguang.

Wei Jing, Leuk San, and Li Leping realized their next move.

One-on-one wasn't working, but a joint effort might turn the tide.

Immediately, the three of them changed direction as well, targeting the last Zhang Xiangguang.

However, at this moment, Zhang Xiangguang's three eerie machetes descended.

In an instant.

One spirit was sliced in half at the waist, and then its body quickly began to dim before twisting, turning into a wisp of smoke and dissipating in a flash.

But the other two spirits immediately enveloped the Zhang Xiangguang who had seized Li Jun.

Instantly, these two spirits disappeared.

However, the Zhang Xiangguang who was attacked stood frozen in place, unable to move. Then his complexion quickly turned deathly gray and black. Cracks began to appear on his face, growing more numerous, and his body started to twist, emitting creaking sounds, as if bones were shattering and internal organs were decaying.

In just a few seconds, this Zhang Xiangguang's body suddenly shattered with a 'bang' like fragile porcelain, turning directly into a pile of dust, leaving only a black, foul-smelling residue.

"It seems it's no longer working. We can only take down one. If we were alive, at least three more could have been eliminated..."

An old, eerie voice slowly echoed.

The figures of the two spirits were blurred, struggling to maintain their normal forms, but they remained intact, indicating that working together to kill a Zhang Xiangguang was not very difficult.

However, in their posthumous state, they couldn't withstand the erosion of supernatural forces, and just one attack left the spirits unable to hold together.

"A ghost invading the body? Luckily they are spirits, unable to sustain the powers they had in life. Nevertheless, the trouble they cause me is quite significant."

Zhang Xiangguang, standing empty-handed beside them, cast a glance at He Yiner and Zhou Deng not far away.

"You still have time to look elsewhere?"

Yang Jian was already on the move, slashing down with the Firewood Knife.

Zhang Xiangguang wanted to move, but was covered by a black shadow at his feet. Charred Ghost Hands once again enveloped him, briefly hindering his movement.

And this interference was fatal at a critical moment.

"Interesting."

Zhang Xiangguang slightly raised his head to glance at Yang Jian. With no trace of fear on his face, he seemed unusually calm.

The next moment, his head was cleaved in two, his body dismembered. The dismembered body did not remain intact but quickly started rotting just like before. In less than ten seconds, the body had entirely rotted away, leaving no trace behind.

Wei Jing, Leuk San, and Li Leping collectively attacked one Zhang Xiangguang.

The suppression from the Ghost Rope, combined with some terrifying supernatural attack from Leuk San, coupled with Li Leping's Fatal Curse, overwhelmed that Zhang Xiangguang, leaving him with no power to resist as he was brutally killed.

Nonetheless, Wei Jing suffered greatly. He endured a terrifying assault, a massive wound tearing open his neck, nearly causing his head to fall off. Black blood splattered everywhere, with a dreadful appearance. He also received an additional cut on his chest, severing his spine. His body nearly ripped open entirely, with internal organs spilling all over the place.

He had endured two bouts of assault alone.

Zhang Xiangguang, after taking down Li Jun, intended to double the attack and also take down Wei Jing.

Wei Jing staggered, unable to support himself, and collapsed directly onto the ground. His wounds wouldn't heal, continuously flowing with black, viscous blood. Yet, his eyes remained wide open and hollow. His consciousness was still intact.

"Even through all of this, you haven't died? It seems I may have chosen the wrong opponent. But among the five of you, you're already the one most likely to be taken down. I seem to have underestimated your survival capabilities. But I've already cut you three times, so things won't look good for you from now on," the last remaining Zhang Xiangguang calmly stated.

On Wei Jing's numb face, there was no expression: "There's no opportunity left for you; you've lost."

Yang Jian approached, filled with murderous intent, once again wielding the cracked spear.

Leuk San stayed silent, the yellow paper in his hands continuously peeling away, gradually revealing more and more of the terrifying old corpse covered underneath. Continuing to fight would risk him losing control.

Because once a certain boundary is surpassed, it will be exceedingly difficult for him to control this old corpse within his body.

"Once more, let's send him to his end."

Li Leping, though inconspicuous, synchronized with Yang Jian, heading straight for the last Zhang Xiangguang.

"Die?"

The last Zhang Xiangguang let out a cold smile: "My assault has just begun. You are all already exhausted. Although I may not claim to kill all of you here today, I'd modestly settle for at least taking down five more. And you've already used up your supernatural prowess, yet I haven't deployed mine."

As his words fell,

Several eerie sounds echoed from inside the abandoned classroom building not far behind him.

Familiar footsteps resounded.

One, two, three, four—four Zhang Xiangguangs emerged once more, still holding rusty old machetes as before, with cold faces and eerie expressions.

"Hmm?"

This scene made Yang Jian and Li Leping, who intended to strike, suddenly halt, their pupils shrinking with shock.

Wei Jing, Leuk San, and even those hiding in the back—He Yiner, Zhou Deng, and Lu Zhiwen—were momentarily stunned.

"Still...more?" Zhou Deng stammered, his mouth trembling.

"Retreat."

Without hesitation, Yang Jian motioned to Li Leping, quickly picking up the dead skin Li Jun had left behind and swiftly retreated.

Li Leping ceased his assault as well.

He understood Yang Jian's intention.

Unable to unravel the opponent's restart method, battling on would be pointless and would only bring unnecessary casualties.

"Are you all afraid now?" Zhang Xiangguang spoke.

"Restarting comes with a cost. The level at which you restart must bear something even more terrifying. Truly fight to the end, and how many times can you restart?" Yang Jian coldly retorted.

Zhang Xiangguang stated: "Taking you all down surely won't be a problem, rest assured."

"Yang Jian."

At this moment, Lu Zhiwen shouted: "The purpose of luring the Ghost Envoys over wasn't to limit our actions, but to protect that classroom building. His secret of restarting lies within the building. So far, the supernatural means he's showcased are minimal, which is very unreasonable. There's only one possibility: all these Zhang Xiangguangs are fake; the real Zhang Xiangguang has yet to make an appearance."

Hmm?

With this reminder, Yang Jian glanced at the darkness shrouding the school playground and immediately realized.

"I see, you intended to prevent us from acting separately to enter the classroom building?" Li Leping also realized this point.

"Fighting me within the Ghost Picture World was probably also to restrict our Ghost Domain."

Leuk San said with a gloomy face, "Just now, Li Leping's Ghost Domain was greatly restricted, only able to cover a small area. The only unaffected thing was Li Jun's Ghost Flame, but now he's been taken out. The next target is Wei Jing, not because Wei Jing is easier to kill, but because Wei Jing's Ghost Domain is connected to the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain. He's also worried Wei Jing will use the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain to enter that building."

"Everyone's Ghost Domain is restricted. If we act separately, we'll be singled out by the Ghost Envoy. The other side wants to force us together, choosing to fight with us continuously, until finally, we're all fought to death. This is their plan."

Lu Zhiwen said, "Everything is arranged, this abandoned playground is the arena he prepared for us."

"You figured it out? I thought you'd realize it after the third or fourth wave of attacks. I didn't expect you'd detect it after the first wave. I must say, you are indeed impressive." Zhang Xiangguang did not refute at this moment but admitted directly.

All are clever people.

Since it has been discovered, there's no need to continue hiding.

"I'll hold him back, you guys charge into the teaching building."

He Yiner took a deep breath at this moment, holding a memorial tablet in her hands. The tablet was being corroded by a supernatural power, rapidly fading, aging immediately.

But soon, a blurred and terrifying figure appeared beside her.

At this moment, she held nothing back and chose to summon the most terrifying presence, intending to reverse the situation directly.

"Can you hold off five Zhang Xiangguang?" Yang Jian asked intently without looking back.

"I can hold them, but not for long."

"Then let's split up. Leuk San, Li Leping, and I will go in; you guys hold the line outside." Yang Jian said.

"Alright."

The others immediately nodded, agreeing to this plan.

"I say, Yang Jian, discussing splitting up right before me seems a tad inappropriate, plus, do you think after three leave, the rest won't be wiped out by me? I'm okay if you really plan to do it."

Five Zhang Xiangguang converged again, jointly pressing in.

He remained confident, even though Yang Jian and others saw through it, he wasn't flustered, actually quite certain.

"Action."

Yang Jian ignored his words, the pitch-black Ghost Shadow spread from his feet, and he, along with Li Leping and Leuk San, charged out immediately.

"If you want to die, I'll oblige you."

The five Zhang Xianqi moved, this time targeting He Yiner with the broadsword in his hand.

Instantly, He Yiner's hair stood on end, feeling an aura of death shrouding her entire body.

"Damn."

Zhou Deng and Lu Zhiwen unhesitatingly blocked in front of He Yiner.

Wei Jing wanted to act, but his body twitched a few times, powerless. Although he wasn't dead, he was immobilized, and even the supernatural power in his body was disturbed, slightly out of control.

This slash seemed not only to sever the body but also the connection to the supernatural.

Without Yang Jian, Li Leping, and Leuk San blocking the front, plus Wei Jing and Li Jun successively falling, such an assault is hard to withstand anymore because there simply aren't enough hands.

But Yang Jian and the others did not stop their steps, nor did they even look back.

Because hesitating means the failure of splitting up, once you've made the decision, you can't easily give up.

Looking back and forth is a major taboo.

However, at this moment.

A slightly blurry, elderly figure stood in front of He Yiner, Zhou Deng, and Lu Zhiwen.

The terrifying attack fell but was like a stone sinking into the sea, with no unusual occurrence.

Everyone was safe and sound.

"Summoning was successful."

He Yiner broke out in a cold sweat all over, gripping the memorial tablet tightly, staring at the elderly figure that was gradually becoming clearer in front of her.

Even she didn't know what kind of ghost-controller she had summoned this time.

She only knew it's one of the trump cards of Taiping Ancient Town, absolutely not to be used unless in an emergency.

"Hmm?"

The five Zhang Xiangguang showed a hint of unusual expression simultaneously.

"It seems a formidable spirit visitor has come, not on the same level as the previous three spirit visitors."

Quickly, he made his judgment.

Quickly.

This old man steadied his figure, his whole body decayed, stained with earth, like a corpse dug out from a grave, even with a missing piece on the face, seemingly rotting.

Yet it was such an existence, rotating his black, pupil-less eyes, glanced around, his gaze lingering slightly on Yang Jian, or rather, the huge black shadow under Yang Jian's feet, as if recognizing the Ghost Shadow.

"Did the Soul Summoner from Taiping Ancient Town summon me?"

The decayed old man murmured, his voice strange, proving that he still retained consciousness and hadn't turned into a real fierce ghost.

He Yiner breathed a slight sigh of relief hearing this sentence.

The more terrifying the presence, the higher the risk of losing control after summoning, summoning a terrible fierce ghost might even want to kill the Soul Summoner.

"The dead should not come out to meddle, wouldn't it be better to rest in peace in the past?" Zhang Xiangguang said coldly.

"You have a point, but you're not young either, having you accompany me on the road won't feel lonely."

The decayed old man sighed, knowing his conscious time was short, he needed to do something.

He walked towards Zhang Xiangguang.

"The ground, something's wrong..." Wei Jing, lying on the ground, sensed something and glanced at the ground.

Dirt appeared on the ground, dark and decayed soil.

Zhang Xiangguang also realized something, wanting to avoid contact with some medium.

But in the next moment, both his arms fell off unexpectedly, he was stunned, not knowing when his arms turned to dirt and collapsed, staggering, his legs also broke, body quickly turning into decayed soil.

"Can't stand too close to him, his supernatural power uses earth as a medium, eroding the living, and this soil must be some terrible Grave Soil, able to suppress the supernatural..."

Zhang Xiangguang stared at this decayed old man closely, then his head also disintegrated, turning into a pile of soil.

A total of five people, unable to resist, leaving only five mounds, like ancient graves standing in place.

A confrontation.

Zhang Xiangguang lost completely.

But this decayed old man's body was no longer clear, beginning to blur again.

Obviously, the stronger the spirit visitor's supernatural power, the harder it is to maintain for long.

"Good." Zhou Deng was instantly excited seeing this scene.

He Yiner was also delighted, the spirit visitor she summoned far exceeded her expectations, much stronger than the previous three spirits.

"Was it really that easy to take them out?" Wei Jing was incredulous.

He had fought with Zhang Xiangguang, although Zhang Xiangguang hadn't displayed other supernatural powers, one thing was certain, he was very hard to kill. Be it the Fatal Curse, the oppression of a fierce ghost, or attacks on consciousness could all be withstood, even with that strange broadsword, exceedingly formidable.

But all of this was insignificant in front of this decayed old man.

Chapter 1287 Zhang Xiangguang's Medium

He Yiner's second successful summoning directly turned the tide.

The five Zhang Xiangguang who had re-emerged in the second wave suffered a severe blow, directly corrupted by the supernatural power into a heap of grave soil, becoming five small mounds on the ground. Such mounds seemed familiar, appearing in many haunted places. It's unknown whether the mounds seen before were traces left by this decayed old man summoned here.

"This old guy is impressive, wiped out all Zhang Xiangguang at once." Zhou Deng, now safe and sound, felt indescribable joy.

"Zhou Deng, mind your words." He Yiner glared at him fiercely.

The summoned soul is conscious, even if temporarily, it cannot be treated as a manipulable entity. If offended, it might turn against them.

Who knows what temperament this decayed old man had in life.

The decayed old man's shape, although gradually blurring, glanced slightly at Zhou Deng upon hearing his words: "Don't young people know how to respect the elderly?"

"Sorry, he's uneducated and ill-spoken, please don't take offense." He Yiner hurriedly apologized.

Even she, as a soul summoner, dared not point fingers in front of this dreadful elder.

"I can't stay long, can't take this lad with me; the rest is up to you. After all, I don't want to interfere too much in your youngsters' affairs. If it's a haunting, this old guy can help you settle it. But since summoning has rarely reappeared in this world, it's necessary to leave something behind, otherwise it contradicts the promises made to Taiping Ancient Town."

The decayed old man sighed and slightly looked at the abandoned building ahead but chose not to intervene.

His gaze finally lingered on Li Jun and Wei Jing.

A human skin burning ghost flame, a corpse nearly shattered by Zhang Xiangguang.

He then looked at the darkness shrouding the playground nearby.

"Since the unfinished matters from before, I might as well help you complete them. Perhaps that's fate."

Finally, the decayed old man headed towards Wei Jing, lifted him from the ground, and left alone.

He walked towards the darkness, his steps slow, yet only a few steps and he was far gone.

"This old guy... this elder, what is he doing? He took Wei Jing away." Zhou Deng exclaimed in shock:
"Should we stop him?"

"Don't make foolish suggestions."

He Yiner's face darkened: "He wants to seize the moment while he's conscious and capable to do something, seemingly to help Wei Jing."

"He's aiming for the Ghost Envoy, could it be he's intending to help Wei Jing harness the Ghost Envoy?"

Lu Zhiwen's stiff face revealed a change in expression.

Though just a speculation, if true, it would be a great fortune.

While they were discussing, Yang Jian, Leuk San, and Li Leping had no time to pay attention over there.

They only knew the five Zhang Xiangguang were successfully stopped by He Yiner and smoothly dealt with.

Seizing this opportunity and gap, they wasted no time directly entering the abandoned teaching building.

"On the third floor."

Leuk San looked up towards a classroom on the third level.

He could feel that there's someone in the third-floor classroom, and there's a strong possibility of supernatural interference, indicating that the real Zhang Xiangguang was probably in there.

"Those Zhang Xiangguang at the back have been dealt with. If the opponent can restart, after the third wave of restart, we will face the assault of five Zhang Xiangguang, so this is the only chance. Leave no reserve, fix the fight here once and for all." Yang Jian said coldly.

Despite speaking, his movements didn't slow at all.

In just that brief time, they had gone from the first to the third floor, heading straight for the problematic classroom.

Meanwhile.

The classroom on the third floor already had shadows moving, not just one.

"Bang!"

Without hesitation, Yang Jian's ghost shadow covered, the outdated classroom door immediately shattered into pieces upon impact.

In this abandoned classroom, Zhang Xiangguang stood motionless in the center, but placed around him in five positions were oil lamps. The lamps were peculiar, emitting dim, yellow light when burning, ghostly and blurry.

The air was permeated with a faint corpse stench.

"Corpse Oil Lamp?" Yang Jian immediately recognized the secret of the oil lamps.

This thing, when ignited, can reveal hidden ghosts, or more precisely, hidden supernatural entities.

The chilling part was, the five oil lamps casting shadows on Zhang Xiangguang, reflected five figures moving slowly, twisting, and gradually leaving the ground, rising from the walls.

This scene resembled Yang Jian's ghost shadow.

But unlike the ghost shadow, the five emerging figures were not shadows, rather turning into living humans as the darkness receded.

Their appearance, attire, even the machetes they held were identical, though some parts were not yet fully formed, still in shadow form, but the completion speed was rapid, within seconds reaching full form.

"Is this the secret behind Zhang Xiangguang's restart?"

The three were briefly stunned but quickly reacted.

Strike!

Yang Jian's black ghost shadow already covered the entire classroom, including the black oil lamps on the ground, plunging the room into darkness.

The burning corpse oil lamps were instantly snuffed out.

The shadows cast by the corpse oil lamps served as a medium; Yang Jian's priority was to sever the medium to ensure Zhang Xiangguang's restart failed.

Simultaneously with the ghost shadow coverage, Yang Jian charged in. Instead of throwing the spear, he opted for close contact, driving the coffin nail directly towards the Zhang Xiangguang standing in the center.

If the strike was successful, the struggle could conclude.

Simultaneously, Leuk San also made his move. His paper figure continued peeling, exposed were his dry feet marked with corpse spots, reaching out to seize a Zhang Xiangguang peeling off the wall, while his chilling feet also stomped on a shadow on the ground.

At this moment, Leuk San's hidden terrifying supernatural power erupted.

The figure of Zhang Xiangguang, who has just restarted, began to rapidly decay, and without even opening his eyes, he had already disappeared. The silhouette beneath his feet was in even worse shape; it directly failed to restart and once again became a shadow without any supernatural power, swaying slightly before it vanished.

He struck and took out two in one move.

Li Leping's expression was strange at this moment, his entire being trapped in a trance-like sleepwalking state, and he too headed straight for the nearest figure. This figure had completed its restart and transformed into Zhang Xiangguang's appearance, eyes already clear and awake.

At the instant of awakening, this Zhang Xiangguang raised the large knife in his hand, ready to counterattack.

But he was a step too slow.

Li Leping was already close, the deadly curse erupted. This time he was in a sleepwalking state, and the supernatural murder overlapping made his powers reach their strongest level he could control.

The freshly awakened Zhang Xiangguang immediately froze, the pallor on his face spreading swiftly, his entire being rapidly decaying, until he completely disappeared from sight.

The two teamed up, taking advantage of Zhang Xiangguang's restart to directly take out three.

But the remaining two were truly beyond stopping; they had already completed their restart and awakened.

"Did it work?"

Just then, Yang Jian's Coffin Nail had already pierced through the body of Zhang Xiangguang standing under the oil lamp.

The suppression of the Coffin Nail is irrefutable; even the strongest ghost handler can be nailed down. Previous confrontations have proven this point.

"That was truly dangerous; if I was just a bit unlucky, you really would have nailed me down here with the Coffin Nail. Unfortunately, your luck was slightly off, but sometimes a slight misstep can result in a complete loss."

However, at this moment, Zhang Xiangguang was staring intently at Yang Jian, still able to speak and conscious.

As if the Coffin Nail piercing his body hadn't worked.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

He saw Zhang Xiangguang's body disappear at that moment, as though merging into the surrounding darkness, leaving only a blurry outline.

Though the Coffin Nail had pierced his body, it didn't give the sense of being nailed down.

"You are a person who doesn't exist in reality and need some kind of medium to manifest." Yang Jian also stared at him, the fractured spear in his hand slowly being withdrawn.

He had encountered this situation before, more than once.

There are many supernatural entities that don't exist in reality, like the Evil Hound that needs water to appear in reality, or people who only live in memories, or the fierce ghost that only appears when you shout its name...

The real Zhang Xiangguang belongs to this category as well.

"If the confrontation continues, all my intel will be pretty much figured out by you captains. You guys are indeed no simple bunch. If not for a Soul Summoner among you bringing forth an incredible presence, you eight captains were destined for total annihilation today."

Zhang Xiangguang's blurred figure became even dimmer, almost vanishing from sight.

Yang Jian ignored his words and speculated, "Are you trying to change the subject? But I've already discovered something; only one thing in the earlier situation could serve as your medium — light."

"You appear in places with light, and once darkness covers, you disappear before our eyes. Am I correct?"

Zhang Xiangguang's face abruptly changed.

Indeed, Yang Jian is the most troublesome fellow.

This is definitely not something deduced from intel analysis, as the mind cannot react so fast; it is an intuition towards the supernatural, like people's instinctive reactions.

"I'll kill you first."

Zhang Xiangguang's emotions fluctuated at this moment, his tone laden with chilling murder intent, without any concealment.

Even the medium has been analyzed, which means he no longer has the advantage, not even his own restart can be sealed.

And the setup he designed to fight to the death with eight captains will soon be broken.

If it breaks, his plan is very likely to fail.

This must absolutely be avoided.

The other two Zhang Xiangguang moved, and along with the blurred main body in front, all charged toward Yang Jian.

"Now, you're too late."

The Ghost Shadow under Yang Jian's feet spread once more, as thick, dark ink instantly engulfed the entire classroom.

Without light, the attacking Zhang Xiangguang completely disappeared from sight.

Because he cannot manifest in darkness.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian, standing in place, did not suffer any attack.

The massive crisis was temporarily resolved.

"Did you guess right?"

Leuk San asked with surprise, his voice echoing in the pitch-black classroom.

Yang Jian said, "Don't let your guard down, we just interrupted his medium; it doesn't mean we've won, he's still alive and right next to us."

"At least we've trapped him now." Li Leping said.

"Trapped? The interruption of the medium just means I temporarily can't attack you, but it doesn't mean I'm trapped by you. Without light, while I can't attack you, you also can't reach me. Supernatural invasion and confrontation are mutual; you should be quite clear about this."

Zhang Xiangguang's voice sounded, hovering in the darkness, and even his footsteps could be heard.

But he didn't leave footprints as a medium; he seemed to have always been guarding against that.

Evidently, Zhang Xiangguang had done some research on Yang Jian.

Yang Jian frowned.

In his mind, he was rapidly thinking of the next strategy.

Because he knew that cutting off the light and blocking the medium would not trap Zhang Xiangguang for long; this guy surely has a way to break through the coverage of the Ghost Shadow.

Chapter 1288 The Sudden Burst of the Oil Lamp

The struggle in Shuangqiao Town continues.

Meanwhile, in Dahan City shrouded by the Ghost Domain, the real Zhang Xiangguang has already started to take action.

"The Ghost Post Office still has some troubles that haven't been resolved, you left too hastily." Nie Yingping asked.

Zhang Xiangguang was currently walking within the World of Ghost Drawing. They were heading to a village not far from Shuangqiao Town, where everything was ready.

"If I stay any longer, I'm afraid something unexpected might happen. Although I am the manager of the post office now, the supernatural power I actually possess is very, very little. If I hadn't built a good relationship with Yang Xiao and used his name for protection, I probably wouldn't have lasted in the oil painting area."

"After all, to execute the plan, all the supernatural power I controlled was transferred to another me." Zhang Xiangguang revealed his current situation.

In reality, he was externally strong but internally fragile, as there was only one set of supernatural power to use.

Nie Yingping said, "You really are bold. If you were found out, or if I were late, you might have been left in the Ghost Post Office by that Sun Rui."

"I won't die in the Ghost Post Office. Sun Rui's abilities are insufficient, he wouldn't be able to stop you, and I could still escape."

Zhang Xiangguang said, "Otherwise, why did I eliminate that Tian Xiaoyue, preventing the fourth post office manager from taking the position for so long?"

"Would the first manager just watch all this happen?" Nie Yingping asked.

"Luo Wensong?"

Zhang Xiangguang said, "I discussed this plan with him. He didn't oppose or support it, so he tacitly approved all my actions. Perhaps he also realized that supernatural events kept occurring, and despite his lifetime of effort, the situation was still a mess. He might have wanted to try my plan since no one had walked this path before. Even if I don't completely succeed, at the very least, I could ensure the safety of one area and leave a piece of pure land."

"The older generation has a flaw of not meddling much in the choices of the younger ones. So when he started to dismember his own supernaturalness to prepare for his affairs after death, the outside me returned to the Ghost Post Office and sent him on his way, following the flow."

"A manager will not die within the Ghost Post Office, but once they leave, they will. This is both protection and a curse."

"Actually, I'm quite grateful to him because, without his consent, none of my plans would have succeeded."

Towards the end, Zhang Xiangguang felt a bit melancholic.

There were many people he didn't want to kill, but sometimes things couldn't be helped — major matters cannot be accomplished without taking some lives.

"I understand." Nie Yingping nodded.

Very soon.

Their steps came to a halt in front of an inconspicuous building in the village.

"Zhang Xiangguang, Nie Yingping, you've arrived?"

Soon, the door opened, and an older man and woman emerged. They appeared to be about fifty years old, former Ghost Envoys of the post office who, after successfully delivering letters, faced the challenge of haunting ghosts reviving once they left the post office.

That's when Zhang Xiangguang at large appeared and found them.

Thus, they became Zhang Xiangguang's teammates.

"Du Hong, Zhang Ying, thank you for your hard work. How is He Yuelian? Is she still alive?" Zhang Xiangguang nodded.

"Her will to live is quite strong; she has no suicidal thoughts and has been cooperative, saving us a lot of trouble," Du Hong said.

"That's good."

Zhang Xiangguang walked into the house and saw He Yuelian sitting despondently in a chair, not saying a word.

"Have you resigned to your fate?" He asked, staring at He Yuelian.

He Yuelian raised her head slightly to look at him: "You just want me to die with some value, don't you? As an ordinary person facing you supernatural controllers, what choice do I have but to resign to fate?"

"True, often people can't help themselves; I don't want to kill you, but sometimes, for safety's sake, some sacrifices are necessary," Zhang Xiangguang sighed.

"Hypocrite," He Yuelian cursed.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "Feel free to curse if it makes you feel better, it's alright. I've indeed done some things wrong, but the plan must go on."

At this moment, the two Ghost Envoys, Du Hong and Zhang Ying, brought out a red wooden box from the adjoining room.

The box trembled slightly, the contents unknown.

"You already know where your looks came from, but what you probably don't know is that the woman in the ghost drawing was also a supernatural controller in life. To prevent her own ghost's revival after death, she disassembled her supernaturalness, thus creating one terrifying supernatural event after another."

"These disassembled supernatural pieces are like fragmented puzzles; collecting and reassembling them will allow for resurrection."

"Although the resurrected may no longer be the former ghost controller, possibly unable to retain conscious thought, the inherited supernatural power is real."

"Although I haven't gathered all the puzzle pieces, through some other methods, I can still complete and assemble it, and you will bear it all,"

Zhang Xiangguang pointed at He Yuelian.

"Once I become a supernatural controller, the first thing I'll do is kill all of you,"

He Yuelian sneered, realizing she was merely an experimental subject.

"If you manage to do that, killing us is fine too," Zhang Xiangguang stated calmly.

He needed He Yuelian because her appearance was crucial.

The ghost drawing is triggered by recalling a murderous pattern, meaning it possesses the ability to recall past events. Therefore, someone identical is necessary; otherwise, any deviation in memory, leading to disparities, could likely cause issues.

Once He Yuelian successfully controls it all, she will replace everything.

"Bang!"

At this moment, the red wooden box opened.

A chilling aura spread along with a faint corpse stench.

Inside the red wooden box lay a withered corpse, dressed in red bridal clothes, with a red cloth over the head hiding its face. Even at first glance, it was strikingly similar to the woman in the ghost drawing regarding attire.

However, the withered corpse was bound by an old iron chain.

The chain appeared to be a supernatural item, capable of binding the ghost, preventing escape.

Yet the Dried Corpse Bride still struggled, seemingly unable to be entirely sealed by the robust iron chain.

"What's left is a pair of shoes," Nie Yingping said, "What do you plan to do?"

"Draw one pair out, although it can only last for a short time, it should be enough."

Zhang Xiangguang took out a box from his pocket, and after opening it, it contained dye as vivid as blood.

This is dye for oil painting.

A very eerie thing.

This stuff can make whatever is drawn become real, although it only exists in the world of oil paintings, it still possesses supernatural power.

But here in the world of ghost drawing, the effect of this dye is expected to be quite limited in duration.

"Since everything is ready, let's begin. I'll go lure the fierce ghost from within the ghost drawing," Nie Yingping said.

"The dried corpse bride holding hands with the fierce ghost in the ghost drawing, I believe this scene will be very interesting," Zhang Xiangguang said, looking forward to it in his heart.

Meanwhile,

The situation at the abandoned school building in Shuangqiao Town had some changes at this moment.

Yang Jian's successful judgment blocked Zhang Xiangguang's restart, and the ghost shadow covered, cutting off the light source inside the abandoned classroom and trapping Zhang Xiangguang here.

Though not enough to take him down, it did give a glimpse of hope for victory.

After all, Zhang Xiangguang's weakness has been found.

"There are three Zhang Xiangguang hidden here, among them is the real one. Now he can't restart, but without light we can't reach him. The supernatural attack is temporarily halted, but draining time like this isn't a solution, we need to figure out a way to act before any changes occur," Yang Jian said.

"And the simplest and most effective way currently is to light an oil lamp, reveal Zhang Xiangguang, and then fight him head-on, three versus three, we have a chance of winning."

"We can call the people outside over," suggested Leuk San in the dark.

"You've seen Li Jun and Wei Jing's situation, He Yiner has summoned several souls, how many media she has left is unclear, Zhou Deng's newly appointed captain's power is slightly inadequate, the only one who might have an effect could be Lu Zhiwen whose intelligence is unclear, but what if something happens to the others when we bring him over?"

"Don't forget, there's still the ghost envoy outside, and Zhang Xiangguang's teammates hidden in the dark."

Li Leping said, "Then just three versus three, directly fight him. I'm already in a bizarre state, no time to hesitate."

He's in a state of losing control but is trying hard to maintain his sanity.

"You two hold off one Zhang Xiangguang, leave the other two to me," Yang Jian said.

"One against two, can you do it? Aren't you afraid I'll kill you, you can't use that ghost eye now, your power is greatly limited, this feeling isn't good, is it?" Zhang Xiangguang heard the conversation and responded.

This kind of discussion isn't necessary to hide from anymore, everyone's in a classroom covered by ghost shadow, and a showdown is inevitable.

"No, it's uncomfortable, but taking you down shouldn't be a problem," Yang Jian said coldly.

"Hmm? What sound is that, leaking water?" Suddenly, Zhang Xiangguang murmured.

Yang Jian didn't speak. Water started seeping from under his feet, while droplets also emerged on the surrounding walls, making the air particularly humid.

Ghost Lake is difficult to form within the world of ghost drawing, although traces were left in Shuangqiao Town to accumulate lake water, it's unreliable at this moment, this backup can only continue to be reserved.

Hence, he didn't plan to use the supernatural of Ghost Lake now, but used water as a medium to present the Evil Hound.

Immediately,

A pair of fiercely red eyes suddenly appeared in the pitch-black environment, and a beast-like low growl resounded.

"That Evil Hound, huh? Indeed, you still use it at the most crucial moment," Zhang Xiangguang's tone was serious, but he wasn't surprised.

Yang Jian had always known how to hide means.

After all, until the end, no one can be certain what unexpected events may occur, keeping some trump cards is necessary.

But now, Yang Jian didn't intend to keep them.

"Looks like you really plan to go all out, so let's do it, three against three, isn't this fair?" Zhang Xiangguang's voice continued.

Yang Jian didn't say a word, just quietly took out a golden lotus-shaped oil lamp.

He dared not light the oil lamp placed on the ground by Zhang Xiangguang, supernatural items feel safer using one's own.

"Once the lamp is lit, life and death will be decided," Yang Jian said coldly.

Leuk San and Li Leping immediately readied themselves, they both took deep breaths, waiting for the light.

To be cautious, Yang Jian at this moment used ghost shadow to send a substitute doll to both Leuk San and Li Leping.

Both instinctively caught it and immediately understood within their hearts.

Yang Jian himself didn't hesitate either, directly used the substitute doll.

A substitute doll broke free from his hand, fell directly to the ground, then ran off without a trace.

Using first, as a precaution.

After making enough preparations, Yang Jian just lit the corpse oil lamp.

Once the corpse oil lamp was lit, a spark of light immediately appeared in the pitch-black environment,

The dim yellow glow of the oil lamp illuminated the surroundings.

The hidden supernatural immediately manifested before their eyes.

And at the moment of illumination,

Three identical Zhang Xiangguang appeared directly before them, and at this moment, these three people had already surrounded Yang Jian, and the rust-stained large knives in their hands fell toward him.

At this moment, Yang Jian's pupils contracted suddenly.

This Zhang Xiangguang ignored Li Leping and Leuk San, intending to gather all strength to kill Yang Jian.

"You picked the wrong opponent," Yang Jian's lips curled into a cold smile.

Even Zhang Xiangguang made a fatal mistake.'

The real Yang Jian isn't this body, but the black ghost shadow covering the classroom.

Chapter 1289 - The Vanished Traces

The lights suddenly blared, and the fight began.

Zhang Xiangguang acted decisively and fiercely, abandoning the confrontation with Leuk San and Li Leping, choosing to go all out to eliminate Yang Jian. Perhaps he deemed that killing Yang Jian here was more valuable than taking down both Leuk San and Li Leping.

Or maybe, he thought that dividing to attack would be ineffective, believing that concentrating attacks might succeed in taking down one person.

For whichever reason, he chose Yang Jian as the target.

Three rusty old machetes descended, almost attacking as the lights flickered, too fast for anyone to react.

Clearly, Zhang Xiangguang had already encircled Yang Jian during the blackout, waiting for the chance.

Yang Jian's cracked long spear was raised at this instant as well.

The light flickered.

In a blink, the life-and-death confrontation ended.

Yang Jian was dismembered instantly, his head cleaved diagonally by a machete, yet eerily no wound remained, as if it had transferred elsewhere. Then his body was split in half at the waist. The strangest part was Zhang Xiangguang's final slash, aimed not at Yang Jian himself, but at Yang Jian's feet.

This slash tore a ghastly rift in Ghost Shadow, attempting to dismember the fierce spirit like Yang Jian's Firewood Knife.

With this rift torn open, Yang Jian immediately felt his body lose control, unable to connect.

However, Yang Jian's counterattack worked even as he was dismembered.

A cracked golden long spear pierced through one of the Zhang Xiangguang's, impaling and pinning him.

Three identical figures, with identical supernatural power, Yang Jian couldn't tell who was real and who was fake, having to make a choice among them.

The luck seemed somewhat bad.

The pinned Zhang Xiangguang fell into silence, then his body began to rapidly collapse without the supernatural power's sustenance, disappearing before their eyes.

"Bite him to death."

As Yang Jian's body fell, he left those words.

Instantly.

A splashing sound of water emerged nearby, followed by a huge Evil Hound charging towards the two remaining Zhang Xiangguang.

The Evil Hound vanished before even approaching.

One of Zhang Xiangguang's slumped, falling asleep and toppling over to the ground.

He had clearly been dragged into the dream world by the Evil Hound.

Yet, the last remaining Zhang Xiangguang was unaffected, his expression cold and inscrutable.

He had dealt with Yang Xiao before; the way to counter a Ghost Dream attack was actually quite simple.

It was to stay awake, avoiding being forcibly drawn into the dream world, and staying awake required another supernatural power to withstand the Evil Hound's attack.

Zhang Xiangguang didn't control such a fierce spirit, so he opted for a supernatural object to compensate for this deficiency.

That supernatural item was on his person.

As for the rebooted clones, they lacked the protection of a supernatural item, unable to fend off the Evil Hound's attack.

Seeing Yang Jian fall and the Evil Hound emerge, Leuk San and Li Leping immediately followed suit. Although they were slightly late, this also presented a perfect opportunity.

Since Zhang Xiangguang's assault had just ended, and Yang Jian single-handedly took down two of their opponents, leaving the true Zhang Xiangguang. A successful assault could finish him, resolving this situation.

Thus, Leuk San and Li Leping planned to make a last-ditch effort now.

Smoke billowed, Li Leping's figure was blurred, sleepwalking towards the true Zhang Xiangguang. Mere proximity triggered the fatal curse.

A piece of yellowed grass paper peeled off Leuk San's face, revealing a withered, deathly pale visage, along with a deeply sunken eye socket.

The terrifying old corpse revealed more of itself, indicating that Leuk San was truly taking risks, aiming to eliminate Zhang Xiangguang here, even at the risk of losing control of the dormant corpse inside him.

The eerie old corpse appeared to awaken at this moment, its withered eyelid twitching, with a sinister, green pupil emerging.

The awakening of the old corpse made Leuk San's steps falter, as if his body was losing control.

But he held firm, the situation required stability now.

"Time to send you on your way."

Leuk San gritted his teeth, his half-ghastly face twitching, while the ominous green eye bizarrely peered at Zhang Xiangguang.

At this moment.

Zhang Xiangguang felt a terrifying danger approaching, but having just struck down Yang Jian, it was too late to defend against such an attack.

"I'll have to endure it."

Having anticipated such a scene, he chose to withstand it, not intending to counter.

At once.

Li Leping and Leuk San's attacks struck swiftly.

The fatal curse and horrible supernatural attack combined were lethal, even a captain would die instantly.

To forcibly kill Yang Jian, Zhang Xiangguang chose to endure, an extremely risky move, paying the price now for such a decision.

Immediately.

His complexion turned deathly grey, his skin reflecting a sinister green glow, rapidly rotting, no, melting might be a better word, as if dissolving into a pool of green corpse water.

This dissolution was like an ordinary person enduring a fierce spirit's attack, irreversible, only facing death.

"This guy had terrifying tricks up his sleeve, sensed it before, but didn't expect him to dare risk it at such a critical juncture."

Zhang Xiangguang glared at Leuk San as his face melted, exposing the bones, which soon melted too.

If he doesn't find a solution, he'll really be fought to death by the captains here.

Without any hesitation.

Zhang Xiangguang took a few difficult steps forward, collapsed, but extinguished the dim Corpse Oil Lamp by Yang Jian's body simultaneously.

The light vanished instantly.

The surroundings plunged into silence once more.

From the lights' blaze to the lights' extinction took no more than ten seconds, yet the danger faced was unimaginable.

And now, the outcome was unknown.

"Is he dead?"

In the dark, Leuk San's voice sounded, though it carried a distinct hoarseness.

As if another vocal cord was speaking.

"Not sure, though given the circumstances earlier, he probably can't hold on. But in his fall, he extinguished Yang Jian's lamp, a peculiar move. Yet, I mustn't stay here any longer, need to leave for a while."

Li Leping's voice echoed, the smoke in the air gradually dispersing.

But his limit had arrived, slipping into a sleepwalking state.

Although the duration is not long, at most one or two hours, leaving in such a situation means the upcoming confrontation has nothing to do with him.

Although he carries a red Ghost Candle that can be lit to remain conscious.

But what is the point of that.

Lighting the red Ghost Candle means he can't use supernatural powers, can't participate in the fight, it's no different from sleepwalking.

Therefore.

Li Leping left without hesitation.

"Looks like it's all hitting the limit."

As the black shadow covering the classroom receded, a tall black shadow with a blood-colored face stood there.

The shadow shook, yet Yang Jian's voice was emitted.

"You're indeed okay."

Leuk San suddenly breathed a sigh of relief, feeling horror at the same time.

It turns out the real Yang Jian was not the corpse on the ground, but this tall black ghost shadow before him.

How did he manage that?

Clearly a ghost, yet possessing human consciousness.

No wonder Zhang Xiangguang couldn't kill Yang Jian even after such a desperate attempt.

Having the traits of a ghost, how is it possible to die?

The tall ghost shadow walked over then, directly picking up the cracked long spear from the ground, collecting some supernatural items from his corpse, such as the Ghost Necklace.

The moment he grasped the Ghost Necklace.

A new body appeared, and the tall ghost shadow merged into it.

Yang Jian opened his eyes again, waking up.

"Just as I said earlier, I fought desperately against two Zhang Xiangguang, and your attack was timely, but whether Zhang Xiangguang is dead, I'm not sure; at least now as the light appears again, he is not showing up."

Looking around.

Although the classroom was dim, it was still clear to see around.

There was no sign of Zhang Xiangguang's presence, he seemed indeed to have been eliminated.

"Even if he's not dead, he's surely suffering."

Leuk San covered that half of his face at this moment: "And now I've reached my limit; if I continue fighting, I'll die, I need to rest for a while, can't act for now."

"Understood." Yang Jian nodded.

Clearly, in this fight, although Leuk San and Li Leping didn't die, they were forced to withdraw.

Counting Li Jun, Wei Jing, and He Yiner, who used her final trump card, Zhang Xiangguang has managed to wear down five captains.

But his luck was a bit off; he didn't manage to kill any, only Li Jun was lost.

But Li Jun was drawn by Ah Hong, as long as the human skin is brought back, Li Jun can come back to life.

So, Yang Jian picked up the extinguished Corpse Oil Lamp on the ground, his eyes moved slightly, contemplating the next move.

The Corpse Oil Lamp, once lit, can reveal hidden supernatural entities.

Maybe Zhang Xiangguang is still here.

"Since Li Leping has left, Leuk San, you retreat as well, leave the rest to me." Yang Jian immediately decided.

"Alright, be careful, Zhou Deng and Lu Zhiwen are still outside, bring them in if necessary."

Leuk San nodded, covered his face, and staggered away.

He understood, Yang Jian was being cautious, wanting to clean up.

Only he still had the capital to fight, could confront Zhang Xiangguang; staying here, he'd just be a burden, even a risk, after all, once the old corpse loses control, everyone will be in great danger.

After Leuk San left.

Yang Jian did not hesitate and lit the Corpse Oil Lamp again.

He was truly unwilling without defeating Zhang Xiangguang.

The dim oil lamp once again illuminated the surroundings.

He expected another fierce battle.

But Zhang Xiangguang's presence was no longer visible in the abandoned classroom.

Moreover, no other supernatural entities appeared.

Everything was normal under the oil lamp.

"Is he really dead?" Yang Jian frowned, feeling unsettled, he carried the Corpse Oil Lamp and circled the classroom.

Still no discovery.

He suspected Zhang Xiangguang slipped away when the light was extinguished, after all, earlier, Zhang Xiangguang had torn open his ghost shadow, leaving a gap.

Although that gap was on the floor.

How can a concrete floor block supernatural entities?

Yang Jian did not hesitate, carrying the Corpse Oil Lamp, he went to the second floor.

On the second floor.

His Corpse Oil Lamp illuminated some eerie green corpse water, remnants of supernatural entities.

The appearance of this trace made Yang Jian's face instantly darken.

It turns out that strike from Zhang Xiangguang was to leave himself a retreat.

"He most likely isn't dead."

Yang Jian thought of this, holding the oil lamp, immediately pursued the supernatural traces on the ground.

"Mustn't let this guy revive."

He could see, Zhang Xiangguang was heavily injured, although he extinguished the lamp at last, isolated the medium, halting the attack, he endured the Fatal Curse of two captains, surviving without paying a price was impossible.

Drops of green corpse water glowed like fluorescent objects under the dim lamp.

Yang Jian followed the traces, exiting the classroom, reaching the corridor, and along the stairs, descended to the first floor, then, these traces led to the back door of the school.

And in an open space at the back door.

Yang Jian saw an oil lamp.

All traces ceased near that oil lamp.

Yang Jian realized something, his face changed abruptly, he immediately retreated, heading towards the other captains gathered on the playground.

Chapter 1290 - A Special Scene

"What's going on, the darkness has dispersed?"

When Leuk San exited the abandoned school building, he found that the darkness surrounding them had vanished.

He knew that darkness was the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Domain.

He had gotten separated when he turned back and was worried about being stalked by the Ghost Envoy. He didn't expect the greatest nearby danger to disappear in the blink of an eye.

"It was resolved by a spirit summoned by He Yiner. We're not entirely sure of the specifics. By the way, how are things on your side? Yang Jian, Li Leping? Has Zhang Xiangguang been dealt with?" Lu Zhiwen immediately asked.

Zhou Deng and He Yiner also looked at him, hoping for good news.

"Zhang Xiangguang had a struggle with us in the classroom. He seems to have been seriously injured, and his life or death is unknown. Now Yang Jian is there to clean up, and Li Leping is in a very strange state, suspected of losing control, so he retreated first. I'm also in bad shape and can't continue fighting," Leuk San said with a grim expression.

Lu Zhiwen immediately frowned: "If you tally it up, Li Jun, Wei Jing, Li Leping, and you have all lost combat capability, leaving just me, Zhou Deng, and He Yiner. But He Yiner has already played her trump

card, and her ability to summon spirits is likely limited. Zhang Xiangguang might not be dead, so this situation is really not looking good."

"Luckily, the Ghost Envoy wandering nearby has been temporarily handled, so we can breathe a little easier. But with this, the hidden enemy might also attack us."

"Don't worry, I'm still here. As long as I'm alive, I won't let you get hurt."

Zhou Deng stepped up at this point, confidently stating.

He Yiner glanced aside: "Stop bragging, from the start till now, you've just stolen a knife from Zhang Xiangguang, not very useful."

"It's just not the right time to act yet," Zhou Deng said. "The trump card is used at the end."

"Zhou Deng is not wrong, given the current situation, if more danger arises, Zhou Deng and I will step up. Until now, I haven't acted, and the opponent has insufficient intelligence on me, which is an opportunity," Lu Zhiwen said expressionlessly.

"We'll see what you can do then."

He Yiner said, "I can't summon a spirit like the last one again. This time, I brought only a spirit tablet, but I'm in good condition and can still take action."

"In this case, the situation might not be that bad either," Leuk San said.

After all, three captains could still fight. The opponent, Zhang Xiangguang, had suffered serious injuries, and with Yang Jian still around, and the Ghost Envoy crisis resolved, they still had the confidence to fight.

Meanwhile.

Not far from the abandoned elementary school.

Chen Qiaoyang and Zhang Xian also noticed the changes here.

The sudden disappearance of the Ghost Envoy was beyond everyone's plan.

"The Ghost Envoy was taken care of. I saw a huge old grave bury the Ghost Envoy, along with a captain from headquarters named Wei Jing," Chen Qiaoyang squinted his eyes, looking at a patch of open ground near the abandoned elementary school.

The area had been shrouded in darkness before.

But after the darkness cleared, there was an eerie old grave.

The old grave was large, like a mound, without a tombstone. The soil was abnormal, dark, and foul-smelling, imbued with an eerie aura.

"Without the Ghost Envoy, these captains are essentially freed. What do you intend to do now? Don't tell me there's no contingency for this sort of situation?" Chen Qiaoyang turned to Zhang Xian.

Zhang Xian's face remained calm, not in a hurry: "It's best to kill these captains, but if we can't, stalling them is also a success. However, they're in a bad state now, so to prevent any surprises, it's more stable to take them out. But this will require your help as a Ghost Shepherd."

"Just hold on a bit."

After saying this, Zhang Xian left for a while. When he came back, he was holding a cage.

This cage was bizarre, square-shaped, not made of wood but of bones pieced together, with a copper lock securing it. The inside was pitch-black, with eerie hands attempting to grab and escape, but all in vain.

"This is a Ghost Cage, imprisoning many vengeful spirits accumulated over the years. Releasing them will undoubtedly be perilous," Zhang Xian said, intending to open the Ghost Cage and let the spirits out.

Chen Qiaoyang's eyes flickered: "You want me to drive the ghosts towards those captains? To exhaust them with ghosts, your method is ruthless. One mishap and Shuangqiao Town could be destroyed, and the Ghost Painting World might turn into hell."

"Extreme situations call for extreme measures. These ghosts aren't all that terrifying, we can imprison them again as we did once before, though it might just waste some time," Zhang Xian said.

"If that's the case, then let's do it."

Chen Qiaoyang's lips curled into a cold smile; this was his first time handling ghosts to such an extent.

"Then let's begin."

Zhang Xian said nothing, just took out a key and unlocked the copper lock on the Ghost Cage.

Once the lock was opened, he immediately tossed the cage forward.

"Bang!"

Instantly, ghostly arms reached out from the cage, and terrifying figures appeared nearby, with even Ghost Domains emerging.

Chen Qiaoyang didn't dare let his guard down. His arm was bleeding, and the dripping blood formed words: Move Forward.

He directed the vengeful spirits, leading them forward.

It was like herding sheep, guiding their path.

However, Yang Jian, still in the abandoned school building, realized Zhang Xiangguang's intention and quickly turned back.

"Zhang Xiangguang's target isn't me; it's Zhou Deng, He Yiner, and the others. Everyone is at their weakest now, and he's trying to take out the compromised captains. The appearance of the oil lamp signifies there are not just five Zhang Xiangguangs in this school building, but six; he has one hidden."

"Or perhaps, the one in hiding is the real one."

Yang Jian pondered as he hurried back.

However, it was already too late.

A blurred figure emerged beside Leuk San, He Yiner, Zhou Deng, growing clearer as it approached.

"It's Zhang Xiangguang," Leuk San's eyes focused.

"I'll handle him," Zhou Deng immediately dashed forward.

"Honestly, I'm in bad shape right now, even terrible. So, this is my last attack. If you endure, you're safe; if not, you'll die."

Zhang Xiangguang's voice rang out. As he appeared, the light grew increasingly bright before becoming nearly blinding.

But as the light reached its peak, blinding everyone, everything rapidly returned to normal.

"Hmm?"

He Yiner was the quickest to open her eyes, but what she saw left her stunned.

This was no longer the playground of the abandoned school but a dilapidated private school filled with students. But those students appeared devoid of color, dressed in black, pale like corpses. And strangely, they were among them.

"What's going on?" He Yiner was dumbfounded.

"This isn't real. It's a scene constructed by some supernatural occurrence, not in reality. It's likely within my consciousness..."

Lu Zhiwen said, also sitting at a desk, unable to move.

He didn't want to move, but he couldn't.

Leuk San was also nearby, trying to struggle, but found it futile: "It seems that our consciousness has been bound by some supernatural power. This should be Zhang Xiangguang's doing. Is he finally using his supernatural strength now?"

"Apart from being unable to move, it seems there's nothing wrong."

Zhou Deng said, sitting at a desk like a student.

"It seems that only the four of us have entered this constructed supernatural world of consciousness; Yang Jian and Li Leping are not here. This indicates that Zhang Xiangguang has changed his strategy this time, aiming to take all four of us in one go."

He glanced around.

Seated around him were He Yiner, Lu Zhiwen, and Zhou Deng.

However, this private school was not small.

There were at least twenty or thirty eerie students sitting around, and they seemed out of place mixed with them.

Yet here, they couldn't control themselves and had to remain motionless.

"Is there any way to break free from this bondage and return to reality?" He Yiner asked.

Leuk San replied: "The one who's proficient in supernatural matters is Shen Lin, but he disappeared during the last Ghost Lake incident... Another person should be Yang Jian. It seems there's a strange Evil Hound with him that knows about supernatural attacks on consciousness. But Yang Jian isn't here; he stayed in that building to look for Zhang Xiangguang."

"It seems the opponent noticed Yang Jian is absent and wants to take advantage of the time before Yang Jian reacts to eliminate us," He Yiner said solemnly.

"The enemy is cunning," Zhou Deng said with a sigh.

But as they were speaking, the old private school's door creaked open.

A chill rushed in.

Footsteps sounded as an eerie person, dressed in old, lifeless clothes, walked in, clutching a rusty machete.

Zhang Xiangguang?

No, this is not Zhang Xiangguang.

The person's appearance was unfamiliar, with wrinkles on the face, covered in patches of black and blue marks, devoid of any vitality, like a corpse dead for seven days coming back to life.

"It's a ghost!"

The thought immediately popped into the minds of the four.

The ghost, machete in hand, walked in, leaving everyone unable to move, like fish on a chopping board, waiting to be slaughtered.

"Isn't it? Does Zhang Xiangguang still have this trick?" Zhou Deng wondered uncertainly.

"Shh, don't speak." He Yiner immediately cautioned.

The ghost seemed to have heard Zhou Deng's words, turning its lifeless face in their direction.

After a brief pause, the ghost, holding the machete, slowly began to walk towards them.

"Is it really coming?" Zhou Deng hastily shut his mouth, eyes wide open, continuing to try to struggle.

But still to no avail.

This place wasn't outside; it seemed impossible to use supernatural strength to resist.

The ghost walked only a few steps before suddenly stopping, then swiftly raised the machete to chop off a student's head nearby.

The unfamiliar student remained motionless, and after the head was chopped off, the body quickly disappeared, leaving nothing behind, freeing up a seat.

The ghost continued to walk towards Zhou Deng.

After a few steps, the machete was raised and chopped down again.

Another unfamiliar student disappeared in front of their eyes, leaving an empty seat.

"This ghost's actions seem completely random."

Leuk San shivered inwardly, feeling that if they stayed here any longer, they'd eventually be targeted by the ghost and killed with a single chop.

If they died here, their selves outside would most likely die too.

Yet this situation left them powerless to resist.

At this moment.

A student, pale and wearing black clothes, suddenly spoke; "To survive here, you must rely on luck, there's no other way out. I want to see how you fare, if you'll be chosen by the ghost."

"Zhang Xiangguang?"

Upon hearing this voice, everyone turned their gaze to him.

"I'm here like you, if the ghost chooses me, then I'll die too. But with four of you and only one of me, the survival probability is slightly higher for me," Zhang Xiangguang continued.

"I see, is this your final attack?" Lu Zhiwen said.

Zhang Xiangguang replied: "Fighting to this point, I can't beat you, your strength indeed exceeded my expectations. But I also have contingency plans for the unexpected, as I've been planning for so long; I can't lose."

"So you plan to perish together with us?" He Yiner said coldly.

"Perhaps we'll die, but my plan will succeed," Zhang Xiangguang said, "Besides, my role is to keep you captains here to prevent you from interfering with me."

As he spoke, the ghost approached again.

With a chop, another student's head rolled to the ground.

Zhou Deng broke out in cold sweat.

Because the ghost was standing right in front of him, less than two meters away, and the student who got their head chopped was sitting right in front of him.

He had almost been chosen.

"Just brushed by danger." Zhou Deng's heart raced wildly.

But at this moment, Zhang Xiangguang added: "This ghost's random killing supernatural game won't stop without my permission. You can be relieved for now, but as the people diminish here, you'll eventually be chosen last, it's just a matter of time."

"So it still depends on luck? It's not certain death?" Zhou Deng said, but he quickly shut his mouth upon seeing the ghost nearby.

"It's luck-based, if the ghost chooses Zhang Xiangguang first, then the game ends," Leuk San said coldly.

Yet inwardly, he felt unlucky.

He thought he could take a temporary step back and leave things to Yang Jian, not expecting Zhang Xiangguang to be so dishonorable, turning against the weak and vulnerable instead.

"Bang!"

Another head rolled to the ground.

Another unfamiliar student was lost beside Zhou Deng.

He was lucky, both individuals ahead and behind were gone, yet he was still alive.

The ghost, machete in hand, ignored Zhou Deng and continued forward.

At this moment, He Yiner became nervous.

Passing Zhou Deng, the ghost was soon at her side.

Looking at Zhang Xiangguang, he had chosen a good position, far away, with no immediate risk of being picked and eliminated.