

Revival 1291

Chapter 1291 - New Eyes

When Yang Jian returned, he already realized that the situation was dire.

Leuk San, He Yiner, Zhou Deng, and Lu Zhiwen all stood in place, motionless. Their eyes were closed, as if they were in a deep sleep, showing no reaction to the outside world.

"This is a supernatural assault targeting consciousness, similar to Ghost Dream. As expected, Zhang Xiangguang wants to distract me to eliminate the others. He knows I control Ghost Dream, and I'm accompanied by an Evil Hound, so such attacks are useless to me. That's why he changed his tactics." Yang Jian's eyes slightly moved, instantly realizing the clue.

"But how does he have the confidence to succeed in such a short time?"

He felt a bit puzzled.

Yet he didn't hesitate, water began seeping underfoot as he intended to use the Evil Hound to invade the consciousness of several people, awakening them from their comatose state.

However, at this moment.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian noticed something; he turned his head toward a short distance away.

At this moment, two dead gray arms were resting on the abandoned playground wall, followed by a bizarre corpse with a broken leg falling off the wall with a thud. A pair of eerie, resentful eyes faintly gazed over as the broken-legged corpse crawled toward them at an incredible speed.

Not only that, strange human faces began to appear on the nearby wall surface, contorting as if trying to break free from the wall.

Among the playground weeds, several grotesque figures inexplicably stood.

Some were skinny, elongated, standing upright like a telephone pole.

Others were stiff and numb, walking awkwardly with their limbs taut, appearing unusually strange.

...

"Ghosts, and quite a number of them." Yang Jian's expression stiffened, glancing around.

At some unknown time, they had been surrounded by a group of fierce ghosts.

The terror level of these ghosts shouldn't be very high; at least he didn't sense danger, but with this many, it's enough to overwhelm a captain.

Moreover, everyone was under the consciousness attack. If Yang Jian entered the dream with the Evil Hound, there'd be no supervision outside, likely leading to ghost killings.

"Is this the other party's backup plan? Coordinating with Zhang Xiangguang's consciousness assault, attacking from inside and outside simultaneously, leaving no defense." He glanced, immediately understanding the opponent's strategy.

"But for so many ghosts to come to one place at once, it's no coincidence, someone is manipulating them."

"After hiding for so long, Chen Qiaoyang has finally taken action."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he tried to locate Chen Qiaoyang, but couldn't find any trace of the Ghost Shepherd, seemingly absent.

"Chen Qiaoyang, are you really willing to get involved in this fight? Aren't you afraid of being reckoned with afterward?" He shouted; his voice echoed around.

Chen Qiaoyang, observing the situation from a distance, merely sneered, unmoved by Yang Jian's words.

He remained composed.

He wouldn't be foolish enough to expose his position over a few words.

Although he knew Yang Jian's ghost eye couldn't be used in The World of Ghost Drawing, he remained wary of him.

"Want to lure me out, dreaming." Chen Qiaotou continued to entice the ghosts over, ignoring the provocation.

After shouting a few times, Yang Jian realized the other party still didn't show up. He understood this guy was deeply cautious after suffering a loss last time, no longer daring to appear directly.

Knowing Chen Qiaoyang well, a direct encounter would result in his death, no other possibility.

Yet after a few words failed to lure Chen Qiaoyang, the nearby ghosts were already approaching.

The ghost with a broken leg had crawled to the front, targeting Zhou Deng, reaching out a muddy arm attempting to grab Zhou Deng's leg.

"Bang!"

But before it succeeded, a splintered long spear flew in, pinning the ghost to the ground.

"The numbers keep increasing. If I spend time fighting these ghosts here, those four might die at Zhang Xiangguang's hands."

Yang Jian took a deep breath, feeling the complexity of the situation.

He looked down.

The water underfoot wasn't enough to form a scale, barely enough to manifest the Evil Hound.

But the Evil Hound needed his control. Otherwise, if entering the dream, it might indiscriminately attack everyone.

"Will using the Ghost Candle hold them off? No, the Ghost Candle's duration is too short, not enough time to rescue the captains. Or use the substitute doll? No, even if diverting the consciousness attack protects them, they still can't awaken, facing danger."

Yang Jian rapidly contemplated strategies.

"Yang, Yang Jian."

At this moment, a feeble voice sounded nearby.

Yang Jian suddenly snapped back; he noticed a piece of ghost-fire-burned human skin lying on the ground.

Li Jun?

Perhaps some residual dye hadn't completely vanished, or maybe some strong will sustained him. The fractured human skin slightly lifted its head, making a sound: "Take my ghost flame; controlling it allows you to use Ghost Domain in The World of Ghost Drawing... It's the best solution."

Li Jun's words were intermittent.

"Losing the ghost flame causes supernatural imbalance; even if Ah Hong paints you later, the human skin will likely lose control, and it'll be difficult to find corresponding supernatural powers to restore you." Yang Jian replied.

The human skin and ghost flame maintained a balance.

Similar to a complete human skin lantern.

Precisely due to this, Li Jun could remain conscious; otherwise, a mere human skin wouldn't allow him control.

But Li Jun didn't respond, falling into silence.

Perhaps his will could only go this far, unable to communicate further.

Yang Jian fell silent, gazing at the ghost flame-engulfed human skin. Although it no longer resembled Li Jun, his words echoed continuously.

"Hesitation is a dangerous taboo."

Suddenly.

Yang Jian no longer hesitated and grabbed the ghost-fire-burning human skin.

"Ghost flame burns the supernatural, while stove fire burns supernatural corpses. The two share remarkable similarity, so I can likely use Ghost Lake's powers to suppress ghost flame burning. If all goes well, combining stove fire and ghost flame will form a more terrifying supernatural flame."

Yang Jian quickly became encased in ghost flame, as the ghost flame from the fractured human skin seemed to find its source, covering him entirely.

This almost amounted to a supernatural assault.

Soon.

Yang Jian was enveloped in the eerie green ghost flame, while the fire on the fractured human skin gradually extinguished.

The ghost flame transferred fully onto him.

Without the human skin's constraint, ghost flame burned violently.

A stench began to swiftly spread.

However, the blood flowing inside Yang Jian's body wasn't blood, but Ghost Lake Water. Accompanied by dampness, the spreading water began suppressing the ghost flame's runaway behavior.

The violently burning ghost flame showed signs of extinguishing, slowly calming down.

Yang Jian's assumption was correct: the S-level supernatural Ghost Lake held an advantage against ghost flame, so controlling it was feasible. At least the process was smooth, not dangerous, without losing control or being burned to death by the ghost flame.

Due to the addition of the new supernatural puzzle.

At this moment.

The ghostly eye on Yang Jian's forehead, which had been almost impossible to open due to the suppression of the ghost drawing, became active once again.

A crack appeared on the flesh.

The next moment.

An eerie eyeball emerged and slightly rotated.

The ghostly eye was also burning with ghost flames at this moment, but this supernatural erosion didn't affect the ghostly eye at all; instead, the burning ghost flames gradually integrated into the ghostly eye.

Supernatural powers serve as a puzzle to each other, piecing together to form new supernatural powers.

At this moment, the ghostly eye underwent a change.

The eerie green ghost flames and the scarlet ghostly eye formed a new eye.

This eye was no longer scarlet, nor was it green, but displayed a golden yellow.

Once the golden ghostly eye appeared, the Ghost Domain that belonged to Yang Jian instantly spread out.

The Ghost Domain was no longer just a scarlet scene, but golden yellow as well, making the entire grayish world seem as if it was suddenly illuminated, all enveloped in brightness.

The malevolent ghost covered by the Ghost Domain was instantly ignited, consumed by fiercely burning flames like maggots on bones, sticking to the malevolent ghost, unable to escape or extinguish, instead growing more vigorous with time.

The malevolent ghost lost its ability to move under the burning flame.

This ghost flame was no longer just ghost flame; it also had the capability of furnace fire, where some corporeal malevolent ghosts would only become fuel for the furnace fire, ultimately burning continuously, being suppressed continuously, forming an inescapable cycle, leaving them frozen in place.

One malevolent ghost after another was ignited.

In less than ten seconds, the malevolent ghosts that were besieging were completely silenced under the coverage of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

"Are you kidding me?"

This scene made Chen Qiaoyang and Zhang Xian, who were not far away, suddenly shrink their pupils, their hearts somewhat stalling.

"Quick, go, this Yang Jian has harnessed new supernatural power, resulting in some kind of qualitative change. If we don't leave, we'll all die here."

Zhang Xian growled, his flesh rapidly becoming scorched black, his body smoking, and turning entirely crimson.

He felt a mass of fire burning inside his body, soon about to ignite himself.

"Damn it."

Chen Qiaoyang's face also changed abruptly, turning around and running without saying a word.

But how could he escape?

Looking around, the entire world was golden, seemingly shrouded in radiant light.

Just being within this Ghost Domain, the body uncontrollably started burning, and the longer one stayed, the greater the chance of being ignited. Once ignited, their fate would likely be the same as those expelled malevolent ghosts, consumed by flames, frozen in place, unable to move.

Moreover, the fire didn't seem to burn ordinary people; it was exclusively targeting malevolent ghosts and ghost controllers.

"Ah!"

Zhang Xian tried to escape, but couldn't find a way out of this Ghost Domain, and soon enough, he was ignited.

Flames burned from his body, emerging from his ears, nostrils, mouth, eyes.

He was in immense pain, his bones crackling as they burned, his whole body engulfed in flames.

Chen Qiaoyang was frightened, hurriedly employing supernatural power.

The next moment.

Four eerie paper figures carrying a paper sedan chair swayed and ran over from a close distance. Although they seemed slow, in a blink of an eye, the sedan had already arrived in front of Chen Qiaoyang.

Without hesitation, he immediately dived into the paper sedan.

Entering the paper sedan.

Chen Qiaoyang only then felt the searing pain reduced significantly, the risk of being ignited temporarily mitigated.

"Leave here."

Chen Qiaoyang once again commanded the malevolent ghost, letting the paper sedan carry him away.

But at this moment, he faintly raised his head and glanced at the sedan's top, but his eyelids jumped.

The paper sedan was also burning.

"Quick, even faster."

Chen Qiaoyang panicked completely at this moment. He knew if he couldn't leave before the paper sedan was completely ignited, then he would be consumed by flames along with the sedan.

After being engulfed by flames, the ghost surely wouldn't die, at most being suppressed, but he would die, and die miserably.

Yet at this moment, Yang Jian didn't pay attention to the ignited Zhang Xian or Chen Qiaoyang attempting to escape by paper sedan.

He couldn't afford any delay, as delaying further might mean not being able to save any of the four captains. After all, the captains' lives were far more important than Chen Qiaoyang's.

Seeing the crisis temporarily alleviated.

Immediately, a vicious hound leapt out by Yang Jian's side.

"Pull everyone into the dream."

Yang Jian commanded, then slowly closed his eyes, falling into sleep.

As soon as he entered the dream.

Yang Jian found himself once again in that familiar village.

This was his hometown.

But at this moment.

Near the village, there was a new building that didn't belong, an old private school.

The private school was hazy and unclear, like being shrouded in a thin mist, and there were no roads around, like it was isolated.

"A new supernatural place? Sure enough, through the Ghost Dream, I can find it. They should be trapped in that building, unable to escape."

Yang Jian glanced and immediately ran towards the old private school, simultaneously issuing a command: "Charge into that private school."

The vicious hound growled lowly beside him, charging ahead of Yang Jian.

With the hound's advance, the thin mist surrounding the old private school dissipated, making the building clearer.

There weren't any roads around initially, but as the hound moved across, a winding path appeared right away.

This road was the hound's invasion trace.

"The supernatural power of that private school isn't very strong, the hound's invasion faced almost no resistance. No wonder Zhang Xiangguang didn't dare to use such a method before; he knew a mental assault wouldn't surpass the hound, so he simply didn't use it. But this assault was ineffective against me, although it might be deadly to the other captains."

Yang Jian felt a sense of urgency, accelerating his pace.

The vicious hound ran all the way, smoothly invading the other world completely.

A path leading to the private school was completely opened.

Chapter 1292 Unconventional Protection

Inside the old private school.

A ghost, as decrepit as an old corpse, roamed wielding a rusty large knife. Everyone who entered this private school could only sit immobile like a wooden post in front of their desks.

And at this moment, the ghost was even more wantonly killing people at random.

There were twenty to thirty eerie students in the private school, dressed in black, their bodies ghastly pale, motionless as if they had already died, like souls from memories, forever trapped here.

However, aside from these souls long deceased, He Yiner, Zhou Deng, Leuk San, and Lu Zhiwen had only recently arrived at this strange private school.

Even captain-level ghost handlers couldn't resist, and could only sit still in place.

At that moment, the ghost passed by Zhou Deng and then headed towards He Yiner.

He Yiner's desk was against the wall, which meant there were few students sitting next to her, with only one dead person existing on her front left.

The ghost was surely going to kill someone at random.

"A one in three chance?"

He Yiner's heart tightened at this moment, not knowing if she would have Zhou Deng's kind of luck.

The ghost was already close.

The chilling aura was within reach, He Yiner could only move her eyes, her body still stiff, able only to watch everything happen powerlessly.

Very soon.

The ghost suddenly stopped; it had arrived beside He Yiner.

A one-third probability.

It seemed He Yiner wasn't very lucky; she was chosen.

Zhou Deng immediately shouted, "Get over here, ghost!"

"It's useless, sound doesn't attract the ghost's attention. It seems her luck ends here; not a bad start, at least one captain can be taken away." Zhang Xiangguang's voice rang out. He turned his eyes to watch the unfolding scene.

The ghost raised the rusty large knife in its hand and casually swung it toward He Yiner's head as it had done before.

In the ghost's eyes, He Yiner was no different than the other students sitting here.

"Will I be killed?"

He Yiner's pupils contracted as she watched the eerie large knife fall, her whole body taut to the extreme, wanting to use all her strength to struggle against this binding, but in vain.

"No!" Zhou Deng shouted.

Leuk San, sitting not far away, wore a grim expression, forced to watch this unfold.

"Bang!"

The next moment, the ghost's knife fell without any exception, yet it strangely missed, not hitting He Yiner's head but slamming into the desk in front of her.

The old wooden desk shattered instantly.

"Hmm?"

Zhang Xiangguang was taken aback by the situation.

What just happened?

The ghost missed its target?

He Yiner also broke out in a cold sweat, her eyes wide with a slightly frightened expression, feeling a sense of having narrowly escaped death.

"I'm okay?" she murmured in disbelief.

That knife had clearly been coming down on her, and she couldn't move, logically it should have been certain death.

"So lucky, the ghost missed," Zhou Deng cheered with joy.

Luck?

Leuk San's eyes flickered, "It certainly isn't luck, there must have been some other supernatural interference causing the ghost's attack to miss..."

Before he finished speaking, he glanced at an inconspicuous person.

"Lu Zhiwen, was it you?"

Such interference causing the ghost to misjudge definitely wasn't done by Zhou Deng or He Yiner, nor had he intervened, so the only possibility was Lu Zhiwen, who had always kept a low profile.

Lu Zhiwen didn't deny it and said, "It was me. When you all were acting, I put a small device on each of you that only acts in life-death crises. Don't misunderstand, the device is to protect you, not to harm you."

"You can see it as a layer of supernatural protection."

"Supernatural protection? So I have it too?" Leuk San frowned.

Lu Zhiwen responded, "Yes, it's not just you, Li Leping, Li Jun, Wei Jing, He Yiner, Zhou Deng all have it. Only Yang Jian did not get the treatment."

"For example, Li Leping's Sleepwalking Ghost has the risk of losing control. If it truly comes to that point, the supernatural protection will keep him sane during the loss of control, although he won't feel it. It doesn't last long, but it should let him get through critical moments. As for Li Jun, my supernatural protection would preserve a sliver of consciousness when he's about to die, helping him avoid unnecessary troubles when the ghost makeup fades and a ghost revives."

"He Yiner's supernatural protection is a bit special. When a supernatural attack sufficient to kill her targets her, the attack will miss. Though it seems insignificant, it can save a life at a critical time."

Lu Zhiwen revealed a secret.

Although Zhang Xiangguang was right here, the battle outside had concluded, so speaking now was no longer an issue.

"I see. But how did you know Li Leping would lose control, or Li Jun would get killed?" Leuk San inquired.

Lu Zhiwen calmly replied, "I don't have foresight. I didn't know how events would unfold; I merely anticipated the worst-case scenario and took precautions against it. It isn't a difficult task."

"Anyway, I survived. I should thank you."

He Yiner took a deep breath to calm her nerves, regardless of Lu Zhiwen's small tricks.

She only knew she had avoided a certain death supernatural attack and survived.

That was enough.

"But how many times can such supernatural protection work? The game continues. As long as no one dies, the ghost will keep randomly killing. After a person avoids an attack once, they could still be targeted by the ghost again; let's hope your ability can save her then," Zhang Xiangguang coolly remarked.

Lu Zhiwen said, "You're right, such supernatural protection works only once. But how much time do you have left? You deliberately lured Yang Jian away, trying to take the chance to eliminate us, but now, although we're trapped, we're still alive."

"Do you expect Yang Jian to come and save you?"

Zhang Xiangguang said, "He might come, but definitely not quickly. I've set up contingencies outside, not enough to kill Yang Jian, but sufficient to delay him from coming to support, I believe. After all, for today, I've prepared quite a few emergency plans."

He believed that by now Yang Jian was already entangled by a ghost outside, with no time to come to their rescue.

Although the ghost attacked He Yiner, it didn't kill her. However, it didn't continue to attack, either.

Since killing was random, the probability that He Yiner would be selected next time was very low.

The ghost started roaming again.

This time, it was Leuk San's turn to be anxious.

After the ghost passed by He Yiner, it circled to the middle, and he was sitting in front of one of the tables in the middle row.

"Leuk San, don't worry, you definitely won't be the one chosen." Zhou Deng said.

Leuk San said grimly, "Rather than praying for good luck not to be targeted by the ghost, we should think about how to escape. The longer we stay here, the more dangerous it becomes. Good fortune won't favor us forever."

As he spoke, another lifeless student was chosen by the ghost and beheaded.

Another seat was vacant.

Meanwhile, the ghost was getting closer to Leuk San.

However, there were students all around him; his probability of being chosen wasn't high.

"Here, even using supernatural powers is impossible, how do we find a way?"

Zhou Deng shook his head and said, "I'm really powerless. If we were outside, I definitely wouldn't disappoint you."

"Such attacks are rare and methods to counter them are even rarer. There are only a few people in the supernatural circle who can manipulate this kind of supernatural power; it seems Lin Bei has this power, but unfortunately, he's not here." Lu Zhiwen said.

"Hmm?"

Just then, as they were exchanging thoughts, Zhang Xiangguang seemed to notice something and looked towards the private school's gate.

At the moment, the gate was tightly shut, giving no clues.

But then, a low growl of an evil hound suddenly echoed outside the classroom.

"Dog barking?"

This sound immediately caught everyone's attention.

"It's Yang Jian. He's here." Leuk San said immediately with bright eyes.

He had seen that evil hound before, first in Taiping Ancient Town, and it also appeared when he previously fought Zhang Xiangguang.

The appearance of the evil hound meant Yang Jian was nearby.

"Great, we're saved." Zhou Deng also exclaimed with surprise.

"Damn it." Zhang Xiangguang's face immediately changed unpredictably.

Yang Jian's arrival not only meant a turning point in this deadly scenario but also indicated that Zhang Xian and Chen Qiaoyang outside hadn't stopped him.

Which meant something big was happening outside.

"Need to kill at least one." Zhang Xiangguang thought unwillingly.

Aren't these captains exceptionally hard to kill?

Until now, only Li Jun was lost on the opponent's side, others were heavily injured but still alive.

Every time, it was always just slightly off.

Zhang Xiangguang believed it wasn't due to his lack of strength, but the evaluation of these captains was slightly off, leading them to reveal many trump cards, exceeding expectations.

Indeed.

The headquarters' information didn't hold any credibility.

"Coming for me?"

At this moment, Leuk San's hair stood on end; he saw the ghost decapitate another student, then continued forward, stopping nearby him.

Four people surrounded him, including three dead; his chance of being chosen was very low.

The ghost swung its blade again.

A student's head was chopped off, then the body disappeared, leaving the seat vacant.

"Luck's not too bad." Leuk San slightly sighed with relief.

However, after the ghost took a step forward with the knife, it stopped again.

This situation meant the ghost had chosen someone else nearby, causing Leuk San to tense up again after his brief respite.

"Will it make it?" Zhang Xiangguang stared intently at this scene.

Hoping the ghost would choose Leuk San.

Because now only Leuk San and a dead person were beside the ghost.

It's a fifty percent chance.

"Bang!"

At this moment, the wooden door of the private school was instantly knocked open; a large evil hound snarled as it pounced in directly, with Yang Jian right behind it.

Everyone in this classroom was sitting and unable to move, yet the evil hound and Yang Jian were not restricted, able to move freely like the ghost inside the classroom.

"Yang Jian, quickly help save Leuk San." He Yiner shouted upon seeing this.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian glanced around and immediately saw a ghost raising a large knife beside Leuk San.

"Kill it."

Without hesitation, he ordered.

The evil hound growled, immediately pouncing forward.

Seeing this, Zhang Xiangguang showed a hint of bitter smile because he saw the ghost had already raised the knife, preparing to strike at Leuk San, yet before the knife could fall, the evil hound had already pounced, knocking it to the ground.

Beast-like biting sounds echoed.

The ghost had no power to resist, only allowing itself to be mauled, unable to fight back.

The last chance to take down Leuk San was gone.

"Seems I've exhausted my luck; this foolproof deadly place has resolved many enemies for me before, yet today, not a single one of the four dragged in was killed." Zhang Xiangguang mocked himself.

Feeling his luck was unfortunate.

Even the best preparations were useless.

"Luck? You underestimate others."

Yang Jian said coldly, "Do you think it's easy to deal with those who survived multiple supernatural events? This isn't like before when the supernatural just emerged, and various events were easy, naturally not producing any formidable figures, but now it's different."

"Makes sense. The harshest times have created your kind. Facing you, I've lost without complaint, though my plan has mostly succeeded now." Zhang Xiangguang said,

Still composed and calm.

Because he knew, the outcome of the fight wouldn't affect the success of his plan.

Chapter 1293 The Plan to Recreate Everything

The appearance of the Evil Hound signifies that the random killing game of the vengeful ghost inside this old private schoolhouse is over.

The ghosts within the schoolhouse cannot resist the Evil Hound and are easily suppressed.

Accompanied by beastly growls and the sound of tearing and biting, the supernatural grip on the people inside this old schoolhouse grows increasingly weak.

"I seem to be able to move."

Zhou Deng slightly turned his neck at this moment, raised his fingers, and although his body remained stiff and immobile, this state was rapidly dissipating.

"Naturally, with the Evil Hound entering here, it means the supernatural invasion has entered. This place is no longer under the control of just that ghost. Over time, the ghost's control over here will diminish, and in the end, it may even change hands and gain a new master."

Leuk San looked at the large-sized Evil Hound on the ground. Even knowing it wouldn't attack him, he still felt a lingering fear.

Fortunately, this Evil Hound is in Yang Jian's hands. If it were in Zhang Xiangguang's hands, everyone here would already be dead. It would simply be impossible to survive until now.

"I didn't expect Yang Xiao's Ghost Dream. After so many years, meeting it again, I still lose. He truly is a genius, transforming Ghost Dream into an Evil Hound and then entrusting it to you. This not only prevents the vengeful ghost from reviving but also harnesses this supernatural power. The plan is almost perfect," Zhang Xiangguang remarked with a hint of sentiment.

"Though this Evil Hound is formidable, your presence is even more extraordinary than I imagined. Saying I lost to these captains is wrong; it would be more accurate to say I lost to you."

After speaking, he looked at Yang Jian.

"Stop wasting time with pointless words now. We've wasted too much time on you. After killing you, we still need to deal with the ghost painting. I reckon the real you is already on the way to mastering the ghost painting," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Xiangguang laughed, "You're right. My life and death don't matter. The success on the other side is what counts. Once I, as the manager, master the ghost painting, everything will end."

"An immortal manager combined with the supernatural power of the ghost painting, plus some other supernatural puzzles, not to mention if He Yiner summons those spirits from the Republic of China Period, we wouldn't win. The same applies to you all."

"I told you to stop talking nonsense; can't you understand?"

Yang Jian picked up a stool nearby and hurled it at Zhang Xiangguang.

"Bang!"

Zhang Xiangguang, seated at the table, was knocked over to the ground, with blood immediately streaming down his scalp.

His body was rigid, but he still struggled to stand up.

The Evil Hound's intrusion weakened the supernatural constraints within the schoolhouse. This change affected him similarly.

"Upset? Indeed, in the world of dreams, you regain your original emotions, even your temper has increased," Zhang Xiangguang chuckled, unfazed by the injury.

"Yang Jian, let's leave this place quickly, head outside, then find the real Zhang Xiangguang and kill him again," Leuk San promptly suggested, reminding Yang Jian not to impulsively waste time by continuing to fight here.

Yang Jian suppressed his inner anger, stating, "To exit here, the Evil Hound's intrusion needs to reach a certain level. You guys haven't regained your mobility, implying there's no way to exit yet. Once you can move, exit this schoolhouse, and you'll naturally awaken and follow along."

"Looks like we still need to waste a bit of time," Lu Zhiwen remarked.

At this moment, he had already swayed his body and stood up from his seat, trying to walk, but his feet seemed rooted to the ground, unable to move.

The Evil Hound continues its assault on the vengeful ghost.

The vengeful ghost within the schoolhouse has been bitten until it's nothing but mangled flesh, even its fingers bitten off, and the rusty blade had fallen aside.

Yet ghosts cannot be killed.

This results in the Evil Hound being in an absolute advantage, but still needing time to completely take over this schoolhouse.

Once the takeover is complete, the ghost within the schoolhouse is highly likely to vanish, ultimately becoming one of the Evil Hound's puzzles.

As Yang Jian waited for the supernatural elements in the schoolhouse to dissipate.

In another part of the ghost painting, a perilous event was unfolding.

This was in an inconspicuous small village near Shuangqiao Town.

"I'm here."

Nie Yingping's somewhat nervous and uneasy voice rang out as he dashed over from a direction, at an unusually fast speed, almost defying logic.

In the open space before a residential house stood Zhang Xiangguang, the post office manager, alongside the two ghost-wielders Du Hong and Zhang Ying, their faces solemn, awaiting the arrival of something.

Nie Yingping rushed to the front: "Zhang Xiangguang, you must not fail. If we fail, not only will we all die, but afterward, we will also be punished by those captains from headquarters. Now it's up to you."

After quickly saying this, he left again, seemingly avoiding something.

Though Nie Yingping had left, a silhouette abruptly appeared from the direction he had come. It was a woman, dressed in a blood-red outfit that stood out starkly in the gray ghost painting world, her appearance perpetually blurred as if veiled in a thick fog; only her hands were distinct, pale and chilling.

"The fierce ghost from the world of Ghost Drawing has appeared." Du Hong and Zhang Ying, witnessing this scene, immediately took a deep breath and quickly turned their heads away, not daring to look further.

The more you look, the easier it is for the image of the fierce ghost to surface in your mind.

Once you can't help but think of it, the killing pattern of the fierce ghost will be triggered, and you'll be targeted by this terrifying ghost.

Nie Yingping obviously used himself as bait, actively triggered the killing pattern of the fierce ghost, and lured the ghost from the Ghost Drawing over.

"Let's begin immediately," Zhang Xiangguang said.

The ghost has already appeared, but for now, there won't be any danger because it's after Nie Yingping; they haven't triggered the killing pattern of the fierce ghost, so they won't be targeted by the ghost for the time being.

Du Hong and Zhang Ying dared not be careless. They immediately lifted a corpse, also dressed in red and wearing a red veil, out of the red wooden box.

This was a dried corpse, shackled by chains, but still struggling as if it would break free at any moment.

"The most terrifying thing about the Dried Corpse Bride is not the corpse itself, but the red wedding dress on it."

Zhang Xiangguang squinted his eyes and said, "This dried corpse is just an unfortunate woman who couldn't maintain the supernatural balance, killed by this dress. However, this is normal, as this level of supernatural activity cannot be controlled easily by an ordinary ghost handler, making it extremely difficult to maintain balance."

"Now, this dress needs a new owner."

With that, he looked over at He Yuelian.

He Yuelian's face suddenly changed, filled with fear as she looked at the red dress on the dried corpse, and she wanted to refuse.

But the situation was beyond her control now.

"Remove this dress," Zhang Xiangguang said.

Du Hong and Zhang Ying nodded.

The chains confined the dried corpse, preventing the Dried Corpse Bride from killing, giving them space to act boldly.

This red wedding dress is different from the ghost shroud worn by the Ghost Child; this dress can be easily taken off, whereas the ghost shroud cannot be easily removed once worn. It requires supernatural means to be removed.

But when facing a fierce ghost, many people find it difficult just to survive, so who would dare approach a fierce ghost to peel off the red dress?

Soon enough.

With some effort, the red wedding dress was separated from the dried corpse.

Once the red dress was taken off, the dried corpse immediately calmed down, losing its supernatural support, and reverted to an ordinary corpse, devoid of any anomalies.

But the red wedding dress was particularly eerie, standing upright as if a living person, with no support from below.

Suddenly.

A sleeve of the red dress floated and instantly wrapped around Zhang Ying's arm.

Zhang Ying was shocked immediately.

At this moment, Du Hong was quick-eyed and deft, hastily binding the red dress with chains and forcefully pulling it aside, freeing Zhang Ying from its constraint.

"Don't be careless; once entangled, you will become the next Dried Corpse Bride."

Zhang Ying, narrowly escaping, nodded gravely.

Zhang Xiangguang walked over, grabbed He Yuelian by the neck, and pressed her head to make her look at the fierce ghost within the Ghost Drawing before her.

He Yuelian's face showed a pained expression, almost suffocating, struggling desperately, but to no avail.

She became dazed, only seeing a red figure standing a short distance ahead.

That was... a ghost.

In her mind, she couldn't help but visualize the image of the woman in the painting.

The ghost's killing pattern was triggered.

The fierce ghost in the distance began to move, with crisp footsteps echoing, and the red figure started approaching.

"Step one is complete, proceed to step two." Zhang Xiangguang released He Yuelian's neck.

Du Hong nodded, immediately removing the chains binding the red wedding dress.

Instantly, the terrifying Ghost Bride's Dress revived like a fierce ghost.

But everyone was prepared, and they immediately distanced themselves from this dress.

Zhang Xiangguang gave a vigorous shove, and He Yuelian stumbled backward, crashing into the red wedding dress.

The red wedding dress, lacking a living host, instantly adhered to He Yuelian the moment she made contact.

"Ah!"

He Yuelian screamed in terror.

Yet her body was not under her command, being manipulated wantonly by that eerie dress. In just a moment, the red dress somehow ended up worn by her, fitting perfectly as if tailor-made.

Cold!

After wearing the dress, He Yuelian felt her body instantly stiffening. A terrifying chill permeated her entirely, threatening to freeze her, and her vitality was fading at an unimaginable speed.

Her skin turned from rosy to pale, then to ashen, resembling the gray sky above.

Shortly after, He Yuelian's consciousness began to blur as if she were about to die.

The supernatural force of the Ghost Bride's Dress was dreadfully powerful, uncontrollable; any ordinary person wearing it would end up dead.

Yet at that moment.

A red cover was brought over by Zhang Ying and directly placed over He Yuelian's head.

Instantly.

He Yuelian's hazy consciousness was pulled back by a supernatural power, and an additional fragmentary memory appeared in her mind. These memories didn't belong to her, yet the person in those memories looked exactly like her, as if carved from the same mold.

But she soon fell into agony once more.

Her consciousness seemed to be tearing apart, and the red head cover also seemed to be a frightening supernatural artifact, eroding He Yuelian's awareness.

However, this erosion temporarily protected He Yuelian from being killed by the Ghost Bride's Dress she wore.

Still, the supernatural forces on He Yuelian were in a state of imbalance.

In this situation, new supernatural forces must immediately be introduced to balance everything.

At that moment.

The ghost from within the ghost drawing had already approached.

The eerie sound of footsteps echoed, inducing unease.

Zhang Xiangguang, Du Hong, and Zhang Ying quickly retreated, not daring to approach in the slightest.

But before leaving, Zhang Xiangguang completed what he needed to do, putting a pair of red embroidered shoes on He Yuelian's feet.

These shoes weren't real.

They were painted with dye, possessing supernatural power, but unable to maintain for long.

He wasn't sure if these shoes were a crucial piece, so he dared not gamble and could only strive to replicate every supernatural detail of the woman from the ghost drawing as perfectly as possible.

"The third step has begun."

After retreating a short distance, the few of them kept a close watch on the scene before them.

Now there was no worry of triggering the ghost drawing's killing pattern because the ghost drawing targeted He Yuelian. As long as she did not die, it wouldn't attack others for now.

Once the ghost approached.

Under the head cover, He Yuelian continued to cry out in pain, yet she didn't die. Even when those terrifying footsteps drew near, she was still alive because the wedding dress she wore resisted other supernatural forces, simultaneously protecting and killing her.

At that moment.

The agonized, struggling He Yuelian suddenly raised her hand without warning. This wasn't her own doing, but the red dress directing everything.

Such a raising of the hand meant the frightening dress was about to summon ghosts, much like the scene Yang Jian once witnessed on the supernatural bus.

However, now the ghost was right before her; she didn't need to start summoning.

So, at the moment she raised her hand.

The ghost from the drawing extended a pale, frigid hand and grasped He Yuelian.

The ghost and the uncontrolled He Yuelian held hands.

Upon contact, an unforeseen confrontation between supernatural forces ensued.

The ghost and uncontrolled He Yuelian instantly fell into a state of tranquility.

The ghost from the drawing could no longer move, and He Yuelian ceased her painful cries, standing motionless.

Even the gray paper ash falling from the sky halted at that moment.

Witnessing this scene, Du Hong, Zhang Ying, and the returning Nie Yingping grew tense.

"Will it succeed?"

Zhang Xiangguang murmured, his heart also rising in suspense.

After planning for so long, the key wasn't whether Yang Jian and his team could be eliminated, nor whether there would be slip-ups; the essential issue was whether he could replicate everything from the Ghost Bride and the ghost drawing's past lives.

"You won't succeed."

However, a familiar voice broke the silence around, responding to Zhang Xiangguang.

"Hmm?"

Zhang Xiangguang's thoughts were interrupted.

At that moment.

Sun Rui, leaning on a cane, limped over, looking sickly but with determined eyes.

"It's you, you useless trash..."

Nie Yingping instinctively wanted to curse but stopped mid-sentence.

Beside Sun Rui was a large group of people, appearing outdated, lifeless, as if living in the past as undead souls.

"Zhang Xiangguang, surely you haven't forgotten, Yang Jian once delivered a ghost drawing, giving us a chance to emerge. Now you must pay for your mistake." Yang Xiao addressed the people before him slowly.

"Useless rubbish leading a troupe of undead, still useless, can't make a big impact," Nie Yingping remarked coldly.

Zhang Xiangguang replied, "Why are you so set against me? My plan's success would benefit you all. You wouldn't need to be trapped in the oil painting anymore, living life in the world of ghost drawing, possessing supernatural powers without dying, able to fully enjoy life, which is far better than barely surviving as you are now."

"We remain alive because we have lingering thoughts, remembered by some, not forgotten by others. Yet your actions plunge everyone into despair. Do you think we'd allow our loved ones, friends, and children to fall into such despair?" Yang Xiao replied with chilling tone.

"Precisely, I don't want my descendants to live forever in the world of the ghost drawing."

"Nothing more needs to be said, we'll send him on his way today."

"If he were only creating a ghost drawing in a small town, I might agree; but dragging everyone into the ghost drawing, I dare not consent. This lunatic must die quickly, lest he harm our nation."

The other souls also spoke vehemently, opposing Zhang Xiangguang's plan and wishing to kill him instantly.

"Four against thirty-six... No, including the fourth manager, it's four against thirty-seven. Our odds don't seem great," Zhang Xiangguang stated. "But... not insignificant, since you are all undead."

"Is that so? And what amount of supernatural power do you possess now?" Yang Xiao questioned.

Zhang Xiangguang replied, "It's irrelevant. What's important is that I'm still the manager of the Ghost Post Office. If you can't manage the Ghost Post Office, you can't deal with me."

"That's why I'm here," Sun Rui said, limping forward a step.

"Manager against manager. I may not win, but I won't lose either, just need to hold on."

Zhang Xiangguang's eyes moved slightly, surprised that the fourth manager became a nuisance at this juncture. Had he known, he would have kept Chen Qiaoyang.

But Chen Qiaoyang is untrustworthy, unreliable. Nie Yingping is more reassuring.

He glanced aside, at He Yuelian.

Still frozen, unmoving, unsure when the clash of supernatural forces would resolve.

"Attack," Sun Rui didn't give them a chance, speaking lowly.

Thirty-six souls moved as one, their numbers imposing pressure, not to mention the discomfort caused by some individual undead powers.

This was far from being an easy battle.

Chapter 1294 The Outcome Is Decided

"Finally, I can move."

Inside the old private school in the dream, after waiting for a while, Zhou Deng suddenly felt a certain supernatural force binding him completely disappeared. He stood up and started moving freely.

Not only him.

Leuk San, He Yiner, and Lu Zhiwen also experienced the same thing; they all regained their ability to move.

This situation indicates that Zhang Xiangguang completely lost control over this supernatural place.

At this moment.

The large-sized Evil Hound also stopped biting and growling.

Because the fierce ghost wandering inside the private school was already torn apart by the Evil Hound. Only some body parts and clothing scraps remained on the ground, along with the big knife lying there, and nothing else was left.

However, though the fierce ghost was gone, the private school did not disappear.

Outside the private school became brighter; the surrounding darkness and dense fog vanished, though it remained dim. One could vaguely see a dead village appearing not far away.

This private school had now merged with the Ghost Dream.

Thus, it also meant the Evil Hound had acquired new supernatural pieces, harnessing new supernatural powers.

"Now that things here have concluded, we must leave immediately." Yang Jian said.

"What will you do with him?"

He Yiner pointed towards Zhang Xiangguang not far away.

He wasn't dead yet but couldn't leave here, instead trapped in the Ghost Dream.

"If we kill him, the ghost's resurgence will be a troublesome matter, let him be trapped in the Ghost Dream, and then deal with his body outside. Once that's taken care of, I'll come back and handle him."

Yang Jian had long made plans, hence hadn't acted to kill Zhang Xiangguang.

"Makes sense. Killing him now would only add unnecessary trouble."

Leuk San nodded in agreement with Yang Jian's approach.

Although everyone wished Zhang Xiangguang would die, timing was crucial.

"Not going to kill me? Are you so sure I can be trapped here? Aren't you worried I'll escape the dream world and come after you?"

Zhang Xiangguang said, suddenly moving, he grabbed a broken piece of wood from the ground and charged at Yang Jian.

He also regained movement, now intending to kill Yang Jian in the dream world.

Clearly, he understood the rules of this dream world very well.

Here, everyone was an ordinary person, lacking supernatural powers and very fragile. If critically wounded here, they would die, even Yang Jian himself would be no exception.

"Stop him." Yang Jian reacted quickly, instructing immediately.

The next moment.

The Evil Hound growled, not yet charging as a supernatural force not belonging to Ghost Dream appeared.

Zhang Xiangguang was instantly bound, frozen in place unable to move, like a sculpture, only his eyes could turn slightly.

"Is this the supernatural binding of the private school? Unexpectedly, after the fierce ghost was bitten to death, its supernatural power was inherited by the dog." Leuk San said with doubt.

Yang Jian replied, "It's the inevitable result, once failed to resist this Evil Hound in the dream world, the supernatural becomes a piece. On the contrary, if something could kill this Evil Hound, the dream world can be harnessed by others. Zhang Xiangguang lost, so this private school no longer belongs to him."

"It's truly terrifying."

Lu Zhiwen noticed the hint, couldn't help but glance at the large-sized Evil Hound.

"Let him remain here, we should go." Yang Jian said.

Soon.

The dream world began rejecting them, their consciousness gradually drifting away, eventually, their forms disappeared inside the private school, leaving only one Evil Hound and Zhang Xiangguang frozen and unable to move.

On the playground of the deserted elementary school.

The captains who had previously fallen asleep began to wake up one by one.

"What's that? A burning corpse? No, that's a ghost."

Suddenly, Leuk San looked around, feeling slightly astonished, as he saw piles of fire appearing around him.

Upon closer look, those weren't fire piles, but rather fierce ghosts engulfed by flames.

The flames seemed familiar, like Li Jun's Ghost Flame, but the color differed a bit, being a pale green, with less eerie sensation yet still fearsome. Just by being illuminated by the flames, everyone felt a stinging sensation on their skin, truly hard to imagine the pain if getting closer.

"Burning supernatural flames? You took Li Jun's Ghost Flame?" He Yiner looked at Yang Jian in shock.

Yang Jian said, "It's the only way. Only Li Jun's Ghost Flame can burn in the World of Ghost Drawing, can use Ghost Domain, and only Ghost Domain can resist the continuous emergence of fierce ghosts around us, in dire times, can't care too much."

He Yiner fell silent.

The others looked at the piece of damaged human skin on the ground.

The human skin didn't show any sign of ghost revival, yet the dye on its face had completely disappeared, couldn't see Li Jun's face, and the piece of human skin was empty, with no burning Ghost Flames in it.

"If Li Jun were still here, he wouldn't oppose Yang Jian's approach."

Leuk San spoke, "After all, Yang Jian's approach wasn't wrong, if not, we'd all die. The number of fierce ghosts nearby is indeed too many, in this situation Yang Jian wouldn't dare to dream."

"Does that mean Li Jun is dead?" Zhou Deng asked with some sadness.

"With the human skin still intact, Li Jun still has the potential for resurrection, after all, Ah Hong is safely staying at headquarters, it just takes finding a new supernatural balance, letting Ah Hong draw Li Jun again will do."

Lu Zhiwen said as he walked over, took the bizarre piece of human skin.

"If that's true, then the situation isn't too bad." He Yiner nodded.

"Now, there's one more thing to do, which is to find Zhang Xiangguang's body."

Yang Jian said, "He doesn't exist in reality, only can appear in places with brightness, but it's not enough to use brightness as the medium, Zhang Xiangguang himself should possess Ghost Domain, when he attacked you, he hid within Ghost Domain, so finding him requires meeting two conditions."

"Brightness, and a strong enough Ghost Domain, which now we possess both."

Saying that, his ghost eye opened again.

Everything around suddenly changed colors, the sky was no longer grey but shrouded in a golden light.

"Not the red Ghost Domain..." Leuk San glanced at Yang Jian.

His ghost eye wasn't crimson either at that moment, instead presented a golden hue, seemingly with faintly flickering flames.

"More dangerous than previous Ghost Domain." He Yiner thought uneasily.

She felt that this golden Ghost Domain was not just a change in color, but contained other supernatural powers, although the supernatural was restrained, she could still sense the unsettling heat around.

Like a hidden inferno in every corner, once erupted, could easily ignite any ghost handler.

"Did not find Zhang Xiangguang." Zhou Deng looked around.

Yang Jian said, "This means the Ghost Domain's intensity is not enough."

He opened one ghost eye, the Ghost Domain was mere a layer, but this layer of Ghost Domain differed from previous layers, it was a Ghost Flame's Ghost Domain combined with a ghost eye's Ghost Domain, stronger than before.

He opened a second ghost eye.

Everything seemed unchanged, just with a burning stinging feeling, while Zhang Xiangguang still hadn't appeared.

Open the third ghost eye.

This is the third layer of the Ghost Domain.

At this moment, the surrounding light became even brighter. You could even see the eerie Ghost Flame flickering on the ground. Others felt their skin growing red from the heat, and staying any longer might risk being ignited.

"Not enough yet?"

Yang Jian thought to himself silently and opened the fourth ghost eye.

The Ghost Domain expanded to the fourth layer.

Now, the golden world was filled with fire everywhere, everything burning. No ghost caretaker could stay here long. Standing here for even a dozen seconds, a person could potentially become a fireman, entirely consumed by the Ghost Flame.

And in this fire-covered Ghost Domain.

A blurry figure suddenly appeared in everyone's sight.

"It's Zhang Xiangguang, he's over there," Zhou Deng squinted, immediately pointing forward.

This was Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, so he naturally noticed Zhang Xiangguang quickly. He said, "Still not enough, the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain has only revealed him, to truly interact with Zhang Xiangguang's Ghost Domain needs more power."

"Such a level of Ghost Domain can't touch him?" Leuk San was amazed.

He thought Yang Jian's current Ghost Domain could threaten the captain, but he didn't expect the opponent to hide deeper.

"If he makes a move, he'll naturally hide well, but in terms of Ghost Domain, he can't beat me."

As Yang Jian spoke, the fifth ghost eye opened.

In the past, his five-layer Ghost Domain was enough to banish some low-danger ghosts from the real world.

However, when the ghost eye opened at this moment, it did not affect Zhang Xiangguang at all.

His figure just became instantly clearer, no longer so blurry, and could be touched.

However, when Yang Jian opened this layer of the Ghost Domain, he noticed all the fire disappeared, and even the dazzling golden Ghost Domain dimmed instantly, as if fading, with traces of scarlet vaguely appearing around.

"Li Jun's Ghost Flame combined with furnace fire can only burn to the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain? Beyond that, the supernatural power of the ghost eye will prevail again."

Yang Jian sensed the change in the Ghost Domain.

Because familiar red appeared in his vision again.

If he opened the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain, the Ghost Domain would probably turn red again.

Apparently, relying solely on Ghost Flame and a little furnace fire couldn't compare to the ghost eye, as these two supernatural powers were not equal.

But none of this was a hindrance.

After all, being able to burn to the fourth layer of the Ghost Domain was already quite terrifying.

Yang Jian walked boldly toward Zhang Xiangguang: "This guy's Ghost Domain is the strongest presence I've seen among those who control ghosts, and you must rely on a medium to touch him. If he were outside, he could kill someone and then escape, and no one could find him. Fortunately, he's in the World of Ghost Drawing and doesn't plan to run."

Arriving in front of Zhang Xiangguang.

He was holding a rusty large knife, standing motionless, his head slightly lowered, eyes closed, completely asleep.

Yang Jian showed no mercy, the Coffin Nail directly pierced through his hands, nailing him to the ground.

Clang!

The rusty large knife fell to the ground.

The next moment.

The Ghost Domain disappeared, all abnormality vanished again, and the sky turned gray once more.

And Zhang Xiangguang did not disappear again.

He was nailed by the Coffin Nail, all supernatural powers fell into silence, now he's just an ordinary person.

"Yang Jian, the knife fell, do you want it? If not, how about giving it to me as a gift?" Zhou Deng was staring at the fallen large knife.

"I can't give it to you, Zhang Xiangguang's supernatural weapon is very special, and I want to take it away."

The water flowing at Yang Jian's feet surged toward the fallen large knife.

Quickly.

The water gathered into a puddle, quickly swallowing the rusty large knife.

This supernatural weapon caused even Yang Jian significant trouble, taking it back for research might fill gaps in his supernatural weapon.

"Zhou Deng, why is your face so thick?" He Yiner glanced at him and said.

Although that supernatural weapon was powerful, everyone knew it was Yang Jian's spoils.

Zhou Deng's eyes turned: "I'm just asking, in case Captain Yang doesn't like it and doesn't want it? Just asking, doesn't hurt."

"Then can I touch Zhang Xiangguang's corpse, maybe there's some dangerous items on him?" He again had another idea.

"Don't move randomly, this guy is very dangerous, who knows what tricks are left on the corpse. It is safest to imprison his corpse, but here in the World of Ghost Drawing, the right container can't be found," Leuk San said seriously.

Yang Jian said: "Sink his corpse into the lake."

After swallowing the large knife, the water continued to cover Zhang Xiangguang's corpse.

Soon, the corpse fell into the water with a splash and quickly sank underwater.

In a blink, Zhang Xiangguang disappeared before their eyes.

After finishing everything, everything here came to an end.

"What a pity."

Zhou Deng watched Zhang Xiangguang's corpse disappear with some reluctance.

"It's time for the next action."

Yang Jian knew he didn't have time to rest, he needed to keep moving.

Leuk San said: "I'm afraid I can't participate in the next action; take He Yiner, Zhou Deng, and Lu Zhiwen. I'll stay here and watch Wei Jing and Li Leping, waiting for your good news."

He had pushed himself to the limit, and now he had to retire.

"Alright, let's act separately then," Yang Jian said, "You all can still take action, right?"

"I'm good."

Zhou Deng immediately said: "I haven't really made a move yet, although I've suffered some minor injuries, but it's not a problem."

"My condition is fine too, although I can use fewer mediums, it's difficult to perform as before," He Yiner said.

In the previous fight, she was well protected and uninjured, only consuming a few mediums.

Lu Zhiwen said: "I'm good too."

"Since there's no problem, let's set off now," Yang Jian said, giving Leuk San a glance.

Leuk San nodded to indicate no problem.

Yang Jian said no more, the Ghost Domain expanded, taking the three away from the abandoned Shuangqiao Town Primary School.

Before leaving, he did not forget to sink the burning insidious ghosts around him into Ghost Lake to prevent them from reviving, adding unnecessary risks.

Chapter 1295: An Unexpected Appearance

"The World of Ghost Drawing is much larger than before. Finding the real Zhang Xiangguang here is not an easy task. Moreover, there are ghosts in the world of ghost drawing. Wandering aimlessly will not only waste time but also easily lead to danger."

He Yiner said.

She looked at the endless gray sky, and a sense of helplessness welled up in her heart.

It's hard to imagine that this is caused by a supernatural event.

However, at this moment, the constant falling paper ashes in the sky had vanished. Although there were still a large amount of residual paper ashes on the ground, the appearance of this change gave people an ominous premonition.

Like the calm before the storm.

"I can guide the way, and it's not difficult to find the real Zhang Xiangguang by cooperating with Yang Jian's Ghost Domain." Lu Zhiwen said as he began to take action.

With that special pen, combined with a piece of paper filled with Zhang Xiangguang's name, he could indicate a rough direction.

"Over there."

Immediately, he pointed his finger toward a direction outside Shuangqiao Town.

As soon as he had finished speaking, Yang Jian had already taken three people and hurried in the direction Lu Zhiwen pointed.

Being able to use the Ghost Domain in the world of ghost drawing is a huge advantage, and finding people through the Ghost Domain is also a great convenience.

Soon.

A seemingly inconspicuous village caught Yang Jian's attention.

His Ghost Domain detected anomalies here.

And when Yang Jian paid close attention, the situation made him feel astonished, though not seeing it with his own eyes made him even suspect whether he was hallucinating.

He actually saw Sun Rui here, saw Yang Xiao and those souls living in the oil paintings from the Ghost Post Office, as well as the ghost from ghost drawing, and even a terrifying ghost he had encountered before... the Dried Corpse Bride.

"Found it, it's right here."

Yang Jian immediately stopped moving and rushed directly toward this inconspicuous village with He Yiner, Zhou Deng, and Lu Zhiwen.

Meanwhile.

Inside this small village, Sun Rui was leading thirty-six souls from the oil paintings into a fierce battle with Zhang Xiangguang, Nie Yingping, Du Hong, and Zhang Ying.

This was a struggle of faith and life, neither side willing to lose or retreat.

Although Zhang Xiangguang's group had fewer numbers, Nie Yingping was a top-notch ghost handler, even surpassing some captains from the headquarters, while Du Hong and Zhang Ying were veteran ghost handlers. Though not on the level of captains, they were not far off, with Zhang Xiangguang alone being the weakest given his loss of most supernatural power.

However, Zhang Xiangguang was the manager of the post office. He wouldn't die, which was a huge advantage.

Sun Rui's side, although numerous, had souls with supernatural powers that were even weaker than when they were alive, and their growth had been stagnant for decades, honestly a bit behind the times.

Yet the souls had the advantage of numbers, and among the supernatural powers they wielded were some very troublesome ones.

For a moment, both sides seemed evenly matched.

In just a short action, casualties had already occurred.

Although souls wouldn't die inside oil paintings, they could perish when subjected to severe supernatural attacks. After all, the supernatural power of the oil painting could maintain their immortality, but other supernatural powers could erase their existence.

Moreover, this was not the world of oil painting, but the world of ghost drawing.

After leaving the oil paintings, the souls lost a part of their advantage.

Thus, thirty-six souls began suffering continuous heavy damage, unable to maintain survival, starting to dissipate.

"Jang Wei, Hon Xiuyun, Wang Daohai, Zhang Xiaomei..."

A soul shouted out the names of familiar friends, witnessing them being killed by Nie Yingping, bodies collapsing, directly disappearing.

The other souls were no less fierce, paying the price of several people to take down the female ghost handler named Zhang Ying on the opposing side, while Du Hong was also struggling, unable to defend himself against supernatural attacks from other souls, being pushed to the brink of ghost resurrection.

Yang Xiao seized this opportunity, pulling the real Zhang Xiangguang into a dream, trying to take away this instigator.

"A bunch of souls, dead for God knows how many years, thinking that relying on numbers can win? Today, I'll make you understand, the disparity between ghost handlers can't be compensated by numbers."

Nie Yingping growled, his body cold and dead gray, bruises appearing on his skin like frostbite.

At this moment, a supernatural presence was invading him, trying to kill him.

Yet the temperature around him was plummeting, nearby souls seemed at this moment to have entered ice coffins, a layer of thick frost forming on their eyebrows, hair, and eyelids. Some souls trying to approach Nie Yingping ended up frozen stiff, becoming rigid corpses.

In Nie Yingping's hand, unbeknownst to when, was an old toy, a pellet drum children often played with in the past. The red paint on it was mottled, the surface dirty and darkened, with pieces missing, the two pendulums hanging down on either side nowhere to be seen.

Strangely enough, under the surface of this pellet drum, a human face faintly appeared, the outlines of two palms emerging, as though an evil ghost was imprisoned within.

Clearly, this was a bizarre supernatural item.

No, to be precise, it was Nie Yingping's supernatural weapon.

He wielded the pellet drum like a heavy hammer, striking the frozen corpses.

The dull drum sound carried the screaming of terrifying ghosts, reverberating, chilling people to the bone.

In one sound, the frozen corpses were crushed to powder, leaving no trace. Meanwhile, that dreadful scream made several nearby souls roll their eyes and fall to the ground, thick blood flowing from noses, eyes, and mouths, seeming to suffer severe consciousness damage.

"We can't let this guy go unchecked. He's very powerful; if we can't take him down, we can't win," a soul shouted.

"Trash should die quietly." Nie Yingping stepped forward, his Ghost Domain expanding, the temperature around plummeting.

This temperature was not real cold but the supernatural influencing reality. If the supernatural influence could be isolated, then the sensation of cold would disappear, like the burning of ghost flame which isn't real flames, it's the manifestation of supernatural power.

The soul that had just spoken immediately felt their body frozen stiff, as though their blood had halted its flow.

Evidently, with no longer a living body, they still felt the freezing sensation.

"Don't be too arrogant."

This soul glared angrily, counteracting before his body froze, an ominous figure departing him, heading toward Nie Yingping.

But before the supernatural attack could reach, it stopped in front of Nie Yingping.

The ominous figure was likewise covered in frost, frozen stiff on the spot.

Nie Yingping's face was cold as he struck the pellet drum in his hand without hesitation. The ghost immediately lost its movement and collapsed to the ground, unable to resist this supernatural force, it was eliminated.

"Cough, cough."

Suddenly, a weak, deathly cough sounded.

The one nicknamed Sick Ghost, Sun Rui, also chose to act without hesitation at this moment. While Yang Xiao was holding Zhang Xiangguang, he wanted to team up with other ghosts to eliminate Nie Yingping. As long as they killed him, the rest would be defenseless, and the struggle would be won.

Nie Yingping felt something foreign in his throat and couldn't help but want to cough. At the same time, his body felt weak.

"You think you can kill me with just this bit of supernatural power? Trash will always be trash, never able to stand out."

He snorted coldly, unfazed, while a tattoo appeared on his frostbitten-looking skin.

The pattern on the tattoo was of a gaunt corpse, seemingly starved to death, with protruding bones, vivid and lifelike, as if the corpse was clinging to him.

This kind of supernatural power appeared somewhat familiar.

Previously, there were ghost manipulators with such tattoos, only the tattoo patterns were a bit different.

With the appearance of the tattoo, Nie Yingping's urge to cough disappeared immediately as the ghost on his skin shielded him from the supernatural attack.

"This guy..."

Sun Rui had to admit at this point that this guy's strength was indeed formidable, and the supernatural powers displayed were at least three.

In other words, he had controlled at least three ghosts.

And from start till now, there were no signs of a ghost resurrection on his part, which also indicated that he had temporarily solved the problem of ghost resurrection, allowing him to utilize supernatural powers for extended periods, making it almost impossible to wear him out, as he didn't bring an endless number of ghosts.

"Even trash fish like this want to thwart our plan? Today, I'll settle all of you in one go, leaving no chance for resurrection later."

Nie Yingping took action again, eliminating at least over ten ghosts by himself.

Suddenly.

A miserable scream erupted, causing him to pause temporarily.

Not far away, Zhang Ying met a tragic end.

She was surrounded by ghosts and perished under a supernatural attack.

However, Zhang Ying also took down several ghosts with her, reaching her limit.

"Damn it." Nie Yingping was furious at this sight.

Du Hong and Zhang Ying might not have been strong, but they were teammates, shared the same beliefs, and needed to manage the new World of Ghost Drawing together after the plan succeeded. Now, they were exhausted by these ghosts here.

Yet, this momentary distraction caused Nie Yingping to feel a daze, a strong drowsiness sweeping over him.

"Nightmare Yang Xiao? Want to drag me into the Nightmare World? I've been on guard against you; you're the biggest threat among them."

He was disoriented, drowsy, but still managed to shake the pellet drum in his hand at the last moment.

The ghost's scream reverberated.

Nie Yingping was jolted awake instantly.

Yang Xiao's gaze was calm, feeling no regret in his heart.

Managing to drag Zhang Xiangguang into the nightmare was already quite good; getting Nie Yingping, who was prepared, into the Nightmare World successfully was difficult.

"I'll deal with you first."

Nie Yingping focused on Yang Xiao, deciding to take care of this dangerous guy and wake Zhang Xiangguang in the process.

"Stop him."

Sun Rui didn't dare be careless, rushing forward while the remaining ghosts, after eliminating Du Hong and Zhang Ying, quickly followed.

The number of these ghosts was already small, just over a dozen remained.

"Do you think you can stop me?"

Nie Yingping struck the pellet drum in his hand, making the toy-like object emit a blood-curdling scream.

The screams echoed, causing the ghosts to clutch their heads in agony and collapse directly to the ground.

Sun Rui was severely damaged, blood oozed from his nose, his head felt like it would split open.

Yet, as a manager of the Post Office, despite the agony from this supernatural attack, he remained alive.

Seizing this gap, Nie Yingping used the Ghost Domain to instantly appear in front of Yang Xiao, grabbing him fiercely.

A cold chill hit.

Frost spread over Yang Xiao, soon about to encase him in ice.

"Your nightmare has ended, simply disappear obediently."

Nie Yingping said ominously, raising the pellet drum to smash it against Yang Xiao.

However, at that precise moment.

A burst of light illuminated from not far away, a golden hue filled the eyes, and the entire world was instantly ignited, fearsome flames roaring to life.

Nie Yingping's arm, poised to strike, froze immediately.

It wasn't that he didn't want to strike, but because his entire arm was restrained, charred hands adhered to him, rendering his arm numb.

"Seems the nightmare hasn't ended, it continues," Yang Xiao said calmly.

The next moment.

The silhouettes of Yang Jian, Zhou Deng, He Yiner, and Lu Zhiwen, the four captains, emerged in the firelight.

"This is impossible." Nie Yingping's pupils shrank dramatically at this sight.

He couldn't believe that Yang Jian and the others not only survived but broke through Chen Qiaoyang, Zhang Xian, and their blockade to arrive here.

The appearance of these captains meant one thing: the action over there failed.

Chapter 1296: Stubborn as a Dead Duck

"It seems like your plan is still in the implementation stage and hasn't been fully completed. In that case, I can announce that your plan is over."

In the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian walked out from the flames.

He once again observed the situation around him.

The crucial point was the woman in the red wedding dress. Although her head was covered with a red cloth, making it impossible to see her face, if guessed correctly, she should be He Yuelian, whom Zhang Xiangguang took away from the Ghost Post Office earlier.

And the cold, indistinct red female figure beside her was undoubtedly the evil ghost from the World of Ghost Drawing.

At this moment, He Yuelian was holding hands with the evil ghost, both frozen, standing still, not knowing what kind of supernatural impulse was happening secretly.

But the current result is good.

Because Zhang Xiangguang did not succeed.

"Including Yang Jian, a total of four captains came here, meaning the action over there sacrificed four people? This result is way off from what was expected, especially since the most important person, Yang Jian, not only didn't die but seems to have harnessed a new supernatural power... This fire is cold yet scorching, targeting ghost wielders—it must be the Ghost Flame from Li Jun."

Nie Yingping's face was particularly grave; he was no longer as arrogant as before.

With four captains standing before him, if a fight broke out, he would definitely be the one to die; winning was impossible.

"Has the plan really failed?" Nie Yingping felt a sense of powerlessness and unwillingness.

He still wanted to fight, but Du Hong and Zhang Ying were dead, Zhang Xiangguang, although a manager at the post office, didn't have much supernatural power himself and has been subdued by that nightmare Yang Xiao. He is still asleep, not knowing when he might wake up.

The only person with the ability to act was him.

But Nie Yingping was facing Sun Rui plus a dozen souls, Yang Jian, and the remaining three captains.

This... how could he possibly manage this?

"Didn't you talk a lot just now? Why aren't you saying anything now, are you scared?"

Yang Jian looked at Nie Yingping and calmly said.

But beneath this calm tone, there was a hidden murderous intent.

"Scared?"

Nie Yingping snorted coldly, "Having dealt with supernatural forces for so long and survived to today, do you think I'm scared? It's just that the plan had flaws, allowing you captains to survive; otherwise, I would have won this battle."

As he spoke, he slowly retreated.

The cold and charred ghost hands covering him were freezing, weakening the supernatural power. He shook slightly, and the eerie hands detached from his body and were shaken off.

Just one Ghost Hand couldn't suppress him.

"Your tattoo is nice. I once knew a friend with an evil ghost tattoo, but unfortunately, he didn't survive. Looks like you're luckier, having found a way to balance supernatural forces."

Yang Jian noticed the evil ghost tattoo on his skin.

No doubt.

It was the same as the one on Zhang Han before. Although the ghost designs were different, it clearly came from the same place.

The place should be the Terrifying Tattoo Parlor.

However, Yang Jian didn't know the actual location of the Terrifying Tattoo Parlor and hadn't deliberately searched for it, and with Zhang Han's death, he didn't care about it anymore.

"What, are you interested in that ghostly place too? But I won't tell you; just give up."

Nie Yingping glanced at his tattoo, knowing Yang Jian wanted to inquire.

Yang Jian said, "Since you say so, I won't ask further. Let me send you off then."

His Ghost Eye was restlessly spinning.

Inside the Ghost Domain, flames filled the space, igniting everything, yet only Nie Yingping was affected; others weren't.

With Yang Jian's control over the Ghost Domain, he could completely separate people and supernatural forces, avoiding mutual interference.

The enveloping flames made Nie Yingping feel a burning pain, and this sensation wasn't on the skin surface but inside his body, as if his organs were about to ignite.

Know that this is with him resisting using supernatural powers; without them, he would have been burned alive by now.

"If this drags on, I'll surely die. A desperate fight might still offer a chance. Though Yang Jian survived, he must have suffered losses; at least, I haven't seen the Coffin Nail in his hand or the Evil Hound always with him. If I fight to the death here, disrupting his supernatural powers, there might be a turnaround."

Nie Yingping's eyes flickered, such a thought appearing in his mind.

At this point, there's no other path but to continue fighting.

"Take action."

He decisively firmed up a thought as it appeared in his mind, Nie Yingping clenched his fists, planning to rely on the old Pellet Drum to interfere with everyone around him and then determine victory or defeat in one strike.

But at that moment.

As Nie Yingping clenched his palm, he found he had grasped nothing.

Then he saw that the person behind Yang Jian was actually playing with the Pellet Drum he held just now.

"This Pellet Drum is quite nice, a rare thing I've never seen before. Not sure what supernatural power it has; I'll study it carefully later."

Zhou Deng was smiling, repeatedly inspecting and playing with the Pellet Drum in his hand, entirely ignoring Nie Yingping's murderous gaze.

"You stole someone else's item again," He Yiner glanced and said.

Zhou Deng immediately retorted, "How can this be called stealing? I openly grabbed the weapon from the enemy. He was always on guard just now; I didn't play any dirty tricks."

"Damn guy."

Nie Yingping was furious at this moment, wishing to cut Zhou Deng into pieces.

Without this supernatural weapon, he had no means of fighting for his life, intending to act just now, and the next moment he saw endless flames rushing toward him.

His pupils suddenly shrank, the whole world was void, only a sinister sea of fire remained.

"Damn it..."

Nie Yingping let out a roar of defiance.

He didn't even get a chance to act before his whole being was engulfed by flames. Though he struggled and fought under the Ghost Flame, it was futile. The flame carried with it the supernatural power of a furnace, igniting his flesh and fueling itself with his bones and the supernatural energy inside his body, burning crazily. Unless he abandoned his body, the flames would not extinguish.

Of course, if he could escape Yang Jian's Ghost Domain now and break free from the ghost painting, he might have a slim chance of survival.

But Nie Yingping couldn't do it. His Ghost Domain was inferior to Yang Jian's, and unable to escape the Ghost Domain meant being unable to get rid of this sea of fire; he could only endure the scorching.

This was the quality change now produced by Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

"Truly a tenacious fellow."

Yang Jian squinted, watching Nie Yingping's struggling form amidst the flames.

In a short time, this guy hadn't died from the fire yet; he's still bouncing in the flames, his vitality remarkably resilient.

Yet this also indirectly indicated that Nie Yingping was indeed a master; it's just a pity he encountered someone like Yang Jian. If such a person were willing to join the headquarters, he'd most likely be a Captain Level figure.

"Is this over already? I wanted to take action."

Zhou Deng widened his eyes, watching Nie Yingping being swallowed by the sea of fire, feeling a sudden pang of regret.

He had wanted to snatch something back, but now he had no chance to act.

"They had already lost, this Nie Yingping was merely in his death throes; one person against so many of us, loss was inevitable." Lu Zhiwen said slowly.

"Yang Jian, you arrived right on time, we almost lost."

Sun Rui let out a huge sigh of relief, limping over.

Yang Jian said, "I'm considered late. We were held up by another Zhang Xiangguang for too long, otherwise, He Yuelian wouldn't even have had the chance to link hands with the ghost painting. Now Zhang Xiangguang's teammates are all dead, but the hidden dangers he left behind still exist, this matter hasn't totally ended yet."

"But this is a very good outcome already." Sun Rui said.

At this moment, Yang Xiao suddenly said, "Zhang Xiangguang is about to break free from the nightmare world soon. As a manager of the Post Office, he couldn't be killed easily within the nightmare, so he found a way to crack the nightmare."

"I'm familiar with the supernatural of Ghost Dream, although him breaking free is reasonable, now, I'm afraid he'll regret waking up." Yang Jian said.

Being pulled into a nightmare doesn't necessarily mean a dead end, as long as the evil ghost within the dream is killed, one can end the nightmare of that day.

Of course, it will only end for a day.

The nightmare will continue the next day.

Repeating, until the person in the nightmare dies, only then will this end.

Indeed.

Just as Yang Xiao said.

Zhang Xiangguang, who was in deep sleep, opened his eyes and woke up.

He succeeded.

He defeated the evil ghost in the nightmare and broke free.

However, when Zhang Xiangguang opened his eyes, he was stunned.

He was surrounded by flames; the entire world was no longer grey but a golden hue, surrounded by Yang Xiao and dozens of spirits, and the fourth manager, Sun Rui, as well as several impossible presences...Yang Jian, He Yiner, Zhou Deng, Lu Zhiwen.

And his teammates who were just there, Du Hong, Zhang Ying, Nie Yingping, were nowhere to be seen.

The result was obvious.

"Is such a grand array necessary to welcome me?"

Zhang Xiangguang quickly regained his composure, a bitter smile curling on his lips.

He understood.

Now only he was left, all like-minded teammates around him were dead, while the other side still had captains surviving.

"You fought against the headquarters and against the top forces in the domestic supernatural circles single-handedly, it's not undeserved to lose." Lu Zhiwen said.

"Lose?"

Zhang Xiangguang glanced at everyone: "I haven't yet said I've lost."

"Do you think, in this situation, you still have a chance to turn things around?" Yang Jian stared at him.

"Sometimes failure is part of the plan, I never expected the action to go smoothly from the start." Zhang Xiangguang said.

Zhou Deng swore angrily: "Aren't you just being stubborn like a dying duck? A loss is a loss, enough with the crap."

Zhang Xiangguang chuckled: "Whether I'm winning or losing depends on the situation over there."

Saying it, he looked over to where He Yuelian was, holding hands with the vicious ghost within the ghost painting.

"Will the ghost painting erode He Yuelian, causing the complete resurrection of the evil ghost, or will He Yuelian control the ghost painting and become a unique ghost rider? I find this worth anticipating."

"Even if He Yuelian succeeds in controlling the ghost painting, it has nothing to do with you." Sun Rui said.

Zhang Xiangguang said: "That's right, it's unrelated to me. But how can you be sure, He Yuelian won't proceed on the path I arranged? Ordinary people are easily influenced by the supernatural."

"I'm not that fixated on who controls The World of Ghost Drawing."

"I see." Yang Xiao understood Zhang Xiangguang's thinking.

His own failure didn't matter as long as the plan succeeded; He Yuelian was apparently not just a pawn, but a contingency.

"Let's kill He Yuelian now." He Yiner said coldly.

Yang Jian frowned, raising his hand to stop him.

"What are you doing?" He Yiner asked.

Zhang Xiangguang said, "Too late, the supernatural conflict has already begun now. If you kill He Yuelian at this point, it'll mean the ghost painting incident will spiral out of control, then the danger will surpass He Yuelian becoming a ghost rider."

"After all, the ghost painting already affects enough of an area; losing control now equates to the death of countless people."

Chapter 1297: The New Yue Lian

"You bastard, using everyone's lives as leverage for the sake of your plan's success. Fortunately, we stopped you and made you fail; otherwise, everyone would have been killed by you."

He Yiner gritted her teeth and glared at Zhang Xiangguang, wishing she could kill him on the spot.

But Zhang Xiangguang said, "Supernatural events are emerging endlessly. More people will die in the future, not fewer. The probability of my Peach Blossom Plan succeeding is not small. There may be some risks, but I think it's worth it. Also, to ensure the plan's success, I'm even willing to sacrifice myself. How could you possibly understand my feelings?"

"I am saving everyone, not harming them. It's just that, to ensure the plan's success, necessary means should be used when necessary. You can't achieve great things by being soft-hearted."

"Have you ever thought about what would happen if He Yuelian failed to control the ghost painting? Would everyone in Shuangqiao Town, the nearby villages, and Dahan City have to pay for your mistake?" Yang Jian asked coldly.

Zhang Xiangguang replied, "If it really came to that, I would join forces with Nie Yingping, Zhang Xian, Chen Qiaoyang, Song Xin Hai, and others to deal with the ghost painting incident. With the strength of my team, it wouldn't be hard to contain the ghost painting. It's just a pity my like-minded teammates died after fighting with you."

"So, strictly speaking, it wasn't me causing destruction; it was you interfering and stopping me. According to the original plan, the influence of the ghost painting would have been confined to Shuangqiao Town, not like this..."

"From the beginning, I was avoiding a confrontation with you because I didn't want to have any unexpected complications. I just didn't expect you to find Shuangqiao Town so quickly, so I had to engage with you there."

Now that he was cornered and had lost his means of resistance, he no longer concealed the ins and outs of the plan, revealing everything.

He then sighed and said, "In the end, it's just bad luck on my part. I had grasped every opportunity, but the only mistake was encountering such a group of headquarters captains like you. If I could have acted a year earlier, the resistance would have been much smaller. But if I had acted a year earlier, Old Qin would have still been around..."

Zhang Xiangguang didn't want to act earlier because he couldn't do anything while Old Qin was still alive. He had finally waited until Old Qin stepped down, only for the twelve captains from headquarters to emerge, even though there was a brief vacuum period.

However, Old Qin's disappearance was a secret. No one knew when he was gone, so by the time Zhang Xiangguang found out, that vacuum period at headquarters was already over.

The formation of the Twelve Captains' plan and the establishment of the Enforcement Captain.

All this meant that the headquarters would only get better, not worse. If he waited any longer, once the twelve captains continued to grow, Zhang Xiangguang's advantage would vanish.

So he had no choice.

He could only choose to act at this time.

"Old Qin, huh? I knew him when I was delivering letters. At that time, he was driving a supernatural bus, a very mysterious guy," Yang Xiao said.

"You mean that old man? I met him too; we overlapped when delivering letters, also on that bus. However, he seemed like a very ordinary old man. I didn't expect he was so powerful that you didn't dare act when he was alive."

Other wandering souls also remembered this mysterious figure.

Zhang Xiangguang smiled self-deprecatingly, "Ordinary old man? He's anything but ordinary. I investigated him. This guy was a top ghost controller from birth, and his birth wasn't accidental; it was a human-manufactured product created by those old relics from the Republic of China Period. The purpose was to guide a new batch of ghost controllers after their generation faded before the next supernatural resurgence."

"Of course, Old Qin drove that supernatural bus for so long, partly to maintain the balance of supernatural places."

"So his life was prearranged, just like He Yuelian today. She's also arranged, waiting for this day."

He Yiner was too lazy to listen to his nonsense any further. She wasn't interested in past events or Old Qin's existence. She just wanted to resolve this incident and return to Dayuan City to continue rebuilding her Taiping Ancient Town.

"Yang Jian, if we don't kill He Yuelian now, once she controls the ghost painting, she might become a huge hidden danger. An ordinary person like her possessing such a level of supernatural power is equivalent to a time bomb. I suggest using your coffin nail to nail her directly."

"Now, when she has no power to resist, is the best opportunity to act."

"He Yiner's suggestion doesn't seem wrong, Captain Yang. I also think nailing both the person and the ghost now is a good option. This way, the ghost painting incident would be effectively ended." Zhou Deng also nodded in agreement.

Lu Zhiwen spoke up from the side, "Things are not as you imagine. This is the world of ghost drawing, and in the ghost painting, you can't trap fierce ghosts. The only way to do so is to attack the fierce ghost and let it restart. After restarting, the ghost will return to the ghost painting, and then finding the real position of the ghost painting, at the moment it restarts and returns, is the best time to contain it."

"But the real ghost painting has been hidden by Zhang Xiangguang; only he knows its location. Looking at him now, he doesn't seem to be planning to tell, and it's even difficult to invade his memory using supernatural powers. After all, he is still a manager of the post office. Finding that painting in such a vast world of the ghost drawing is extremely difficult and requires a lot of time."

"Given this search time, the supernatural conflict between He Yuelian and the fierce ghost would likely have concluded."

"So Zhang Xiangguang has considered even this. Unless we truly go for broke, eliminate He Yuelian, let the ghost painting completely get out of control, and then resolve it, otherwise we can only wait for this matter to end."

"Between eliminating He Yuelian and waiting for her to complete the supernatural conflict, obviously, the latter carries less risk. After all, once He Yuelian controls the ghost painting, there would be no loss of control. We might even be able to persuade He Yuelian to abandon Zhang Xiangguang's plan. Conversely, if we act, the ghost painting will definitely go out of control."

Lu Zhiwen not only explained some rules of the ghost painting but also analyzed the pros and cons. Any sensible person would understand that rather than directly letting the ghost painting get out of control, it's better to take the gamble with Zhang Xiangguang that He Yuelian can succeed.

If she fails, the outcome won't be any worse.

"Damn, hearing you say that, this Zhang Xiangguang is really damn insidious. Since he can't beat us, he came up with this trick," Zhou Deng couldn't help but curse.

He Yiner remained silent.

Now she understood why Yang Jian had stopped her from killing He Yuelian earlier.

It wasn't that he didn't want to kill, but that he couldn't.

"You're a smart person, more insightful than the other captains," Zhang Xiangguang glanced at Lu Zhiwen, smiling slightly.

"Yang, what now?" Sun Rui hobbled over with a cane and asked.

Everyone else also looked at Yang Jian.

Right now, he was the decision-maker.

"Wait."

Yang Jian slowly closed his ghost eye at that moment: "If He Yuelian succeeds, she definitely won't follow in Zhang Xiangguang's footsteps."

"Yang Jian, are you that confident? I was the one who created the existence of He Yuelian," Zhang Xiangguang said.

"If you fail once, you can fail a second time. After this is over, I'll personally see you off. Although you're the manager of the post office, managers can be eliminated. You demonstrated to me how to kill a manager,"

Yang Jian said coldly.

"Then I'll be waiting," Zhang Xiangguang smiled.

After some discussion, the matter was decided.

They would wait for the end of the supernatural conflict, then decide the next course of action based on the different outcomes.

To be prepared for any eventuality, Yang Jian retrieved a rope circle made of hemp from the puddle at his feet, something resembling Wei Jing's Ghost Rope.

"What's this? I've never seen it before," Zhou Deng immediately approached, scrutinizing it.

"A supernatural tool from headquarters, it can trap a ghost. Although it won't trap a powerful ghost, it should have no problem restraining Zhang Xiangguang now."

Yang Jian tossed the rope circle at Zhang Xiangguang's feet.

"Will you walk in yourself, or should I invite you in?"

Zhang Xiangguang shook his head, not resisting, and cooperatively stepped into the grass rope circle.

The situation was beyond his control, and at that moment, he understood the helplessness He Yuelian felt earlier.

"Everyone should get ready. If He Yuelian fails, we'll have to confront the Ghost Drawing. It's not an easy task," Yang Jian added.

Others nodded.

They began preparing, clearing the area, discussing strategies, and formulating plans to tackle the upcoming situation.

During this time,

He Yuelian, who looked like a bride in red, stood still for about half an hour before any slight changes occurred. She emitted some painful sounds, as if enduring some torment, and at the same time, the originally vague figure of the ghost holding hands with He Yuelian started becoming transparent.

As if it was about to dissipate.

"Hmm?"

Such changes caught everyone's attention.

Anyone present, whether a ghost handler or a spirit from the Ghost Post Office, had fought hard to survive, and they were highly sensitive to the supernatural. This situation undoubtedly meant that the supernatural of the Ghost Drawing was dissipating.

And the dissipating supernatural wasn't disappearing into thin air; rather, it was transferring onto He Yuelian.

This indicated that the first stage of the supernatural conflict had ended and the second stage had begun, with the supernatural starting to fuse.

This fusion could either make He Yuelian a new ghost handler or result in an unimaginably terrifying ghost.

At the moment,

He Yuelian didn't make any moves, but her consciousness was suffering from a terrible supernatural erosion.

In her consciousness appeared a woman dressed in a red wedding dress, looking exactly like her, flawless, unbelievably beautiful, yet this appearance was not something a living person could possess. It seemed like a dead person or a supernatural entity, making it feel unreal.

This eerie woman was walking towards her step by step from a distance, continuously getting closer.

She couldn't move and could only stay in place, watching the woman approach.

As the woman got closer, some memories that didn't belong to her started appearing in her mind, scattered like fragments.

"My name is He Yuelian, no, I have another name... Who is she, who am I? Is there a problem with my memory? No, I just recalled some things from the past."

"Those aren't my memories; it's a ghost, a ghost is invading me. I have to fight it back, or I'll die."

He Yuelian's consciousness was polluted and influenced under the supernatural clash.

If she couldn't stay clear and maintain herself under such supernatural influence, she would no longer be a living person but a corpse once the supernatural integration ended.

The most evident feature between a ghost rider and a ghost is that a ghost rider has their own consciousness, while a ghost only kills according to rules, dangerous and terrifying.

As time passed, He Yuelian felt her own consciousness being increasingly eroded, sometimes even feeling she had already disappeared.

However, whenever her consciousness fell into a slumber, there was another forceful supernatural power pulling her back.

This happened many times, and He Yuelian continuously hovered on the edge of life and death; much of the fear in her heart had dissipated, leaving only an obsession.

She didn't want to die.

This was the most fundamental will to survive, without any other attachments.

He Yuelian began trying to grasp something, not wanting to let go of even the slightest thing.

In the supernatural collision, He Yuelian, the weakest third party, could steal some power. Once she obtained a faint supernatural power, she could use it as a starting point to continuously balance the supernatural conflict, thus surviving under such difficult circumstances.

So, this not only required luck but also will and means.

Not everyone can become a qualified ghost rider.

Many people, although by luck, unexpectedly controlled a fierce ghost, but with insufficient capability, quickly got eliminated, becoming a vessel for the fierce ghost.

The era of supernatural revival is destined to select a group of top-tier ghost riders.

He Yuelian, an ordinary person, now had such an opportunity. Whether she could seize it depended on herself, even though Zhang Xiangguang calculated everything, he wasn't certain He Yuelian would definitely succeed, so he also prepared for failure.

At this moment.

The flawless woman in her consciousness had already reached in front of He Yuelian, her figure no longer blurry but clearly visible.

Two people facing each other, exactly the same, as if looking in a mirror.

He Yuelian stared hard at the person in front of her, no, it should be said, the ghost.

She felt she could now move, no longer a puppet on strings, but faced with this situation, she didn't know what to do.

Because He Yuelian had no experience dealing with this matter.

"Shouldn't avoid."

He Yuelian gritted her teeth, trying to touch the ghost in her consciousness. If possible, she wouldn't mind having a fight with it here, anyway, she absolutely couldn't surrender.

Yet at the moment she touched the fierce ghost before her.

Perhaps the pieces of the puzzle were gathered in her lifetime, the supernatural reached a balance at some instant, or a fragment of memory awakened under the supernatural touch.

At this moment, the woman in the ghost drawing unexpectedly smiled.

This smile wasn't eerie, but rather carried a kindness.

"I am your past life, and you are my present life, live well..."

As soon as the words were spoken, the eerie woman in her consciousness immediately began to shatter and wither like fragile porcelain, while a more complete memory began to appear in He Yuelian's mind.

In that instant, she seemed to recall numerous aspects of her previous life.

She was precisely the woman in the ghost drawing, having undergone numerous incredible experiences.

But He Yuelian understood there was no such thing as past and present lives; what the woman in the ghost drawing spoke represented that she was about to inherit everything, including memory.

Perhaps at that time, even He Yuelian would think she and the woman in the ghost drawing were the same person.

Like past and present lives.

"So her real name was also Yuelian."

At this moment, she knew some of the life details of the woman in the ghost drawing, although these details were fragmented and not comprehensive, it still allowed her to understand many things.

Simultaneously.

Those observing the situation here also witnessed an incredible scene.

The fierce ghost from the ghost drawing that held He Yuelian's hand completely disappeared without leaving a trace.

He Yuelian's hands became exceptionally pale, her aura also turning cold and eerie, and the sounds of her painful struggle disappeared as well.

Everything plunged into deathlike silence.

No one knew whether the woman in the red veil and wedding dress, exposing only a pair of pale hands, was a person or a ghost.

But everyone was certain.

This thing, whether a person or a ghost, would be extremely terrifying,

"It's almost over." Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, feeling the supernatural change.

Zhang Xiangguang was also staring intently at He Yuelian; he was desperate to know the result. It was his life's work, and even if he wouldn't inherit it all, just seeing He Yuelian survive would allow him to die without regrets.

"Hope she can survive; otherwise, it will be another huge problem. Such a level of fierce ghost is indeed very challenging to confront." He Yiner said.

Zhou Deng said, "Yang, just say the word, and I can take action anytime."

He was ready to go, seemingly preparing for a big showdown.

A while passed.

The supernatural conflict and fusion completely ended.

At this moment, under the red veil, He Yuelian slowly opened her eyes.

She had survived and also regained consciousness.

However, she was somehow different from before; the fusion of two sets of memories had led to many changes, both in terms of consciousness and body.

But the awakened her took no action; she was thinking and also adapting to the new supernatural power.

At this moment, through the Ghost Domain, He Yuelian already knew the surrounding situation.

More than ten souls, several ghost riders, all including that Zhang Xiangguang, were watching her.

They were both curious and somewhat nervous, even ready to take action.

"Are they guarding against me? No, they are worried I would become a fierce ghost, so they prepared themselves to take action if needed. So now what should I do? Use supernatural power to vanish from here, leaving them completely behind, or meet them to clarify the situation?"

He Yuelian pondered in her heart while also considering her future path.

"Running away is not a wise decision; I must face it, moreover, Yang Jian and the others are not bad people."

At this thought, her pale hands moved slightly.

This slight movement instantly made everyone ready to take action.

Chapter 1298 - All That Has Perished

"Her hand moved, everyone be careful."

Zhou Deng widened his eyes and, seeing the pale hands exposed outside the red wedding dress move slightly, couldn't help but shout.

This kind of movement clearly indicated that the other party had already awakened.

But no one knew whether she was a human or a ghost after waking up.

However, in such uncertain situations, everyone usually assumes the worst outcome. After all, when facing such a high-level supernatural event, one must be prepared for anything; no one can afford to be careless.

At this moment, Yang Jian also opened his ghost eye, and a pool of water even appeared under his feet.

Once action was taken, he would immediately use the Coffin Nail to attack the ghost in front of him, forcing a restart, and then find the true location of the ghost painting as quickly as possible. Only this way would there be a chance to imprison it.

Of course, that was the plan.

But in reality, implementing it would not be possible without some sacrifice.

However, at this moment, from under the red veil, He Yuelian's voice came through: "It's me, I'm still alive, I'm not a ghost, don't act."

The moment these words came out, everyone was stunned.

Did they succeed?

Zhang Xiangguang smiled at this moment, a very happy smile. He Yuelian was alive, which meant his plan succeeded. Although it wasn't him who succeeded, it was enough to prove that his decades of plotting were correct and that this path was feasible.

"I knew it would succeed, I just knew. Her being alive means she has successfully controlled the ghost painting. My Peach Blossom Fountain plan is correct, you all saw it, right? I'm not a madman; I'm doing the right thing..."

As he spoke, tears fell.

Unfortunately, Du Hong, Zhang Ying, Nie Yingping, Zhang Xian, Song Xin Hai... those teammates all died, unable to live to see this moment.

Those who once doubted him, those who were against him, those he ruthlessly eliminated, couldn't see this moment either.

If they could see it, perhaps they would have become like-minded teammates, and he wouldn't have been forced to be ruthless and kill people he didn't want to kill because of this idea.

Thinking back on the past.

Zhang Xiangguang felt he bore too much, too much, but at this moment, he felt it was all worth it.

Because he was right, and they were wrong.

"Are you kidding me, she survived like that? She just controlled the ghost painting?"

He Yiner's eyes narrowed, feeling utterly unbelievable.

This was an S-level supernatural event, and besides the ghost painting, there was also the Dried Corpse Bride.

Two kinds of terrifying and dangerous supernatural events, yet now it's all a benefit to an ordinary person?

"Decades of planning and a group of top ghost handlers working for her, wasn't it only right that she survived?" Zhang Xiangguang laughed.

"Damn, watching this makes me drool. I risked my life taking that supernatural bus to fight against revival, surviving danger after danger before getting off, and yet she easily controls such a powerful ghost without doing anything. It's enough to make one mad by comparison."

Zhou Deng stared at He Yuelian in front of him and couldn't help swallowing.

"Some people are born rich, and some poor. The world is inherently unfair, but Zhang Xiangguang is right. After decades of planning, it's understandable that He Yuelian benefits. It's like an ordinary person winning billions in the lottery, not to mention He Yuelian was set up long ago. The final result is nothing more than two outcomes: success or failure." Sun Rui's eyes glimmered as he spoke.

Yang Jian stepped forward and said coldly, "He Yuelian, now that you are alive, what is your choice? Will you continue with Zhang Xiangguang's Peach Blossom Fountain plan, or do you have other ideas? Your choice is important, don't be vague, I need to know your answer."

The others didn't speak, but remained vigilant.

While He Yuelian being alive meant the ghost painting wouldn't go out of control, it didn't mean He Yuelian was without danger. Now, her control of the supernatural was enough to influence the situation in the country, no longer a common person at the mercy of others.

"When Zhang Xiangguang kidnapped me, I said that if I survived and became a ghost handler, I would definitely take revenge and kill Zhang Xiangguang."

He Yuelian's voice came from under the red veil.

"He will die, who does it doesn't matter, what's important is your choice," Yang Jian continued.

He Yuelian's revenge on Zhang Xiangguang was a personal vendetta and wouldn't affect the bigger picture. The key was He Yuelian's future path.

"Bringing everyone into the ghost painting world to live, this so-called Peach Blossom Fountain plan I don't agree with, and strongly oppose. Living in a world full of supernatural events is inherently absurd."

He Yuelian answered seriously, making her stance clear.

"As for the future, I haven't thought it through yet. If possible, I'm willing to listen to your arrangements."

As she spoke, she shifted her tone and expressed goodwill towards Yang Jian.

On this point, He Yuelian had thought it through clearly herself. Her current position is very delicate. Although she has mastered incredible supernatural powers, she doesn't believe she can do whatever she pleases with them.

The world still has the headquarters, captains, and a group of top ghost controllers.

She alone must find some shelter.

And what could be better than directly aligning with Yang Jian and relying on the headquarters?

So He Yuelian was straightforward in clearly stating her stance.

"Listen to my arrangements? Is that polite talk, or are you serious?" Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly.

"Of course, I'm serious. I trust your decisions."

He Yuelian said, "After all, you've saved me more than once. If not for you today, I surely wouldn't have survived. I can still distinguish right from wrong."

"With supernatural powers of ghost painting and the Dried Corpse Bride, to be honest, taking out all of us here isn't a problem." Yang Jian said calmly.

He Yuelian responded, "Why would I do that? I'm lucky enough to survive. Besides, I have no grudge against you; on the contrary, you and Sun Rui have helped me a lot. The ones I should truly kill are Zhang Xiangguang and others."

"It's good that you think that way. Since you oppose the Peach Blossom Fountain plan and want to retaliate against Zhang Xiangguang, it shows that you're not influenced by him. However, whether you can maintain this mindset, I don't know yet, but I will consider your arrangements."

"If nothing goes wrong, you will join the headquarters and become a captain at the headquarters, or even a city leader, of course, all depending on your wishes."

He Yuelian said, "Joining the headquarters and becoming a leader, I see no problem with that. Now that I'm in the supernatural circle, I can't stay detached from many things, so I hope Captain Yang will look after me in the future."

"That's good." Yang Jian said.

A brief conversation was enough to solve many issues.

That is, He Yuelian may not be a friend, but she's definitely not an enemy. Her thinking and mind are very clear, without any extreme ideas, and she's even willing to join the headquarters to become a leader.

"Great, doesn't this solve the ghost painting incident?"

Zhou Deng said joyously, "Zhang Xiangguang, didn't you see it? You failed."

"Looks like we can avoid a conflict."

Sun Rui also breathed a slight sigh of relief, feeling cold sweat in his palms at the moment.

He Yiner looked at He Yuelian and said, "Remember what you said today. The supernatural power you possess is very dangerous. If you can become a colleague, I will welcome you, but if you want to cause trouble, all the captains will gather again, and even if you have mastered the ghost painting, we still have ways to take you down."

"Whether you have fully mastered this supernatural power is still unknown; it needs to be confirmed. The balance of the supernatural might be temporary, and there is a chance of losing control again. He Yuelian, if you want to continue living, you must ensure that your supernatural power stays within a controllable range as much as possible. You are not a ghost controller, and many things need learning. Joining the headquarters is your best choice." Lu Zhiwen said.

He Yuelian nodded slightly, indicating she understood.

At this moment, Yang Xiao walked up to Zhang Xiangguang: "Your plan succeeded, but only partially. She doesn't seem to follow your intentions but is willing to join the headquarters and stand by Yang Jian, so you've failed..."

"Failed?"

Zhang Xiangguang laughed, "No, I haven't failed. Yang Xiao, do you know? When the supernatural constantly resurfaces, when the situation gets completely out of control, when worse conditions arise, even you captains won't be able to handle it. He Yuelian will naturally recall today's incidents, and she'll understand the feasibility of the Peach Blossom Fountain plan."

"At that moment, without any persuasion from me, she'll go and do this herself."

"Having the ability and not doing something is different from not having the ability and doing something. Have you ever seen a wolf that doesn't eat meat? Although I won't see that day come, I believe it will. Unfortunately, she isn't the Ghost Post Office manager, even if the plan is implemented, it has a deadline. When she ages and dies like those from the Republic of China, the plan can only be forced to terminate."

"And this deadline is about seventy years."

Yang Jian glanced over and said, "Rest assured, that sort of situation will never happen unless all the supernatural controllers in the country are dead. But as long as there's the supernatural, there will be an endless stream of ghost controllers, and as the confrontation with the supernatural continues, ghost controllers will only become stronger. Ultimately, the ghost controllers will win."

"It was like this before, and it is like this now."

"Confidence in youth is a good thing."

Zhang Xiangguang said, "I used to think that way too, but after seeing too many deaths, I realized that this world is hopeless. Relying on ghost controllers to defeat terrifying ghosts won't work. It's okay if you don't understand now; you'll understand in the future. When relatives, friends, and family around you are all swallowed by the supernatural, you'll regret stopping my plan today."

"Sometimes, dying a good death is better than living in misery."

"Go back to the Ghost Post Office, it's time to deal with you." Yang Jian said coldly.

"That's true, I should indeed be on my way." Zhang Xiangguang said, without fear, rather with a strange sense of relief.

At this moment, He Yuelian said, "Let me do it and kill him."

Yang Jian turned to her: "Are you sure you want to do it yourself?"

As soon as he said this, everyone else stared at He Yuelian.

He Yuelian was stunned for a moment and immediately realized she had misspoken. Her identity was very special now, and she couldn't be connected to Zhang Xiangguang, even if it meant killing him personally.

"As long as he's dead, it doesn't matter if I do it myself," she quickly amended.

Yang Jian said, "Where is the Ghost Painting located?"

"I'll look for it," He Yuelian said.

This place is her Ghost Domain. Even though she's just become a Ghost Envoy, she can know everything about the world inside the Ghost Painting.

Very soon.

An old picture frame seemed to appear out of nowhere, dropping down from midair.

The frame was covered with a layer of black cloth.

Yang Jian walked over and lifted the black cloth.

However, the picture frame that once carried the supernatural power of the Ghost Painting had completely lost its supernatural strength. The wooden frame had cracked, the oil painting was blurred, and it no longer had that eerie feeling; it seemed very ordinary now.

"It seems the Ghost Painting has completely disappeared," He Yiner said.

Yang Jian said, "The oil painting was just a vessel for supernatural beings. Now all the supernatural power is concentrated in He Yuelian; the frame is thus useless, turning back into just a normal piece of art. In that case, we'll have to take everyone to the Ghost Post Office; we can't let the managers and the people from the oil painting appear in the real world, or they will all perish."

"I'm familiar with the post office, I know where it is," He Yuelian said.

Now that she's adapted to some supernatural power, she knows how to use the Ghost Domain.

The Ghost Domain already covers Dahan City, and the door to the Ghost Post Office has long been exposed beneath her eyes. Entering the post office is just a blink of an eye.

"But there are still some Xi'an things within my Ghost Domain. Yang Jian, what do you think we should do?"

He Yuelian suddenly felt something, and directly asked.

"Bring it all back," Yang Jian said.

"Alright," He Yuelian nodded.

Although she didn't move, everything around was undergoing massive changes; the entire world seemed to twist at this moment, all the views were affected, unable to determine the surroundings.

But this abnormal change quickly disappeared.

When everyone could see clearly again, they found themselves at the entrance of the Ghost Post Office.

The apartment building flickering with neon lights stood right before them, then the world of the Ghost Domain began to compress, the surrounding scenery converged furiously, as if the entire world was shrinking, and with the shrinking of the Ghost Painting world, everyone's position shifted continuously, flowing towards the post office.

Even when they didn't move themselves, the entire world carried them into position.

Finally.

They were all standing in the lobby of the Ghost Post Office.

Bright lights, clean and tidy floors, modern decoration, everything was so familiar.

"We've arrived, this should be fine now."

He Yuelian hadn't moved, her voice came from beneath the red veil.

Yang Jian said: "Now you can retract your Ghost Domain."

"I'm still not very familiar with supernatural power, give me some time, let me try,"

He Yuelian fell silent again, she began to try to retract the Ghost Domain, after a few attempts she found the knack.

The gray and gloomy world dissipated.

Everyone was freed from the Ghost Painting's domain.

"It seems your control over supernatural power is better than I imagined," Yang Jian was somewhat surprised.

It's not something a newcomer can accomplish, it seems she has had some experience.

"There are memories that don't belong to me in my mind. I'm recalling the past, reading these memories, and then I learned..." He Yuelian said.

"Those are memories of the Ghost Painting when alive, my own memories will be added in, under the conflict of supernatural forces, once a third party joins, her consciousness as a normal person will quickly be erased, ultimately only I will remain, because I am the manager, protected by the postal curse, so my consciousness is special and won't easily disappear, therefore I am likely the winner," Zhang Xiangguang said.

Yang Xiao said: "A perfect arrangement, utilizing the post office curse indeed allows you to do many things. I suspected this, so I kept watching you and directly pulled you into the Nightmare World."

"So you weren't unwilling to act, but rather didn't have an opportunity," He Yuelian said.

Zhang Xiangguang smiled: "Yes, I can say I was extremely unlucky. After being pulled into the nightmare, I realized things were bad and had been desperately escaping it, but it was too late; the moment I woke up, Nie Yingping was already dead, and I had no chance with such a large group of people watching."

He wasn't afraid of Yang Xiao's nightmare because he was confident he could escape it, but didn't expect the situation to turn out like that after escaping.

"Forget it, it's no use talking now, don't kill me, just take this grass rope, I'll walk out of the Ghost Post Office myself," Zhang Xiangguang said frankly.

"Suicide? Okay, I'll allow you to do so," Yang Jian glanced at Zhou Deng and gestured.

Zhou Deng's eyes lit up, smiling as he walked over to take the grass rope from the ground, and then put it away on his own.

Zhang Xiangguang tidied his clothes and looked at Yang Xiao: "What a pity; I really wanted to finish that game with you, but it seems there's no chance, goodbye."

"Take care," Yang Xiao replied calmly.

Zhang Xiangguang glanced at the motionless He Yuelian standing aside, then freely smiled, turned, and walked out of the Ghost Post Office without looking back.

His dream started here and ended here.

In a daze, he remembered his initial experience stepping into the Ghost Post Office.

At that time, he was still a newcomer... and the biggest dream was to escape the Ghost Post Office.

"I've never escaped the Ghost Post Office, never thought I would leave in this way in the end..."

Zhang Xiangguang walked out with a smile.

He crossed the threshold and entered the outside world.

He no longer needed to hide in the dark post office, at this moment, he bathed in the sun outside, feeling that warmth and brightness he hadn't felt in countless years.

"It feels so good to bathe in the sunlight."

Zhang Xiangguang opened his arms, as if embracing this bright world, and at the same time.

The manager who walked out of the Ghost Post Office also lost the protection of the post office.

Zhang Xiangguang began to disintegrate in the sunlight at a speed visible to the naked eye, as if something sealed for many years, exposed to the sun, suddenly oxidized.

He was different from the first manager.

He himself didn't possess strong supernatural power; if it were a powerful manager, even after leaving the Ghost Post Office, their consciousness would perish at most, but the body would be preserved due to supernatural power.

When Zhang Xiangguang completely disappeared, something unassuming fell from him, a glass ball.

Clearly that was a supernatural item, a means Zhang Xiangguang used to transfer his consciousness.

The glass ball rolled strangely, as if it had consciousness, moving away.

Without Zhang Xiangguang's control, this supernatural item began to show some anomalies.

"Don't move it, I'll take care of it," Zhou Deng immediately rushed out, chasing after the glass ball.

"So this is the fate of a manager leaving the Ghost Post Office?" Sun Rui's heart tightened seeing this.

He only knew this curse's terror by witnessing it firsthand.

Even though he knew managers couldn't leave the post office, he did have thoughts of trying to go out. After all, without witnessing it firsthand, Sun Rui was somewhat skeptical.

Now it seems his thought was very dangerous, and he was simply teetering on the edge of disaster; he must never think this way again.

"Anyway, it's finally over, really wasn't easy," Sun Rui sighed.

Yang Jian said: "Zhang Xiangguang's matter may be over, but quite a mess is left behind, several captains are close to resurgence due to their struggle; if we don't handle this properly, we might suffer setbacks."

"They're all here too; I've brought everyone inside," He Yuelian said.

An old tomb stood solitary in a corner of the lobby.

It was where the Ghost Envoy and Wei Jing were buried.

Chapter 1299 Stranded

The gathering of everyone in the Ghost Post Office made the originally empty hall feel quite crowded.

The souls trapped in the oil paintings have been arranged by Sun Rui to return to the world within the paintings. They are all important Ghost Envoys and have the chance for resurrection in the future. Losing so many is heart-wrenching for him as the manager, especially since the Ghost Post Office has become Hell Apartment and is no longer delivering letters. There won't be souls like these anymore.

"Thirty-six souls, nineteen dead, only seventeen remaining, it's a significant loss."

Sun Rui thought to himself, "I've heard there's a kind of supernatural dye hidden in the world of the paintings, capable of painting things that don't exist. The old paintings were created using these supernatural dyes. I wonder if I could find those dyes and paint the dead envoys again."

He also had other ideas for resurrecting the souls that perished this time.

"Looks like the matter has come to an end, but the outcome is unexpectedly like this. He Yuelian has become the ultimate winner."

In a corner of the hall, at that moment, a paper figure's silhouette emerged as Leuk San slowly walked over.

He had been resting in Shuangqiao Town before. Earlier, He Yuelian used the Ghost Domain to bring everyone back to the post office, including him.

"Where is Li Leping? Why don't I see him?" Yang Jian asked.

"I'm here." Li Leping emerged from another spot. He seemed very ordinary and had been standing there for a while, but without drawing any attention.

"Looks like you're okay now?" Yang Jian examined him.

Li Leping said, "The time one loses control isn't fixed; sometimes it's very short, sometimes it lasts longer. At that moment, I simply couldn't continue participating in the fight."

"Wei Jing is still buried inside; it was a soul summoned by He Yiner that acted. That soul is terrifying; it not only buried Wei Jing but also imprisoned the Ghost Envoy. We don't know the outcome yet, and we've already lost Li Jun, we can't afford to lose another captain. If we can save him, we must." Lu Zhiwen spoke with a stiff expression.

Yang Jian stared at the large old grave in the hall: "To imprison the Ghost Envoy, there need to be at least two conditions met: a sufficiently powerful Ghost Domain and supernatural power capable of suppressing the Ghost Envoy. An old grave can suppress the Ghost Envoy, which hints at how terrifying the soul summoned by He Yiner must be."

"If he buried Wei Jing and the Ghost Envoy together, there must be a reason, probably not to harm him but to have Wei Jing drive the Ghost Envoy."

He said as he walked toward the old grave.

Yang Jian had seen many such old graves.

He remembered the boundless graveyard at Fushou Garden where the Grave Soil encased fierce ghosts, forever trapping them in old graves.

And the larger the old grave, the more it suppresses the fierce ghosts.

The old grave before him was the largest Yang Jian had ever seen, four or five times bigger than an ordinary grave, resembling a mound.

"Similar to Feng Quan's Grave Soil." Yang Jian thought about Feng Quan's supernatural power.

He wondered if the supernatural power Feng Quan wielded had any connection to the soul summoned by He Yiner.

"Wei Jing can't move right now, if the Grave Soil is uncovered, the Ghost Envoy will break free, and then no one will be able to stay here." After pondering for a while, Yang Jian reached a conclusion.

"But doing nothing isn't a solution either." Sun Rui came over and said, "Wei Jing is still in there, who knows what problems might arise over time."

Yang Jian looked at He Yiner: "Didn't that soul leave any message before vanishing?"

"No, after taking Wei Jing away, it hasn't appeared again." He Yiner shook his head.

"No information left behind, and we can't excavate the Ghost Envoy. This is indeed tricky, unless we can determine Wei Jing's current situation. Otherwise, this old grave shouldn't be tampered with lightly. According to my evaluation, everything should remain as is, and I'll have Feng Quan check it out since he has expertise in this supernatural area." Yang Jian frowned.

Sun Rui said, "Ignoring Wei Jing for a long time, won't he be in trouble?"

"If something was supposed to happen, it would have already occurred. If not, then even if he's buried in the Grave Soil it won't be an issue. He's an anomaly, no longer needing to depend on a body for survival. Don't worry; I'll keep an eye on Wei Jing's situation. As for Li Jun's matter, Lu Zhiwen, you need to go to headquarters to find Ah Hong and figure out a way to resurrect Li Jun." Yang Jian said.

Lu Zhiwen responded, "No problem, I'll start searching for a resurrection plan for Li Jun after returning. Finding a new supernatural balance shouldn't be too difficult."

"Alright, we'll handle Li Jun and Wei Jing's matters like this for now." Having said that, Yang Jian turned his gaze to He Yuelian.

He Yuelian dressed in a red wedding gown, covered by a red veil, remained there motionless.

Even knowing she was alive, her attire was nevertheless unnerving.

"He Yuelian, the most important issue now is yours. Zhang Xiangguang is dead, you're free, and have harnessed unimaginably supernatural power. What are your plans next?" Yang Jian inquired.

The others also looked at He Yuelian.

Previously inconspicuous, He Yuelian now compelled everyone to take her seriously.

He Yuelian paused for a moment and said, "I don't have any good ideas for now. I previously considered going to Da'ao City, but I've already entered the supernatural circle. Going back holds no significance anymore. If possible, I'd like to hear your arrangements."

Her attitude was very friendly, indicating her willingness to follow Yang Jian's arrangements.

Yang Jian said, "You have three choices. The first choice is to return to the headquarters with us and then join the headquarters. The second choice is to stay here, familiarize yourself with your supernatural powers, and confirm your own status. You can ask Sun Rui if there's anything you don't understand. As for the third choice... you can leave this place, neither joining the headquarters nor staying in the Ghost Post Office. You are free to go anywhere in the world."

Three choices?

He Yuelian's red veil covered her face, obscuring her appearance, but she seemed to be thinking and weighing her options.

"I feel that my current state is not suitable for appearing outside. It's better for me to stay here for a while. Once I adapt to my new identity, I will join the headquarters," she said.

After a while, He Yuelian gave her answer.

She felt that the last option was a trap. If she chose to leave the Ghost Post Office, she feared that the next moment, all the captains would join forces to kill her here.

How could headquarters let such dangerous supernatural powers go unchecked?

What kind of person is the most free?

The dead.

He Yuelian felt that since she had entered the supernatural circle, she must abide by some rules of the supernatural circle; it's the basic principle for survival.

"Very well, that's decided then. You stay in the Ghost Post Office, and Sun Rui will teach you to become a qualified ghost tamer. Just so happened, there are still some fierce ghosts left here; you can practice with them," Yang Jian said.

"Rest assured, Team Yang, I will teach her well," Sun Rui stated.

Yang Jian said, "Notify me of any developments promptly, and I'll occasionally come by to check things myself."

Sun Rui nodded.

"Since the matters here are arranged, can we leave now?" He Yiner said.

"No, we still need to go to Shuangqiao Town for some cleanup and see if there's any supernatural residue. Additionally, Zhang Xiangguang's group has two members unaccounted for: one is Wang Han, the other is Chen Qiaoyang. The former is trapped in a dream by me, but his body is hidden somewhere, which poses a threat. The latter seems to have disappeared."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly: "When He Yuelian brought everyone back here earlier, I didn't see Chen Qiaoyang. Either He Yuelian left him behind, or he somehow escaped the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting."

"The probability of escaping the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting is not very high. If Chen Qiaoyang had that ability, he would have fled long ago and wouldn't have nearly been burned alive by me. So most likely, he was left behind."

"I did not pay attention to the person named Chen Qiaoyang. When I was reclaiming the Ghost Domain, I was rather rough, and many people I deemed to be ordinary I did not take," He Yuelian said.

Having just acquired supernatural powers, her control over the Ghost Domain wasn't as refined as Yang Jian's and mistakes were normal.

"Lu Zhiwen, come with me, let's find Wang Han and Chen Qiaoyang, especially Chen Qiaoyang. He poses a threat; his supernatural power is quite special and might stir up trouble," Yang Jian said.

"Alright," Lu Zhiwen immediately agreed with a nod.

"As for the others, you may first return to headquarters to report this situation. If there's no further trouble, you all can return to the cities you're responsible for, and this matter will be considered concluded."

"Let's go."

With that, Yang Jian took Lu Zhiwen and briefly left the Ghost Post Office.

"Since things have been resolved, why don't all of you rest here for a while? Once everything is completely settled, you can leave. There are plenty of rooms here, you can stay anywhere," Sun Rui warmly invited, suggesting they stay.

"Alright, I'll stay here for two days before leaving," Leuk San nodded, not declining.

He didn't genuinely want to stay here, but he needed to handle his situation properly without delay.

"I'll stay here for one day, and head back to headquarters early tomorrow," He Yiner said, then walked toward a room.

Li Leping said nothing, and quietly went into a room to rest as well.

As everyone momentarily left, the once bustling hall cooled down again.

Sun Rui looked at He Yuelian: "Seems you'll be staying here a while, but the room rates need to increase. Once you're accustomed to the new supernatural power, you'll need to help deal with some supernatural events. After you join headquarters, these will become your merits. Also, don't truly think you're that powerful yet."

"Supernatural powers come at a cost. The more terrifying the power, the more likely it is to bring about your demise, so your path of survival is just beginning."

"I see. I understand," He Yuelian said seriously after a moment of silence.

Chapter 1300 Dead End

"Yang Jian, there's no one else here, tell me your true thoughts about He Yuelian? Her existence has already affected the balance of the entire situation. If she stands opposite headquarters, then it's another Zhang Xiangguang, no, even a bigger threat than Zhang Xiangguang."

"Of course, if she is willing to join headquarters and become a leader, it would definitely be good for headquarters and play a crucial role in stabilizing the situation."

"But He Yuelian is different from us; she wasn't selected layer by layer after joining the headquarters as a ghost handler. She is similar to Ye Zhen from Dahai City, belonging to the folk experts, and people like this usually have uncertain positions. At this point in time, He Yuelian, as an unpredictable variable, is not good."

Lu Zhiwen and Yang Jian had left the Ghost Post Office and were wandering within Dahan City, looking for Wang Han's location.

According to Lu Zhiwen's supernatural guidance, Wang Han should be in some corner nearby.

Yang Jian at this moment opened the Ghost Eye, the Ghost Domain spread, probing for abnormalities around.

Soon, he found Wang Han's location. He immediately took Lu Zhiwen into an unremarkable apartment building where, in a room, Wang Han lay unconscious and motionless on the bed.

Yang Jian walked over, grabbed Wang Han up, and then said: "Lu Zhiwen, you are uneasy about He Yuelian, I am also uneasy, but sometimes you must understand that the supernatural power currently controlled by He Yuelian is terrifying. We can only strive to get her to join headquarters, to stand with us, there is no second choice."

"Even if we get rid of He Yuelian, once the supernatural within her gets out of control, it will be another S-level supernatural event, or perhaps more fittingly an SS-level supernatural event, and there's no captain who would want to deal with such supernatural events."

"Captains are human too, if possible, who would want to stir up such trouble? Zhang Xiangguang primarily wants to implement the Peach Blossom Fountain plan, if he didn't do so, his life or death wouldn't concern the captain at all."

"If you have any other thoughts, it's best to keep them to yourself. I'll handle the matter of He Yuelian, you don't need to interfere, if something goes wrong, I'll be responsible. Conversely, if others disturb He Yuelian and something happens, I'll kill that person, no matter who they are." Yang Jian said as he carried Wang Han's corpse and walked out.

Lu Zhiwen followed and said: "Although the initial probing of He Yuelian has ended, and she temporarily has no other thoughts, when she adapts to the supernatural within her and fully accepts those memory fragments not belonging to her, then He Yuelian might not remain He Yuelian."

"What she will turn into, no one knows, for supernatural powers can indeed affect a person."

Yang Jian paused and looked at him, saying: "Are you just worried, or did you predict something bad? If there's no basis, what you say is nonsense."

Lu Zhiwen said: "After leaving the Ghost Post Office, I took the time to sketch a drawing about He Yuelian, you can treat this sketch as a form of foresight, like what Xiong Wenwen can do, only Xiong Wenwen can foresee everything whereas I can only predict a future scene, and coincidentally, you are present in the picture."

Having said that, he unfolded that sketch.

It was a black pen sketch, and the ink seemed not yet dry, a casual touch, black eerie ink stains would adhere to fingers. In the picture, Yang Jian's corpse floated in a black pool, and not far beside stood a woman donned in a bizarre bridal gown, though it was a black sketch, it was still distinct enough to identify as He Yuelian.

"Perhaps by then she was no longer He Yuelian but possibly a fierce ghost. Still, from the information revealed in the sketch, it seems you're already dead, and she stands beside, though one cannot conclude she's the killer solely from this image, in the current supernatural circle, how many are capable of taking out you?"

"So her suspicion is very high."

Lu Zhiwen's tone was stiff and numb, yet appeared earnest and serious.

This was no minor affair.

Currently, Yang Jian is the Enforcement Captain at headquarters, and if he dies, one can only imagine what would occur there.

"Another thing predicting my death?"

Yang Jian frowned: "When I went to Japan for a business trip before, within the Exorcism Club there was an old film projector, anyone using it could see the scenes of their own death, but I've done experiments, the future can be altered, supernatural foresight isn't 100% accurate."

"That projector also predicted your death?" Lu Zhiwen asked.

"Similar to yours but without He Yuelian in the scene." Yang Jian said.

Lu Zhiwen said; "Two supernatural powers both foresaw your death, things like these aren't so coincidental, I think it's something that needs attention, at least to ensure this outcome doesn't occur."

"Suppose we eliminated He Yuelian, and the foresight result still doesn't change?"

Yang Jian said: "Or perhaps it's precisely your actions and suspicions that caused this future event to occur? You trust in the supernatural's prediction? I don't, I trust myself a bit more."

Lu Zhiwen fell silent for a moment.

Yang Jian continued: "Let's just act as if this never happened, you don't need to do anything, I am the Enforcement Captain now."

Saying this, he took that sketch over.

The next moment, a sinister flame engulfed, turning the sketch into ashes within it.

This sketch was a supernatural product, using the Ghost Flame could completely burn it to ash.

"Let's go, take a trip to Shuangqiao Town."

Yang Jian set out again, bringing Lu Zhiwen and Wang Han's corpse to return once more.

With the Ghost Domain unaffected by the Ghost Painting, Yang Jian could easily cover Shuangqiao Town and all its residents would be unaware.

"Chen Qiaoyang is not in Dahan City, nor in Shuangqiao Town; he slipped away." Yang Jian reappeared near that abandoned elementary school with Lu Zhiwen.

They didn't leave empty-handed.

Yang Jian walked straight to a peculiar item left on the ground.

It was a cage pieced together with bones, but now it was open, an old copper lock hanging on it.

No doubt, this was a supernatural artifact.

Yang Jian picked it up and casually tossed it into the puddle beneath his feet.

"Chen Qiaoyang's direction is this way, no mistake, he must have fled to a further place."

Lu Zhiwen was again using that pen to guide their direction.

The pen's tip pointed afar, indicating the position of Chen Qiaoyang.

But this guidance had a flaw, offering only a direction, not a distance.

"As long as we have a direction, finding him shouldn't be difficult." Yang Jian prepared to proceed.

Lu Zhiwen however stopped him: "I suggest we let it go temporarily, Chen Qiaoyang has surely gone far. If we insist on hunting him, he might cause quite a commotion dragging many innocent people into it. We might kill him but with unnecessary costs."

"On the contrary, sparing him now would mean he'd forever remain hidden, afraid to show his face again."

"Some people, if not dealt with, will still cause trouble in the future. If you're afraid of incidents now, that means they'll happen later, and a captain operating together isn't always available. If we miss this time, next time I might not be able to find him," Yang Jian said.

"Stop the nonsense, let's move now."

Yang Jian rejected Lu Zhiwen's suggestion, though his thought wasn't wrong, surely fewer hidden dangers are better than more.

Moreover, Chen Qiaoyang knew about the antique clock in the Dadong City mansion.

If someday he steals that clock, the trouble that would follow would be immense.

Immediately.

The two resumed action, heading in the direction Lu Zhiwen indicated.

However, Chen Qiaoyang was much farther from their location than expected; Yang Jian crossed one city, two cities...five cities without reaching Chen Qiaoyang's location.

"Could this guy have gone abroad by sea?" Yang Jian's eyes turned grave, having already pursued to Dadong City where Wang Chaling resides.

And Lu Zhiwen's direction still pointed onward.

This indicated Chen Qiaoyang wasn't in Dadong City either.

"With his supernatural power, crossing the sea to go abroad is feasible."

Lu Zhiwen said: "He's become like a frightened bird, if he truly went abroad, some matters would become tricky."

"Abroad there are foreign ghost handler headquarters; if discovered we might be stopped...Wait, the position seems to have changed."

Lu Zhiwen wasn't finished saying when suddenly he saw the pen floating on the paper spin half a circle, pointing in another direction.

"He didn't go abroad, this guy knows we are after him, so he's been constantly moving away from us, and now afraid we'll catch him, he changed direction to escape."

Without another word, Yang Jian immediately altered course, heading toward where the pen indicated.

Chen Qiaoyang might be able to use the Ghost Domain for extended periods, yet the Ghost Domain has a size limit.

"Him not going abroad was somewhat unexpected to me," Lu Zhiwen found it unbelievable.

Already at the coast, Chen Qiaoyang actually took the risk of retreating.

This move made it basically impossible to escape now.

At this moment, Yang Jian opened the Ghost Eye, the scope of the Ghost Domain was continually expanding, now easily able to shroud a city.

Such a large-scale Ghost Domain moving in one direction at this speed was astonishing.

Very soon.

In a small ordinary county town, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain collided with an emerging supernatural phenomenon.

The Ghost Domains were interfering with each other.

A strange paper sedan chair appeared in Yang Jian's line of sight, with traces of damage and burning, as if it had just been through a fire.

"Chen Qiaoyang, you can't escape." The next moment, Yang Jian appeared with Lu Zhiwen, blocking the paper sedan chair's path.

Within the Ghost Domain, Ghost Flames emerged, surging towards Chen Qiaoyang from all directions.

His Ghost Domain was continuously being compressed.

The paper figures carrying the sedan also stopped in their tracks.

"Chased me from Dahan City to here and still won't let me go. Yang, you're really ruthless." A voice filled with gritted teeth came from within the paper sedan chair, belonging to Chen Qiaoyang.

Yang Jian said, "Last time you escaped from Dadong City. If you had remained hidden, I might not have pursued you. But since you chose to meddle with Zhang Xiangguang's matters, time and again, someone as dangerous as you should be dealt with. Otherwise, I'll regret not doing so when you cause bigger trouble next time."

Inside the paper sedan chair, after a moment of silence, Chen Qiaoyang spoke with a tone of pleading: "I was involved in Zhang Xiangguang's affairs, but it was forced upon me. We have a history, and I didn't know things would get so out of hand. Though there were misunderstandings between us, I'm willing to change. Can you give me a chance?"

He resorted to begging at this point.

It seemed Chen Qiaoyang understood well that being caught today meant any escape was unlikely.

The other party possessed supernatural powers for tracking, making it futile to run.

"Let you go? Have you even considered what you've done?" Yang Jian coldly retorted.

Chen Qiaoyang continued to plead, "There aren't many old ghost tamers left these days. Keep me around, and I can work for you, help headquarters handle supernatural events, and redeem myself. Killing me won't offer you anything but satisfaction. Why bother? As the saying goes, let enmities pass with a smile. We don't have deep grievances. With Zhang Xiangguang and the others failing, alone, I can't stir much trouble. I'm no threat to you."

"Having another helper is always beneficial."

"Keeping you around could stir chaos. A ghost tamer like you can cause more damage than ten supernatural events should chaos arise." Yang Jian firmly disagreed.

The Ghost Flames within the Ghost Domain grew fiercer.

By this time, the paper sedan chair had caught fire, starting to emit flames.

Chen Qiaoyang dared not leave the chair, knowing that stepping out would likely get him burned to death, yet he couldn't hold on much longer, so he continued, "How about this, I'll handle twenty supernatural events for you in exchange for my life? Or thirty, even forty—name your terms, and I assure you I'll fulfill them."

"Someone as capricious as you might fool others, but deceive me? Dream on. There was a reason Wang Chaling's parents trapped you in that ancient house before; you've surely done your share of evil deeds in the past." Yang Jian remained unmoved.

Lu Zhiwen refrained from advising Yang Jian as well.

Previously, he might have dissuaded Yang Jian, but now that they'd captured him, advising leniency seemed foolish.

"If you're really going to end me, then I have no choice but to fight to the death," Chen Qiaoyang fumed. "In pursuit of me before, you've passed through eight cities and fifteen counties. I've left traces of supernatural events in those places. While I'm alive, those hidden supernatural elements remain in control, subdued by me."

"Once I'm dead, and those ghosts are no longer restrained by me, it would mean twenty-something supernatural incidents. I can't say what might happen then."

Lu Zhiwen's eyes flickered, "Yang Jian, you're right. Such a person truly must be killed. His proposal, handling thirty supernatural events to save his life, was likely a ruse. Letting him go would mean his hidden events become credited to him, slaughtering him means his latent events will cause issues either way, calculated from start to finish."

"Yang, give me a way out, and we can keep the peace in the future, how about it?" Chen Qiaoyang probed again.

"Threatening me?"

With a cold expression, Yang Jian strode through the blazing Ghost Flames towards the paper sedan chair.

As of now, the paper sedan chair was half burnt and severely damaged, and inside, Chen Qiaoyang was restless, like an ant on a hot stove.

"You think I'd be intimidated by you? Want supernatural forces to spiral out of control, using ordinary lives as bargaining chips? I'll just erase your consciousness and pass on your supernatural powers to someone else. This way, the problem will naturally be resolved by others. Supernatural powers from ghost tamers like you are most convenient for inheritance, without the issue of resurrection."

"Oh no."

Chen Qiaoyang's face drastically changed as he prepared to abandon the sedan chair and flee.

"Too late."

The next moment, the paper sedan chair was completely engulfed by flames, and the surrounding fire cut off Chen Qiaotou's retreat, trapping him in the Ghost Domain.

His thick, viscous blood just dripping to the ground was immediately consumed by the flames, and the supernatural within that blood was burned away, rendering it useless.

"Yang..."

His face twisted in despair and rage.

Just as he turned back, a charred black hand seized his neck, and then the pitch-black Ghost Shadow covered him, directly invading Chen Qiaoyang's consciousness.

"Go peacefully. It won't hurt." Yang Jian's voice echoed beside his ear.

Chen Qiaoyang's vision blurred, his consciousness began to dissolve, his eyelids hurriedly closing.

His nickname was Ghost Shepherd, and without ghosts at his side, his front-line combat abilities were weak, even to the point of being feeble. Precisely because of this, he'd long hidden himself, trying not to show his face whenever possible.

Very soon.

Chen Qiaoyang's body twitched, he stopped struggling, his entire self limply hanging midair, rolling his eyes backward.

He wasn't dead.

But he had become a living dead because Yang Jian had completely extracted his memories, forcibly erasing his consciousness.

"The era of seeing ghosts while alive, but neither living nor dead as Ghost Shepherd ends with you."

Yang Jian released him, allowing Chen Qiaoyang to fall, but instead of hitting the ground, he stood there with vacant eyes.

Soon after, the surrounding firelight vanished, and his Ghost Domain retracted.

"A ghost tamer without consciousness makes a perfect experimental subject. Yang Jian, how about letting me take him? I can have him wear that human skin, then have Ah Hong draw out Li Jun's face, and bring Li Jun back to life on Chen Qiaoyang." Lu Zhiwen suggested.

"Can you do it?" Yang Jian asked.

Lu Zhiwen replied, "His supernatural power can restrain evil ghosts as well as human skin. Such supernatural power is well-suited for reviving Li Jun, the success rate is high."

"If it's for reviving Li Jun, I'll spare no expense. Go ahead, and take another person with you." As Yang Jian said this, a figure appeared before his eyes once again.

Initially, the figure was blurry, but gradually it became clearer, eventually completely manifesting in front of him.

It was a stranger, a young man.

Yet the next moment.

This stranger opened his eyes and woke up, "Yang Jian? You've resurrected me again? What is it this time? Last time I had to jump into the lake for you, you're not asking me to die again, are you?"

"Stop rambling. All experiences are in your mind. I've given you part of Chen Qiaoyang's memories. Work with Lu Zhiwen to deal with some hidden supernatural events in certain cities, you know the locations." Yang Jian said.

He needed a pawn.

Thus, Wang Shan, having died several times already, was resurrected again by him.

"Alright, I understand." Wang Shan sighed, somewhat helpless.

Lu Zhiwen glanced at Yang Jian, then at Wang Shan, "A supernatural product, yet surprisingly with a normal human's consciousness... intriguing."

"I've given you everything. Don't seek me again for the rest, such trivial matters don't interest me."

After saying this to Lu Zhiwen, Yang Jian's body sank into the standing water beneath him and then disappeared from sight.

"Give me a ride too; it's a bit far from here to headquarters," Lu Zhiwen said, though seemingly a moment too late.

"He's always been like this; you'll get used to it."

Wang Shan came over to console him: "This is already my third or fourth resurrection. I'm not sure how long I'll live this time. Let me introduce myself. I'm Wang Shan. Please take care of me in the future."

"Lu Zhiwen, one of the captains at headquarters. I have your file." Lu Zhiwen said, "Help me carry Chen Qiaoyang's body, we should leave too."

"No problem, Yang Jian told me to listen to you. You're the boss now." Wang Shan shrugged, willingly carrying Chen Qiaoyang's body.

The next moment, their figures began to distort and then vanished from the spot.

Lu Zhiwen also had a Ghost Domain, though not as overwhelmingly vast as Yang Jian's.

Thus, he had hoped Yang Jian would take him along for the journey.