

Revival 1401

Chapter 1401 - Dismembered Out of Thin Air

The haunted bus was slowing down, and finally came to a stop at this station.

This stop was special, surrounded on both sides by an endless cemetery filled with old graves. Although they appeared peaceful, everyone knew that there might be many fierce ghosts buried within them, waiting to awaken from their slumber.

"Yang Jian, have you really made up your mind? There's no changing it," Sister Hong asked again from the bus.

Yang Jian said, "Since you have an attitude towards solving the problem, I will compromise. Let these five people remain in the haunted place forever, and not appear in reality. I can pretend this never happened."

"Can't I provide a guarantee for them? After all, I'm a top ghost tamer from the Republic of China period, I've dedicated myself to dealing with supernatural events, and have finally lived a second life. Isn't that enough to guarantee a few people?" Sister Hong said.

"You've said it yourself, you're Sister Hong, not Zhang Youhong. The past Zhang Youhong is dead, and now you're a new entity born from Zhang Youhong and Leuk Qingqing. You don't have the right to talk about the past. If you want to discuss past glories, then Zhang Dong should do it."

At this moment, Yang Jian stopped the bus and opened the door, standing up, "If you wish to guarantee them, then let the remaining pharmacy owner speak to me. I fear you can't persuade that old man."

The pharmacy owner is the last living top ghost tamer from the Republic period. Strictly speaking, Sister Hong isn't even considered one; she merely came back to life using the supernatural, no longer pure.

"Will you compromise if he offers a guarantee?" Sister Hong pondered briefly.

But then, she showed a bitter smile. That guy would never guarantee them; he's stubborn, just like Yang Jian, thinking people from the old era shouldn't appear to cause trouble and should be eliminated. The era belongs to newcomers; if she approached him, his actions might be more ruthless than Yang Jian's.

Furthermore, it was she who broke the agreement. She allowed five ghost tamers from the Republic of China period to resurrect in modern times.

"So, there's no room for negotiation?" Sister Hong sighed quietly.

Yang Jian responded coldly to her reaction, "You don't even have the confidence to persuade your former teammates to guarantee you; do you think this was right? You've been too reckless. Abandon those five people from the Republic period, and I will pretend nothing happened. I'll drive you back to reality; this is the final warning."

"Also, don't think I'm meddling. I'm the Enforcement Captain; I am qualified to eliminate potential threats, and you know, there's no personal enmity between us."

He and Sister Hong, as well as the five people behind her, held no grudges.

But he had reason to believe that if Sister Hong and the five were left unchecked, they would definitely cause trouble in the future. They don't belong to the modern age and have no sense of belonging to this era, no family or friends to restrain them. They wouldn't just wake up and retire peacefully.

Sister Hong fell silent.

"Get off the bus, I need to shut down the engine. The ghosts on this bus must be cleaned out, they can't be transported to reality."

Yang Jian no longer gave Sister Hong time to think; he resolutely shut down the bus again.

As soon as the engine died, the lights within the bus began to flicker, as if about to extinguish at any moment, and the surroundings became increasingly dark, blackness gradually engulfing everything within the bus.

After shutting down, the door opened, and only then could Yang Jian ignore the bus's operational rules and exit directly from the boarding door.

After getting off the bus, he quickly distanced himself, moving away from the vehicle.

"Dead engine again? Are you trying to kill me?"

The sole surviving ghost tamer was now utterly despondent, but had no choice but to grit his teeth, dash out of the bus, then find a place to hide and see if he could survive.

"Zhang Youhong, let's join forces and kill him, then this matter will be over. Why do you hesitate? This isn't like you before. In the past, you wouldn't have wasted so many words and would've killed him without hesitation."

The man, wearing a long robe and broken glasses, spoke in a deep voice.

Sister Hong said, "Times have changed. That era belonged to us; we led it. Anyone obstructing us could be eliminated, but this era belongs to him. Opposing him is opposing the whole supernatural circle now; we're remnants of the previous era, and are powerless now."

"But we can't just let his knife be at our throats. We're merely trying to survive; what's wrong with that?"

The speaker was a woman, wearing a tattered long dress. Despite her quiet appearance, her whole body was surrounded by dead aura, with no hint of a living presence.

Sister Hong stood up from her seat and sighed, "You're not wrong, I was wrong. I refused to be abandoned by the era, attempting to bring people from the past back into this world, breaking taboos for this. It's meaningless to talk about it now. Let's go, we should get off the bus; with the engine shut down, we can't stay on it. No matter what, this matter must have an outcome."

At this moment, the bus was enveloped in darkness, the lights almost completely extinguished.

In the last moments, Sister Hong got off the bus, the other five following her.

"The road is gone?"

Yang Jian realized the road had vanished after getting off the bus, finding himself standing in a cemetery surrounded by old graves.

Obviously, the road was an anomaly created by the haunted bus, not the cemetery's original path. Now that the bus's engine was shut down, the road naturally disappeared too.

"Good that the road is gone; it saves someone from fleeing along it. Without the bus's support, it's likely difficult for a living being to leave this cemetery."

Afterward.

The only surviving ghost tamer inside the bus rushed out, looking around in panic, not knowing which way to go. In the end, he hid in a relatively flat place, not wanting to meddle with what was about to happen.

After the survivor, around ten seconds passed.

Sister Hong got off the bus before it was completely shrouded in darkness. Along with her were the five from the Republic of China period, reluctant to stay in a stalled bus.

"This is the place where Sexton Luo Qian stayed before his death, but at this point in time, he should be dead, with his body buried somewhere unknown."

Yang Jian roughly understood this haunted place because he saw a small cabin not far from the cemetery.

Despite its ramshackle and old appearance, there was no doubt someone once lived there.

With a glance of his ghostly eye, the cabin's interior came into view.

Inside, it was empty, having nothing but a dust-covered hard bed and a small wooden table with an old enamel cup on it.

Though a ghost tamer can survive relying on the supernatural without life necessities, this cabin was too simple. Perhaps there were other things Luo Qian buried with him as grave goods.

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze, holding an old enamel cup in his hand.

This item, being used by Luo Qian, could serve as a medium for He Yiner to perform another summoning.

After all, there's no harm in taking it. Leaving it here would be a waste.

Casually tossing the enamel cup, it sank immediately into the puddle beneath his feet.

"Yang Jian, I won't bother with excess words; if you truly intend to act, I responsibly tell you, those buried here might not be us, but you. You've survived until now, and it hasn't been easy. There's no need to risk your life over a dispute, so withdrawing now is still possible."

Sister Hong spoke seriously, surprised by Yang Jian's confidence in not attacking first.

"I repeat, bury those five behind you here, forbid them from appearing in reality, and we can reconcile. It wasn't me who caused this issue, but you." Yang Jian's stance remained firm.

"Why can't this world accommodate them?" Sister Hong questioned again.

Yang Jian replied, "Because they are not human, but ghosts. You keep reminiscing, thinking that upon revival, they are living beings. That's merely wishful thinking on your part. If I let you leave with these five, they'll inevitably turn against you. I'm correcting your mistake for your sake; don't be stubborn. Their resurrection differs entirely from yours."

Sister Hong's gaze shifted and looked at the five people behind her: "You're overthinking it, they're very normal."

"Have you been to Baishui Town?"

Yang Jian continued, "Inside Baishui Town, there's a road called Wandering Soul Road where you can see all the souls of the deceased. If someone brings a soul out, it will resurrect, becoming a living person, but that kind of life will be short-lived, and over time, the true nature of the ghost will gradually emerge."

"The five people behind you are currently in the just resurrected state like souls. For now, the human consciousness is dominant, but as time passes, their ghostly nature will gradually show, eventually becoming neither human nor ghost, posing a huge threat."

"Given that you were a top ghost handler during the Republic of China Period, it's impossible that you can't see through this. The reason why you're still sticking to your ideas is no more than being lost in your situation."

"So, let go now. I can team up with you to sever ties with your past, bury it here, and then you can fully appear in the world as Sister Hong. This is my final respect for you, the older generation."

If it were anyone else, Yang Jian would have acted long ago, but for Sister Hong, who gave her all in the previous era to handle supernatural events, he showed more patience.

Sister Hong's gaze flickered, but she said nothing.

"Very well, you've exhausted my last bit of patience for you, Republic of China people." Yang Jian understood her stance upon seeing her expression.

The final negotiation failed.

In the next moment, a brilliant golden light appeared, instantly dispelling the surrounding darkness while also carrying a terrifying heat, as if it would ignite everything around.

The Ghost Flame was burning, and through the Ghost Domain's confinement, it formed a terrifying prison from which there was no escape.

Sister Hong didn't say anything either. She knew that Yang Jian's action was an inevitable result. Since that was the case, right or wrong didn't matter anymore; let's see who survives first.

She stepped forward, and her red cheongsam remained untouched under the searing Ghost Flame, even emitting a faint red glow. Simultaneously, she blocked the intrusion of the Ghost Domain, with darkness still lingering behind her — a place where the light couldn't reach.

Meanwhile, the five resurrected people from the Republic of China Period hid in the shadows, evading Yang Jian's attack.

"Can you withstand my attack?"

Suddenly,

Yang Jian's figure emerged from the light and appeared behind Sister Hong.

In that instant, a red spear forcibly broke through the confinement, targeting one of the men dressed in long robes and wearing tattered glasses.

This cold young man was targeted first by Yang Jian because of their previous conversation.

"It seems we've been underestimated, thinking you can take us down so easily is indeed naive."

The man with tattered glasses showed a slight cold smile and looked up at Yang Jian.

Their gazes intersected.

Then, a Firewood Knife chopped down, the man didn't dodge or evade, and his body was directly torn into two halves.

However, the ripped body quickly vanished, leaving no blood or traces, as if everything just now was an illusion.

Yet, in Yang Jian's vision, this man with glasses reappeared swiftly, standing right in front of him, seemingly within his own Ghost Domain, enduring the burn of the Ghost Flame.

Strangely, in the ghostly eye's sight, this man with glasses didn't exist at all.

It was highly unreasonable.

"You can't kill me." The man with glasses instead started walking towards Yang Jian step by step.

"Not visible in the ghost eye's sight, yet existing in my vision, existing as a form of curse? It's somewhat similar to a certain period of the Ghost Cabinet." Without hesitation, Yang Jian immediately took out the Ghost Scissors.

The Ghost Scissors, after being cleansed by the Blood Pool, were now entirely crimson and devoid of any lingering curses, ensuring no supernatural occurrences while using them.

"Hu Zongshang, don't approach him; he has the Ghost Scissors." A woman in a ragged skirt immediately warned.

Turns out, this young man with glasses was named Hu Zongshang.

But the woman's warning was a bit late.

The Ghost Scissors were already in use, and a cursed thread was cut by Yang Jian.

Immediately,

Hu Zongshang, who was walking towards Yang Jian, disappeared from Yang Jian's naked eye vision but appeared standing coldly on an old grave not far away, looking over coldly.

"Did Zhang Youhong even give you the scissors?" Hu Zongshang seemed somewhat angry.

"Don't overestimate her; she hadn't even resurrected when I acquired the Ghost Scissors."

Yang Jian tried to strike again, but had already lost the opportunity. Sister Hong responded by summoning puppet-like figures in cheongsams as if clones appeared before him, not only affecting the Ghost Domain but also attempting to block Yang Jian's retreat. These Puppet People were different from when dealing with Leuk Qingqing last time.

Last time, the Puppet People had no heads or hands, but now they had heads and hands, like replicas of Sister Hong.

The only difference was that these Puppet People had dull, rigid eyes.

However, the now-complete Puppet People were intimidating, as Yang Jian felt they possessed the same supernatural abilities as Sister Hong.

"Without the bodies of living people, the phenomena engulfed in the fiery light can't ignite them? Thus, the Ghost Flame alone can't destroy the Puppet People overall, and the Puppet People are so tough that even the Coffin Nail could hardly pierce them; only the Firewood Knife could restrain them."

Yang Jian realized that after piecing together the puzzle, Sister Hong showcased significant resilience and was very hard to kill. In other words, she was highly resistant to many supernatural techniques.

Realizing this, he decided not to focus on dealing with Sister Hong first but to bypass her and eliminate the five Republic of China people first.

Those five individuals were ghost handlers with considerable strength but clearly did not reach Sister Hong's level, making them not too difficult to confront.

"This stroke must hit Hu Zongshang." Yang Jian murmured quietly, as if invoking some dreadful curse.

Hmm?

Sister Hong noticed Yang Jian's behavior, realized something, and wanted to intervene but couldn't intrude directly into Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

Yang Jian retreated a few steps, avoiding further entanglement with Sister Hong, and then swung his knife into the air.

Simultaneously, the supernatural power of the Wishing Ghost took effect, and a medium appeared out of thin air in front of the Firewood Knife and was directly cut by the descending blade.

The man standing on a dirt grave not far away showed an expression of numbness, seemingly aware of the danger, looked down slightly, and then his body was suddenly torn into two.

"How could this be?"

With a look of confusion, the man named Hu Zongshang fell powerlessly to the ground.

Chapter 1402 - Clash of the Old Era

"What? Hu Zongshang was dismembered?"

Yang Jian's attack caught everyone off guard, even Sister Hong was surprised because she knew well the way Yang Jian's firewood knife worked. It would only be effective if it triggered the medium or hit directly, but just now, Yang Jian couldn't have triggered Hu Zongshang's medium, and the two were far apart without any substantial contact.

Yet, in this unreasonable situation, the firewood knife's attack worked.

And once the firewood knife hits, even a real ghost would be severely injured at this moment. If it's a ghost-controller, they're most likely doomed.

"Yang Jian."

Sister Hong was furious, staring angrily at Yang Jian's figure enveloped in Ghost Flame.

"Don't stare at me like that, this is just the start, the remaining four must also die here. If you remain stubborn, you too might die here next." Yang Jian's voice echoed from the Ghost Domain, making it impossible to pinpoint his exact location.

"You won't succeed again," Sister Hong said through clenched teeth.

Yang Jian's figure appeared as he walked out of the firelight: "Even though you were a top ghost-controller during the Republic of China Period in your past life, this time you haven't been resurrected for long, with limited supernatural power. So don't be too full of yourself, you might not even be able to protect yourself, let alone worry about others?"

"Zhang Youhong, if you break his Ghost Domain, we will attack together, and our chance of winning wouldn't be low."

At this moment, a young woman in a tattered dress spoke coldly.

"Moreover, Hu Zongshang isn't dead; he's just dismembered. Such a method can't kill him. Don't worry for now. He can recover in a while. If we keep stalling, this Yang Jian will inevitably die," another man in a short tunic said.

Sister Hong's eyes moved slightly: "Zhang Yi, Brother Qiu San, don't underestimate this person, he has already broken through my blockade. My Puppet People can't stop him, and his next attack could bypass me to deal with you. But I'll try to break his Ghost Domain, hoping to succeed."

She wasn't very confident because Yang Jian had been growing and at a fast pace. Every meeting exceeded her expectations, and this time Yang Jian displayed a different supernatural power, which was unexpectedly strong.

Sister Hong didn't want to sit still and wait for death. Immediately, the nearby Puppet People surged, forming a line, blocking the coverage of Yang Jian's Ghost Domain and protecting those behind her.

But that was still not enough.

Sister Hong took out a red handkerchief embroidered with a strange face, resembling an important person yet also like a terrifying ghost. The pattern on the handkerchief continued to change over time, sometimes a face, sometimes a bizarre limb, sometimes a cold corpse.

"An supernatural item?"

Yang Jian observed Sister Hong's actions, and with his judgment, there was no doubt that the handkerchief wasn't simple, possibly her supernatural weapon.

The next moment.

The pattern on Sister Hong's handkerchief changed again, becoming an eye, a ghost eye, but beside it, another person's face appeared, not Yang Jian, but a ghost.

Once this pattern was fully presented, Sister Hong wrapped the handkerchief around her palm.

The red handkerchief gradually adhered to her hand, like a piece of red skin sticking to it. And the eerie thing happened, on this red handkerchief, a scarlet eye appeared, turning eerily.

This was also a ghost eye.

"The true ghost eye is just one, how real can your supernatural disguise be?" Yang Jian said.

Sister Hong shook the handkerchief on her hand: "I don't need you to tell me that, but you can't unleash the full supernatural power of the ghost eye either. I don't need to fully surpass you, just interfere with your Ghost Domain."

The ghost eye on her handkerchief was emitting a red light, creating a terrifying ghost domain,

The familiar red ghost domain crossed the cover of the Ghost Flame, instead invading towards where Yang Jian was.

Evidently, the ghost domain emitted by the ghost eye on the handkerchief was powerful. The Ghost Flame's domain could burn up to four layers, but before Sister Hong, it was vulnerable, even attempting to drag Yang Jian in.

The ghost domains interfered with each other, the firelight around Yang Jian dimmed, revealing his figure completely.

"The opportunity is now."

A man in an old suit, also one of the five resurrected from the Republic of China, seeing that Sister Hong had successfully sealed Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, rushed directly towards Yang Jian.

The distance closed instantly.

This man in an old suit appeared before Yang Jian almost in the blink of an eye, reaching out with both hands to grab Yang Jian.

The seemingly simple action carried a certain deadly supernatural attack.

"Feng Wen, don't," Sister Hong's eyes narrowed as she hurriedly shouted.

"Now is too late, greed comes at a cost."

Yang Jian also stretched his hand towards the man named Feng Wen, but then his hand froze in midair, his body unable to move.

"You're the careless one; at the moment you revealed your name, I had my eye on you. I just didn't find the right time to strike while you were hiding in the Ghost Domain. Now you can't hide,"

The woman named Zhang Yi was holding a small straw doll woven from straw. Behind the doll were two black words: Yang Jian.

The straw man's limbs with Yang Jian's name were all bound, and under some curse influence, Yang Jian's body couldn't move either.

"Time to send you off." Taking advantage of this opportunity, the man named Feng Wen succeeded.

Both cold hands imprinted on Yang Jian's face, leaving two gray handprints.

The breath of ashes spread.

Blood was flowing from Yang Jian's nose, his eyes going blind, and even his ears couldn't hear anything. He was suddenly deprived of many things by the supernatural, even life seemed to be disappearing at a terrifying speed.

"Succeeded? But not enough, just in case, hit him again."

The man in a short tunic called Brother Qiu San was about to strike, preparing to stack supernatural attacks to kill Yang Jian outright, not giving him a chance to fight back.

But before he could act, the scene in front of him made his eyes widen.

Yang Jian's body flashed a red light, instantly breaking free from all constraints, wiping out all supernatural attacks. The red spear in his hand slashed again, and the man called Feng Wen had no time to dodge before his body was directly cut in two with a look of shock.

Thick blood splattered all over, dyeing the ground red.

Yet this was not all; the spear with a red glow disappeared instantly.

Immediately, Zhang Yi, the woman in a tattered dress, was pierced through the stomach and pinned harshly to the ground, unable to struggle, and she lowered her head, falling silent.

"How could it be?" Brother Qiu San's body trembled slightly.

"You want to make a move too?" a cold voice sounded.

Behind?

Brother Qiu San broke into a cold sweat as he clearly saw Yang Jian still in front.

The ghost domain blockade failed?

"Stop."

The last ghost-controller from the Republic of China shouted, intending to strike, but Yang Jian didn't turn back, and accompanied by the roar of Evil Hounds around, the person who shouted immediately fell silent, then collapsed to the ground.

"Are you underestimating me?" Brother Qiu San turned suddenly, trying to fight back.

But in the next moment, a charred hand strangled his neck and lifted him up completely.

The supernatural confrontation began.

Ghostly hands appeared out of thin air, covering Brother Qiu San, but soon fell off as a dreadful supernatural force revived on him, resisting the limitation of the ghostly hands, even counterattacking, attempting to corrode Yang Jian's body.

"Your abilities are impressive, the ghost within inherits everything from you, so it can exert all supernatural powers. If left unattended and given time to grow, it would indeed be a big problem in the future."

Ghost Flame emerged from Yang Jian's ghost hand.

Instantly.

The small flame suddenly expanded, directly engulfing the person in front.

"Ah!"

A piercing scream echoed, the burn from the Ghost Flame inflicted tremendous pain on those who wield supernatural powers, akin to the agony of a living person being scorched.

In an instant, all four spirit masters from the Republic of China Period were defeated.

Yang Jian wasn't surprised at this outcome; he believed it was expected.

Not every spirit master from the Republic of China Period was a monster; Sister Hong could resurrect them, indicating their power wasn't strong enough, as truly powerful ones couldn't be resurrected easily.

"Yang Jian, don't be too pleased."

A red Ghost Domain, belonging not to Yang Jian, instantly enveloped him; Sister Hong's counterattack arrived, numerous red figures approached, icy hands like nails pierced Yang Jian's body. These Puppet People had interlocking joints and twisted bodies, forming a prison that instantly trapped Yang Jian, even the Ghost Shadow was filled with Puppets.

Clearly, Sister Hong knew she had to restrict both Yang Jian and the Ghost Shadow; after all, she inherited Leuk Qingqing's memories, having fought Yang Jian before, understanding his real identity was the Ghost Shadow on the ground, not the half-dead body.

The burning Ghost Flame quickly extinguished, Yang Jian was under terrible restriction, as a red Puppet took Brother Qiu San and retreated rapidly.

"I'm not dead yet, Zhang Youhong, don't hold back, kill him, you can do it, I've always believed in you."

Brother Qiu San's charred body still had lingering flames, unable to extinguish easily, he spoke gloomily.

Yang Jian was restricted by countless Puppets; he turned his neck to look at Sister Hong: "It seems that your strength after resurrection is weaker than I imagined, even you can't handle me; otherwise, you wouldn't have failed to protect those few."

He had fought with old monsters from the Republic of China Period in Baishui Town before — whether it was the basket-carrying old woman, or the Door Knocking Ghost in life, or the owner of the graveyard...each one was terrifyingly suffocating, yet Sister Hong's performance was underwhelming.

"Annoying."

Sister Hong's face darkened, resurrecting for another lifetime wasn't without a price, sacrificing a lot, and even with previous memories she couldn't restore the old strength, as success is often irreproducible; the first successful attainment of such heights isn't guaranteed the second time.

Immediately all Puppets moved, each Puppet removed a part of Yang Jian's body, like dismantling building blocks, even the Ghost Shadow couldn't resist this supernatural attack, being touched by Puppets was split into numerous pieces of black shadow.

A complete Yang Jian was thus vanished.

Each Puppet held a part of Yang Jian's body in their hand; strangely, these body parts were still alive, the extracted heart even continued beating.

"Successfully eliminated Yang Jian?"

At this moment, Hu Zongshang, who had been dismembered at the start, suddenly opened his eyes, regained consciousness, and sobered up.

Despite having only half a body, he was still alive, and the divided body parts were slowly recovering.

But now he couldn't move, resembling a truly dead corpse.

"He's not dead yet, only dispersed into countless pieces. As long as these body parts are separated, he can never recover," Sister Hong said. "I'm no longer what I used to be; reaching this step was incredibly difficult. It's also because Yang Jian was occupied with you earlier, otherwise I wouldn't have grasped this chance."

"He was too arrogant; it's only fitting that he's overturned now," Brother Qiu San, charred and in pain, still remained expressionless.

"Hurry and save Zhang Yi, she's still pinned."

Sister Hong added, "She's not dead for now, it's just a coffin nail, nothing dangerous."

As she spoke, a Puppet in a cheongsam approached, trying to pull out the red spear.

Yet as the Puppet touched the spear and exerted force, instantly, a dreadful curse erupted, the red Puppet froze on the spot without any movement.

"Is there some kind of curse on it?" Sister Hong personally went over, touching the spear with a hand wrapped in a handkerchief.

Slightly moving, Sister Hong felt a terrible, icy cold essence invading her body, but the red handkerchief resisted the cold, pulled out the spear, and quickly discarded it aside.

She temporarily chose not to touch this peculiar supernatural weapon.

With the coffin nail's suppression gone, the Republic of China female slowly awakened.

Just as Sister Hong was rescuing these people.

In the fragmented Ghost Shadow, ghostly eyes suddenly opened.

Then an engulfing red light shone.

Next moment.

Within the depth of this red light, Yang Jian reappeared before everyone intact.

"I said, reversing life and death isn't a difficult task for me." The familiar yet icy voice echoed, causing everyone's heart to clench.

"Are you kidding, not dead even now?"

Brother Qiu San's charred skin hadn't recovered, he widened his eyes, looking incredulous.

"Restart? And a large-scale restart at that, completely different from just restarting yourself," Sister Hong turned around, witnessing the scene she least wanted to see.

Yang Jian stood still, not attacking, but spoke: "Sister Hong, haven't you understood yet? From beginning to now, the ones beside you aren't really dead."

Sister Hong frowned.

"It's not that I can't kill them, but they were already dead, and their true identities now are ghosts. Their actions merely retain the habits and memories from before, resembling normal people, but this normalcy won't last." Yang Jian said.

"Stop talking nonsense; you can't persuade me; I've been waiting long for this day," Sister Hong stated.

"Is that so? What a pity then."

Yang Jian sighed slightly, then reached out and grasped the air, the fallen long spear appeared in his hand. Next moment, he softly spoke: "With this strike, I will definitely strike down the one before me."

After wishing, the long spear slashed down.

Sister Hong, initially in red high heels unable to leave a medium, and even within the Ghost Domain impervious to being struck, but with Wishing Ghost's supernatural aid, Sister Hong's medium appeared just like others. As soon as it appeared, the Firewood Knife swept down, chopping off her head.

Next moment, the curse exploded.

Sister Hong's neck was ripped instantly, a beautiful head left the body, thumping heavily to the ground.

Not just Sister Hong, but all the other Puppets followed suit, heads falling off together.

Chapter 1403 - The Real Zhang Youhong

The attack of the Firewood Knife remains terrifying; despite Sister Hong stepping with red high heels, she left no medium, yet the Wishing Ghost's supernatural powers compensated for this shortcoming, forcefully sending an originally nonexistent medium to Yang Jian to help him slash down this blow.

Accompanied by the falling heads of countless Puppet People and Sister Hong, the confrontation undoubtedly ended with Yang Jian's victory.

However, Sister Hong still wasn't dead; her head, which had rolled onto the ground, still had its eyes wide open and clear consciousness. Moreover, where the neck was severed, no blood flowed out; instead, Puppet-like joints were exposed.

Clearly, Sister Hong had already assembled the complete Puppet puzzle, completely breaking free from the limitations of a living body, becoming a thorough anomaly.

"You lost, I told you before, this era no longer belongs to you. With my current ability, not to mention dealing with you, even in your peak period, you might not be able to defeat me," Yang Jian said with a calm yet confident tone.

These words were no lie; the six Ghost Eyes within him are dormant, so if he really pushed hard, he could even open up nine layers of the Ghost Domain. It would be too difficult to kill him.

Moreover, he hasn't exerted himself fully this time, many supernatural means have not been utilized.

Sister Hong's head looked at Yang Jian with an uncertain expression: "Your growth is indeed astonishing, in the brief exchange, you didn't even give it your all and still held back; the reason you survived through the seventh day in the ancient house is not without cause, just as you have your thoughts, I have my pursuits too, without fighting till the end, no one knows the result."

"Still not planning to give up? If you persist like this, I will make you disappear from this world forever." Yang Jian said seriously, he could see that Sister Hong still had some hidden means unused, but seemingly hesitated to take that step.

But Yang Jian could somewhat guess Sister Hong's methods.

Mostly, Sister Hong could also revive the supernatural powers of those top figures from the Republic of China Period, perhaps the revival is very brief, but once done, it certainly would have decisive effects.

At this moment, the woman from the Republic of China, Zhang Yi, who had been pierced by the Coffin Nail previously, had completely regained consciousness. After standing up, she walked, expressionless, towards Sister Hong's headless body, then did something truly inconceivable; she actually removed her head with one hand, then attached it to Sister Hong's body.

"Hmm?" Such a scene immediately made Yang Jian furrow his eyebrows and look at her.

"Zhang Yi, what are you doing?" Sister Hong was also astonished.

Zhang Yi said, "Your body is headless, how about putting my head on it, let me inherit your body; this way your supernatural powers won't be wasted."

Upon hearing this answer, Sister Hong widened her eyes, full of disbelief.

"She's right, Zhang Yi's way is correct. Zhang Youhong, you're done for, just hand over the body and let Zhang Yi inherit those supernatural powers." Nearby, Hu Zongshang, split into two halves, also opened his mouth to show agreement, and he appeared indifferent without feeling anything was amiss.

"Zhang Youhong, you've greatly disappointed us, completely different from the person we imagined. Yang Jian is right, you've been eliminated by the era, now pave the way for us, let us be active in this epoch," said Brother Qiu San, burnt and still with embers remaining.

Upon hearing these words, Sister Hong laughed, that familiar smile seemed to have returned; however, within this smile was a mix of inexplicable disappointment and pain.

"Inheriting Sister Hong's body, you all still won't be my opponents. Today is destined to bury you lot," Yang Jian glanced coldly and said.

At this moment, Zhang Yi slightly turned her head to look at Yang Jian; she not only controlled Sister Hong's body within a short time but also began to utilize the supernatural powers on Sister Hong's body. This method of body assembly is very similar to the Ghost Shadow but is more efficient in some respects.

Because after Ghost Shadow assembles a body, it takes time to familiarize with the supernatural powers within, whereas Zhang Yi seemingly does not.

Perhaps, as Yang Jian previously speculated, Zhang Yi is fundamentally not human but a ghost.

Only a ghost could so quickly familiarize oneself with other supernatural powers.

And combined with the cold-blooded actions of these few people just now, anyone with functioning eyes can see that they indeed have issues.

"Yang Jian, what you said is correct, they aren't the people in my memory, the time they've slept is too long, the supernatural erosion is too deep, although they're awake, what's guiding them is no longer the person but the ghost."

Now that only Sister Hong's head remained, she finally believed Yang Jian's prior judgment to be right.

"Now saying this is pointless; whether human or ghost, I will deal with them, and the remaining matters have nothing to do with you anymore," Yang Jian said.

Sister Hong, with a smile on her face, said, "No, this is my matter. I will deal with those five."

"You handle them? The idea is good, but you are truly stretched thin now. If you have any hidden tactics, it's not worth using them on these few people; our confrontation is not over yet," Yang Jian glanced over and said.

"Then let everything end," Sister Hong said with a smile.

Afterward, she let her full head of raven hair fall, revealing a special hairpin within the hair, no, it wasn't a hairpin, it was a section of broken incense.

Moreover, this section of broken incense was ignited at the moment.

"Hmm? A section of broken incense." Yang Jian saw that thing, feeling both familiar and unfamiliar because it wasn't the same as the incense he'd seen before in the ancient house.

After the broken incense was ignited, white smoke emanated; this smoke gathered around Sister Hong without dispersing, becoming increasingly dense, even interfering with the surrounding visibility, making it impossible to see the situation within the dense smoke clearly.

Subsequently, a layer of faint red light began to emanate from within the smoke.

Accompanied by the faint red light, a graceful, enchanting woman wearing red high heels slowly walked out of the smoke.

She appeared somewhat unfamiliar, yet bore a seventy to eighty percent resemblance to Sister Hong earlier, with a perfectly intact body and a beautiful face smiling faintly.

"Zhang Youhong?" Zhang Yi tilted her head slightly, observing Sister Hong who emerged from the smoke.

"I only have half an incense stick's time, I know all the details of the events, everything was the error I planted before, let me personally end it now," Zhang Youhong said with a smile.

Yang Jian, upon seeing this, furrowed his brows and took a few steps back.

He felt that the current state of Sister Hong was very off, very unfamiliar, like she suddenly transformed into a different person entirely, and the aura this person emitted was terrifying, completely on a different level than Sister Hong before.

"Is this Sister Hong's hidden means? Seems like she reflected upon it and decided to deal with these five people from the Republic of China Period personally, though there is a possibility she might suddenly attack me."

With this thought, Yang Jian chose to temporarily stay out of it, merely staying alert to Sister Hong's current actions.

Zhang Yi seemingly sensed the current hostility from Sister Hong; at this moment, she controlled Sister Hong's body to slowly raise the hand wrapped with the red handkerchief.

The handkerchief still displayed the ghost eye.

The embroidered ghost eye was now emitting a scarlet Ghost Domain, trying to engulf Sister Hong in front of it.

Yet the next moment.

The red light halted before Sister Hong, unable to continue its coverage, as if blocked by an invisible barrier.

"Why don't you go after Yang Jian, and instead come after me? You've changed, you deserve to die." Zhang Yi spoke in a venomous tone, and all the headless Puppet People around began to twist and contort.

In the blink of an eye, all the headless Puppet People surrounded Sister Hong.

Moreover, Zhang Yi's hand held another straw doll, but this time the name on the doll's back was not Yang Jian but Sister Hong.

"Puppet People aren't meant to be used like this."

Sister Hong continued to smile, and at the same time, several Puppet People appeared around her, these Puppet People were intact, with complete limbs and heads, and at this moment, they were paired up, each helping the other adjust their face and altering their appearance.

The behavior was bizarre, because Yang Jian saw the Puppet People undergoing unimaginable, terrifying changes.

One Puppet Person transformed into a middle-aged man dressed in a retro long gown, this middle-aged man's face was marked with corpse spots, dead and horrifying.

"That's the appearance of the Door Knocking Ghost, Luo Wensong, in his youth and middle age..." Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, recognizing the identity of the person the Puppet Person had transformed into.

Opposite Luo Wensong, another Puppet Person had transformed into another middle-aged man, that man appeared as if he had been dug up from the grave, lifeless; this person was also familiar, the Sexton, Luo Qian.

The other pair of Puppet People also changed, transforming into Meng Xiaodong and a tall man, presumably Li Qingzhi from the Caesar Grand Hotel.

The team of top ghost handlers of the Republic of China Period had been replicated by Sister Hong alone.

What was even more terrifying was that this replication wasn't singular, because he soon saw two more Puppet People transform into Luo Wensong and Luo Qian, while a fourth pair of Puppet People were still changing.

This supernatural pseudo-disguise of Puppet People seemed to have no limits, as if with Sister Hong's reasons she could make ten, twenty Luo Wensongs appear.

The fake beings transformed from Puppet People surely didn't possess all of Luo Wensong's supernatural powers, that was certain; but even if they inherited just ten percent, as long as ten fake Luo Wensongs appeared together, Luo Wensong's entire strength from his lifetime could be manifested.

Moreover, this wasn't just theoretical, Sister Hong could actually achieve this.

"So this is the strength of Zhang Youhong, the top ghost handler of the Republic of China Period?" Yang Jian's face was exceptionally solemn.

Although he hadn't underestimated Sister Hong, this Sister Hong seemed excessively terrifying from a past life—a single person able to recreate the entire team of Republic era ghost handlers.

He had always thought Sister Hong was a mere minor figure within the seven-person team; perhaps she was actually the second most formidable entity next to Zhang Dong, and the most crucial factor was Sister Hong still being alive meant the power of the Republic seven-person team remained unbroken, ready to appear again thanks to Sister Hong's Puppet People.

Perhaps that was why Sister Hong lived on through one life after another, aiming to preserve the most top-tier supernatural power of the previous era, in case it was needed to control supernatural chaos one day with the help of past forces.

"Kill them, then bury them in this graveyard, and remember to leave my body intact." Zhang Youhong commanded with a flippant smile.

The next moment.

The Puppet People transformed into Luo Wensong, Meng Xiaodong, Li Qingzhi, Luo Qian all started moving with sluggish, stiff steps towards Zhang Yi, Brother Qiu San, Hu Zongshang and others respectively.

The confrontation left no room for suspense.

Zhang Youhong no longer watched and instead turned to Yang Jian, showing a charming smile: "Don't be nervous, I'm not Sister Hong and won't harm you, these are all fakes, not dangerous, they mostly carry six-tenths of their life supernatural power, and the duration isn't long either."

"Within this half-stick of incense's time, I'll settle everything, I hope you can forgive Sister Hong for what she's done; her mistakes were consequences left from my past, but after today all of this will disappear like smoke."

Clearly the same person, Zhang Youhong felt completely different from Sister Hong.

This discordance was hard to articulate.

Perhaps Sister Hong was right, she wasn't truly Zhang Youhong, nor was she Leuk Qingqing, rather Sister Hong was a convergence between Zhang Youhong and Leuk Qingqing, no longer pure.

"And after that?" Yang Jian spoke expressionlessly.

Zhang Youhong smiled and replied: "You'll have to excuse a woman's little whims; I'll resolve this grievance henceforth and ask you to give her another chance in the future; Sister Hong will assist you then."

"If I refuse, will you come after me?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Youhong gave a slight smile: "Who knows, never guess a woman's heart, especially one who's an old woman."

While speaking, accompanied by several screams.

Some terrifying Puppet People had already settled everything, those five Republic era figures were all buried in this graveyard, vanished without a trace, leaving no evidence.

One Puppet Person having six-tenths supernatural power of its lifetime was no joke.

"Sister Hong ultimately changed her stance and ideas, I could give her a chance, hoping she won't do such an idiocy next time, otherwise I won't let her use this backup, these Republic figures are too dangerous, reviving frequently, with unclear intentions." Yang Jian said, not fearing the Zhang Youhong before him.

Because if it really came down to a fight, he would be the one who wins, with a broad range of restart, he could pull time back to before that incense was lit, preventing Zhang Youhong's resurrection.

Moreover, Yang Jian hadn't gone for the kill, otherwise, there wouldn't be a chance to watch Sister Hong's head speak.

"This is the last time, I promise." Zhang Youhong expressed gratitude.

Yang Jian said: "Don't thank me, you should thank yourself; after waking up not resolutely saving those five people, but instead personally finishing them; I simply don't like anyone causing strife, be it today's ghost handlers or Republic era handlers, if causing strife I won't spare a single one."

"You having such figures in this era is a stroke of luck." Zhang Youhong said with a smile.

Chapter 1404 - Nighttime News

Half an incense stick's time is shorter than imagined.

After Zhang Youhong personally handled those five ghost drivers from the Republic of China period, her solid body began to gradually turn ethereal, like smoke ready to scatter in the wind.

"My time has come, I must leave. The rest is up to you."

Her face still wore a smile, then she turned and gracefully walked toward the misty distance.

Yang Jian said nothing, just watched Zhang Youhong leave.

Soon, her figure receded further and became fainter, finally unable to maintain form, dispersing directly into wisps of blue smoke.

A small piece of burning incense was left where Zhang Youhong disappeared.

"Gone rather carefree." After watching her leave, Yang Jian looked toward Sister Hong's position.

Sister Hong's body had returned to normal, but she stood still with eyes closed as if in deep sleep. Gradually, her consciousness awoke as Zhang Youhong disappeared.

After a short while, Sister Hong opened her eyes with the familiar smile: "I said I could handle this matter well. Now, I personally buried those five in this graveyard. You should be satisfied."

Yang Jian's face was calm: "You should thank your past life for leaving you such measures. But I hope these skills aren't used for the last time today, and will always be available."

"That depends on my mood," Sister Hong smiled.

Yang Jian said: "Moreover, these kinds of things shouldn't happen again in the future. My energy is limited, I have no time to manage your Republic affairs, but Zhang Youhong said it's the last time, so I'll believe her this time."

While speaking.

The stalled bus started again.

All the ghosts that got off the bus earlier were dealt with by the revived Zhang Youhong, even the two fierce ghosts initially on the bus were buried in this old graveyard, reducing Yang Jian's trouble, otherwise, he'd have to deal with the bus full of ghosts.

"It's time to leave here, I have matters to handle in Dachang City, don't want to idle here."

Seeing the bus restart, Yang Jian boarded without hesitation, sat in the driver's seat.

"Shouldn't you wait for me? Are you really planning to leave me in this ghost place?" Sister Hong got on the bus, reverting to her previous appearance, looking forlorn.

Yang Jian said nothing, just prepared to drive the paranormal bus away.

However, a voice echoed in the graveyard: "Yang Jian, wait, I haven't boarded yet, I haven't boarded yet."

The sole surviving ghost rider wasn't dead, but alive. He jumped out from behind an old grave, rushing toward the bus, worried Yang Jian would drive off and leave him here.

This graveyard is not a good place, a creepy paranormal location, staying here long increases ghost encounters.

Yang Jian didn't intentionally leave the ghost rider; waited a few seconds before closing the bus door after he boarded, driving out along the road.

"Thank heavens, I survived." The surviving ghost rider gasped, relieved and tense.

"Is surviving so joyful?" Sister Hong asked with a smile.

On hearing Sister Hong, the ghost rider's smile vanished, his face tense: "No, not that joyful, just a little happy."

He dared not provoke the woman in a cheongsam; she was scarier when angry than Yang Jian.

"A lucky fellow, surviving means live well," Sister Hong chuckled.

"Yes, yes, you're right," nodded the ghost rider.

After driving out of the graveyard, Yang Jian let the bus follow a predetermined path on the quiet road; if luck favored a few stops, it would return to reality.

"Sister Hong, our transaction is complete; now can you explain the use of this item?" Yang Jian stepped away from the driver's seat, holding an old copper coin, and asked.

Sister Hong glanced at it: "You have a good memory for such small matters, this coin is a paranormal item. Throw it out, and if there's a ghost nearby, it will certainly pick up the coin."

"Just that?" Yang Jian asked.

"Isn't that enough? Don't be greedy; this coin is a truly precious paranormal artifact. It can draw hidden fierce ghosts, disrupt ghost actions, and the moment the ghost picks up the coin is your best chance to deal with it. You'll understand eventually that truly terrifying ghosts are often unseen," Sister Hong said.

Yang Jian pondered, understanding her point.

This item greatly aids top-tier ghost riders but isn't much use for ordinary ones. The fiercer the ghosts it handles, the more evident its effect.

"What if a ghost picks up the coin and I can't deal with it in time?" Yang Jian asked again.

Sister Hong smiled widely: "Then the coin no longer belongs to you, and the ghost's coin-picking time is brief; seize the chance. I've never lost the coin over two lifetimes, so hope you don't make that mistake, it's embarrassing."

"Don't worry, I'll utilize this coin well," Yang Jian replied and pocketed the old copper coin.

As time passed, the paranormal bus went several stops; ghosts tried boarding, but Yang Jian stopped them.

Around the fourth stop, the bus emerged back into reality.

"This stop returns to reality, you can disembark."

Yang Jian opened the doors; the bus had no ghosts, only him, Sister Hong, and the lucky survived ghost rider.

"Indeed, time to get off. I initially thought of finding some old comrades but seems I'll be lonely from now on. It's bleak when you think about it."

Sister Hong stood, stretching lazily before slowly exiting the bus.

Yang Jian ignored her remarks, disembarked but glanced at the shrinking ghost rider in the corner.

"You first, you first, I prefer staying on the bus longer," the surviving ghost rider chuckled nervously.

He dared not get off, worried about repercussions if stepping the wrong foot first landed him a fatal hit from Yang Jian.

Plus, he hadn't stayed long, his paranormal resurrection unsolved, needing more bus time.

But with Yang Jian and Sister Hong off the bus, he had hopes to survive since only one ghost occupied the driver's seat and he was alone in the empty vehicle, short-term unthreatened by overcrowding.

"I don't care how you survive, just don't mess around, or we'll meet again," Yang Jian said, ignoring the ghost rider and exiting the bus.

Soon.

The haunted bus started again, shut the door, and continued to move forward. It didn't go far before disappearing from sight, beginning a new journey once more.

"Did Sister Hong leave as well?" Yang Jian looked around and found no sign of Sister Hong's presence. Clearly, she left right after getting off the bus.

"In that case, I'll return to Dachang City too."

Water seeped out beneath his feet, and quickly engulfed his body, directly using Ghost Lake to transfer him back to Guanjiang Residential Complex in Dachang City.

However, the time serving as Sister Hong's driver was brief. It's only ten thirty now, having spent just over an hour, and if it weren't for dealing with those five people from the Republic of China period, the time would have been even shorter.

Yet right after coming out of the swimming pool at home, Yang Jian glanced at his phone and noticed several text messages on it, sent by Liu Xiaoyu, teammate Li Yang, and Zhang Liqin.

"Did something happen?"

He furrowed his eyebrows, sensing something was amiss, otherwise so many people wouldn't repeatedly contact him since everyone knows not to disturb him unless it's important.

The messages didn't specify the issue, only instructing Yang Jian to come and discuss at the meeting room in Shangtong Tower if he has time upon receiving the message.

"At this hour, Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin haven't returned home yet, most likely being held back at the company for overtime." At this moment, Yang Jian opened his ghost eyes, looked in the direction of Shangtong Tower, and then took a step forward, disappearing from where he stood.

Compared to Ghost Lake, he's habitually using ghost eyes for travel, for it avoids getting wet all over each time.

Meanwhile.

In the top floor meeting room of Shangtong Tower.

It was already ten forty at night, yet the place remained brightly lit.

Liu Xiaoyu, Jiang Yan, Zhang Liqin... Li Yang, these important people sat on the sofa, silent, seemingly waiting for something.

"We've messaged him, if the captain received it, he'll definitely come. Now that he hasn't appeared, it only shows he's dealing with other matters, likely related to that Sister Hong Jiang Yan mentioned earlier, who's indeed mysterious and special," Li Yang said in a calm tone.

Liu Xiaoyu, however, said apologetically, "Sorry to have called both of you here. Originally, you were off work going home to rest, but now you're here with us working overtime through the night."

"It's not a problem, it's all for work, understandable," said Jiang Yan.

"Working for President Yang, there's really no hardship," Zhang Liqin said with a smile.

Suddenly.

Li Yang sensed something, instantly turning to look behind.

At an unknown time, Yang Jian had appeared abruptly in the office, expressionlessly striding forward: "Why aren't you resting so late, rather coming to work overtime? What's going on? Don't tell me it's something from headquarters again."

"Captain, you got it right, it is a headquarters matter. Let Liu Xiaoyu tell you, I'm not of a high enough level to know the details," Li Yang said.

Yang Jian approached, sat on the sofa, then gestured: "Get me something to drink, I've just finished handling my matters, now I have time to hear you out slowly."

Zhang Liqin smiled while pursing her lips and immediately got up to go to the bar.

"I'll listen too, if you don't mind," Jiang Yan leaned in, settling beside Yang Jian.

Liu Xiaoyu glanced around before speaking, "Two issues. The hungry ghost incident failed in handling. Lin Bei and Wang Chaling withdrew from the paranormal incident site, but fortunately, Lin Bei blocked off the paranormal zone, preventing the hungry ghost's influence from growing further."

"Two captains couldn't settle the hungry ghost? Are you kidding?" Yang Jian frowned.

Knowing the hungry ghost's kill pattern was already clarified, he thought Wang Chaling alone could handle it, albeit consuming some time, given the guy is an ordinary person, cautious, yet upon taking a drive, coming back, he's told not even with Lin Bei could they handle the hungry ghost.

Liu Xiaoyu continued, "Yang Jian, according to Lin Bei's report, the hungry ghost likely consumed the coffin nail, making it unable to be contained, thus leading to the operation's failure."

"No way?"

Beside him, Li Yang's face abruptly changed: "The coffin nail got consumed by the hungry ghost? If the news is true, then the hungry ghost is unsolvable."

"Consumed the coffin nail? That's quite absurd, yet in the paranormal circle anything might happen. Assuming Lin Bei's information is accurate, with the hungry ghost consuming the coffin nail, it acquires the coffin nail's ability to resist suppression, thus making it understandable why the captains couldn't handle it." Yang Jian also furrowed his brow.

Just upon returning, the paranormal circle gives him quite a surprise, indeed fascinating.

"Yet Lin Bei did well, immediately retreating upon gathering intelligence, not losing too many lives, promptly sealing the area to prevent the hungry ghost incident from worsening," Yang Jian then nodded, acknowledging Lin Bei's emergency measures.

"Set this matter aside for now, discuss the second issue."

Liu Xiaoyu earnestly continued, "Earlier, headquarters notified the captain of Zhang Jun's death, investigation results are now available."

"Headquarters has some skill, deducing cause of death this fast?" Yang Jian received the cola from Zhang Liqin, taking a swig.

Liu Xiaoyu proceeded, "It's confirmed, Zhang Jun was murdered by several key members of the foreign King Organization."

Upon this, Yang Jian's drinking paused briefly.

"Moreover, the King Organization's Ark Plan has confirmed its initiation, with the vessel codenamed Ghost Ship already sailing, targeting our country. Besides, Cao Yang suffered an attack from an unidentified ghost handler, temporarily unharmed, but his assistant Wang Quan was killed."

"Leuk San has a teammate named Wang Jie, confirmed murdered today, cause of death unknown. Investigation shows, however, three days ago he went missing."

"He Yiner, involved in rebuilding Taiping Ancient Town, faced an attack tonight at the construction site, luckily she had other assistants and is confirmed unharmed currently."

"These are the current intelligence pieces, more updates will be sent subsequently," Liu Xiaoyu reported today's happenings with diligence.

On the side, Li Yang hesitated after hearing this, before his face clouded: "This isn't coincidence, the foreign ghost handler headquarters is stirring things. They want to give us a blow, clearly prepared for it, deciding on action seeing the hungry ghost incident at Dadong City."

"Currently, Zhang Jun is dead, Li Jun encountered problems, Wei Jing is missing, Lin Bei and Wang Chaling failed handling the hungry ghost event, coupled with exposing the theft of the hungry ghost incident, showing our internal huge conflict, becoming the perfect timing for their Ark Plan."

"Of course, not ruling out Zhang Jun's investigation triggered them, forcing an expedited kill on Zhang Jun, accelerating the action."

"In essence, that King Organization wants to pressure our other captains, trying to dismantle our headquarters in one go, making us overwhelmed, allowing the Ghost Ship to smoothly land."

Instantly, Li Yang analyzed cause and effect, expressing his opinions and insights.

He also knew of the foreign Ark Plan, surprised only by its rapid materialization following the previous captain's meeting.

"The balance in the supernatural circle finally breaks?"

Yang Jian slowly spoke, showing calmness towards these messages.

He knew this day would inevitably come, unexpectedly by human hands breaking this balance.

Chapter 1405 - New Turmoil

Yang Jian isn't particularly concerned about the situation of foreign ghost-tamer organizations. After all, the first thing to consider upon becoming a ghost tamer is survival. Who has time to care about so-called changes in the situation?

However, when supernatural events keep occurring and gradually evolve into a norm, coupled with the continuous accumulation of ghost tamers, it inevitably leads to a human-centric vicious cycle, which is internal strife.

Yang Jian is also clear about the Ark plan. Essentially, those foreign ghost tamers don't want to risk handling supernatural events anymore and are tired of facing vengeful spirits daily. So, they simply lure all the ghosts domestically for headquarters' ghost tamers to handle. This way, they can ensure safety in their area while preventing incidents from getting out of control and simultaneously restricting domestic ghost tamers' abilities.

Of course.

Within the brutal supernatural events, perhaps a few powerful ghost tamers can emerge, but Yang Jian believes that any uncontrollable powerful ghost tamers appearing domestically would certainly face relentless efforts from the foreign King Organization to eliminate them.

Through this method, the King Organization efficiently transfers all the risks of a supernatural resurgence domestically.

By then, the temporary situation maintained by the twelve captains would instantly become chaotic, and even ordinary people could encounter roaming vengeful spirits while walking on the street.

"I was previously attacked by people from the King Organization, they even tried to act against me. But they failed, and calmed down for a while. Unexpectedly, they couldn't hold back and emerged now."

Yang Jian slowly spoke: "Li Yang's analysis is correct. The opposing side clearly has a deep understanding of our situation here. I suspect there are informants from the opposing side within headquarters, and their positions aren't low. Otherwise, they wouldn't precisely grasp the captains' movements and swiftly respond after the Hungry Ghost event erupted again."

"I'll notify headquarters later to have the deputy minister ferret out this traitor," Liu Xiaoyu gritted her teeth and said.

Yang Jian continued: "Now, this is just a minor issue. The informant at headquarters has completed their task. The Ark plan has begun, the enemy's relations are clear, and remaining is a life-and-death combat. The King Organization struck first at the right moment and seized the opportunity. Next, they shouldn't have any radical actions—they're waiting for our headquarters to retaliate."

"Are you saying that similar attacks like tonight's won't happen again?" Liu Xiaoyu asked.

"Of course, their real motive isn't to kill the captains but to pressure everyone by eliminating the captains' teammates, assistants, or even give a few non-lethal attacks. This also helps them determine each captain's true strength and supernatural abilities. After all, intelligence is just intelligence—sometimes it's hard to trust. Moreover, the captains' files aren't public. Even if there's a traitor at headquarters, they probably can't access it."

Li Yang furrowed his brows and said: "Then next we gather other captains and initiate a second captain's meeting to counter the King Organization's Ark plan?"

"Normally, that's the procedure," Yang Jian replied.

"Normally?" Li Yang said: "So, it's currently not a normal situation?"

Yang Jian didn't immediately answer but walked to the floor-to-ceiling window and gazed at the brightly lit Dachang City: "According to your prior analysis, how many active captains do we have now?"

"Wang Chaling from Dadong City and the hurriedly arrived Lin Bei can't act, Wei Jing had issues, Li Jun just recently resurrected, so neither can act. Zhang Jun died... Also, due to the King Organization's pressure, we're unsure if Leuk San, He Yiner, Zhou Deng, and Li Leping might have other thoughts. The only ones we can be sure of are Cao Yang, Lu Zhiwen, and us."

"If we can convene a second captain's meeting, we can indeed formulate a response."

Li Yang evaluated the situation and felt that although it was dire, a counterattack was still plausible.

Liu Xiaoyu watched Yang Jian and said: "Then what are we waiting for? Let's convene the captain's meeting and stop that Ghost Ship from docking, we must thwart their plan."

"Why rush?"

Yang Jian coldly glanced: "The more it is so, the less we can make hasty decisions. Right now, the opposing side is lurking in the shadows watching us. They're waiting for us to make a retaliatory move. If our retaliation has any flaws, they'll definitely eliminate the second and third captains. There are only so few top ghost tamers, losing even one is losing too many."

"And once we fail in our retaliation, do you know what the cost will be? By then, supernatural events domestically will completely erupt and spiral out of control, and it won't be just one or two individuals dying."

"Sorry, I was too hasty." Liu Xiaoyu pursed her lips and lowered her head.

Li Yang said: "Indeed, we must remain calm and thoughtful at this time, even if convening a second captain's meeting, caution is necessary."

Yang Jian contemplated for a moment: "The captain's meeting can't be abruptly convened, such a commotion is too significant. After all, a group of captains gathering together—any fool would know what we're going to do next."

"We must stabilize the situation first. Since the opposing side is pressuring us, we have to pressure them in return and make corresponding counterattacks. Many city leaders are watching. If our captains get chaotic, the domestic supernatural circle gets chaotic. At that point, we'll not only face foreign issues but domestic ones too. Liu Xiaoyu, initially send a message in my name to all captains, instruct them to properly manage their responsible areas, avoid mishaps, meanwhile, remind them to stay vigilant and avoid assassination, and wait for my news at any time within the next three days."

"Alright, I'll transmit the message right away." Liu Xiaoyu immediately stood up and headed to the office.

"Li Yang, log into the ghost-tamer website, modify the report Liu Xiaoyu just made, and send it out simultaneously, declaring war with the King Organization in the name of headquarters—inform the entire supernatural circle that I, Yang Jian, will lead all captains and city leaders from headquarters in a relentless fight against the so-called King Organization. Also, warn the supernatural circle that anyone tangled with the King Organization still has time to withdraw."

Yang Jian said earnestly.

Li Yang was stunned: "Directly declare war? In headquarters' name? What if headquarters doesn't respond at that time, wouldn't we become a joke?"

"I am the Enforcement Captain. If Cao Yanhua doesn't respond at a time like this, I won't just dismiss him, but personally kill him, and replace him with someone who can respond to my decisions." Yang Jian spoke coldly: "Without declaring war now, once disunity sets in, how would the squad be led?"

"And I don't believe that the ghost tamers from the King Organization are all fearless of death. If they were truly fearless, they wouldn't have devised the Ark plan."

"Alright, since the captain has decided, I'll go ahead." Li Yang stood up and headed to his office.

After witnessing Li Yang leaving, Yang Jian's gaze shifted to Zhang Liqin: "Connect me to Ye Zhen in Dahai City—I need to assess his stance at this time."

"Yes, it's President Yang."

Zhang Liqin's heart trembled, her eyes filled with fear. From Yang Jian's presence, she felt an oppressive force that suffocated her, as if a single glance could strip her of life. This was not an aura a mere human could possess.

She walked over to the desk, flipping through the phonebook; such important calls couldn't be recorded on a cell phone or electronically, they had to be recorded by hand.

"Are your hands shaking?"

Zhang Liqin noticed her own hands trembling uncontrollably, nearly tearing the phonebook.

Quickly.

She found the number for the Dahai City Supernatural Forum and dialed it immediately.

"I am Yang Jian's secretary. Our President Yang has urgent matters that require connecting with Ye Zhen. Please reach out to him."

"Yang Jian's secretary? Looking for our boss? At this time, he's resting. How about tomorrow?" A slightly mature middle-aged man's voice came from the phone.

Zhang Liqin replied, "This matter is very important, please have Ye Zhen take the call. Our President Yang is waiting for his callback right beside me."

The voice on the other end paused for a moment, then said, "Hold on."

After about a few minutes, the call was transferred.

A young man's voice, somewhat low, came from the other end: "Hello, Yang Wudi, what's the matter looking for me so late? I'm a bit busy now, might not have much time to chat."

Yang Jian took the phone that Zhang Liqin handed over and said, "Ye Zhen, how much do you know about the King Organization?"

"Just a little," Ye Zhen's voice remained low, "What's up?"

"In about ten minutes, I will declare war on the King Organization in the name of the headquarters. What's your stance?" Yang Jian wasn't bothered to explain the reasons or the story, he directly asked.

Ye Zhen's laughter came through the phone, somewhat arrogant: "Haha, I told you that if we join forces, nothing can stop us. You ask my stance, I also want to ask yours. Do you want to join forces with me, or be my enemy?"

"How about we join forces to eliminate the King Organization?" Yang Jian replied immediately.

At this crucial moment, he didn't want any additional trouble. Ye Zhen was a force that could be won over, and attitude was very important, serving as a wind vane in the supernatural circle. If others knew the Supernatural Forum was already aligned with the headquarters, it would undoubtedly greatly boost everyone's confidence.

"Alright, let me know when the fight is. I have some personal matters to deal with on my end," Ye Zhen said and then hung up the phone.

Despite hanging up, Ye Zhen was not sleeping at the moment.

In a mansion in Dahai City.

Ye Zhen held a cold, twisted long sword standing in the yard. On the lawn in front of him lay a person with a distorted expression, grimacing, and full of cracks on his body. Unable to move, a cold aura spread over him gradually stripping his life away.

"Don't, don't do it, let me explain, I'm not a member of that King Organization. I was sent by the headquarters, it was just an accident, really an accident, I swear." The person endlessly pleaded with Ye Zhen for mercy.

"Still daring to lie. Look into my eyes, scumbag, I permit you to say it again."

Ye Zhen angrily stomped on the person's head, the immense force directly embedded the person's head into the lawn.

A painful scream echoed, the cracks on this person's body started sprawling uncontrollably due to the stomp. The entire person seemed like fragile porcelain about to shatter.

"It was a, a misunderstanding, don't, don't kill me," a broken voice came from the dirt.

Ye Zhen's face turned cold, he applied force again with his foot, and the person's head immediately shattered like glass, leaving only a mouth intact, rigid and pungent.

"Killed the King Organization's informant, agreed to join forces with Yang Jian, our Supernatural Forum's stance is already very clear."

At this moment, a middle-aged manager walked over from a short distance away, his expression solemn: "I will later announce in the supernatural circle about our collaboration with headquarters and also declare war against the King Organization."

"But boss, by doing this we're entering a very brutal fight, is this really worth it? Many people will die."

Ye Zhen snorted, "Why do you think many of us will die, instead of many of them? You're too unconfident. I, Ye Zhen, only lost once to Yang Wudi. What is this King Organization, daring to cause us trouble? No other words, fight them."

"This time, joining forces with Yang Jian, we are sure to make a name known as double invincible. The era belongs to me, and I will shine brightly once again."

The manager's mouth twitched at the side, unsure how to respond, he simply turned away and prepared to send out the messages.

Chapter 1406: The Expanding Impact

In this ordinary deep night, the entire supernatural circle was shaken.

One major event after another was exposed by some people on the Exorcist website, a site that although most exorcists don't pay much attention to, they occasionally browse to understand the movements within the supernatural circle.

"One of the twelve captains of headquarters, Zhang Jun, was murdered; the culprit turned out to be a member of the King Organization?"

"Goodness, the Ark Plan is being implemented, the Ghost Ship will land within a few days."

"Yang Jian, ghost eye of Dachang City, leading all captains of headquarters and all city leaders, has declared war on the King Organization. Oh my god, is this going to start a world war? You must know, the King Organization is a new organization formed by the headquarters of exorcists from several foreign countries, although called the King Organization, it's practically an Exorcist Alliance."

"Supernatural incidents are frequent; fighting at this critical juncture will completely ruin the situation. Quickly find a good place to take refuge, make sure not to get involved."

On the website, many exorcists, shocked after seeing the news, started discussing fervently.

Because this matter concerns everyone in the supernatural circle, no one can stay uninvolved, and the victory or defeat of this war will decide the future direction.

Whether the King Organization is destroyed, with Yang Jian-led headquarters reigning supreme, or the Ark Plan is smoothly implemented and the domestic situation collapses, turning into a realm ravaged by supernatural forces, everything depends on this struggle.

"I want to join headquarters, kill the King Organization, damn it, the implementation of this Ark Plan is clearly about not letting us survive, right?" Someone also expressed their stance anonymously in outrage.

"Rational analysis, the visible strength in this battle is undoubtedly the King Organization. This organization has already become dominant abroad, practically unstoppable, countless members absorbed, while domestic headquarters has only twelve captains to show for, and now one has died, only eleven left. Do you know how many 'Kings' the King Organization has? A full fifteen, and this is just visible. Because behind each 'King' represents the power of a nation, consider that weight."

"Such disparity? Then I must join the King Organization, better pick a side first."

"I also choose the King Organization."

Some 'insiders' deliberately leaked information on the website, using so-called data to guide civilian exorcists, telling them about the strength of the King Organization, arguably before the struggle even starts, the battle of public opinion has already begun.

This information kept refreshing, and as time passed, the website's information increased, and the event's influence kept expanding.

Li Yang was drinking coffee, looking at these messages online, slightly frowning: "The other side is indeed prepared, as soon as the news is posted, they've already started building momentum and controlling the direction of public opinion. The captain posted this news somewhat urgently, many responsive strategies have not been prepared."

"However, the captain is also desperate, immediate counterattack is crucial to scare off the King Organization, stabilize the situation, the longer it drags, the more passive it'll be, first making a statement is also very key."

"Oh no, Japan's Exorcism Club has spoken, indeed, Exorcism Club is siding with the King Organization?"

Subsequently, a piece of information caught his attention, Li Yang saw the president of Japan's Exorcism Club express support for implementing the Ark Plan, and also willing to make corresponding compensation and aid for domestic headquarters' concessions and sacrifices... words are somewhat grandiose but the stance is clear.

"So eager to express their stance, this doesn't quite fit Exorcism Club's style, something surely happened on Exorcism Club's side? Last time the captain mentioned, Exorcism Club had problems, but I don't know the specific reason."

Li Yang frowned further, he increasingly felt the implementation of the Ark Plan was carefully planned, definitely not a sudden whim.

However, after Exorcism Club spoke, Dahai City's supernatural forum also voiced support, expressing cooperation with Yang Jian and declaring war on the King Organization.

Dahai City's Ye Zhen holds considerable weight in the supernatural circle, this statement caused a noticeable stir on the internet.

"Ye Zhen is foolish, at this time, observing from the sidelines, exploiting both sides, that would be wonderful, the waters here are deep, he simply can't handle it, now hurriedly expressing stance, how to

deal if the situation changes later, leaving no margin for himself, alas, I said before, Yang Jian is ill-considered, Ye Zhen lacks wisdom, I was truly right."

A netizen named 'I Have a Plan' spoke up.

"Bullshit, Xiao Yang is invincible, can't possibly lose, King Organization will definitely die miserably, you all wait and see, don't cry and beg for mercy on your knees then." A exorcist user named 'Xiao Yang I am Your Dad' spoke.

As more people flooded the site, the discussion gradually became somewhat misguided.

While Li Yang focused on information, Liu Xiaoyu was also urgently contacting headquarters.

In fact, such a major matter doesn't need Liu Xiaoyu to contact, headquarters' Cao Yanhua has already eagerly tried to find Yang Jian.

"Why suddenly declare war? Such a major matter, why didn't anyone tell me a word, Yang Jian should know what this declaration of war means, Zhang Jun's death is still under investigation, the culprit has not been confirmed, not everyone in King Organization participated in that murder, many forces are unaware, his declaration of war is making many stand against us, this is too impulsive, give me the phone to Yang Jian, I must communicate with him directly."

Cao Yanhua connected with Liu Xiaoyu, at this moment he wasn't angry, only filled with dread, because the situation has spiraled completely out of control, and it happened without his knowledge.

"Deputy Minister, now Yang Jian has already left Shangtong Tower and whereabouts unknown. Also, the message is already sent out, impossible to retract, furthermore, Yang Jian has already decided, and asks you, Deputy Minister, to respond to Yang Jian's declaration of war, otherwise..." Liu Xiaoyu paused here.

"Otherwise what?" Cao Yanhua asked urgently.

Liu Xiaoyu hesitated for a moment, still said, "Otherwise, dismiss you, replace with a new minister."

"What? Dismiss me?" Cao Yanhua was stunned.

Liu Xiaoyu did not speak, actually still hiding something, Yang Jian's real intention was far more severe than just dismissal.

Cao Yanhua wasn't angry at this moment, instead deeply frowned, he understood clearly this time Yang Jian was serious, and no one can stop him, nor possibly persuade him, everyone can only cooperate, anyone obstructing Yang Jian's decision will be dealt with.

Dismissal is merely a warning; Cao Yanhua believes if he truly dared to oppose, Yang Jian might make him disappear or replace him with a new 'Cao Yanhua' directly.

Yang Jian possesses this kind of ability to pull it off.

"I understand. I'll cooperate with him. I hope he takes his time in dismissing me, giving me some leeway to handle certain matters at headquarters. Let Yang Jian go ahead and do what he needs to. I'll take responsibility for any issues. After everything is over, I will resign to pave the way for a clean slate for the next in line to cooperate with him."

Cao Yanhua took a deep breath, making a concession, while also clarifying his stance.

"Alright, Deputy Minister, thank you for your hard work." Liu Xiaoyu pursed her lips, expressing gratitude for Cao Yanhua's gesture.

"It's my duty, especially now that the Ghost Ship is heading our way. This isn't the time to harbor any illusions. This is a battle to the death. I just feel Yang Jian's approach is a bit impulsive. But since things have reached this point, I won't say much more. He can decide when and how to fight, and this time, the headquarters will unwaveringly back him."

"I'll relay your words to Yang Jian," Liu Xiaoyu replied earnestly.

Cao Yanhua said, "Alright, I'll need to start taking action on my end. Keep in constant contact. If necessary, have Yang Jian come to headquarters, preferably to convene a second captain's meeting. But his current decision isn't wrong either; first, stabilize the situation. Chaos is not an option, especially since no one knows what will happen next."

"Understood," Liu Xiaoyu replied solemnly.

After putting down the phone,

Cao Yanhua inside the headquarters looked across at someone sitting opposite him: "Wang Guoqiang, originally, after the Hungry Ghost incident blew up, I should have resigned and let you take over the headquarters, but now I'm very sorry. I have to stay on as Deputy Minister a bit longer."

The man named Wang Guoqiang was a man in his early thirties dressed in a suit, appearing mature, steady, and resolute – a person who feared no challenge.

"Declaring war unexpectedly, this event has too much impact, coupled with the Hungry Ghost incident, and you can't bear this responsibility."

Wang Guoqiang replied seriously, "If you resign now, you can have a peaceful retirement. But if you take on this matter, you know what the consequences will be."

"I can give my all, including this life of mine," Cao Yanhua said, knocking the table heavily.

"I know you mean well for me, but at this moment, I can't shy away. Everyone is making sacrifices; I don't want to be an exception. I hope you can help me handle the headquarters matters."

Wang Guoqiang sighed. "In that case, what can I say? I'll assist you."

"Then let's get moving. There are still many things waiting for us to do," Cao Yanhua stood up.

However, late at night, Yang Jian, who had left Dachang City, arrived alone at Dahan City.

This was a familiar place, the Ghost Post Office.

But now, it should no longer be called the Ghost Post Office; instead, it was the Hell Apartment, although this name was not yet well-known, and people habitually still referred to it as the Post Office earlier.

"Captain Yang."

Upon entering the door, Sun Rui, leaning on a cane, stood in the hall to greet him: "With this significant event breaking out, I knew you would definitely come to my place."

Yang Jian said, "There's about to be a fight outside, and I need to confirm the people I can use. How's Wei Jing doing now?"

"There've been some changes, but he hasn't surfaced yet," Sun Rui sighed. "It seems he can't be used for now, but you can find another person to help."

"He Yuelian?"

Yang Jian reacted, looking at another corner of the hall.

At some point, a woman dressed in a red wedding gown with a red veil strange stood there, motionless.

"Captain Yang,"

He Yuelian's voice emanated from beneath the veil.

Yang Jian said, "Did Sun Rui tell you about the previous situation?"

"International organizations and headquarters are about to clash, and I've roughly understood this matter a bit," He Yuelian replied.

"What are your thoughts? Would you be willing to join headquarters to fight against the King Organization, or would you rather stay here and ignore the outside matters?" Yang Jian asked.

He Yuelian said, "If possible, I'd be willing to follow you, Captain Yang, to fight against the King Organization. Recently, I've almost mastered my supernatural powers and might be able to contribute."

"Alright, after today, leave the Ghost Post Office with me. I'll arrange for you to join headquarters and become the new person in charge of Da'ao City. If you perform well, you'll also become the new captain," Yang Jian said.

"I'm not too keen on becoming a captain. I just think it's better for this world to be peaceful. The King Organization's actions are indeed a bit excessive, and I also want to help you," He Yuelian expressed her viewpoint.

Yang Jian nodded, not saying much further, but continued to ask, "Sun Rui, I remember Feng Quan is also here, where is he? I need him to return to Dachang City now."

"Feng Quan is in there," Sun Rui pointed.

There lay a massive ancient grave, eerie and terrifying, burying Feng Quan, and also burying Wei Jing, and burying the Ghost Envoy.

Chapter 1407: Obscure Maneuvers

This old tomb has existed within the Ghost Post Office for a while, and during this period, there hasn't been any movement. Only Feng Quan has entered the old tomb, but this hasn't changed anything.

"The ability to bury Wei Jing, the Ghost Envoy, and Feng Quan, so many supernatural presences in an old tomb, without a doubt, this is the work of the Sexton, Luo Qian. It seems that the old man summoned by He Yiner back then was indeed Luo Qian." Yang Jian stared at the old tomb, lost in thought.

"What's brewing inside the old tomb is unknown, and I'm also wary of breaking this fragile balance. Otherwise, it might harm Wei Jing and Feng Quan, and could even release the Ghost Envoy."

Sun Rui, propping himself with a cane, walked over and said, "I'm also cautious and can only keep a constant eye on the movements of the old tomb. I'm very concerned that one day the old tomb might collapse, and the Ghost Envoy will emerge again from inside. Of course, I also hope that Wei Jing and Feng Quan could be revived through this old tomb, harness new supernatural powers, and become even stronger."

"However, I didn't expect that not long after, such significant events would occur in the supernatural circle. The absence of a captain indeed has a considerable impact on the situation."

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze from the old tomb: "Although Wei Jing is absent, He Yuelian has stepped in, so the situation isn't too bad. But I have a premonition that this time, in the conflict with the King Organization, many people will die. Those foreign guys aren't weak, and previously, due to the situation, there was no substantial conflict between both sides. This time, either the headquarters or the King Organization will survive."

"What are the chances of winning?" Sun Rui asked with a frown.

"Unclear. We know nothing about the members of the King Organization, whereas they are well aware of the headquarters' situation. The headquarters has always underestimated the situation abroad. Only after the fight will we know who wins or loses, but analyzing the situation, we seem to be weaker," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui sighed, "That's right. If we were strong, they wouldn't dare to implement that Ark Plan. They've definitely assessed our strength and have the confidence to defeat us, which is why they're taking action. Luckily, we still have you at the headquarters, so I'm not too worried."

He wasn't very confident in the captains at the headquarters, as the other side also had captain-level ghost controllers, even though they were fewer in number. The true change in the balance often came down to a few top figures.

"You just need to guard the Ghost Post Office," Yang Jian said. "I'll handle things outside."

"If the headquarters loses, I'll activate the Hell Apartment, initiate a new round of supernatural missions, and select the top ghost controllers to engage in a death struggle with the King Organization."

Sun Rui struck the ground heavily with his cane and said with great seriousness.

"You're the administrator here now. Just make the decisions. I can't stay here for long; I have to return to Dachang City as there are still many matters awaiting my attention," Yang Jian said.

Sun Rui nodded, "Be careful, Yang Jian."

"Okay."

Without much conversation with Sun Rui, Yang Jian left the Ghost Post Office with He Yuelian after a brief exchange.

Though He Yuelian is new, the supernatural surrounding her is terrifying enough. With a little training and more encounters with ghost controllers, she could definitely become the nightmare of the King Organization in the future.

After returning to Shangtong Tower.

At this moment, the office was still brightly lit, and no one had slept or left. On the contrary, after hearing the news of the declaration of war, others had hurried over.

Li Yang, Tong Qian, Huang Ziya, Wang Yong, and Xiong Wenwen were all present, as well as Liu Xiaoyu, Old Eagle, Yang Xiaohua, and some other staff members.

With the arrival of Yang Jian and He Yuelian, many felt a jolt in their hearts, staring curiously at the woman in the red bridal gown.

"Captain, who is this?" Huang Ziya asked curiously, but could see nothing.

The red bridal gown and red veil obscured the figure and appearance, making it impossible to discern whether under the bizarre clothing was a human or ghost, a man or woman.

"The controller of the ghost painting, He Yuelian, and currently the person in charge of Da'ao City," Yang Jian said.

"He Yuelian? No way, she's changed this much?"

Many were deeply shocked because they had seen He Yuelian before, and she was just an ordinary beautiful woman. Who could have imagined that after a while, she would control a ghost painting, become a ghost controller, and join the headquarters?

"Person in charge of Da'ao City?" Liu Xiaoyu questioned, "After the previous one defected, there hasn't been a new person in charge taking over, and she hasn't joined the headquarters; there's no record of her there."

"Of course, there's no record at the headquarters. She just joined the headquarters, and I've already approved it, so now I'm establishing her file," Yang Jian said calmly.

Liu Xiaoyu nearly bit her tongue hearing this; she had no idea there was such a person at the headquarters, no wonder she didn't know.

"Alright, I'll get the headquarters to establish a file immediately." After the shock passed, she got right to work.

Others kept silent because they understood that He Yuelian was clearly a temporary external aid, and during this special period, having someone who could control a ghost painting on their side was undoubtedly a huge help.

"Hello, I'm Huang Ziya, pleased to meet you."

Huang Ziya flashed a charming smile, walking over gracefully and extending her hand.

He Yuelian's voice came from under the veil, "Pleased to meet you, Miss Huang. I'm very sorry, I can't shake your hand now, my supernatural control is still imperfect, I'm afraid of hurting you."

She couldn't shake hands or walk because these simple actions would trigger terrifying supernatural forces.

For this reason, He Yuelian had spent time adapting.

"No worries, I understand. You can't touch my hair either, or it could cause problems," Huang Ziya said with a smile, looking at the jade-like hands under the red sleeves, feeling it was a pity. Such perfect hands being untouchable was the price of controlling such dangerous supernatural powers?

"I'm Tong Qian, welcome." Tong Qian said politely.

"I'm Wang Yong."

Wang Yong greeted, "I used to be a courier at the Ghost Post Office, now I've joined Yang Jian's team."

"Hello," He Yuelian nodded slightly.

"Li Yang, we've met before," Li Yang said.

He Yuelian said, "I believe we'll have great collaboration opportunities."

"I'm Xiong Wenwen, they all like to call me President Xiong. If you find it unappealing, you can call me Daddy Xiong, it's fine, I can take it," Xiong Wenwen quickly jumped in.

"..."

He Yuelian fell silent for a moment, thinking, "Turns out he's a little rascal."

"Behave yourself." Yang Jian slapped his head.

"Xiao Yang, dare you hit me? Forgot how I usually look after you?" Xiong Wenwen said with wide eyes, holding his forehead in disbelief.

But before he could finish speaking, another slap landed.

Xiong Wenwen immediately ran off, "Xiao Yang, you just wait. I'll clog your home toilet later."

"Captain, where's Feng Quan? Didn't he come back this time?" Li Yang asked.

"Yang Jian said, 'Feng Quan can't free himself for now, so let's leave him at the Ghost Post Office for the time being. We've handled the matter this time, and now it's been about an hour since the declaration of war. What's the current situation?'

"Li Yang replied, 'Ye Zhen has already responded from the supernatural forum, and at the same time, the Exorcism Club from Japan has also taken a stand. As expected, the Exorcism Club is siding with the King Organization, adding another enemy to our list.'

"Liu Xiaoyu said, 'The headquarters has responded, Cao Yanhua agrees with the declaration of war and is actively making various preparations. He suggests that you convene a second captain meeting to discuss response strategies, but also hopes you can consider the bigger picture and not change the deputy minister temporarily, to avoid instability at the headquarters upon his own decision to resign after this situation is resolved.'

'Cao Yanhua changed his tune? I thought he would once again urge me to focus on the bigger picture,' Yang Jian said with some surprise.

Liu Xiaoyu said with a bitter smile, 'The deputy minister has no personal agenda. The situation this time is too serious, and you've declared war prematurely, so he's got no choice but to accept. If not, won't all the captains completely collapse? At this critical time, the deputy minister knows what's important.'

'If he fully cooperates with me, I can allow him to stay for a while longer. After the King Organization matter is resolved, no matter the situation, he'll have to resign,' Yang Jian said seriously.

'That's for sure, Yang Jian, rest assured,' Liu Xiaoyu said seriously.

Li Yang then asked, 'Captain, the situation is now very clear. What should we do next?'

'Kill,' Yang Jian said coldly, 'They killed one of our captains, so I have to eliminate one of their "Kings". And the action must be fast to show the supernatural community that our strength is not inferior to that of the King Organization. I don't intend to gather the captains, I plan to take action personally.'

'Acting alone? That's very risky. According to our previous analysis, they're just waiting for us to retaliate, with all sorts of defenses in place, and any reckless action could fall into their trap.' Li Yang reflected for a moment and said.

'There are risks in everything. We can't stop just because of risks. Only by killing one of their "Kings" first can we smoothly convene the second captain meeting, and then prevent the Ghost Ship from landing. According to my estimate, the Ghost Ship will need at least ten days to sail from abroad to here, but considering the uncertainty of the supernatural, I'll halve that time to about five days.'

'Five days is short, but it's also the best time to act,' Yang Jian said.

This time, he brought He Yuelian along to ensure the next operation is foolproof.

'But we can't pinpoint their location, nor do we know the King Organization's intel, we're completely blind.'

Liu Xiaoyu frowned and said, 'The headquarters is already investigating, but it'll take some time, about two or three days.'

'Too slow, can't wait.'

'Yang Jian squinted his eyes and asked, "Is there anyone in the supernatural community who understands the King Organization well, who knows their information?"'

Huang Ziya shook her head helplessly, 'I've never even left the country, I don't know anything.'

'I used to spend time abroad, but back then I was just an ordinary person, not in contact with the supernatural scene abroad either.' Li Yang also shook his head.

'Don't look at me, I'm still in school,' Xiong Wenwen said.

Wang Yong fell silent for a moment and then spoke up, 'Back when the Ghost Post Office was still running, there was a messenger who was a foreigner. After the mail deliveries from the fifth floor ceased, the foreign messenger returned to his country. I had some interactions with him and can confirm he is not dead. Occasionally, he even reaches out to learn about changes at the Ghost Post Office.'

'During the last letter delivery, that person didn't show up, so I kept my guard up and didn't inform him that the Ghost Post Office situation had been resolved. He's probably still worried about the mail duties resuming.'

'Though I don't know if this ghost handler is connected to the King Organization, I think he might have some insight. Perhaps it's a starting point, and if we can find him, we might be able to follow the trail for some clues.'

With those words, everyone looked at him.

'Where is this person now?' Yang Jian asked directly.

'I can use the Ghost Post Office as a pretext to trick him into a meeting, but at this particular time, he'll surely be cautious, and the meeting will likely be arranged abroad,' Wang Yong said.

'It doesn't matter where, I can get there,' Yang Jian said. 'Give it a try; it's best if it succeeds, no big deal if it doesn't.'

Wang Yong nodded, 'Alright, I'll get in touch, give me some time.'

With that, he picked up the phone and started scrolling through his contacts.

Soon enough, he dialed a call.

Even though it's nighttime now, it might be daytime abroad at this time.

However, the call went unanswered for a long while, merely ringing with no one picking up.

'Don't rush; the other side is very wary. It requires exactly four calls before he'll take it,' Wang Yong explained, then dialed again for the second and third time.

On the fourth call, the phone suddenly got answered.

'This is Wang Yong, Mister Dai, I'd like to talk with you about the Post Office,' Wang Yong said.

There was silence on the other end at first, but soon a man's voice came through, 'Ah, it's Wang. Haven't heard from you in a long time. I figured it must be something important for you to reach out, and my guess was right. Is that damned Post Office active again? I really don't want to go to your country; it's a special time now.'

'There are many things you can't avoid, aren't there? Do you have some time? I'd like to meet you,' Wang Yong said.

The man on the phone responded, 'If you're willing to come over here, I wouldn't mind meeting up.'

'No problem, I'm quite curious about the supernatural scene over there and want to find out about the King Organization, see if I can connect some dots, since I have to think about the future as well now,' Wang Yong said, openly discussing the King Organization so as not to arouse suspicion.

'Well, welcome to my country then, I'll text you the address. You better hurry; I won't be at that place for long,' the man responded without any wariness, laughing.

'Wish me luck; I'm not sure if I'll be able to see you smoothly. Too many things have happened at the Post Office recently,' Wang Yong said before hanging up.

Li Yang began to ponder, 'The other side is indeed very cautious; it's not easy to succeed. The address he gives might even be fake.'

'No, he'll play tricks, but he won't deceive me today. He knows that lying to me would mean losing all insights on the Ghost Post Office, so today's address is definitely genuine, but whether he'll be there tomorrow is uncertain. I have some sense of him,' Wang Yong said.

Soon after,

a text message arrived with an address: a highway motel in a state in America.

'Wang Yong, this time you come with me. He Yuelian, you come with me too. The rest of you stay in Shangtong Tower and prevent anyone from entering or leaving this floor. Ensure that word of my departure doesn't leak,' Yang Jian instructed.

'Rest assured, Captain, I've already locked down Shangtong Tower and have every staff member under control,' Li Yang said seriously.

'Alright, while I'm away, you're in charge here. The other side has ambushed most captains and might launch a surprise attack on us too, so be vigilant,' Yang Jian finished as he opened his ghost eye.

In the next moment, the Ghost Domain enveloped them, taking He Yuelian and Wang Yong with him as they vanished from the office.

This time, his Ghost Domain was very covert, not arousing anyone's alarm, even ghost handlers would find it hard to detect Yang Jian's Ghost Domain sweeping over the city sky.

The range of his Ghost Domain was vast, capable of crossing a city in one second. If he were truly heading abroad, it wouldn't take much time at all.

Chapter 1408: New Intelligence

Beside a highway in a state in America.

There's a highway motel here, these are quite common abroad.

However, due to supernatural incidents, the vehicles on the highway are few, causing the motel's business to not be very good, with only a few cars willing to stop and rest each day.

Toward evening, the neon sign on the motel's roof had already lit up, but at this moment, for some unknown reason, the sign flickered with a hiss before quickly returning to normal.

But under the setting sun, three blurry silhouettes suddenly appeared, only for two of them to quickly vanish.

The remaining silhouette gradually approached the front of the motel.

"It's definitely the right address." Wang Yong halted, looked up to double-check the address, confirming it was correct, while secretly feeling shocked.

How long has it been, and Yang Jian's Ghost Domain has already brought me to a foreign country.

"Yang Jian didn't immediately envelop the motel with the Ghost Domain, nor did he immediately take action. He's worried about inadvertently alerting the target, so he sent me to check first. Even if a ghost handler notices me, they won't be overly cautious, since I am not well-known in the supernatural circle, and my ability is not top-notch, so I am not seen as a big threat." Wang Yong understood Yang Jian's arrangements.

Very soon.

He walked into the motel's restaurant.

The restaurant layout was simple, with just a counter and five or six scattered tables, two of which had customers, chatting and eating.

"Buddy, need anything?" A server behind the counter greeted with a smile.

Wang Yong went over and directly asked, "I'm here looking for someone, his name is Dai Sen, though I'm not sure if that's his real name. Here's his photo."

As he spoke, he handed over a pencil sketch.

The server didn't even look and said, "That's unfortunate. We are prohibited from leaking customer information."

Wang Yong didn't say anything, just placed a stack of cash on the counter: "Tell me, this is all yours."

A stack of money, no need to count to know it was ten thousand dollars.

"Sir, the guest you are looking for is staying in room 201. Here's the room key; if you don't recognize it, I can lead the way."

The server enthusiastically handed over a key, quickly pocketing the thick stack of tips.

No one dislikes a guest who is so generous.

"Thank you." Wang Yong took the key and turned to leave.

But as he approached the exit, suddenly the two tables of guests in the lounge abruptly stopped their conversation and turned to look at Wang Yong.

"Wang, your appearance surprises me. I really didn't expect you to arrive here so soon; I thought you would only come in three to five days." The speaker was a foreign woman, her eyes dim and expression rigid, as if controlled by some influence.

Wang Yong's complexion changed slightly; he realized that all these customers were Dai Sen's informants, influenced by his supernatural power.

"I came through supernatural means; the new manager of the Ghost Post Office has assumed office, and the terrifying tasks are about to restart. We have other plans and hope to rally the Fifth Floor Messenger for a major event."

He shifted focus, drawing the conversation toward the Ghost Post Office.

Because this person named Dai Sen was too cautious, any conversation might alert and provoke defensive measures, yet Wang Yong understood, considering the abilities and prowess of the Fifth Floor Messenger.

"My goodness, the new manager has assumed office?" The foreign woman responded in a somewhat exaggerated tone, "What are others planning to do? How can I assist?"

Wang Yong said, "I must speak with you personally, otherwise I won't disclose the plan to you. But you need to know whether the plan succeeds or not, the Fifth Floor Messenger will be reckoned with; now I'm trying to contact as many surviving messengers as possible. If the matter weren't so severe, I wouldn't have come in person."

After speaking, the customers at the tables in the dining room fell silent again, making no response, as if the supernatural force controlling them had dissipated.

"Dai Sen, give me a response, Dai Sen?" Wang Yong attempted to call out but received no answer.

Behind him, the server also disappeared somehow.

"Did he leave?" Wang Yong furrowed his brows deeply.

Then unexpectedly.

His phone suddenly buzzed with a message, containing location coordinates.

The coordinates pointed to a deserted area near the motel.

Seeing this, Wang Yong didn't hesitate and immediately set off in the direction indicated.

Soon, he spotted an abandoned camper at the location, rundown and seemingly uninhabited. As he approached, a foreign man, appearing in his forties, with disheveled hair, akin to a homeless person, staggered down with a bottle in hand.

"Wang, I apologize, I have to be cautious. It's a special period now, and I don't want to be targeted by those people, or I'll meet a tragic end."

The foreign man greeted with a smile, then shook the bottle: "Care for a sip?"

"Dai Sen?"

Wang Yong looked carefully before daring to confirm that this was indeed the Messenger from the fifth floor back then.

He knew a bit about Dai Sen's experiences. Dai Sen and his family of three came to the country for tourism, accidentally received a letter from the Ghost Post Office, and then became a Messenger. Because of delivering letters, he couldn't live a normal life anymore, and his wife couldn't stand that life and returned abroad with their daughter, divorcing him.

Wang Yong asked, "Who do you mean by 'they'? You're also a ghost controller; who dares to bully you?"

"Who else could it be? Of course, it's those bastards from the King Organization. They wanted to invite me to join them, but I refused. I don't want to get involved in that mess. After all, my identity is a Messenger, and I always remember that. Afterward, those bastards started hunting me down as an enemy."

Dai Sen grinned slightly, "During that time, my parents died, and my wife was gone too, even my child... These were all their doings. I've been looking for a chance to take revenge, but the King Organization's informants are too formidable. I must always stay vigilant."

"Looks like you're living quite miserably. Maybe you need a little help." At this moment, a cold voice suddenly rang out.

On the roof of the dilapidated RV, a person was suddenly standing there, unnoticed as to when they appeared.

"Damn, when did you get here?"

Dai Sen was taken aback, quickly turning around, while his body emitted a fierce stench, like that of rotting flesh, emanating a chilling supernatural aura.

But when he saw the person standing on the roof, he stopped, the ferocity on his face turning to shock.

Obviously, he recognized Yang Jian.

"Are you... Yang?" Dai Sen asked uncertainly.

"You know me? Good, looks like this saves me a lot of trouble." Yang Jian's body vanished from the roof and then reappeared behind Dai Sen.

Dai Sen turned around once more, his eyes filled with solemnity: "It wasn't the King looking for me, but you? The Ghost Post Office thing was purely a scam, a ruse to draw me out."

"I'm looking for you just to ask about the King Organization, and I am not interested in ordinary trivial matters about this organization. I only want to know about those Kings within the organization, and if you can tell me, I would be grateful," Yang Jian said calmly.

"What if I refuse?" Dai Sen asked.

Yang Jian replied, "You will die by my hands, and then I'll search your memory for the files again. I just don't want to do that because you have a grudge against the King Organization, and I want to keep you around in case there's a chance for cooperation in the future."

He originally intended to kill and get the memory, but now he thought this Dai Sen could be utilized.

"You want to take down a King?"

Dai Sen wasn't stupid; he immediately understood Yang Jian's intent: "You're a crazy guy, but I have to admire your courage. If you can take down a King before you all go to war, it would indeed be a remarkable victory, and your country desperately needs such a victory to stabilize the situation."

"But you should know that behind a King is a massive force. Your solo actions are unlikely to yield much, because even if you manage to target a King and make a move, the other Kings will come to aid immediately, and you'll have a terrible death."

Dai Sen took a swig of strong alcohol, smiling, "Unless you can end the fight in a very short time. The problem is, it's impossible to do that, maybe you should call on a bunch of good mates, and then you might have a bigger chance."

"I just need the address of one King; the rest is none of your concern," Yang Jian said.

He couldn't search the Ghost Domain widely; he must have an address for precise action, so intelligence is crucial.

"Wang, you should advise him; this is not a good idea," Dai Sen said.

"It's a good idea, and you should have some faith in my captain," Wang Yong replied.

Dai Sen looked at Yang Jian, then at Wang Yong: "I can't tell you. Listen, whatever plans you have, they have nothing to do with me, don't pull me into it."

However, just as he spoke those words,

the next moment,

the surrounding scenery changed drastically, a sinister Ghost Flame burst into life, engulfing the spot where Dai Sen was.

The scorching pain instantly occupied his whole body.

Dai Sen turned into a person aflame, letting out a heartrending scream.

"The taste of being burned by Ghost Flame is unpleasant. How many minutes can you hold on? I don't want to say the same thing a second time." Yang Jian's voice echoed in the sea of fire.

"Stop, stop, I'll tell you, I'll tell you everything."

At this moment, Dai Sen was utterly terrified; he knew if it continued, he would surely be burned to death by the fire.

Moreover, this fire could burn even his bones, something even supernatural couldn't extinguish.

"You only have one chance; cherish it well," Yang Jian withdrew the Ghost Domain of Ghost Flame, finally making the Ghost Flame disappear.

However, Dai Sen's hands and feet, his skin were already charred black, with even a few small flames not yet put out.

"I only know the location of one King; he's in this state, but I can't be sure if he's still at his manor at this moment, whether you encounter him depends on your luck," Dai Sen said, then urgently relayed a new address to Yang Jian.

Chapter 1409: The Manor

"Is it that manor ahead?"

Standing on a hilltop, Yang Jian gazed into the distance. His Ghost Eyes turned, disregarding the Black Night's obstruction, allowing him to see a manor nestled far away. That manor was eerie, with its vision distorted in many areas within the sight of the Ghost Eyes, and most parts possessed no light at all. It seemed as though the entire estate was steeped in darkness.

Nearby the manor, large stretches of land were planted with various crops: corn, grapes, tomatoes... Yet, these crops grew strangely, seemingly deformed under supernatural influence. For instance, the corn stalks were withered and yellow, resembling shriveled arms standing in the soil. The grapevine leaves had fallen, the old vines appeared like a shriveled and twisted corpse, while the tomatoes grew lushly, yet their fruits were rotten and decayed, giving off an air of decay.

And among these crops stood formidable scarecrows, wearing human clothes, donning straw hats, tied to cruciform wooden frames, gently swaying in the wind.

The number of scarecrows was vast; at least a hundred surrounded the manor.

"I once killed a ghost handler, whose body was a scarecrow; he seemed to be called Liao Fan. Earlier still, I recall ordinary passengers mentioning eerie scarecrows when I first took the supernatural bus... Moreover, the headquarters archives don't record related supernatural files."

Yang Jian recalled past events in his mind, searching for information about the scarecrows, and indeed, he found some relevant details.

"These scarecrows standing near the manor are likely a form of supernatural protection, blocking other ghost handlers from entering."

With this thought, he vanished from the spot alone.

When he reappeared, Yang Jian had arrived at the gates of the manor.

The manor gate, full of rust, appeared dilapidated and on the verge of collapse, but the few pale letters above pieced together the name of this manor: Terror Manor.

According to Dai Sen's intelligence, this King from the King Organization is referred to as the Terrifying Manor Lord, a mysterious ghost handler. What makes him mysterious is that anyone entering the Terror Manor never emerges alive. This manor has become taboo locally, with no one willing to venture here, even avoiding driving past by detouring.

In reality, the rumors about Terror Manor go beyond this. As Dai Sen investigated, the Manor Lord himself is also a terrifying ghost handler. When the manor was established, it absorbed many ghost handlers with nowhere to turn. Those who joined the Terror Manor are called gardeners locally, and at one time, the Manor Lord led a group of gardeners to hunt ghost handlers across nations, aiming to obtain the supernatural from them.

After that prolonged hunt, the names of the Terrifying Manor Lord and his gardeners were thoroughly established, solidifying a powerful reputation and status. Later, with the formation of the King Organization, Terror Manor naturally joined, becoming a 'King' due to its formidable strength and influence.

The intelligence isn't detailed, lacking the specific name and supernatural ability information of the Terrifying Manor Lord.

But it doesn't matter.

Yang Jian wants the position of this 'King.' As for supernatural abilities, they'll become clear during the confrontation, especially since the other party doesn't know his specific ability either.

Ignoring the old iron gate.

Yang Jian, holding a red spear, walked into this terrifying manor.

Upon entering the manor, he immediately felt as if he had stepped into a perilous Ghost Domain. Everything around him underwent strange transformations; the original farm seemed infinitely expanded, making its end invisible. A few scattered street lamps dotted the land, casting the crucified scarecrows in a sinister and terrifying light.

"This Manor Lord has truly poor taste; to prevent enemy invasion, he deliberately lets fierce ghosts wander within the manor, forming a supernatural domain." Yang Jian's Ghost Eyes slightly turned.

He looked at a nearby scarecrow.

The scarecrow originally hung its head, but then suddenly emitted a creaking sound, twisting its neck, gazing at Yang Jian's location.

As the scarecrow lifted its head, Yang Jian realized the scarecrow's face was covered with a piece of human skin peeled from a dead face, with a name carved on it using a sharp tool: Jenny.

This should be a female name, simultaneously representing the identity of the human skin, proving that a woman named Jenny was once hunted and her facial skin taken as the Manor Lord's trophy, then sewn onto the scarecrow.

Body, permanently standing in the manor, used to deter other enemies.

Yang Jian looked at the other scarecrows, and indeed, another scarecrow's face was also covered with human skin, with a name similarly carved into it.

With continued observation, among the faces of these scarecrows, he saw various people—women, old people, Asians, and blacks.

Clearly, the Terror Manor Lord's hunting disregards skin color or nationality.

"Truly a sinful place. Everything the Manor Lord does is as bloody and cruel as this country's founding history. No wonder lands like this breed existences like the King Organization." Yang Jian walked within the manor with an expressionless face, unaffected internally, yet harboring bursts of killing intent.

For previously, when he first became a ghost handler, he too was hunted. With growth, he's come to realize all stems from foreign organizations.

The Terror Manor Lord is absolutely not the originator; he's merely a reflection. Yang Jian believes there were quite a few organizations pursuing ghost handler hunting in the past, but with the establishment of ghost handler headquarters across countries, such hunts gradually restrained. At this moment, as Yang Jian continued forward, the scarecrows began moving more intensely within the manor.

Previously, the scarecrows merely lifted their heads to stare at Yang Jian, but in a moment, they struggled to jump off the crucifix one by one.

Some scarecrows emitted piercing screams, others wielded weapons like scythes, axes, and baseball bats from who knows where, rapidly approaching Yang Jian.

"These scarecrows serve as a warning, to prevent ordinary people from entering the manor. Simultaneously, in such numbers, they can drain some less powerful ghost handlers." Yang Jian glanced around, roughly grasping the situation.

"Anyway, I don't plan to sneaking in."

The next moment.

The Ghost Eyes scanned, and the dark manor suddenly seemed ignited, as terrifying Ghost Flames burst into blaze.

All nearby scarecrows were ignited at this moment, emitting eerie green flames that couldn't be easily extinguished or shaken off, capable of burning the supernatural.

The scarecrows, like living humans, screamed in agony, then were consumed entirely by the Ghost Flames.

Moreover, the remaining Ghost Flame continued to burn, spreading out in all directions, with its range increasingly expanding.

From a distance, it looked as though the entire Terror Manor had been set ablaze.

"Yang Jian has made his move. He wants to burn down the entire Terror Manor."

From afar, Wang Yong saw this and his eyelids twitched. This action was too bold; once word spreads, if the battle isn't concluded quickly, leaving will be far from easy for them.

"My heavens, he's burning the manor? The Manor Lord will lead his gardeners to kill him." Dai Sen exclaimed beside him.

Wang Yong said, "Perhaps it will be us who wins."

He glanced in another direction.

A woman dressed in a red wedding gown stood eerily motionless there, her silhouette blurred and elusive, difficult to discern.'

He Yuelian hadn't taken action, as she was waiting for Yang Jian's signal.

The Ghost Flames burned recklessly, such a commotion was bound to draw the attention of the Terror Manor.

Nevertheless, the castle in the middle of the manor remained calm, without any stir, as if those inside the manor were oblivious to what was happening outside.

In truth, however, under Yang Jian's Ghost Eye surveillance, every window of the manor's castle had a person standing there, motionless, with eerie expressions, all staring fixedly at Yang Jian.

A brief scan revealed at least twenty figures at the castle's windows.

These people were probably the gardeners Dai Sen mentioned, the Ghost tamers under the Manor Lord's command.

Yet, no gardener rushed out to stop Yang Jian's actions.

Because, at the moment Yang Jian reached the manor gate, his identity was already exposed.

"Confirming it's the Captain from the Asia headquarters, Ghost Eye Yang Jian?" A hoarse voice rang out at a ten-meter dining table.

It was a man in his fifties, slightly older in appearance, with yellowed teeth mechanically chewing, savoring a slice of tender yet bloody steak.

"Yes, sir."

Beside him, a butler slightly bowed and said, "The intruder's identity is confirmed, so I have instructed all gardeners to stay inside the castle, refraining from stopping his insolent actions."

"You have done well; the gardeners are no match for a Captain, especially since the opponent is one of the most formidable Captains. This formidable Captain suddenly appeared in my manor, clearly indicating he intends to hunt me, just as they hunted that Captain named Zhang Jun. Yang Jian has already declared war; at this moment, he is eager to use a King's head to intimidate others."

"Though this was in the plan, I never expected him to choose me. Is it because he thinks this King is easier to deal with?"

The Manor Lord's voice grew increasingly hoarse, tinged with a sinister tone, instilling fear.

At this moment, the butler became tense.

He feared not Yang Jian outside, but this person beside him.

"Sir, we should immediately notify others. If possible, keeping this guest within the manor will make subsequent actions much easier, wouldn't you agree?" The Official Family said.

The Manor Lord pondered for a moment, then asked, "How many gardeners do we have left here?"

"Twenty-six."

"Notify others to come here quickly, hoping their speed will suffice as I don't wish to resolve everything here before they arrive. I wouldn't hesitate to withhold handing over Yang Jian's corpse."

This fifty-something Manor Lord wiped his dry lips and then stood up.

But before he could finish speaking.

The surrounding walls suddenly became damp, an abundant stream of water seeped in, even droplets were drizzling from overhead.

The water seepage didn't disperse; rather, it aggregated, quickly forming a pool of water, which spread across, seemingly trying to submerge this place.

"This isn't ordinary standing water..." The butler's face changed dramatically.

The next moment.

Numerous cold, pale hands suddenly reached out from the pool, grabbing the butler's legs, pulling him into the water.

At this time, the Manor Lord took action; he extended a withered arm, lifting the butler, and the countless pale hands beneath the water seemed to recoil, splashing water everywhere.

"Stay away from this water." The Manor Lord tossed the butler onto the dining table, then emotionlessly stepped onto the water and walked out.

The frigid water couldn't submerge his feet, nor could it pull him down into the water.

Moreover, with each step, a black footprint was left on the water's surface, a footprint significantly larger than his actual size.

It was as though someone else was walking.

Chapter 1410: A Momentary Assault

"A single fire burned almost the entire manor, the 'gardener' and the Manor Lord in the castle dared not come out. This King is really cautious; it seems he's already aware of my identity and has prepared a response. Well, it's understandable; after all, they're executing the Ark Plan first, so they'd consider issues of retaliation afterward."

Yang Jian had now arrived at the castle gate.

At this moment, the gate was tightly shut, and inside there was no movement at all, eerily silent.

But both sides knew exactly what the situation was like outside and inside the door. It was merely their mutual apprehensions that had prevented the conflict from breaking out by smashing the door down.

"There's only one person out there, and we have so many people; he's doomed. Why should we stay inside the castle? We should open the door and take him down." One gardener was a bit impatient to act.

But another gardener said, "He's a Captain Level. We're a bit short of dealing with him, but don't worry; he won't survive tonight. I believe our boss can handle this matter."

"Let's see if he has the guts to barge in. As long as he steps in here, we'll definitely make him regret today's decision for the rest of his life."

These gardeners were already prepared to confront Yang Jian. They weren't scared at all, but the boss's command forced them to watch the manor burn with Ghost Flame. Otherwise, when Yang Jian appeared outside the iron gate, they would have already acted.

In fact,

The Manor Lord's approach wasn't wrong.

Even though their King Organization kept attacking the headquarters' Captains, putting pressure on them, they were also worried about retaliation from the Captains. Therefore, before the Ghost Plan was implemented, they wouldn't take more aggressive actions. They only wanted to wait for the plan to be

successfully implemented, allowing terrifying supernatural events to overwhelm the headquarters easily, achieving effortless victory.

"We can't give the opposite side too much time to delay, or else when other Kings arrive, things will get very complicated." Although Yang Jian stood motionless outside the door.

The Ghost Flame had already enveloped the entire castle, and at the same time, the supernatural power of the Ghost Lake began to spread at an astonishing speed, continuously corroding everything here.

He could feel that this castle was also imbued with the supernatural, and the problem lied precisely with this castle door.

The heavy old wooden door was worn, but faint contours of two human faces were burned into it; one face had eyes closed, the other had eyes open. A certain supernatural power extended from it, covering every corner of the castle, forming a kind of supernatural protection.

However, such a supernatural door couldn't stop the invasion of the Ghost Lake because the difference in supernatural powers between them was too vast, completely not on the same level.

"It's about time."

Yang Jian felt the stagnation after the ghost water had eroded the castle to a thousand holes, then abruptly opened his Ghost Eyes.

The next moment.

The red Ghost Domain reappeared, unexpectedly covering the eerie Ghost Flame surrounding it.

In this instant, the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain was initiated.

Within the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain, even the supernatural could be paused, as could ghost wielders. However, the stronger the ghost wielder, the shorter the period of pause. But at the moment, Yang Jian's six Ghost Eyes were in a deadlock, which meant this pause could be maintained for a long time and wouldn't end quickly.

"I, too, will be affected within the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain, but if I enter the seventh layer of the Ghost Domain and reboot myself, I can avoid the influence of the sixth layer."

Yang Jian, glowing red, wielded a red long spear, raised his hand, and swung.

A Firewood Knife sufficient to dismember a fierce ghost instantly cleaved open the tightly shut heavy wooden door, and the facial expressions on the door slowly turned into ones of horror.

Without the obstruction of the wooden door, the red Ghost Domain instantly crept in.

"Careful..." A voice was abruptly cut off after the first word was uttered.

Everyone was unable to move under the shroud of the red light, watching helplessly as Yang Jian stepped on the water and walked in, as if strolling through his own backyard.

"The body can't move? Why is this?"

The gardeners widened their eyes, each revealing a look of horror.

"It's not that I can't move; it's that the body has become sluggish....." A gardener could move, but his movements slowed significantly, and moving became extremely difficult.

"Twenty-six 'gardeners'? Quite a number, but it's only a matter of one slash."

The ghost shadow under Yang Jian's feet covered the ground, and mediators were triggered one by one. Countless phantom figures, who had previously accessed this castle, appeared before him.

The phantoms overlapped densely, but Yang Jian swung down three slashes without hesitation.

The mediators before him were instantly torn to pieces by the three blows of the Firewood Knife.

The next moment.

The terrifying curse of the Firewood Knife exploded; an invisible supernatural attack suddenly struck along the mediator.

A gardener paused by the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain, with eyes wide open, unable to move. But before he could think of a way to escape this predicament, a crack appeared on his head. This crack immediately spread, ignoring the effect of the sixth layer of the Ghost Domain, and split him into two halves.

And it didn't stop there; this gardener's body was also torn into two parts, and the legs suddenly snapped.

"How could this happen?" The gardener was horrified by all of this.

Because he hadn't done anything, just his body couldn't move for a second and turned into such a miserable state.

The terrifying supernatural power like a demon couldn't save him, it could only make his body tremble slightly.

And what happened to this gardener also happened to others at the same time, some were even worse off than him.

"The other fellows have all been attacked... Did Yang Jian act on everyone at the same time in an instant?"

"Are you kidding me, is this the strength of the other party's captain? I haven't even struck yet."

"I feel like I'm doomed."

Screams of anger and unwillingness emerged, but they couldn't speak out, only shout desperately in their hearts, yet this couldn't change the fact that they were annihilated by Yang Jian in an instant.

Because the gap was too large.

No captain-level ghost tamer below could withstand the six-layer Ghost Domain combined with the firewood knife curse, and they couldn't avoid it. Their only hope relied on the supernatural peculiarity of their own to not die too easily, even surviving dismemberment.

"Numbers have never been an advantage before me."

Yang Jian's expression was indifferent as he stopped his attack, withdrew from the seven-layer Ghost Domain state, and also turned off the six-layer Ghost Domain's pause.

No more supernatural power to pause everything.

Instantly.

In the castle, gardeners located at different positions were instantly dismembered into multiple pieces and then fell to the ground.

"Bastard." Someone roared, it was a head rolling on the ground.

Clearly, this ghost tamer was dismembered but still alive, some sort of supernatural force maintained his life, but the firewood knife dismemberment didn't just separate the flesh but also dispersed the supernatural power, even if the remaining supernatural could sustain life, he could only shout a few words, nothing more.

"The battle ended in less than a second, was the gap really so big? Yang Jian, I don't believe it, you've been in the supernatural circle for a little over a year, I've lived longer than you, I almost took the task to hunt you down once, if it weren't for another unlucky guy appearing, your face would now be hanging on the scarecrow outside the manor."

Another Asian-faced gardener shouted in anger at Yang Jian with his broken mouth.

This ghost tamer who lived longer even had encounters with Yang Jian in the past.

"Your voices are too disturbing, sink to the bottom, disappear from this world." Yang Jian's cold voice echoed in the dim castle.

The chilling lake water had already seeped in with his appearance.

The dismembered bodies started to sink rapidly after touching the lake water, which seemed like shallow puddles but acted like a bottomless lake, able to engulf everything.

Yang Jian wouldn't give these 'gardeners' a chance to awaken and recover, the best fate was for them to sink into the Ghost Lake.

The supernatural power of the Ghost Lake could erode all living consciousness, only aberrations could survive, and even if the aberrant consciousness survived, revival was nearly impossible because, after dismemberment, the puzzle of supernatural power was uneven, causing the depth each corpse sank in the lake to differ, further minimizing their chance of revival.

All the attacks seemed prolonged, but in reality, the entire ordeal from Yang Jian's action to its end lasted only a few seconds.

This swift and clean battle ending even shocked and surprised the Manor Lord.

Because it was so quick, beyond expectation, even the Manor Lord didn't have time to intervene, as by the Manor Lord's estimates, even if Yang Jian did break in, the twenty-six gardeners would cause him considerable trouble, at least delay for a while, so the Manor Lord didn't plan to appear so soon, wanted the gardeners to confront Yang Jian as much as possible, revealing his hidden cards gradually.

And the Manor Lord would remain hidden and deliver a fatal strike to Yang Jian at a critical moment, ending the battle.

"Mister Yang, your methods surprise me, all my good gardeners vanished in a blink, you have truly brought me a big surprise."

The Manor Lord's hoarse voice echoed in the castle, he had no choice but to appear early.

"The weakness of your gardeners also surprises me, but don't worry, they die first, then it's your turn, I hope you can at least give me a different experience, otherwise my trip here is somewhat unworthy," Yang Jian said coldly, his ghost eyes rotating, trying to lock in the opponent's position.

Meanwhile, the Ghost Flame ravaged inside the castle, attempting to burn everything down.

"This is my territory, I will entertain you well, rest assured." The Manor Lord's voice continued to resound.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes failed to lock due to supernatural interference, Ghost Flame too couldn't force the opponent out, clearly, this Manor Lord was no simple character.

But Yang Jian never held back in a confrontation, within a very short period, he wanted to establish supremacy and life or death.

"When I throw this spear, it will pierce the person speaking."

Yang Jian grasped the red spear, streaks of crimson blood seeped from the spear, he whispered softly, like a demon unleashing a dreadful curse, a simple sentence but instilled a mysterious dread, as if something terrible had fixed its gaze on you.

After making a wish, he unhesitatingly threw the spear.