

Revival 1411

Chapter 1411 - Revealing Himself and Making a Move

The launched spear was now affected by a terrifying supernatural power, flying towards the depths of the castle, and in the blink of an eye, it disappeared from sight.

Clearly, Yang Jian's wish had taken effect; from now on, the supernatural spear would not stop until it pierced the Manor Lord.

"Previously, when activating the medium and using the Firewood Knife, I should have scored a hit on him, but the results suggest otherwise. This Manor Lord hasn't chosen to appear, testing my trump cards while stalling. He waits for additional support to arrive, avoiding a life-and-death struggle with me."

Yang Jian's ghostly eyes rotated, fixated on the direction where the spear vanished, then followed without hesitation.

The attack post-wish was merely the first step. The second step was to use this wish to locate the opponent, gaining another opportunity to strike.

In a dim corner of the castle, this was a place where the Ghost Flame could not reach.

The red spear seemed to have come alive, darting swiftly, occasionally pausing briefly, as if a fierce ghost was guiding the weapon in search of its target.

Meanwhile.

A man roughly fifty years old, somewhat frail, shrouded in darkness, walked heavily down the desolate corridor. With each step he took, a black footprint mismatching his size was left behind, and gradually unfamiliar footsteps began to echo.

Initially, there was only one echo, but as time passed, the footsteps multiplied behind him.

Having traversed merely a short distance, the footsteps became exceedingly dense, as if countless people followed behind, yet eerily the space was empty, with footprints appearing consecutively from nowhere.

Like a leader, the Manor Lord drew all footsteps to follow him.

Passing by a corridor window, the glass reflected a terrifying scene; the empty corridor seemed filled with countless people, expressionless, cold, numb, some mutilated, some decayed, some bleeding... A group of fierce ghosts.

The horrific reflection on the glass vanished in a flash, but in reality, behind the Manor Lord remained desolate, only the footprints endlessly emerging.

These footprints appeared because of the residual water on the ground.

"A hasty captain, so eager to eliminate me? Well then, let this young captain learn a hard lesson." The Manor Lord's expression was equally indifferent and cold, yet he seemed to understand Yang Jian's every move without having met.

For this was his castle, his palace; here he was the true King, and no one could defy him.

Anyone who disrespects him here will become a lost soul, forever to follow him.

The next moment.

The Manor Lord disappeared from his original spot, reappearing elsewhere in the castle.

Just as he left, a red spear flew in from the other end of the corridor, only to miss, pausing briefly before adjusting direction to fly elsewhere.

The eerie Ghost Flame continued to burn deeper into the castle, while the residual water spread, covering everything with the supernatural.

Even the Manor Lord could no longer hide, thus he appeared.

"Stop searching, I am here." As the Ghost Flame ceased abruptly, the Manor Lord's figure emerged, blocking Yang Jian's advance.

Yang Jian, who chased after him, halted abruptly, hesitated not and opened six-layer Ghost Domain to envelope, seeking immediate containment and sealing.

Against such a person, holding back was not an option.

"Your Ghost Domain is useless against me." The Manor Lord's hoarse voice revealed confidence and arrogance.

Where the red Ghost Domain spread, it was directly blocked like the Ghost Flame. A wall-like silhouette formed from myriad shadows, impenetrable, thwarting the supernatural itself.

Next instant, as Yang Jian acted, a red spear flew in from behind the Manor Lord, driven by the wish's supernatural influence to stab at him.

But similarly.

Yang Jian's spear became stuck mid-air unable to move, nor could it fall, seemingly caught.

Yet the spear vibrated continuously, an ongoing confrontation of supernatural forces. Occasionally it broke free, inching towards the Manor Lord, though such progress was painfully slow.

At least before the battle was over, Yang Jian's spear could not pierce this person.

"If this is all you've got, then it's a pity, you're about to meet a gruesome end." The Manor Lord's lips curled into a cold smile, grimly sinister.

"You can easily block both the six-layer Ghost Domain and the wished-for spear?"

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed: "I've never underestimated your King Organization's Kings, but I expected more effectiveness from my skills. Evidently, that was my mistake, thinking it feasible to eliminate a King swiftly was unrealistic."

"However, the confrontation has just begun."

As he spoke, water flooded rapidly from all directions, converging in an inundation that submerged everything around.

Yet Yang Jian saw the Manor Lord stand atop the waters, immune to sinking—whether due to the terrifying supernatural power, or the Ghost Lake he wielded saturating after drowning over twenty 'gardeners'—was uncertain.

Still, despite not sinking the opponent, the Ghost Lake unfolded a dreadful scene.

On the waters stood many ghosts, unseeable but manifest in reflection due to the Ghost Lake.

The fearsome ghostly figures encircled the Manor Lord, barricading any approach.

The red spear's suspension was due to piercing through multiple ghostly forms, gripped by numerous ghosts, limiting its movements, with progress owing to the spear's built-in Fatal Curse.

Similarly, Ghost Flame and ghostly eyes' Ghost Domain were obstructed by these grim figures.

Invisible, yet truly surrounding the Manor Lord with tangible supernatural power.

"A ghost handler controlling so many fierce ghosts?" Yang Jian's pupils contracted sharply.

Yet the Manor Lord offered Yang Jian no time to wonder, advancing towards him with echoing footsteps as the castle trembled—the manifold souls, ghosts surged forth, sealing off everything.

Instinctively Yang Jian tried stepping forward but found himself obstructed, an unseen wall barring his way.

Seeking another path proved futile.

Attempting Ghost Domain revealed a twisted ghostly sight, indistinct images conglomerating, obscured by dense supernatural forces.

Walls surrounded him, even overhead and below.

Yang Jian found himself trapped in a confining cage, immobilized.

"Let me crush your skull into dust."

A black cane had mysteriously appeared in the Manor Lord's hand, etched with ghastly faces, heavy and daunting, shattering the ground with a mere touch.

Evidently, a terrifying supernatural weapon.

The Manor Lord did not approach Yang Jian, perhaps sensing untapped tricks or suspecting a trap.

A captain wouldn't easily be confined.

Thus he casually tossed the black cane forward.

"Let's see, can you dodge now?" The Manor Lord's raspy voice echoed.

The black cane's trajectory was predictable; Yang Jian could evade if mobile.

Yet as the black cane flew, Yang Jian forcibly twisted aside, dodged but not entirely.

His shoulder was struck.

With a mere touch, his shoulder vanished into powder, and swiftly, his body was weathering at an unimaginable pace; within seconds, nothing would remain.

"You seem genuine, so just disappear like this," the Manor Lord remarked coldly, standing firm, watching Yang Jian's decline.

Chapter 1412 - Successful Hunt

The supernatural powers displayed by the Manor Lord of the Terror Manor were terrifying. In the short-term supernatural clash, Yang Jian not only failed to win, but was somewhat at a disadvantage.

The paranormal attack landed on Yang Jian's shoulder, and with just a touch, his body began to rapidly disappear as if it were weathering away.

Yang Jian's face remained indifferent, unfazed, and his ghost eye slightly rotated, witnessing the eerie scene at the wound.

At the spot hit by the black hand, countless tiny mouths appeared densely packed. These mouths were lined with black teeth, gnawing at the flesh of his wound like ants, with such speed that the paranormal nature was unseen, creating the weathering effect.

"If this is all you have, then I'm sorry, but today your headquarters will lose yet another captain. But I reckon you have some trump cards left unused. In this situation, there's no need for holding back, is there? If you wait for the support from the other 'Kings,' your hunting plan will completely fail."

The Manor Lord's hoarse voice sounded, his wrinkled face cold and serious, as rigid as a stone pillar, unmoving.

He was cautious, never letting his guard down until the very end, and even now was not greedy enough to seize the red spear behind him.

Unless he saw Yang Jian dead before his eyes, this battle would never end.

Yang Jian smiled at this moment, his smile cold: "You're very cautious. Even in this sure-win situation, you showed no flaws. I must admit, you people from the King Organization are indeed not simple; killing you is both troublesome and difficult, completely different from those gardeners before."

While talking, his ghost eye rotated, his body enveloped in red light. In a mere blink, the weathered parts of his body reversed instantly, erasing the supernatural damage, and he returned to being unscathed.

The Manor Lord's face remained calm at this result, not surprised at all.

The previous captain's dying counterattack nearly took down a 'King.' If this Enforcement Captain Yang Jian were so easy to kill, the Ark Plan wouldn't have needed to drag on so long; it would have been implemented long ago.

"What a pity, it seems it is hard to take you down, but trapping you for a short period should be no problem."

The Manor Lord saw his attack had no effect and decided to stay cautious, opting for a safer strategy to delay, awaiting support.

Although restarting ignored the paranormal damage, the invisible walls around still existed, blocking Yang Jian's movements, preventing him from doing anything.

"But can you really block my actions?" The killing intent in Yang Jian's eyes remained intense.

He knew there wasn't much time left. Continuing to delay might bring unforeseen changes, so he had to speed up his actions again.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian, trapped in place and unable to move, suddenly felt his body loosen. He fell directly into the water beneath his feet.

A shallow layer of water swallowed his body, taking him away from the spot.

"Hmm?" The Manor Lord's expression changed slightly, sensing a terrifying danger approaching.

He instinctively turned to look behind.

Behind him, Yang Jian's figure emerged from the puddle, grasping the red spear stuck in midair.

"I say, the supernatural blocking me shall disperse."

"I say, this blade will surely strike the person before me."

Yang Jian spoke in a deep, resonant voice, no longer a devil's whisper but like divine truth, with words that would inevitably come true.

As soon as he said this.

The Manor Lord immediately felt that the ghostly wall formed by numerous paranormal forces had a crack. This crack widened, as if an unseen ferocious ghost was tearing at the wall.

"This distance, too close, it will truly be breached."

At this moment, the Manor Lord realized why the spear, which couldn't successfully attack him before, kept advancing towards him. It was to close the distance for the next strike.

Yang Jian's earlier attack was merely buying time and diverting attention.

Amid the terrifying paranormal collision, Yang Jian clearly felt the obstacle before him weaken. Even though the opponent could block six layers of Ghost Domain and Ghost Flame, under the Wishing Ghost's supernatural boost, the unseen wall was still breached. Perhaps it was just a gap, but it was enough.

The cold Firewood Knife had already come down, the body of the Manor Lord before him overlapping with the medium. This slash was bound to be unpleasant.

However, the Manor Lord reacted, and the black cane thrown before reappeared in his hand, lifting to block, attempting to thwart Yang Jian's assault.

The Firewood Knife and the black cane, two supernatural items, collided at that moment.

Upon collision, countless horrific screams echoed within the entire castle. The Firewood Knife's strike was terrifying, but the ghost living within the cane was also menacing.

In the brief clash, the two supernatural weapons quickly decided the winner.

The black cane only lasted a second before being severed by the Firewood Knife, and the following assault landed on the Manor Lord's body, a slash cutting from his shoulder, almost cleaving him in two. But the angle went awry, dismembering an arm and leaving a ghastly gash on his chest.

At this moment, the Manor Lord couldn't maintain his previous composure. His eyes narrowed slightly as he retreated repeatedly, feeling the terrible spirit eroding his body, preventing the wound from closing, and even stripping some of the supernatural completely away from him.

"If you have any measures left, you better use them quickly; I'm afraid you won't get another chance." Yang Jian warned him.

"A nice attack, but wanting to smoothly win this battle, you're still lacking."

The Manor Lord quickly calmed down, and countless small hands grew from his splitting wounds. Those hands were dark and cold, like newborn babies, connecting and pulling each other, forcefully restoring the torn wound in a blink of an eye, leaving only a non-removable scar on his body.

The dismembered arm also moved on the ground, continually crawling back to the Manor Lord.

Clearly.

He was also a formidable 异类. Even when dismembered, he wouldn't die, and his recovery speed was astonishing, maintaining mobility throughout.

"Use the Coffin Nail and pin him down directly."

Upon seeing this, Yang Jian understood what he needed to do next. His ghost eye opened once again, its eerie crimson light enveloping, trying to pause him within six layers of Ghost Domain. Even a second's interference would ensure his victory in this battle.

"Ghost Domain isn't exclusively yours." The Manor Lord growled hoarsely, seemingly angry.

A thick black mist surged from his body, expanding and engulfing in all directions.

From the black mist emerged countless deceased souls, turned into by the Manor Lord's killings of ghost wielders. To some extent, they retained some of their earlier paranormal power. Although a single soul might be insignificant, when their numbers reached a certain point, it could create a transformation.

The pitch-black fog blocked everything. The light from the six layers of Ghost Domain tore open a part of the fog but couldn't reach deeper, failing to encompass the Manor Lord.

This was the second time he blocked Yang Jian's Ghost Domain.

In the past, such a scenario would have been unimaginable.

But today, everything that happened to this manor lord seemed very reasonable.

Accompanied by the emergence of the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian then saw a darker, eerie shadow appearing within the dense fog. That shadow was tall, seemingly the source of the Ghost Domain, but its form was completely different from the manor lord.

"Is this the terrifying ghost that the manor lord is controlling?" Yang Jian's intuition told him that this ghostly entity was the real thing he had to deal with.

But then again, his six-layer Ghost Domain continued to resist the black fog, the red long spear in his hand ready to strike.

"Is there no way to decide the winner?"

After a brief confrontation, Yang Jian instantly understood that under the circumstances where both parties were anomalies, neither feared exhaustion and the battle couldn't end in a short time. He might be able to wear down the manor lord, but it would take considerable time.

Currently, the other 'Kings' are rushing over, and he has a powerful sense of crisis; perhaps their reinforcements could arrive within a minute.

"He Yuelian, it's your turn to break this stalemate and send him on his way." He whispered softly.

A predetermined signal appeared.

The next moment.

Suddenly, amidst the castle infused with supernatural occurrences, a woman dressed in a red wedding dress and covered with a red veil appeared.

After He Yulian appeared, gray-white ashes floated throughout the entire castle, resembling burnt paper, as she slowly raised her palm, beckoning towards the dense fog.

Immediately, the dense fog contending with Yang Jian became uncontrollable, all rushing towards He Yuelian.

This was the fearful supernatural ability belonging to the Dried Corpse Bride before — able to summon ghosts.

"You actually have help?" The fog thinned, and the Ghost Domain was being breached; the manor lord's voice was tinged with shock and anger.

Never did he expect Yang Jian to be so insidious, hiding such a powerful ally without any prior detection.

"Assassinating a King is impossible without assistance. When you dealt with Zhang Jun, your allies were far more than mine. Did you think I came to duel you alone? You're too naive." Yang Jian said coldly.

As the black mist transferred, the manor lord could no longer resist the impending red glow ahead.

Suddenly.

The thinning black mist was torn apart, and the six-layer Ghost Domain instantly enveloped over.

The supernatural power to suspend everything appeared.

The manor lord, even as a supernatural entity, terrifying in his own right, was disbanded as his arm was dismembered, and the black fog Ghost Domain was forcibly taken away by He Yuelian, leaving him powerless to escape suspension.

One second!

Two seconds!

Move, move!

The manor lord madly struggled to break this terrifying seal; his consciousness was clear, his body struggled to move, but it was slow. However, as time passed, his ability to move increased.

This indicated that he couldn't be contained.

In less than six seconds, he would be able to act again.

But against Yang Jian, even one second of immobility could decide many things.

Suddenly.

The red long spear was thrown, piercing through the manor lord's skull in his incredulous gaze, precisely and swiftly hitting him, with the remaining force viciously pinning him against the wall behind.

The manor lord's body trembled, his hands sank, losing movement.

The eerie arm that had crawled next to him halted its movement at this moment, seemed to lose its target, while the black mist enveloping He Yuelian dissipated instantly.

The retreat of supernatural phenomena meant the source had been sealed.

"Did it succeed?" He Yuelian stood motionless, glancing around.

Yang Jian didn't speak; he merely walked over, cold-faced.

Just as the manor lord had cautioned against him before, he too wasn't careless; until the final moment, no one knew the outcome of this battle.

However, when Yang Jian arrived before the manor lord and found no response, he assumed he probably won, because if the enemy had any means left, he would've retaliated by now.

This battle wasn't won easily; if it weren't for He Yuelian's appearance, it would've been difficult for Yang Jian to eliminate him alone.

"Quickly check the surroundings; if there are no flaws, we retreat back to Dachang City immediately."
Yang Jian surveyed the manor lord's corpse, the ghost eye continued scanning the castle, preparing to withdraw.

However, at this moment.

His expression changed drastically, as he saw the entire castle shift, as if drawn out from an oil painting, unreal.

"Not good, the reinforcements have arrived. Someone wants to use the supernatural to replace reality and keep us here." Yang Jian quickly realized the implication behind this unreal sensation.

"We mustn't be trapped here; otherwise, we'll be in grave danger."

He didn't dare to assume anything, having just faced the manor lord, Yang Jian understood that the opposing Kings were powerful; if they joined forces, it might genuinely threaten his life, especially since they possessed Coffin Nails.

The objective of Yang Jian's visit was complete; bringing along He Yuelian was merely for emergencies. Now that the goal was achieved, as long as they could retreat safely, it counted as a victory.

Yang Jian let He Yuelian enter the Ghost Lake first, then he intended to take the manor lord's body.

At this moment, he discovered that most of the manor lord's body had vanished, turning into a projection on the wall due to some supernatural influence — visible but untouchable.

"The enemy acts swiftly."

Yang Jian hesitated not and could only cut off the manor lord's head, taking it into the accumulated waters and disappearing swiftly.

The moment he vanished; the entire manor was replaced by the supernatural force, and reality was eliminated, everything erased.

And not far from the Terror Manor, an old canvas appeared at some unknown time, with an oil painting of an eerie castle upon it.

Even more bizarre, the canvas continuously drips water.

Chapter 1413 - News of the Death Spreads

Splash!

Accompanied by the rolling water.

Yang Jian returned directly to Dachang City with He Yuelian, appearing in an inconspicuous reservoir on the outskirts of the city, rather than heading straight home.

He was worried that something horrifying might be following him, so he chose a relatively quiet place to take a temporary break.

"Actually, we might not have needed to leave so hastily; perhaps we could have tried facing them," He Yuelian said.

Yang Jian looked at her and said, "What? Have you grown fond of the thrill of fighting for your life? You can't be too greedy; their reinforcements have arrived. If we drag this out, it'll hurt us more. Plus, I don't want you to make a move yet because you're the ace in the hole. They don't know your information, which is crucial. Next time you act, you can still catch them off guard."

Beside them, Wang Yong swam up from the reservoir. Squeezing his wet clothes, he said, "That's right, information is crucial right now. We've suffered from a lack of intel before. Your strength is great, but it's not time to reveal it fully. I believe they must also have undisclosed aces."

"The battle between the King Organization and our headquarters has just begun. There will be plenty of opportunities to strike. Today's action was just an appetizer, to show them we have the capability to hunt them and warn them not to get too arrogant. This holds great significance for future actions and planning," Yang Jian said.

He Yuelian said, "Since you're decided, the action can only end here. How are you feeling now?"

"I'm fine. The Manor Lord couldn't deal with me, but through this battle, I've realized that we don't have much advantage in one-on-one against their Kings. We can't resolve it quickly unless two captains act together, and only if they're among the best of us. If they are regular captains..."

Yang Jian couldn't help but shake his head slightly.

"Overall, their strength surpasses ours. The King Organization's assessment of us isn't wrong; our headquarters is weaker than theirs. The upcoming battles could be very fierce, and many might die."

He Yuelian said, "Then maybe we should execute another hunt to force them to collapse without fighting."

"Today's situation was unique; it's hard to repeat. They'll know we killed the Manor Lord, so they likely won't act alone anymore. If we continue hunting, never mind whether the action succeeds, we must be wary of their hunts too. There are other captains besides us at headquarters."

"Now, they want to carry out the Ark Plan. Such hunting would only waste more of our time. We must first stop their conspiracy and find countermeasures. Otherwise, even if we take down all their Kings, we'll suffer unimaginable losses once the Ark Plan succeeds."

Yang Jian carefully analyzed the pros and cons, feeling that the hunting plan should no longer be used.

"First, check if any supernatural threat is targeting us. If we're fine, we return to Shangtong Tower, where everyone is still present even at this hour. I need to send out the news of our action's success. Wang Yong, you should contact Dai Sen abroad more frequently; make him our intelligence officer, helping us. If he doesn't agree, kill him."

Wang Yong nodded and said, "There shouldn't be any problems. He knows we truly hunted the Manor Lord, so he'll likely cooperate since he also has a grudge against the King Organization."

"You can't trust grudges; stances can change at any moment," Yang Jian said.

"I'll keep an eye on it. Leave this to me; I guarantee no issues," Wang Yong said.

Yang Jian didn't say much more. Since he chose Wang Yong to join his team, it was natural to trust his abilities.

After lingering around the reservoir for a while to confirm nothing abnormal appeared, he left and returned to Shangtong Tower.

Although it was deep into the night,

everyone in Shangtong Tower had not slept, anxiously awaiting Yang Jian's return. This hunt was crucial, and the headquarters couldn't afford the consequences of a failed hunt.

The atmosphere in the office was very tense.

When Yang Jian appeared with He Yuelian and Wang Yong, everyone's minds were immediately at ease.

"Captain." Li Yang couldn't help but stand up, "How did it go?"

"Encountered some trouble, but the goal was achieved. Successfully killed a King from the King Organization. That guy was really tough to kill. In the end, He Yuelian broke the balance, allowing me to succeed, otherwise who knows how long I'd be stuck," Yang Jian explained.

After Yang Jian finished speaking, a red long spear floated up from the water beside him.

Below the red spear, a human head was pierced by the Coffin Nail, losing all supernatural essence.

Li Yang visibly relaxed upon seeing this, "Glad the plan was successfully executed. I was really worried something unexpected would happen."

"We need to kill one of their Kings if they kill one of our captains. Although this time was dangerous, Yang Jian's plan was right. If we don't hurt them, they'll become more reckless," Tong Qian said excitedly.

Yang Jian said, "Take some photos of this and upload them to the Ghost Tamer website. Inform everyone that our headquarters has successfully hunted down one of the Kings."

"This is easy. I'll handle it," Li Yang immediately took out his phone to capture the images.

Yang Jian then submerged the human head back into the water, knowing the Manor Lord was still alive. If the Coffin Nail was removed, he would regain consciousness, so Yang Jian didn't intend to entirely erase the Manor Lord's consciousness. He planned to use the head to find a way to access the Manor Lord's memories.

This is the fastest way to gather intelligence. Relying solely on the headquarters' agents would be much slower.

Soon enough.

Li Yang returned to his office to upload the photo of the Manor Lord's dead head onto the Ghost Tamer website, with a narrative warning the King Organization of the consequences of opposing the headquarters.

During the earlier declaration of war, the website had rapidly attracted many visitors who were still discussing the declaration. But with this explosive news released, the Ghost Tamer website immediately blew up.

"Are you kidding? How long has it been since the declaration of war? Less than two hours, right? Yang Jian already hunted a King from the King Organization? This must be Photoshopped; I can't believe it. I absolutely refuse to believe it; this must be fake. I just joined the King Organization; don't scare me."

"The intel exposed in the photos is quite clear. The red spear is the supernatural weapon of Yang Jian, and the Coffin Nail is piercing the head. Surely everyone knows Yang Jian possesses a Coffin Nail, right?"

"The news is true; the one hunted down was a Terror Manor Lord from a certain state in America. I once saw the Manor Lord by chance, and yes, it was him. Such a big event couldn't be fake; I don't believe this website doesn't have members of the King Organization."

All kinds of comments erupted immediately, furiously pouring in.

But most of these comments were from bystanders, while those truly involved in this matter remained silent at this moment.

Especially the members of the King Organization; when they saw the appearance of that head, their eyelids twitched.

Because they recognized that this indeed was one of the organization's Kings.

At this moment, the news of Yang Jian hunting a King was spreading wildly. In less than ten minutes, anyone with a bit of influence in the supernatural circle knew about it.

"Yang Jian did a good job killing the chicken to scare the monkey. Not only did he show the other Kings that the headquarters has the ability to hunt them down, but he also boosted morale and stabilized the hearts of many who previously thought the King Organization would win effortlessly. However, with the news of Yang Jian's successful hunt, the outcome of this battle has become unpredictable again. Yang Jian truly is a person of both wisdom and bravery, not to be underestimated. Though this plan is brilliant, it lacks something; if they could use this person as bait, surround and annihilate a few more Kings, wouldn't it be great? Then, the King Organization would surely be terrified, and the Ark Plan would collapse without a fight."

A netizen known as 'I Have a Plan' commented on current events again.

"Well done on the kill. What King? Just a loser. If he was killed today, another one can be killed tomorrow. Someday I'll take a stroll abroad and show you by killing a King."

A netizen with the username 'Master Ye from Dahai City' boasted, openly declaring a challenge against the Kings.

Quite a few people also expressed their resolve to fight the King Organization to the end, vowing to at least hunt down one of their members, with a sudden surge in morale.

The message reached the headquarters at this moment.

Cao Yanhua was startled upon seeing the news but soon showed an expression of joy. As a deputy minister, he knew how significant Yang Jian's move was; the fact that the opponent lost a King right after a declaration of war meant all their plans were scrambled, greatly relieving pressure on the headquarters.

The situation was improving.

"Although the action was reckless, this hit really hurt the opponent. The information says that not only was a King hunted, but the entire Terror Manor also disappeared, effectively wiping out a top-tier ghost master force."

Amid his excitement, Cao Yanhua did not forget what he should do. He immediately instructed the staff to inform the other captains of this news.

However, there was no need for him to deliberately send the message, as they had also seen it on the ghost master website.

"This is indeed Yang Jian's style, giving the enemy no chance to prepare or breathe. He hunted down a King without mobilizing other captains, which reveals a lot and necessitates deep thinking... The King Organization hasn't immediately reacted, seemingly quite wary of Yang Jian."

Leuk San looked at the information on his phone, a slight smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, but it was a cold smile because his hatred for the King Organization was unwavering.

One dead King was nothing; he wanted to personally destroy this organization because his teammates were murdered by them—an enmity that must be avenged.

Meanwhile, in Dachuan City, Li Leping remained expressionless upon seeing the news: "No wonder we were told not to act rashly; it turned out Yang Jian wanted to handle things himself to avoid domestic chaos. But it seems the King Organization has forgotten about me, as they haven't attacked."

"Successfully hunted a King? Yang Jian did not disappoint, but my enmity isn't over yet."

In Dayuan City, He Yiner gritted her teeth and said. She had been attacked, but the one harmed wasn't herself, but Boss Liu from Taiping Town.

Boss Liu was quite old and, at this moment, was affected by supernatural harm, influencing his condition and possibly shortening his lifespan.

"This time, I will take all the spirit tablets to show these damned people how terrifying the Soul Summoner of Taiping Town really is. In these special times, there's no need to hold back anymore. I'll

find new mediums after using them all up." He Yiner was determined this time, planning to actively respond to Yang Jian's summons and prepare to fight against the King Organization.

"Died well."

Cao Yang issued a cold laugh after seeing the message. Hidden in darkness, he licked his wounds like a wounded beast, waiting for the moment to be summoned. He knew Yang Jian's actions were just the beginning and wouldn't end so quickly; he simply needed to adjust his state, waiting for a chance for revenge.

However, in Dadong City, Wang Chaling had very mixed emotions upon seeing the message.

"What are your thoughts?" Lin Bei asked beside him.

"Yang Jian might settle accounts with me before the war begins." Wang Chaling put down his phone, his expression calm.

Lin Bei said: "There's a chance to make amends. It's a critical moment now; if you achieve some battle results, maybe your act of stealing the Hungry Ghost can be tolerated. Dying at someone else's hands is still better than dying at your own, after all, you need to plan for the future."

"The future? What do you mean?" Wang Chaling asked.

"The fourth generation of the Wang Family might be born in over half a year. The Wang Family's curse has been passed on again; this is intelligence just sent from the headquarters—she's pregnant." Lin Bei said.

Wang Chaling's expression changed, then he realized something and suddenly stood up: "I clearly warned... Damn, I'm going to kill her now. The curse should end with me and not pass on."

"Can you do it? That's your woman and child; maybe you don't have much feeling, but that child bears the fate of the fourth generation of the Wang Family. You don't have the chance to have another one anymore." Lin Bei touched his bald head with a smile.

Wang Chaling's steps halted immediately.

"Stop struggling and think about the next things instead. The upcoming matters concern everyone's survival. If the King Organization plans succeed, Dadong City will be doomed. You shouldn't be tangled up with present choices; if fate wants this curse to pass on, there's nothing you can do, is there?" Lin Bei advised him.

"Yang Jian's successful hunt this time suggests he will soon gather the captains to counteract the Ark Plan. If you have any responsibility, join me in responding to the call. Put aside these trivial matters; don't get hung up on them."

Wang Chaling remained silent, standing still.

After a moment, he adjusted his glasses and replied: "I understand."

Chapter 1414 - The Countermeasure Plan

The time has come to the second day.

It's been over ten hours since the headquarters declared war on the King Organization, and aside from the news of Yang Jian hunting down the Manor Lord spreading, the paranormal circle seems to have returned to calm.

Although discussions on the Ghost Domain website are ongoing, what's eerie is that the members of the King Organization seem to have all vanished at this moment, with no actions or news coming out, and even some openly aligned paranormal organizations have remained silent.

Anyone with insight knows that Yang Jian's hunting action has put great pressure on the King Organization people, because no one could have expected that a mere captain like Yang Jian could wipe out the Terror Manor Lord.

Such power is enough to disrupt the balance of the situation.

To put it bluntly, who among the remaining Kings of the King Organization can guarantee they won't be the next hunted target?

Even if the Ark Plan is successfully implemented, who can withstand Yang Jian's final counterattack and retaliation?

Unless...they take Yang Jian down first, eliminating this greatest threat, otherwise many won't be able to sleep at night.

"Still no movement?" Li Yang stared at the website overnight, browsing a lot of information and paying attention to intelligence from headquarters.

But after a whole night, he found nothing, which surprised him greatly.

"Indeed, this attack by the captain hurt them. Now I estimate the King Organization is in chaos internally. If we can devise a counter-Ark plan, then this situation might very well reverse, not necessarily in advantage, but at least not be manipulable at will. As long as we have the capital to resist, those so-called 'kings' have to weigh whether they can afford the cost of provoking us."

Li Yang felt a bit less tense at the moment. Although the sudden action by the King Organization yesterday indeed caught the headquarters off guard, making the situation feel completely unstable, the success of the hunting plan firmly stabilized the situation.

At this moment.

Yang Jian has become the hottest figure in the entire paranormal circle and even globally, his importance and status even surpassing foreign presidents. Now his every action is enough to affect global dynamics and even determine the future world's direction.

Yet at this moment, he is alone in the number one safe house in Guanjiang Residential Complex.

And the Manor Lord's head, nailed by the Coffin Nail, is placed right in front of him.

"It's almost ready," Yang Jian murmured for a moment before finally pulling the red long spear out from the head.

He released the suppression on the Manor Lord, though such an act was dangerous, he needed to gather intelligence from this head, so he had to take a risk.

Once the Coffin Nail was pulled out.

The surrounding black Ghost Shadows immediately enveloped the head.

Yang Jian hesitated not, directly used the Ghost Shadow to read memories, not intending to interrogate any information from the other.

However, when the Ghost Shadow completely covered the head, what was read was not living memory but a darkness, and upon entering this darkness, consciousness seemed to be pulled by something horrifying, continually falling downwards, as if about to plunge into an endless abyss.

In the next moment.

A howl from an Evil Hound sounded, abruptly pulling Yang Jian's consciousness back from this darkness.

Yang Jian suddenly regained his senses, the Ghost Shadows enveloping the head immediately dispersed as well.

"His consciousness is also protected by some paranormal force, unable to be easily probed. If not for the memory of an Evil Hound stored within me, my consciousness would have been dragged into that bottomless darkness, eternally unable to escape."

Just one attempt nearly trapped himself, indeed, this Manor Lord is no ordinary being, even with only a head remaining, killing methods still exist.

Without the Coffin Nail's suppression, the Manor Lord now slowly opened his eyes, awoke. Although without a body, his consciousness remained clear, as if nothing was amiss.

"Yang, is this your safe house?" His hoarse voice echoed, having already guessed his situation.

"I intended to read your memory directly. Seems like there's some terrible paranormal stored within your head too," Yang Jian said, coldly.

The Manor Lord sneered, "If not for that damned woman, you wouldn't have defeated me, at most we'd be at a stalemate, and my mates were almost here. The final loser would surely be you."

"Your words are laughable. Is it only permissible for you to have teammates, not me? In a true one-on-one, killing you wouldn't be difficult, just time-consuming. If you were truly that formidable, your Terror Manor wouldn't have been breached by me alone," Yang Jian said calmly.

The Manor Lord stared at Yang Jian, soon regaining composure, no longer entangled over the victory or defeat of the previous battle, he then spoke, "Yang, let's make a deal. Just let me go, I'll give you satisfactory terms, information on the King Organization, the location of the Ghost Ship, even the specific details of the Ark plan...what you'll get will be more than you imagined, and it'll make your dealings with the King Organization more advantageous."

"Can't wait to sell out your teammates?" Yang Jian looked at him and said.

"The Arks plan is merely to safeguard our King's interests. If I can't even preserve my life, what does the success of the plan matter to me? Yang, you're a smart person; you know that doing this will benefit you." The Manor Lord, at this moment, seemed like a shrewd businessman, constantly offering conditions to secure his freedom.

Yang Jian said, "If you can help me stop the Arks plan, I might let you go once it's over."

"Yang, you're not good at lying. This lie is too clumsy. If I help you stop the Arks plan, then my value would be lost. A person who has lost value has no reason to live. Do you think I would agree to your approach?"

The Manor Lord's hoarse voice continued, "Don't try to seize my memories; you can't do it. My memories have long been integrated with the supernatural. You might be able to kill me, but you'll never get what you want."

"Yang, the Arks plan is important, but the location of the Ghost Ship is even more crucial. If the Ghost Ship successfully lands, your country is doomed. There are countless terrifying ghosts on that ship, ghosts even I don't want to touch. You can't handle the Ghost Ship. The only way is to find some method to guide it, making it land elsewhere, bringing this disaster to someone else."

"But you don't have time. With the speed of the Ghost Ship, at most ten days, it will reach one of your shores. You need to know, that ship is a supernatural entity, can't be monitored by satellites, can't be detected. Even a ghost-wielder can hardly find it without correct coordinates."

"Even if you search continuously using the Ghost Domain and really find the Ghost Ship at sea, there's nothing you can do."

The Manor Lord revealed some information, but more importantly, he informed Yang Jian of the dangers involved.

The key to victory in this battle is never between the Captain and the King, but whether the Ghost Ship can land.

Even if the people from the King Organization do nothing, just wait, and after ten days, the battle will already be won.

At that time, numerous terrifying ghosts will come pouring in, supernatural events will erupt. It will just take one day, and coastal cities will be doomed. The headquarters won't be able to spare the effort to deal with the King Organization; merely coping with domestic supernatural events will already be exhausting.

Moreover, after the first wave of the Ghost Ship's successful landing, there will be a second wave, a third wave.

The King Organization can manipulate global situations using this method.

If a country's ghost-wielders are too strong and uncontrollable, the Ghost Ship will go there.

"Will you let me go in exchange for your country's survival, or kill me and lose the chance to turn the tables, Yang? I'm awaiting your answer."

The Manor Lord, at this moment, was not like a defeated person at all; he remained calm, even continually pressuring Yang Jian.

Yang Jian frowned and said nothing at this moment.

Because after hearing some of the information revealed by the Manor Lord, the situation was indeed more serious than he imagined.

A ship filled with ghosts that even the King would dare deal with, if this truly appeared domestically, it would certainly lead to endless S-level supernatural events. At that time, even if the King Organization was wiped out, his side would endure unimaginable huge losses.

But making a deal with this Manor Lord would be a foolish thing.

Not to mention whether the Manor Lord would genuinely cooperate; even if the intelligence was really obtained, letting him go would be like releasing a tiger back to the mountain.

"A counter-Arks Plan must be devised. Only this way can we force the King Organization to retreat with a firm stance, or even alter the Ghost Ship's route." Yang Jian believed this to be the best solution.

"I need to think carefully."

He gradually fell into deep thought, ignoring the words of the Manor Lord, just continued to hold his head down with a Coffin Nail, then left it in the safe house.

As Yang Jian gradually pondered, various plans collided in his mind.

Finally, looking at the wet puddle beneath his feet, a plan began to take shape in his mind.

Since the people from the King Organization used the Ghost Ship to bring terrifying ghosts into the country, he too could use similar means to lead the ghosts into their country.

Ghost Lake is the best medium.

Because the water areas infested by the supernatural of Ghost Lake can all be controlled by Yang Jian, and Ghost Lake also submerges countless terrifying ghosts. Due to the sheer number of ghosts, Ghost Lake is full and can no longer imprison more ghosts, ultimately leading to a significant reduction in Ghost Lake's supernatural nature, and even some ghosts have escaped from Ghost Lake.

"If they truly intend to land the Ghost Ship, then I'll actively release all the ghosts within Ghost Lake and bring the supernatural into their country, letting them feel the threat of terrible ghosts."

"And I'll name this plan: The Great Flood Plan."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered; he felt that in dealing with these crazy people, he should also become crazier. Since they don't want him and his people to live, he won't let them feel comfortable either. It's all for survival; there's no need to care too much.

Chapter 1415 - Captain Zhang and the King

After a brief contemplation, Yang Jian initially drafted: the Great Flood Plan.

In his view, this plan wasn't particularly clever, but it could effectively counter the King Organization's Ark Plan for now. If the landing of the Ghost Ship led to uncontrollable supernatural events domestically, Yang Jian wouldn't mind dragging those foreign individuals down as well.

He could refrain from releasing the Ghost Lake, provided the other side didn't bring in the Ghost Ship.

"For now, the plan is finalized. Next, we convene the second Captains Meeting to prepare the next step of our counterattack," Yang Jian mused.

The first step was hunting the King; the Great Flood Plan was the second. If the second Captains Meeting proceeded smoothly, then the headquarters could truly rival the King Organization, and this chaotic situation could be fully stabilized.

Having understood this, Yang Jian walked out of the safe house.

This time, he did not connect to headquarters through Liu Xiaoyu, but instead picked up his phone and called Cao Yanhua directly.

"Hello, is this Yang Jian? It's me, Cao Yanhua. I already know about your situation. Hunting the King was a risky move, but fortunately, you succeeded. The situation is much better now; the pressure on headquarters from various parties has lessened, and even some civilian supernatural organizations have calmed down. Had we allowed that incident to escalate, I would have been truly worried about the collapse of the situation."

Cao Yanhua was excited upon receiving Yang Jian's call and immediately started speaking non-stop.

Now, every move Yang Jian made had a significant impact, especially now with many watching his next move. Cao Yanhua too was waiting for Yang Jian's upcoming arrangement.

"Let's skip the small talk. I called you to prepare for the second Captains Meeting, scheduled for noon tomorrow in Dadong City," Yang Jian said seriously.

"Dadong City? That's Wang Chaling's jurisdiction."

Cao Yanhua paused, "Do you intend to resolve the Wang Chaling and Hungry Ghost incident during the second Captains Meeting?"

Yang Jian replied, "This is the last chance. Killing one King won't deter them for long. Once they replan, we'll be back on the defensive. Thus, our counterattack must be swift, ideally one wave after another, thereby exerting pressure on them."

"Additionally, I've formulated a preliminary plan to counter the King Organization's Ark Plan, which I call the Great Flood Plan."

He then briefly outlined the Great Flood Plan.

Cao Yanhua was stunned: "Isn't this too over the top? If this plan leaks, the headquarters might ignite a public outrage."

"Can't you just say that as long as the other side doesn't initiate the Ark Plan, we won't initiate the Great Flood Plan? Doesn't the headquarters' think tank have any skill? Polish my plan and disseminate it as quickly as possible. Once the message is out, I'm sure the other side won't act for three days, and our second Captains Meeting can proceed smoothly."

"Moreover, during these days, we need to deal with the Hungry Ghost. There's no time to hesitate; the Ghost Ship will land on some coast within ten days, and we must be prepared to face it head-on." Yang Jian said very seriously.

"I see, the Great Flood Plan is just to buy time." Cao Yanhua observed.

Yang Jian coldly replied, "No, if the Ghost Ship truly lands, then my Great Flood Plan will be implemented. Only this way can we secure survival space; otherwise, with the continued landing of the Ghost Ship, our side's strength will weaken as supernatural events erupt, the gap will widen, and eventually, we'll no longer counterbalance the King Organization. Hence, we must have the determination to fight to the bitter end."

Cao Yanhua was shocked: "If it comes to that, everyone will be finished."

He seemed to envision the complete loss of control of supernatural events and malevolent spirits rampaging globally.

"If we can't survive, why care about others' lives?" Yang Jian revealed a ruthless side.

Cao Yanhua understood then, that Yang Jian's approach was correct. The Ghost Ship had already set sail; without countermeasures, a great catastrophe loomed.

"Cao Yanhua, I've reached my limit of patience with you. Don't make trouble for me now. Do as I say. If you're dissatisfied, you may relieve me of my position as Enforcement Captain. Otherwise, follow my command." Yang Jian stated.

"Yang Jian, you underestimate me. While I often have to make compromises for the greater good, I know this time there can be no retreat. I'll be the planner for your Great Flood Plan, and should anything go wrong, I'll shoulder the blame. At worst, I'll take responsibility after the fact."

Cao Yanhua decided to throw caution to the wind and reveal some of his true character.

As deputy minister, he was exhausted, with too many concerns. He decided to burn all bridges; otherwise, the situation couldn't be salvaged.

"Alright, let's get moving." Yang Jian said then immediately hung up.

At headquarters, Cao Yanhua, after putting down the phone, immediately instructed: "All supervisors, come to my office. Notify Lu Zhiwen to bring the think tank for a meeting. Also, lockdown headquarters, no entry or exit during the meeting."

"Where's Wang Guoqiang? Haven't we identified the mole yet? Fire anyone suspected, hand them over to the security department. Even if a staff member has been reassigned from headquarters but remains suspect, detain them."

"Reassign Li Jun here, everyone needs to push hard, he can't rest anymore, there's work to be done."

Orders were issued one after another, and headquarters began to operate efficiently, preparing to draft Yang Jian's Great Flood Plan and convene the second Captains Meeting.

This meeting would decide everyone's future direction.

During this period, Yang Jian was also striving toward the Great Flood Plan. He left the Guanjiang Residential Complex and traveled through the Ghost Domain to foreign lands, planting the supernatural essence of the Ghost Lake in various reservoirs and lakes abroad. Though a bit cumbersome, the task wasn't perilous and was quickly executed.

"If possible, I also hope this plan won't need to be executed," he thought to himself.

This wasn't out of pity for those abroad, but as once he chose to release the malevolent spirits in the Ghost Lake, it signaled the domestic situation was dire, necessitating a desperate measure.

Yang Jian traveled across various foreign water bodies.

At one in the afternoon.

Headquarters spoke in the paranormal circle, formally announcing the Great Flood Plan.

However, Cao Yanhua's speech was artfully crafted, generally stating: considering the increasing frequency of domestic paranormal events, headquarters couldn't cope alone. Reliable intelligence suggested some powerful organizations were willing to extend a helping hand. Therefore, it was decided to implement the Great Flood Plan after the Ghost Ship lands, expressing deep gratitude for assistance from certain organizations.

Then it briefly explained some contents of the Great Flood Plan.

For a moment, the paranormal circle was once again in turmoil.

"Crazy, Cao Yanhua has gone mad too. They actually formulated the Great Flood Plan. This is heading toward mutual destruction."

"If we're going to die, let's all die together. Haha, interesting. Headquarters finally showed some backbone. Let's see how the King Organization will handle this. It's unexpected that Headquarters has such a trick up their sleeve and countermeasures came so quickly. Nice, feels satisfying to watch."

"If they dare to implement the Ark Plan, we dare to implement the Great Flood Plan. If they bring supernatural events here, we'll send them right back. Let's see who caves first in the end. I don't believe those supporters behind the King Organization are all fearless."

"First declaring war, then hunting the King, and finally formulating the Great Flood Plan. A series of swift, precise, and fierce actions has left the King Organization completely silent. I blindly guess this tactic was Yang Jian's doing, and that Cao Yanhua is just the one stepping out to take the fall. I absolutely don't believe he dares to play like this."

All kinds of discussions kept emerging, and the Ghost Tamers website was on the brink of collapse, with even those who hadn't spoken out before now stepping forward to voice their opinions.

"I protest. This approach is too inhumane. Strongly oppose the Great Flood Plan. Why should innocent people be implicated in matters of the supernatural circle?"

"Indeed, this is too crazy. Isn't the Ark Plan good? Gather the supernatural at one place and concentrate forces to eliminate them. The King Organization said they would send support, and the Exorcism Club also expressed willingness to fund your headquarters."

"You damn fool, earlier, none of you spoke up, and now that the fire is on your back, you're panicking? Haha, in the end, you're all afraid of death."

"Protest."

Comments kept pouring in, but most were from foreign Ghost Tamers. Previously, they thought any fight wouldn't affect them as they sided with the King Organization and would benefit. But as the situation continued to change, they realized their side wasn't safe either, and they couldn't just sit still.

"I said long ago that Yang Jian is exceptionally intelligent and brave, a formidable adversary. Ye Zhen once claimed to be Asia's number one Ghost Tamer, yet was utterly defeated by Yang Jian in the battle at Dahai City, pinned down like a dead dog. That scene is considered the number one painting in the supernatural circle. After that battle, Asia's top title changed hands, and Ye Zhen even called him Yang Invincible. In the supernatural circle, there's only a mistake in the name, but the nickname is never wrong. Yang Jian has held the title Yang Invincible for a long time, undefeated in countless battles, growing ever stronger and unfathomable. I assert that this battle will surely be won by Yang Jian leading Headquarters."

The netizen 'I Have a Plan' jumped out again, making long-winded speeches.

"Bullshit, you clearly said before that Yang Jian has no strategy and Ye Zhen lacks wisdom, and now here you are promoting again, truly shameless. Bah." Someone recognized this nickname and cursed at them.

'I Have a Plan' continued: "How foolish. Do you not know how to show weakness to the enemy? Otherwise, why would the King Organization let their guard down? If I promoted Yang Invincible online, the King Organization's agents would see and become wary, how could Yang Jian so easily hunt a King? I dare say Yang Jian's smooth operation owes at least 30% to me."

"You traitor, your comment address is in America, really think I can't see it?" Someone started cursing again.

"I'm like Cao Cao's soldier with loyalty to Han. Now the situation is clear, I plan to fly back to the country, and join Headquarters against the King Organization. If any of you have a conscience, follow me back and pledge to Yang Invincible. I have some old ties with him, and with me as intermediary, Yang Invincible won't make things difficult for you."

This 'I Have a Plan' netizen was actually trying to gather a group online to join Headquarters.

Though this was seemingly absurd, some foreign Ghost Tamers secretly contacted this 'I Have a Plan' netizen, expressing goodwill and even agreeing to join Headquarters.

But more people were cursing his shamelessness, and some directly contacted 'Master Ye from Dahai City' hoping Master Ye could stop this shameless person.

As the supernatural circle was again stirred up.

Over the sea near Xiayi Island, various special jets flew back and forth continuously. The whole island had been sealed off, and only specific people could land.

At the island's center, on an open lawn, sat a huge round table, where nearly ten special individuals gathered to discuss major issues in the supernatural circle.

Among them was a noblewoman with a face full of wrinkles, resembling an embalmed corpse, a preacher with an eerie aura wearing special clothing, a painter who appeared like a downtrodden wanderer, and a cowboy wearing a hat and carrying a worn-out hunting rifle... even a man with a virtual black-and-white body, resembling a ghost.

Without a doubt, these people were the most terrifying figures within the King Organization, known to others as 'Kings.'

This was a King's meeting unknown to outsiders.

"The Manor Lord being hunted has already caused a significant impact, and now the opponent has issued the Great Flood Plan. If we don't act, we'll become increasingly passive. Even if the Ark Plan is implemented, it will come at a heavy cost, which doesn't align with the initial setup of this plan."

The speaker was the preacher, holding an old book, even carrying it at the meeting.

"That Yang Jian is a problem. If we could solve this problem, our plan could still proceed smoothly."

The speaker, the black-and-white ghost, maintained his pre-death appearance, sitting there with a relaxed tone.

"How about targeting Yang Jian for a hunt, like last time with that Captain?" The cowboy-hat-wearing man proposed straightforwardly.

"Good idea, but the opponent is already prepared. Once we act, the opponent will surely have more than one Captain supporting it. Then it will be a chaotic battle between Captains and Kings. Certainly, the opponent might be wiped out, but how many of us Kings would survive? The opponent has the capability to hunt the Manor Lord, in a head-on confrontation, we lack absolute advantage."

The downtrodden painter sighed with some helplessness.

"I think the Great Flood Plan is intended to confuse us; it simply doesn't exist. Their goal is to stall for time. We should continue to pressure the opponent, ensuring the Ghost Ship lands smoothly. Once the plan succeeds, we win, right? Why go to great lengths fighting the opponent? It's too foolish."

A particularly obese man spoke with clear insight.

"Makes sense. We just have to wait a few days, escort the Ghost Ship landing, and we've won. The opponent will be the one to worry afterward." Another King agreed.

They believed Headquarters' seemingly powerful counterattack could actually not change the fact that the Ghost Ship would soon land, and according to intelligence within the organization, there was no documentation whatsoever on the Great Flood Plan, making this plan seem like a temporarily fabricated lie.

"So the discussion's outcome is to do nothing, and continue waiting?"

The preacher calmly looked at the others: "I reject this proposal, and I have some other ideas. I hope everyone can discuss..."

At the King's meeting, he voiced his thoughts.

Every word seemed to be brewing a terrifying storm.

Apparently, the preacher didn't want to passively wait; he eagerly desired to regain initiative because he felt doing nothing would worsen the situation, and he didn't believe the Great Flood Plan was merely a lie. As there were indeed some eerie water stains where the Terror Manor disappeared.

Suspecting that Yang Jian might have mastered similar supernatural phenomena, if true, would mean he indeed has the ability to implement the Great Flood Plan.

As the King's meeting continued, once the preacher had finished planning the next steps, someone proposed trying to swap Zhang Jun's remains to retrieve the Manor Lord's head, perhaps rescuing that unlucky King.

This proposal quickly passed.

They couldn't just ignore the Manor Lord's head; where possible, they should attempt a rescue.

Who can predict the future? What if they themselves became the next Manor Lord?

Chapter 1416 - The Grandfather Clock Appearing Before Their Eyes

Holding a second captain meeting in Dadong City?

Soon a piece of news spread among the captains. After receiving the information, they chose to keep it confidential, not telling anyone, merely preparing in silence to attend the meeting.

All these captains knew well that their whereabouts could not be leaked, for if they were, it would very likely attract the attention of the King Organization, which would then put them in danger, especially now when every captain's loss would have a massive impact.

Just as Yang Jian had estimated.

With the announcement of the Great Flood Plan, the King Organization indeed temporarily took no action, as the plan disrupted their arrangements once again.

Taking advantage of this period, Yang Jian had already prepared the Great Flood Plan and returned to Dachang City.

Next, he needed to gather the captains and start the next phase of action.

The plan was crucial, but ultimately, what would decide the outcome was the strength of both parties. Both sides had suffered casualties; the spiritual conflict had already ignited, leaving no path of return, so they had to gather swiftly to face the dire battle that could happen at any moment.

"He Yuelian, come with me to Dadong City for the captain meeting." Yang Jian found He Yuelian at Shangtong Tower and spoke directly.

"Captain Yang, why do you want me to attend this meeting? I'm not a captain." He Yuelian asked, puzzled.

Yang Jian replied, "This time at the captain meeting, I will propose you as the new captain. Without a new captain to fill the gap, I am at a clear disadvantage in terms of overt strength. Although I've wanted to keep you as a trump card, I estimate that I can't hide you much longer, so this captain meeting is a chance for you to appear openly. Besides, you already know most of the captains, so it's not unfamiliar."

"As for how long the news of you becoming a captain will remain secret, that depends. But before that, you must participate in the Hungry Ghost incident in Dadong City; it would be best to resolve that supernatural incident. With the credit for assisting me in hunting the King and resolving the Hungry Ghost incident, combined with my recommendation, and your inherent supernatural ghost painting ability, I believe no one would refuse."

"I know you're not interested in a captain's position, but you've already joined the headquarters and have been drawn into this conflict, so often you don't have a choice."

He Yuelian considered for a moment, then nodded, "You're right. Given that, I'll follow Captain Yang as per your arrangement."

"There's no time to lose, we depart now. I also need to go to Wang Chaling ahead of time and settle some internal conflicts." Yang Jian said.

Then he instructed Li Yang to take charge of the security in Dachang City, assuring him that he would return promptly if anything happened.

After some arrangements, Yang Jian and He Yuelian set off directly for Dadong City.

At the same time.

Inside a Republic Era Ancient House in Dadong City.

This is the ancestral house of Wang Chaling, though old and dilapidated, it currently serves as a good refuge because staying inside is sufficiently concealed and secure. Even if the people from the King Organization did manage to find them, it would be hard to make a move inside, as the timeline within the house is disordered.

"The captain meeting is to be held in Dadong City; this was Yang Jian's suggestion. He is coming for me this time, seemingly wanting to deal with me and the Hungry Ghost incident before facing off against the King Organization." Wang Chaling sat in a chair in the house's main hall, habitually adjusting his glasses as he looked at the information in his hand.

Lin Bei sat casually on a staircase, touching his bald head, "Don't overthink it. If Yang Jian wanted to deal with you, he would have done so before hunting the King. The fact that he hasn't moved against you before the captain meeting implies that he doesn't want to handle your theft of the Hungry Ghost incident now. After all, captains who can control ghosts are greatly needed to stabilize the situation at this moment. You're quite lucky to have picked a fortunate time for things to go wrong."

"Perhaps, but no matter what, the exposure of the Hungry Ghost incident has placed me in a dangerous situation; even if everything is calm now, I'll definitely be held accountable afterward. I know Yang Jian's character." Wang Chaling said calmly.

Lin Bei was about to speak when suddenly, his expression changed, and he looked outside the house.

Even though the timeline here was disordered, he could sense that something terrifying and supernatural had suddenly invaded, ignoring the house's influence.

"It's Yang Jian, he's here." Lin Bei quickly realized who had shown up.

"The captain meeting isn't until tomorrow, and he's arrived today. He's definitely come specifically for me." Wang Chaling slowly stood up from his chair.

The next moment.

Yang Jian arrived with He Yuelian, striding into the house, radiating red light. Some type of curse within the house was repelled, and then he found Lin Bei and Wang Chaling where they were situated within the proper timeline inside the house.

"My Ghost Domain covered Dadong City and couldn't locate you, so I guessed you must have entered the house, using the house's supernatural pendulum clock to affect time and hide yourselves. I must say, this strategy is quite clever; it certainly ensured your safety."

He spoke, the red light on him gradually dissipating, and then appeared before the two people.

"Yang Jian."

Lin Bei grinned, "You've been making big moves these days: declaring war, hunting the King. But once you took action, I knew you must have brought He Yuelian with you. The supernatural power of ghost painting is very formidable; if the two of you joined forces, hunting a King would be a sure victory. By comparison, I've embarrassed myself; the Hungry Ghost incident has flared up again. Knowing the killing pattern of the Hungry Ghost, yet two captains have no solution."

"Under normal circumstances, it might not be a big deal to be a bit embarrassed, but at this critical moment, it has given those in the King Organization a good laugh."

Yang Jian said, "I've come this time to resolve the Hungry Ghost incident. There's no need to wait for the captain meeting tomorrow; let's eliminate the Hungry Ghost incident today by acting together to ensure complete success. However, Wang Chaling's theft of the Hungry Ghost incident is a grave matter..."

Then, he calmly turned his gaze towards Wang Chaling.

"I caused this; the Hungry Ghost incident was an accident, and I do not deny all the responsibility lies with me. If you wish to make a move, do it now. I have no objections." Wang Chaling stated frankly, having even prepared for death, without resorting to using the ghost beside him.

Because he believed it was futile; with Yang Jian and He Yuelian, a Ghost Painting wielder, there's no way he could survive.

Furthermore, Lin Bei absolutely wouldn't help him; he would merely watch coolly from the sidelines.

"If this was before my war declaration with the King Organization, I would definitely have killed you, but now, rest assured, I won't kill you, I won't act against you, and I'll even handle the Hungry Ghost incident myself this time," said Yang Jian.

"What do I need to do?" Wang Chaling asked.

He knew that Yang Jian letting him go came with conditions; such a major incident could not be brushed off casually.

Yang Jian's voice turned cold as he said, "I need you to become a ghost tamer. It doesn't need to be very powerful, but at least you must have the ability to save your life, then join the fight against the King Organization with a new identity. If you can take down a King, then I can forgive everything."

"Redemption, huh? That's a good proposal; offsetting everything by taking a King's head, that way no one can complain," Lin Bei chimed in, glancing at Wang Chaling.

Wang Chaling remained silent for a moment, seemingly contemplating.

He did not oppose Yang Jian's proposal, he just didn't want to become a ghost tamer.

Although he bore the Wang Family curse, he was still essentially an ordinary person, which was the biggest difference between him and the others.

"Becoming a ghost tamer is a prerequisite; you have no choice. As an ordinary person, your weaknesses are too apparent, and your information may already have been leaked. To win, you must change yourself, or else when you confront the King, you'll be killed," Yang Jian said again.

Wang Chaling removed his glasses and took a deep breath, "Alright, I understand. I agree to become a ghost tamer."

In fact, becoming a ghost tamer was not difficult for him at all, because with the help of his grandparents, he could completely choose which ghost to handle. However, becoming a temporary ghost tamer would not improve himself much; the only advantage would be not being so easily killed. Thus, if he wanted to become a ghost tamer, he must continuously improve his survival ability, as there was no need to handle enemies himself.

"Very well, then we'll temporarily set aside the matter of you stealing the Hungry Ghost for now. I look forward to your performance," Yang Jian said seriously, "Additionally, I came here early this time for another purpose."

"You want to take the Supernatural Pendulum Clock inside the ancient house?" Wang Chaling said somewhat surprised.

Yang Jian looked up toward the depths of the ancient house, "Right time, right place, I have long met both conditions. I didn't take it before because I couldn't place myself at the right time, but now that's no longer an issue. Moreover, the Supernatural Pendulum Clock is very important right now and must be used."

Wang Chaling didn't say much at this moment; in his current state, he wasn't qualified to stop Yang Jian from doing anything.

"A pendulum clock, huh? Interesting. Where is that thing? You don't mind if I take a look, right?" Lin Bei stood up, slapping the dust off his pants, quite interested.

"Follow me," Yang Jian said directly.

He immediately walked towards the depths of the ancient house.

Lin Bei and He Yuelian immediately followed, and Wang Chaling hesitated for a moment but resolved to take a look. After all, it was his family's Supernatural Pendulum Clock, and even if it didn't end up in his hands, he should still see what it looked like.

However, once the Supernatural Pendulum Clock fell into Yang Jian's hands, his plan would be completely shattered, and he would no longer be able to complete it.

Quickly.

The three followed Yang Jian to the second floor of the ancient house and then stopped in front of a wall.

"Here it is," Yang Jian said, looking at the empty spot before them, several ghost eyes opening.

At this moment, the ghost eyes were no longer crimson; they were a golden color, and as they opened, it was as if light illuminated the dim old house, but soon this light was replaced by blood-red.

"Planning to restart?" Lin Bei squinted, curious about the scene.

Wang Chaling put on his glasses, wanting to better see this moment unfold.

"To access the pendulum clock, you must restart time, aligning your time with the clock's time. Restarting oneself is not enough; it requires a wide-scale restart, and to do that, I must open the Eight Layer Ghost Domain and maintain it for quite some time," Yang Jian said without hesitation, immediately opening the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, conducting a wide-scale restart.

Everyone cloaked in the red light felt nothing unusual, but when Wang Chaling looked at his watch, he found the minute hand constantly ticking backward.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes...

The backward ticking of the minutes was swift, which meant that the time in this region was being rewritten.

As the restart continued to extend until that correct time point was found, an incredible scene occurred.

There had been nothing before them, but now an old pendulum clock appeared out of nowhere.

"Found it, the Supernatural Pendulum Clock."

Yang Jian's ghost eyes closed, the large-scale restart ended, and the pendulum clock before them did not disappear, still situated there.

Because now they and the clock were at the same point in time.

"You can do this much, yet you still need the pendulum clock?" Wang Chaling slowly put down his watch, a trace of shock in his eyes.

For the length of time Yang Jian could restart was beyond belief.

"It's not prepared for me; it's for you all as well, also for some future fierce battle," Yang Jian reached out a Ghost Hand to touch the pendulum clock.

The chilling touch told him that it was real, not something untouchable yet visible.

Chapter 1417 Encountering the Hungry Ghost Again

"This pendulum clock is key to maintaining the balance within our Wang Family's ancient mansion. I have no objections if you want to take it, but if this balance is disrupted, the fierce ghosts within the Wang Family's ancient mansion will gradually be freed, which would be a troublesome affair."

Wang Chaling looked at the old pendulum clock before him, knowing it was no longer protectable, and could only remind of the dangers after taking the clock away.

"There's such trouble?" Lin Bei beside him pondered.

Yang Jian, however, said: "I've already thought about how to handle this ancient mansion. If everything goes smoothly, the worries you have will no longer exist. You should think about how to become a ghost master as soon as possible."

"If you can handle the aftermath, then I won't say more. As for becoming a ghost master, I've previously devised a plan for myself and have made some preparations," Wang Chaling replied.

Yang Jian nodded and said: "That's good. For the upcoming Hungry Ghost incident, you don't need to participate. I'll give you one night to become a ghost master. During this time, He Yuelian, Lin Bei, and I will work together to contain the Hungry Ghost to ensure that the problem is resolved before tomorrow's captain's meeting starts."

"The situation is very severe, and the people from the King Organization won't give us much time to prepare. I have a premonition that their next move is coming very soon."

"Alright, I won't say more, let's take action."

With that, he moved the old pendulum clock out of the Wang Family's ancient mansion.

And just as they all left the ancient mansion, the entire mansion began to sink slowly, disappearing before their eyes.

"What is this..." Lin Bei was somewhat surprised.

Wang Chaling stared at the cold puddle near the ancient mansion, saying: "This is the supernatural phenomenon of the Ghost Lake. Do you want the entire ancient mansion to sink into the Ghost Lake?"

"This is the best way."

Yang Jian stood still, calmly saying: "Without the supernatural pendulum clock, the value of your Wang Family's ancient mansion is already less. Sinking it into the Ghost Lake is the simplest way to handle it. Only the Ghost Lake can accommodate such a haunted mansion. Perhaps there's something still tying you to this mansion, but none of it matters anymore. The past should remain the past."

He could vaguely detect that Wang Chaling had always been scheming about something, and stealing the Hungry Ghost was definitely not for the coffin nail on its head but for something else.

However, now, all of Wang Chaling's plans were thwarted.

"I'm leaving. I will attend the captain's meeting on time tomorrow."

Wang Chaling was silent for a while, watching the entire mansion get swallowed by the lake before turning and leaving.

Without the pendulum clock, without the ancient mansion, and with the Hungry Ghost out of control, his plans were doomed to be in vain.

After using the Ghost Lake to swallow the Wang Family's ancient mansion, Yang Jian began to feel that the Ghost Lake he controlled was already full. After carrying too much supernatural, at this moment, it reached its limit. Next, if he wants to sink more fierce ghosts, he would have to release some out. Otherwise, his Ghost Lake could only be used for travel.

"Reaching the limit of the Ghost Lake at this moment is a good thing for me, like a bullet in the chamber, just waiting to fire. Once I actively release the supernatural of the Ghost Lake, the resulting harm will be most terrifying," he thought to himself.

In normal times, this would be bad news, but now, it was a good thing for Yang Jian.

"Let's go, to the place where the Hungry Ghost incident happened. Lin Bei, talk about the situation of the Hungry Ghost."

Yang Jian didn't linger and turned to leave.

With the departure of the three people, only a calm pond was left on the empty land of the Wang Family's ancient mansion. This pond was unfathomably deep and pitch-black, and a fallen leaf would disappear into the water quickly. Even filled with supernatural powers, this was still a dangerous place where no living being should venture.

Shortly.

The three arrived outside a temporarily closed-off area in Dadong City.

Ahead, a bluish-black mist enveloped the area. The mist was dense, with a quiet inside, and the streets and buildings were empty. The roads were littered with temporarily abandoned cars, luggage, and personal belongings. In just two days, this bustling urban area had turned into a Ghost City.

"There's nothing much to say about the Hungry Ghost incident. It's the same as the intel you wrote in the file before, Yang Jian. The killing pattern hasn't changed. The only change is that the Hungry Ghost has probably eaten the coffin nail that was on its forehead, causing a terrifying change."

Lin Bei touched his bald head, speaking.

"You know, coffin nails are very special and can nail any fierce ghost. Now that it has eaten a coffin nail, it means all supernatural means are ineffective against it. Any ghost master will become an ordinary person before the Hungry Ghost, which is also why Wang Chaling and I couldn't contain it together."

"The supernatural that Wang Chaling controls is actually very terrifying. For him to lose to such a high-level Hungry Ghost is really unfair. According to my thinking, to solve the Hungry Ghost incident again, it's best to have Wei Jing come over. His codename is Ghost Envoy, capable of suppressing fierce ghosts with an effect equivalent to the coffin nail. If Wei Jing acts and you, Yang Jian, still have a coffin nail, together, the Hungry Ghost would definitely be resolved."

Yang Jian nodded after listening: "You've got a point. If the Hungry Ghost now equates to a coffin nail's suppressive ability, then Wei Jing plus the coffin nail's suppression would surpass the Hungry Ghost. Theoretically, it could win. Unfortunately, Wei Jing has issues and can't come."

"That's really unfortunate." Lin Bei helplessly said.

He could also guess it was such a situation. After all, Li Jun, Wei Jing, and Lu Zhiwen were the three captains from the headquarters, and if they could be mobilized, there wouldn't be a need for his presence to support Wang Chaling.

"Therefore, to solve the Hungry Ghost, one must find a way to break the supernatural power of the coffin nail," Yang Jian began to think.

He first thought of the Firewood Knife, which could dismember fierce ghosts. If it could dismember the Hungry Ghost, then this supernatural event could be handled.

But what if the Firewood Knife's dismemberment were blocked by the supernatural of the coffin nail?

After a brief thought, Yang Jian said, "I still have a coffin nail. This is the key to solving the Hungry Ghost. If I pierce this coffin nail into the Hungry Ghost, under the collision of supernatural forces, once the coffin nail that the Hungry Ghost ate is neutralized, our chance will come."

"It has already eaten one, so what if it eats another?" Lin Bei said with a laugh: "Wouldn't it be doomed? Even Jesus would shake his head at a Hungry Ghost with two coffin nails."

"If I really can't handle the Hungry Ghost, I'll lead this ghost abroad and let those Kings overseas worry about it," Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

Lin Bei's eyes widened slightly, clapping: "Good idea. This way, the Hungry Ghost incident is perfectly resolved."

"Prepare to take action, He Yuelian. Directly use the Ghost Domain to envelope the Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain," Yang Jian said.

He Yuelian nodded slightly.

The next moment.

Gray-white paper ashes started drifting over the sky of Dadong City immediately, the supernatural power of the ghost painting directly covering almost the entire city. The bluish-black haze in front gradually began to fade away, eroded continuously by the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting. However, the erosion was somewhat slow, requiring time to eliminate the haze completely.

"Each of your Ghost Domains is astoundingly vast, truly enviable," Lin Bei glanced over and couldn't help but sigh.

The Ghost Domain of the Hungry Ghost was already terrifying, but the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting was even more fierce, seemingly easily able to cover a city, and this was in a restrained state.

Yang Jian didn't say much, directly stepping into the haze-covered region.

But as soon as he entered, Yang Jian felt a sense of unreality, the entire area seemed reversed, up and down, left and right were opposite, as if entering another side of the world. But soon this incongruity vanished, and everything returned to normal.

"This is..." he looked at Lin Bei in confusion.

Intuition told Yang Jian that this was Lin Bei's doing.

Lin Bei said, "This is the Supernatural World I created using supernatural connections, linked to reality, yet derived from it. I call this world the Mirror World, although it has nothing to do with mirrors, it merely resembles a reflection in the mirror. Right now, the Hungry Ghost is roaming in this Mirror World, thus it's not causing significant harm to the outside world, nor can it perceive the outside."

"Mirror World? Interesting."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered, thinking of the Ghost Mirror inside Shangtong Tower, but the Ghost Mirror didn't have such supernatural properties, it was merely used to imprison fierce spirits.

"The world within the mirror is dangerous because there are other ghosts existing within this world, as well as some bizarre places not corresponding to reality. Therefore, living humans should not stay in the Mirror World for too long, otherwise, they may get lost. Previously, on the bus, I couldn't effectively control this supernatural power, causing discrepancies between reality and illusion, resulting in two of me – one in reality, one in the Mirror World. In the Mirror World, I was being chased by ghosts, while the real me was sleeping on the bus," Lin Bei said.

"Until now, I'm not sure if the Mirror World is truly fake; perhaps it is also a real world."

Speaking, Lin Bei raised his foot and kicked a trash can by the roadside, which immediately toppled over.

Meanwhile, in the corresponding real area, the trash can was suddenly kicked by something, toppling over as well.

"Everything in the mirror can affect reality, and everything in reality can also affect this place. But if controlled correctly, whether to affect reality or not all depends on my mood."

Lin Bei's body appeared to have a double image, as if another identical person emerged, who walked to the trash can and kicked it again.

The trash can rolled, but the one in reality remained unaffected, unmoving.

"But this only influences ordinary objects. When it comes to supernatural items, the difficulty in interfering increases significantly. Therefore, I can only seal the Hungry Ghost, not imprison it," Lin Bei explained, revealing some of his supernatural ability.

Even with just a few words, it is clear that this supernatural ability is extremely dangerous.

Linked to the mirror world, mastering the Mirror World equates to controlling the real world, stronger than any Ghost Domain.

"So, are there no living humans here, only ghosts?" Yang Jian glanced around the haze-covered region and asked.

"Not necessarily, I locked it too late; there are probably some living people trapped inside," Lin Bei replied, "But I'm afraid to rescue because the Hungry Ghost might escape from the Mirror World. I can only maintain this state."

"Having living people here means there are the first stage Ghost Shadows, second stage Ghost Infants, and even a third stage young Hungry Ghost," Yang Jian said.

Both walked through the supernatural area, observing the surroundings.

But before going far, a strange baby's cry emanated from a building, chilling and horrifying, followed by a living person's tragic scream echoing.

In an unknown corner, a living person gave birth to a Ghost Infant and was subsequently attacked by the Ghost Infant.

"Indeed, a new Hungry Ghost has emerged." Lin Bei touched his bald head: "Looks like the Hungry Ghost is still growing during this time."

"Once the source is eliminated, these things will disappear, and the derived Hungry Ghosts can be killed," Yang Jian said, stepping to a stop, "Let's act here, draw the ghosts in and then strike."

They found an open area and stopped venturing further.

"We could light a white Ghost Candle to draw the ghosts in, but I don't have any. Hopefully, Yang Jian you brought one," Lin Bei suggested.

Yang Jian said; "No need, He Yuelian will make a move. She's new, she should practice more, adapt to the situation."

He Yuelian said nothing, merely slowly raising her slender, fair hand, lightly waving as if beckoning.

But from afar, no one responded; instead, strange figures began to appear.

With a mere gesture, nearby ghosts were drawn over.

In the haze, crawling dead infants appeared, their bodies a bluish-black, children without clothing, and chilling, eerie young individuals... only a moment had passed before diverse forms of 'people' gathered densely around, surging like a human tide, their numbers startlingly numerous.

"There weren't so many before," Lin Bei's face turned solemn.

Yang Jian said: "The growth of the Hungry Ghost is terrifying, given enough time it can produce a city full of ghosts; this number is already considered few. Back then in Dachang City, there were even more. If we hadn't figured out the killing rules, no one could have survived that supernatural incident."

"But now, these things pose little danger to us, the real threat is the source Hungry Ghost."

As he finished speaking.

Yang Jian opened his ghost eye.

The next moment, the surrounding eerie Ghost Flames appeared out of nowhere and immediately spread, engulfing everything around.

Weird screams echoed, Ghost Infants crawling over the ground were caught in the Ghost Flames, their skin melting, bones ignited, supernatural forces dissipating. The naked Ghost Child opened its black mouth as if in pain, its body visibly turning charred, then bursting into blazing flames.

These Ghost Infants, Ghost Children one after another were ignited, being burned to death by the Ghost Flames, dissipating before their eyes, yet they continued approaching, as He Yuelian's ghost summoning persisted.

Chapter 1418 - Another Change

Even though the Hungry Ghost wandering around Dadong City has been restricted, the impact caused by the vengeful spirit is still terrifying.

With He Yuelian summoning ghosts, more and more figures surged in this direction. The originally empty street suddenly became lively. These figures were all Hungry Ghosts at different stages, a sight not unfamiliar to Yang Jian.

However, these entities couldn't affect the three captains for now.

The mere burning Ghost Flame was a barrier they couldn't cross, akin to moths flying into a flame, heading toward their demise.

The more Ghost Infants and Ghost Children that surged in, the stronger the Ghost Flame burned. Eventually, the entire surrounding area seemed to be set ablaze, like a sea of fire, and the supernatural intensity of the overlapping Ghost Flames reached an incredibly terrifying level. Simply having the firelight reflect on his body, Yang Jian felt severe pain, his skin turning a fiery red, as if he were about to catch fire.

As a controller of the Ghost Flame, even he now dared not face the out-of-control Ghost Flame. It goes without saying how frightening this thing is.

However, He Yuelian, wearing a wedding dress and a red veil, was completely covered and unaffected in the slightest, even her exposed hands remained fair under the firelight.

Lin Bei was visibly not as resilient as her, his skin becoming flushed from the heat. He touched his scalding bald head and said, "If this fire continues, we're going to be roasted. Can't it be restrained a bit?"

"No, as long as there's enough firewood, this fire will keep burning until most of the ghosts inside are burnt. The fire will naturally go out then."

Yang Jian said, "Actually, this is a good thing. It can remove some dirty stuff and reduce unnecessary trouble. If a real Hungry Ghost appears, I think the Ghost Flame won't be able to ignite it, so it can be easily identified, and then we'll take it out together, bringing today's affair to a successful conclusion."

"Simple and brutal, a good method, but the Hungry Ghosts that have consumed the Coffin Nail are too difficult to deal with. I'm worried that the Coffin Nail in your hand might also fail." Lin Bei said, still feeling a tinge of fear.

"That's the worst-case scenario and should not happen," said Yang Jian calmly.

As time gradually passed, the number of Ghost Infants and Ghost Children summoned by He Yuelian significantly decreased, and the surrounding Ghost Flames gradually extinguished, not as raging as before.

It was at this moment.

The surrounding gloom suddenly became much denser, an eerie chill appeared in the area, noticeably felt even through the firelight.

In the depths of the gloom, a figure, abnormally gaunt but with a distended belly, slowly approached from afar. This figure moved with slow, heavy steps, exuding an aura of death from head to toe.

This was no living person but indeed a real vengeful ghost.

As soon as the ghost appeared, the surrounding burning Ghost Flames showed signs of extinguishing. When the ghost approached, a pathway opened amidst the sea of fire, leaving all the Ghost Flames snuffed out, unable to affect the vengeful ghost in the slightest, let alone ignite it.

"The Hungry Ghost has come." Through the Ghost Domain of the Ghost Flame, Yang Jian sensed the position of a terrifying vengeful ghost.

"I see it. I can temporarily immobilize the Hungry Ghost, but only for a short duration, just say the word." Lin Bei said as he rubbed his bald head.

Yang Jian replied, "Whether the Hungry Ghost can be handled depends on whether the Coffin Nail works. If it doesn't, then even the three of us together won't be of any use against it. I'll make a move first to test the condition of this Hungry Ghost. If everything goes smoothly, perhaps I could handle it alone."

Saying this, he moved forward holding a red spear slowly.

The Ghost Flame had burned to this extent yet still didn't affect the real Hungry Ghost, giving Yang Jian a clear understanding of its terrifying level. If an extraordinary case file were to be established again, this creature would undoubtedly exceed an S-rank.

"Captain Yang, be careful," He Yuelian said at this moment.

"Nothing will happen. If it turns bad, we'll retreat, send this thing abroad—it's no big deal." Yang Jian replied calmly.

The firelight was receding.

Yang Jian moved towards the Hungry Ghost, the distance between them closing rapidly.

Once Yang Jian was spotted by the Hungry Ghost, he would immediately be attacked. This was the Hungry Ghost's lethal rule, unchanging.

But he didn't intend to make a move the moment they met.

At this point.

Yang Jian halted his steps and then removed the Coffin Nail from the red spear.

"There's only one chance to make a move, no matter what happens, I can't afford to lose the Coffin Nail, or it would become extremely troublesome," he thought to himself.

As the Hungry Ghost continued its heavy steps, disregarding the burning Ghost Flames heading toward He Yuelian, it wasn't aware that Yang Jian, separated by a layer of firelight, was already prepared to nail it down again.

A year had passed.

They were confronting each other once more.

However, this time Yang Jian didn't use the Ghost Domain to lock down the Hungry Ghost like last time. He knew that ghosts even the Ghost Flame couldn't approach, let alone his six-tiered Ghost Domain, couldn't hinder its actions.

Therefore, he didn't need to lock down the Hungry Ghost with supernatural means. Instead, he used sheer force to throw the Coffin Nail directly.

Yang Jian had great strength. Once released, the Coffin Nail instantly flew towards the Hungry Ghost, piercing directly into the ghost's cold, emaciated chest without any unexpected occurrences, even though the Hungry Ghost possessed a Ghost Domain. Its domain had already been suppressed to an extremely limited range, rendering it nearly ineffective at this moment.

"To ensure a hit, I didn't aim for its head this time." With this in mind, Yang Jian immediately charged forward.

The ghost eyes opened, the Ghost Domain activated.

Yet, instead of falling silent, the Hungry Ghost pierced by the Coffin Nail continued to advance, not losing its ability to move due to the Nail.

The infallible suppression of the Coffin Nail failed for the first time.

But all this was expected.

The Hungry Ghost had devoured a Coffin Nail, making it impossible to pin it down using the same method again, unless Yang Jian had a third Coffin Nail which might do the trick.

However, this Coffin Nail wasn't meant to completely immobilize the Hungry Ghost; it was merely to reduce its level of terror.

Therefore, at the moment this Coffin Nail succeeded, Yang Jian's Ghost Domain instantly enveloped the area.

Immediately, he appeared out of thin air in front of the terrifying entity, his red spear already slashed downward without the slightest hesitation.

The Hungry Ghost's stiff neck moved slightly, then looked at Yang Jian, and a trace of sinister ferocity appeared in its apathetic eyes; Yang Jian's appearance triggered the ghost's killing pattern.

However, the moment the pattern activated, Yang Jian's Firewood Knife had already sliced across the Hungry Ghost's neck, tearing open a ferocious gash.

"Not enough," Yang Jian swung the second cut, third, and fourth.

This ghost was too dangerous; merely dismembering it with one strike was useless. He needed to dismember the Hungry Ghost into more pieces as quickly as possible to ensure the success of this action.

At this moment, the supernatural assault with the Firewood Knife took effect.

The Hungry Ghost's head fell off, its arms were chopped off, its legs severed, and within a second, its body was dismembered into five or six pieces.

Yang Jian restarted himself to dispel the curse of the Firewood Knife, then stared intently at the severed limbs and remnants before him.

"Theoretically, we should have won, given the Firewood Knife's successful dismemberment, and it was previously confirmed through the Wishing Ghost incident that the Hungry Ghost won't restart."

Speculation is speculation, but Yang Jian dared not relax before the matter was completely resolved, especially since Lin Bei and Wang Chaling had personally experienced the horror of the Hungry Ghost.

"Yang Jian, succeeded?" Lin Bei also noticed the scene, but there was a hint of doubt in his tone.

It's not disbelief; rather, it all seemed a bit too easy, too simple.

"Not sure," Yang Jian replied, uncertain himself, needing to verify firsthand.

Then he reached over and reclaimed the Coffin Nail pinned to the corpse.

As soon as Yang Jian's hand touched the Coffin Nail, he was shocked to discover that the other dismembered parts of the Hungry Ghost were rapidly disappearing, and the corpse pinned by the Coffin Nail was astonishingly restoring at an incredible speed. In just one or two seconds, before his eyes, a cold, emaciated corpse with a protruding belly completely regenerated.

All traces of the dismemberment vanished.

The Hungry Ghost had recovered.

"Not good," Yang Jian's pupils contracted sharply as he felt the danger.

The Hungry Ghost opened its pitch-black mouth and lunged at him, and the bluish-black mist reappeared, instantly enveloping Yang Jian.

"Trouble, Yang Jian, retreat quickly," Lin Bei exclaimed in surprise.

In an instant.

A flash of red light tore through the mist, followed by a swiftly retreating figure.

Yang Jian's expression was grim as he appeared in a safe area, clutching a rust-covered Coffin Nail.

At the critical moment, he activated his six-layer Ghost Domain, affecting the Hungry Ghost's actions, then removed the Coffin Nail, quickly withdrawing.

Fortunately, the Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain was not as powerful as his; otherwise, he might have suffered.

"Operation failed. While the Coffin Nail can weaken the Hungry Ghost's supernatural ability, the Hungry Ghost has grown stronger since the confrontation with Lin Bei and Wang Chaling. Did anything unusual happen during your encounter?" Yang Jian immediately inquired.

Lin Bei shook his head, "No, everything seemed normal, but now that you mention it, I did notice something different."

"Tell me," Yang Jian said.

Lin Bei continued, "Wang Chaling carries the Wang Family curse. Four ghosts usually accompany him, his parents, grandfather, and grandmother, but during our collaboration, one of Wang Chaling's ghosts did not appear."

"Which ghost didn't show up?" Yang Jian asked promptly.

"It was Wang Chaling's grandmother," Lin Bei replied.

Yang Jian's face darkened, "So Wang Chaling's grandmother was devoured by the Hungry Ghost? Such crucial information, yet Wang Chaling chose to conceal it?"

"Yang Jian, I don't think Wang Chaling's grandmother was completely devoured. Otherwise, he would surely mention it. I believe she suffered severe damage from an attack by the Hungry Ghost, preventing her subsequent appearance," Lin Bei speculated.

"Even partial consumption would cause the Hungry Ghost to further grow. The recent recovery speed was alarmingly fast, barely short of self-restarting. I estimate within three seconds, the dismembered Hungry Ghost would immediately revive. We need to rethink our strategy," Yang Jian stated.

"Captain Yang, the Hungry Ghost is coming; our supernatural methods seem insufficient to intercept it."

At this moment, He Yuelian spoke up, "However, Lin Bei's earlier words gave me an idea: I could attempt to trap the Hungry Ghost within The World of Ghost Drawing, sealing it inside a painting."

"Try again. If we can't eliminate it, attempt sealing," Yang Jian said.

This ghost had swallowed a Coffin Nail; he was inclined to dismember it to recover the nail, even if only partially.

Chapter 1419 - Three Boxes

"Even with the use of the coffin nail, the action failed. This is quite difficult now; the Hungry Ghost can not only ignore supernatural influences but has also absorbed part of Wang Chaling's grandmother's supernatural power. Although it hasn't mastered the restart ability, its recovery speed is terrifying. In less than three seconds, it can recover from being dismembered to that extent, truly unbelievable."

At this moment, Lin Bei stroked his bald head, frowned, and seemed a bit troubled.

"We must devise a second plan before the Hungry Ghost attacks." Yang Jian immediately began to contemplate, feeling somewhat uneasy about the coffin nail in his hand.

This was because the coffin nail was previously used to pin the Manor Lord's head. Now, with the removal of the spear, it meant that the Manor Lord's head was no longer restrained. Despite having prepared countermeasures, he was cautious dealing with a powerful King, not wanting any mishaps.

He Yuelian said, "I still suggest keeping the Hungry Ghost in the ghost painting world. The ghost painting world previously held the Ghost Envoy, so it should be able to contain the Hungry Ghost as well."

"Keeping it in the ghost painting world would mean you're sacrificing your Ghost Domain, and you would no longer be able to use that supernatural power. That's a losing strategy," Yang Jian replied, "We still have to face the King Organization. This method of reducing strength by containing powerful ghosts is not advisable. Although the previous action failed, we obtained valuable information."

"Facts have proven that the coffin nail is effective... I have roughly thought of a plan. I will act like before, nail the Hungry Ghost, then dismember it. After that, I will divide the Hungry Ghost into three parts: one part will be contained by He Yuelian, one by Lin Bei, and the third part by me."

Lin Bei's eyes lit up, "Good idea. By splitting the Hungry Ghost into three parts, one in the ghost painting world, one in the Mirror World I control, and the other remaining in reality, I refuse to believe the Hungry Ghost can still recover."

Containing an entire Hungry Ghost is dangerous, but containing a portion is much easier.

"This is also a good idea, worth a try," He Yuelian said.

"If it fails, the third plan is to lure the Hungry Ghost abroad. I will personally act as bait," Yang Jian said solemnly, having already prepared the next step in his mind.

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's move quickly; the Hungry Ghost is already here. I will interfere with the Hungry Ghost's actions to prevent any accidents."

Lin Bei saw the Hungry Ghost gradually approaching and promptly spoke.

Fortunately, the Hungry Ghost's Ghost Domain was suppressed, limiting its range; its actions were somewhat slow, giving the team time to think. If they were in the gloom, the Hungry Ghost would have already come to kill, without such delays.

"I will immediately contain a part of the Hungry Ghost's body," He Yuelian said.

Yang Jian nodded, said no more, and began to act again.

The Ghost Flame had already dissipated.

Gray-white paper ash constantly fell around them, deeply showing the signs of supernatural erosion from the ghost painting. The blue-green gloom couldn't spread, merely shrouding the Hungry Ghost.

At this point, Yang Jian stepped forward, standing in front of the Hungry Ghost.

Previously, the Hungry Ghost had already seen him; it approached to kill him.

"You can act anytime. If something unexpected happens, I can save it," Lin Bei's voice sounded in Yang Jian's ears, encouraging him to act boldly.

The Hungry Ghost stared at Yang Jian, no longer mindless, but with an indescribably eerie and fierce expression, full of resentment.

"It's been so long, yet the Hungry Ghost still bears Zhou Zheng's face," Yang Jian now looked seriously at the Hungry Ghost's appearance, but his hand had already tightened around the coffin nail.

The Hungry Ghost kept approaching; it was determined to kill Yang Jian.

However, after a few steps, the Hungry Ghost's body slowly slackened, as if restrained, its movements becoming more and more sluggish, and the surrounding gloom seemed to be invaded, torn open with gaps.

Clearly.

Lin Bei took action.

This guy was quite capable; even though the Hungry Ghost wasn't affected by supernatural interference, he could still affect its actions.

"Yang Jian, you can act now," Lin Bei shouted.

As soon as the words fell, the Hungry Ghost's movement halted abruptly, trembling slightly in place.

Yang Jian seized this opportunity, flicking the coffin nail in his hand again.

Just like before, it nailed directly into the Hungry Ghost, leaving no suspense.

The next moment.

His Ghost Domain enveloped, appearing again in front of the Hungry Ghost, his Firewood Knife slashing directly down; three strikes landed, dismembering the Hungry Ghost into three parts once more.

"Now."

He Yuelian, Lin Bei, and Yang Jian each used their supernatural powers.

The Hungry Ghost's head got covered by gray-white paper ash and vanished from sight, half of its body got transferred by Lin Bei into a certain part of the Mirror World, and the remaining half, nailed with the coffin nail, got taken by Yang Jian into reality, unhesitatingly encircling it with five or six grass rope circles.

The grass rope circle was a supernatural tool from headquarters, meant for restricting a powerful ghost's movements.

Once this was done, the ghost painting world and the Mirror World disappeared mutually ensuring the Hungry Ghost couldn't use them as a medium to restore itself.

"Is the corpse struggling?" Yang Jian stared at the dismembered half of the ghost's body, noticing it was wriggling even in its current state.

However, wrapped in grass ropes, the struggling quieted after a few moments.

The Hungry Ghost, when dismembered, naturally suppresses its supernatural revival, not to mention so many measures were applied together.

"No problem on my end, settled," He Yuelian reported her situation.

In the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting, the Hungry Ghost's head was left on a narrow, broken road, at a peripheral location within the ghost painting world. Even if Ghost couldn't contain it, it would take time for it to reach the outside.

However, despite the head rolling on the ground, it remained stuck within the ghost painting world.

Evidently, a dismembered Hungry Ghost can indeed be contained.

"No issues here either; it hasn't recovered. The previous plan was correct; isolating it with three worlds makes it difficult for even such a formidable ghost to recover," Lin Bei said.

Yang Jian slightly nodded, "The Hungry Ghost hasn't fully mastered the restart ability, which is crucial; otherwise, one restart would see it fully restored."

"Wang Chaling is truly cunning, hiding such crucial information," Lin Bei couldn't help but curse.

"He likely didn't realize how quickly the Hungry Ghost would grow, given he's just an ordinary person without fully grasping the supernatural powers his grandparents possess," Yang Jian said calmly, "But now's not the time for this; I need to lock this thing in a box, avoiding lengthy dreams."

Following this, his Ghost Domain covered, searching the city for some gold, crafting a box to encase the half body completely, though he ensured to retrieve the coffin nail before sealing it.

Yang Jian did not want the second coffin nail to be lost.

"Fetch some gold for me as well; I can't rest easy and don't want to leave this thing in the Supernatural World either. I want to lock it away too," Lin Bei said.

Yang Jian did not refuse, crafting two boxes for Lin Bei and He Yuelian to each place their respective parts of the Hungry Ghost's body inside.

Ensuring the process of boxing up was cautious, no accidents occurred.

Eventually, with everything sorted, the three gold boxes lined up neatly before them, even slightly trembling, as the contents strained to escape.

Yet, the boxes were sturdy enough for the ghost's remnant to breach.

"If these three boxes are opened simultaneously, the Hungry Ghost will be released and fully restored within three seconds, forming another supernatural event. Thus, this is now a weapon for us; used wisely, it can make a decisive difference."

Yang Jian squinted, observing the three boxes before him.

"Are you still considering releasing it? Yang Jian, let's not. Today's containment of the Hungry Ghost might've seemed simple and light. Yet, this thing almost mastered the restart ability. Once it gains such supernatural prowess, even all captains combined might struggle," Lin Bei shook his head, saying with lingering fear.

"If that moment arrives, we'll manage as much as we can," Yang Jian stated.

Chapter 1420 - The Step Forward

The bluish-black haze dissipated, and the Hungry Ghost event was ultimately resolved.

Although the Hungry Ghost was terrifying, the ghost tamers it encountered this time were no longer as weak as before. With three captains joining forces, dealing with any S-class supernatural event posed no problem.

Since the Hungry Ghost was imprisoned and not restricted by a Coffin Nail, this area still harbored other Ghost Infants and Ghost Children that had been born.

Yang Jian, He Yuelian, and Lin Bei joined forces to clean up the remaining supernatural elements in this area, marking the complete conclusion of this matter.

However, during this period,

Wang Chaling came alone to a safe room underground in Ning'an Building.

As an ordinary Wang Chaling, he had several safe houses in Dadong City, not only to better protect himself but also to store some dangerous items.

More accurately, dangerous ghosts.

The underground safe room was filled with golden boxes. These boxes imprisoned the fierce ghosts Wang Chaling had been cursed with, each box labeled with information describing the supernatural power of the ghost within.

Wang Chaling sat silently beside one of the boxes for a long time.

He hesitated, hesitated whether to follow Yang Jian's request to become a ghost tamer, and then let the next generation bear the Wang Family curse, continuing this endless torment.

"I once swore to end the Wang Family's fate. For this, I have been striving towards this goal, even considering returning to the source to prevent the birth of the Wang Family curse... But all failed, everything failed, fate once again pulled me back to the starting point, all I have done previously was meaningless."

Wang Chaling's heart was not calm, the lack of expression earlier was because he was enduring it, but alone in the safe room, he had no need to suppress his emotions.

As if sensing his anger,

Cold shadows quietly emerged around him – a couple drained of all vitality, and two old people with wrinkled faces, cold and numb.

At this moment, Wang Chaling's grandmother's body was incomplete, as if something had devoured a part of it, leaving wounds on her face, arms, and hands, wounds that hadn't disappeared even after a day or two.

These were the injuries from failing to contend with the Hungry Ghost, even such terrifying ghosts couldn't heal them, because what's incomplete is not just the body, but also supernatural parts.

"Once you become a ghost tamer, there's no turning back, how many years you can live is uncertain, even if there's a way to lift the curse, I won't have the time, only to go down the road, further down as a ghost tamer, struggling to survive. Then, after my death, my unseen son will become Wang Sidai, repeating my old path."

Wang Chaling took a few deep breaths with his eyes closed.

Before coming here, he had already confirmed by phone, what Lin Bei said before was indeed true.

"If I want to change now, there's still time. Yang Jian and the others are tackling the Hungry Ghost incident. I believe it won't be over so quickly in the short term."

Afterward, a rather crazy idea emerged in Wang Chaling's mind.

But just as the thought emerged, he quickly sighed and dismissed it.

"We've already come this far, solving the Wang Family curse in my generation is impossible. Rather than dwelling on it, I should pave the way for future generations, leaving the problem for them to solve. Now, I have more important things to do, Lin Bei is right. If the King Organization's Ark Project succeeds, it will all be meaningless."

After contemplating for a while, Wang Chaling came to a realization. He no longer agonized over everything, admitted his own failure, and decided to take this crucial step; he gave up his normal identity to become a ghost tamer.

Wang Chaling stood up, and from the boxes, he found two golden boxes.

Regarding mastering supernatural power, he had already devised an appropriate plan and even prepared the fierce ghosts.

"So far, this is still the best plan for me." Wang Chaling looked at the two boxes in front of him.

One box imprisoned a fierce ghost with the codename Corpse-Raising Ghost.

This ghost was special because once controlled, the self would immediately become a cold corpse, and the corpse would be well-taken care of and protected by the ghost until it was entirely eroded by the supernatural and fused with the Corpse-Raising Ghost.

When Wang Chaling initially imprisoned this ghost, he witnessed this ghost revitalize a severed dead leg into a complete corpse through some eerie means.

Therefore, even if he were dismembered, leaving only a fragment of body, the supernatural of the ghost would completely restore his body, and the stronger the supernatural of the Corpse-Raising Ghost, the faster the body would recover, estimated to almost match Yang Jian's self-reboot.

In the other box was a supernatural item.

It was an old black round hat, and within it dwelled a terrifying ghost. Once worn, the ghost would erode your consciousness, gradually changing your behavior and actions, until you were no longer yourself. However, in turn, wearing this round hat would protect your consciousness from other supernatural harms.

"Corpse-Raising Ghost protects the body, black round hat protects the consciousness, under the conditions of ignoring supernatural balance and ghost resurgence, I should be able to hold on for a few months. Once I overcome this hurdle, I will find a method for supernatural balance. If this hurdle can't be crossed, thinking so much is useless."

Wang Chaling communicated with himself inwardly, realizing how dangerous this confrontation with the King Organization would be.

Relying on domestic ghost tamers against the alliance organization of multi-national ghost tamers, anyone with a discerning eye knows the vast gap. If it weren't for Yang Jian successfully hunting down a King, turning the tide of battle, he believed the domestic supernatural circle would collapse even before the war began.

The captains aren't fools. If they know they're doomed to fail, the so-called captain's meeting simply can't be held. Ultimately, no matter how dire the situation becomes, it doesn't affect the survival of the captains.

But now, Yang Jian has shown everyone hope, so Wang Chaling can conclude that tomorrow's captain's meeting will definitely proceed smoothly.

After some wild thoughts, Wang Chaling brushed away the distractions and finally opened the box containing the Corpse-Raising Ghost.

Accompanied by the pervasive stench of the corpse, the fierce ghost was released, and simultaneously, the surrounding lights went out abruptly.

Wang Chaling at this moment was beginning to walk the path of a ghost controller.

Becoming a ghost controller is a painful experience.

In the dark safe house, waves of painful screams could be heard; this taste of being eroded by the supernatural was indeed unpleasant.

However, this didn't last very long.

In less than half an hour, everything in the safe house had calmed down, the lights restored, and Wang Chaling walked out expressionless.

At this moment, his body was no longer warm like a living person's, exuding a faint chill and eerie aura. On his head was an old round hat that did not belong to this era.

"Is this the feeling of becoming a ghost controller? Emotions are rapidly disappearing, consciousness constantly eroded by something terrifying, putting me in a state of mental tension... enduring this state for a long time without going mad is already quite an achievement, let alone thinking rationally."

Wang Chaling now understood how difficult it is to be a ghost controller.

The torment the body undergoes is enough to cause many ghost controllers to collapse and degenerate. If one perseveres through this, they still have to resist the instincts that arise after being influenced by the ghost. These instincts cannot be indulged, as indulgence makes them increasingly difficult to manage, ultimately becoming a living person controlled by the ghost.

Once a ghost controller endures all this, they face the risk of the ghost reviving, making it an endless succession of difficulties that suffocates and despores.

But correspondingly, if one persists all the way through, the whole person inevitably undergoes a kind of transformation.

"Now I understand why Yang Jian has never taken me seriously. As long as I'm an ordinary person, I never qualify to be taken seriously. This is a ghost controller's instinctual disdain for ordinary people because ordinary people's level is too low. Neither their consciousness nor their body can compare to a ghost controller."

Some of Wang Chaling's concepts had been imperceptibly changed, and he began to think from the perspective of a ghost controller.

As time passed and night fell in Dadong City, only half a day was left before the captain's meeting convened.

During this time, captains had already arrived in the city one after another.

Because the information about the second captain's meeting in Dadong City was absolutely confidential, up to now, besides the captains, only a few people at headquarters knew. There was simply no possibility of a leak.

The captains' actions were also very discreet, appearing quietly in Dadong City without anyone realizing it.

At this moment, in a corner of the city.

As a bus stopped, a young man in his twenties got off with his luggage, wearing sunglasses. He marveled at the splendor of the big city, then took a pricey pen from his jacket pocket and began writing in a small notebook.

"Attend the captain's meeting tomorrow at noon; the location is... Ning'an Building."

He seemed afraid of forgetting such an important matter, thus he noted it down.

But just as he put away the notebook and prepared to set off, he suddenly noticed his luggage that was beside him had disappeared.

"Where's my luggage bag? It was just here, how did it disappear all of a sudden?" Zhou Deng looked around, eyes widening abruptly. Had his luggage been stolen?

"No, I have to steal it back."

He didn't hesitate and immediately turned around, chasing in a certain direction.

Meanwhile, Paper Man Leuk San had quietly appeared in a dark alley in the city, but moments later, people began walking out of the alley one after another.

Every individual looked the same; each was Leuk San.

On a plane over Dadong City.

He Yiner listened to the announcement that the plane was about to land, put down the magazine in hand, glanced out the window, and started surveying the city.

On the highway.

Cao Yang, driving a high-performance car, sped along, ignoring speed limit warnings, heading towards the city gleaming in the distance.

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All the captains were converging from everywhere to one spot.