

Revival 1451

Chapter 1451 - Wang Lu and His Wife

At this moment, Yang Jian was taking some time to study the Supernatural Pendulum Clock he retrieved from the Wang Family's ancient house, because he hoped this supernatural item could be of use at critical moments, so he needed to grasp how to use the pendulum clock.

He hadn't had time to ponder it before, but now that he finally had a bit of free time, he had to make the most of it.

"Now the Supernatural Pendulum Clock's time has aligned with reality, but the secret to the clock's reset hasn't been mastered. As long as the rules of the clock's reset can be figured out, then the Supernatural Pendulum Clock can exert its proper value," Yang Jian focused intently on the old pendulum clock, observing it carefully.

However, under the strong supernatural interference, the ghostly eye couldn't glimpse the condition inside the clock, but through normal observation, Yang Jian could see that inside this clock was a shriveled corpse curled up, seemingly intertwined with the clock's innards.

Under the influence of some supernatural power, various gears inside the clock were rotating incessantly in an incomprehensible manner.

"The shriveled corpse inside the clock is clearly a ghost, and this ghost is the source of the clock's supernatural nature, yet this ghost has always been in some state of slumber," Yang Jian mused.

He didn't dare to disturb the ghost inside the clock, fearing that awakening it might lead to it breaking free from the clock's constraints.

But as he continued to research and explore, Yang Jian gradually discovered some aspects of the clock.

First, no one could easily change the time on the clock; the only way to alter the clock's time was through the wide-area reset method of the ghostly eye.

Secondly, the clock would automatically chime every hour, but it didn't necessarily reset each time it chimed. This had no discernible pattern, perhaps due to the limited time in studying it; at least for now, Yang Jian hadn't discovered any pattern.

Moreover, the clock's reset wasn't always to half an hour before; it could also move to half an hour after.

"With irregular resets, creating a zone of time disarray, it's clear this clock was deliberately controlled and adjusted to trap a region's ghosts; I suspect it's highly likely Wang Chaling's parents did it while alive. They wanted to ensure the ghosts in the Wang Family's ancient house could never be freed."

"So, if I want to use this clock, I'll need to reset its operational method. But the method for this resetting might only be known to Wang Chaling. If even he doesn't know, then no one in this world knows how to use this thing."

Yang Jian secretly pondered.

He thought for a moment and decided to call Wang Chaling and ask about it.

However, when Yang Jian called, Wang Chaling's response was somewhat unexpected.

"Yang Jian, I know some about the Supernatural Pendulum Clock, but not much. You mentioned resetting the operational method of the clock; honestly, I'm really not sure. I can confidently tell you that my parents never discussed these things with me while they were alive, though they did leave some notes behind at the ancient house."

Wang Chaling responded on the phone: "And you know too, the Wang Family's ancient house was occupied by others for a while; if there was anything inside, it likely fell into others' hands long ago. Like that last Pendulum Clock Organization, if they were still alive, they must know something, but unfortunately, they offended you and were wiped out. Now, finding my parents' notes is probably an impossible task."

"Nothing is impossible. Prepare your parents' relics so He Yiner can hold a séance," Yang Jian calmly suggested, immediately providing a solution.

"He Yiner's séance, huh? That's something worth trying. Hold on; I'll head home to find their relics," Wang Chaling said.

Yang Jian replied, "Hurry up; I'll be waiting for you in the conference hall."

"Alright," Wang Chaling finished his sentence, hung up the phone, and set off.

After putting down his phone, Yang Jian prepared to return to the conference hall with the Supernatural Pendulum Clock.

In fact, he didn't necessarily need to trouble Wang Chaling for help; he still had human skin paper in his possession, which he could use to inquire about the pendulum clock's usage.

But at this critical moment, Yang Jian didn't want any unexpected events to occur, so he refrained from using the human skin paper to prevent it from tampering with the pendulum clock.

Soon.

Yang Jian returned to the top-floor conference hall of the Ning'an Building with the Supernatural Pendulum Clock.

This wasn't in reality but in Lin Bei's Mirror World.

Currently, there were still quite a few captains lingering in the conference hall. Although there was nothing urgent now, they didn't dare to leave casually during these days because the King Organization could take action at any time, and they had to be prepared to respond accordingly.

"Yang Wudi, you finally arrived; I've been waiting for you for a long time," a low voice sounded at this moment.

At the conference table, an out-of-place figure came into Yang Jian's view.

"Ye Zhen?"

Seeing him, Yang Jian was surprised, but then he remembered that he had previously invited Ye Zhen to help, so it wasn't odd for Ye Zhen to appear at this time.

"Take a rest first. I have something to handle here. By the way, where did He Yiner go? Has anyone seen her?"

"She just went out to pick someone up," Zhou Deng said. "Why? Do you need her? I can get in touch with her for you."

"Notify her to return as soon as possible; there's something I need her help with," Yang Jian said.

Zhou Deng nodded, picked up his phone, and began contacting He Yiner.

Soon after, Wang Chaling, who hadn't been gone long, returned, carrying two relics, his parents' old clothes.

"Yang Jian, I brought the items you wanted. I also want to see if He Yiner's séance can be successful. If it can, I have some things I'd like to say to my parents," Wang Chaling said, placing the old clothes on the conference table.

"He Yiner went out for a moment, so we'll start the séance when she returns," Yang Jian replied.

Wang Chaling nodded and found a seat, unbothered as he had plenty of time to wait.

Soon.

There was feedback from He Yiner that she'd arrive in ten minutes.

Hearing this, Yang Jian didn't rush and quietly waited for ten minutes.

However, He Yiner was punctual; after seven or eight minutes, she arrived at the top-floor conference hall by elevator, accompanied by a tall, faceless man.

This man was the Faceless Person from Taiping Ancient Town, whom Yang Jian, Leuk San, and others had met before, so he wasn't entirely unfamiliar.

"As discussed earlier, this is external support I invited from Taiping Ancient Town. He doesn't have a name; you can refer to him as the Faceless Person. But rest assured, he is trustworthy and will help us win this battle," He Yiner spoke earnestly, also introducing the Faceless Person to the others.

The Faceless Person didn't speak but raised his hand to greet everyone.

The other captains responded in kind.

Yang Jian said, "The Faceless Person helped Ah Hong before, so there's a history of collaboration. I trust that he is reliable. He will stay with you during the upcoming actions."

Yang Jian actually realized that the Faceless Person's presence was likely not for participation in the battle but more about protecting He Yiner.

After all, He Yiner was the hope for Taiping Ancient Town's future and couldn't fall into the hands of the King Organization.

He Yiner said, "Yang Jian, I heard from Zhou Deng that you needed me for something? What is it specifically?"

"Help with a séance,"

Yang Jian pointed to the two old clothes on the conference table.

"Whose relics are these? A séance has its taboos. If it's for an enemy or someone unclear in position, it might be hazardous," He Yiner asked.

"They are my parents' relics," Wang Chaling stood up from his seat.

He Yiner said, "Then there should be no problem, but you must be prepared for the possibility of the séance failing. Also, be cautious of any unpredictable changes in the spirits summoned. If anything arises, I'll immediately terminate the séance. Don't blame me for not warning you in advance."

"Of course," Yang Jian replied.

"Then I'll begin," He Yiner walked over, directly picking up the two old clothes.

Using items from life as a medium gives a high probability of summoning their spirits.

With the emergence of supernatural forces.

Two blurry figures appeared beside He Yiner, which gradually became clearer, forming the image of a middle-aged couple.

These two were precisely Wang Chaling's parents, Wang Lu and his wife.

Chapter 1452 - Wang Family Reunion

Inside the conference hall, everyone at this moment was staring at He Yiner. Although they had seen He Yiner summon spirits before, they still found it unbelievable.

After all, the method He Yiner used was truly something that broke the taboo of life and death, bringing back people who had been dead for many years to this world again. Even though the time they stayed was very short, it was enough to surprise everyone. What's more, such spirit summoning could allow the deceased ghost tamers to possess their supernatural power from when they were alive. Although this shortens the time the soul lingers in reality, the battles between ghost tamers themselves are always decided in a very short time.

Last time, when He Yiner opposed Zhang Xiangguang, she already showed everyone how terrifying the potential of a Soul Summoner can be.

"Wang Lu and his wife should be ghost tamers from the same period as Chen Qiaoyang and Zhang Xiangguang, belonging to the second generation post-Republic of China period. However, after inheriting the Wang Family curse, it seems they didn't live long, having died more than twenty years ago when Wang Chaling was probably still a child," commented Yang Jian, glancing at Wang Chaling.

At this moment, Wang Chaling, who had already become a ghost tamer, showed no expression and remained calm, without any hint of joy at seeing his parents.

The supernatural was corroding his emotions and body, making him no longer have large emotional fluctuations as before.

"It's done." After a short while, He Yiner's spirit summoning ceremony ended, and she suddenly spoke up to notify everyone.

And with He Yiner's words falling, the previously ephemeral-looking Wang Lu and his wife beside her had now become fully solid, giving off the feeling of a real resurrection just like two living people.

"The spirit summoning time is short this time; maybe it's because the medium was better, or perhaps the supernatural power these two people had when alive wasn't that frightening. So whatever you want to say, it's best to ask all at once, don't waste my spirit summoning abilities," He Yiner said earnestly.

Her spirit summoning didn't come without costs, although such costs were yet to manifest.

If it were to oppose the King Organization, He Yiner would not hesitate, but if it were to fulfill another's dream by summoning a relative's soul, she would immediately refuse.

"This time it is to inquire about information on the Pendulum Clock, not for personal matters," Wang Chaling said.

He Yiner nodded and didn't say much, but turned around and left, finding a place to sit down.

After the success of the spirit summoning, what followed had nothing to do with her.

Wang Lu and his wife now awakened like people who had slept for a long time, very vigilant, scrutinizing their surroundings, even prepared to act at any moment.

But seeing Yang Jian, Lin Bei, He Yiner, Lu Zhiwen, Ye Zhen, and the others, they realized their situation.

"I see, we have been dead for a very long time, this should be more than ten or twenty years later. Although I don't know what supernatural means you used to briefly bring my wife and me back to life, I still have to say thank you," Wang Chaling's father, Wang Lu, said with a gentle tone, politely expressing his gratitude.

Because he could judge that every one present was a top-notch ghost tamer with truly terrifying power. With such people gathered together, regardless of the purpose, he had no ability to resist and could only properly position himself.

"Dad, Mom, it's me, Wang Chaling. This time, because of some matters, I had to disturb you by temporarily manifesting your souls through spirit summoning," at this moment, Wang Chaling walked over and said calmly.

However, from Wang Chaling's eyes, one could see that he wasn't actually very calm inside, with some inexplicable emotions brewing.

"Wang Chaling?" Wang Lu and Mother Wang suddenly looked at Wang Chaling with some bewilderment and uncertainty.

After many years apart, they didn't recognize Wang Chaling right away.

But upon careful observation, they gradually confirmed that Wang Chaling indeed was their son.

"Let me have a good look at you, I didn't expect you to have grown so much in the blink of an eye, and you too have become a ghost tamer, stepping into this circle. I told you before, you can't escape the fate of the Wang Family..."

At this moment, Wang Lu stepped forward, looking Wang Chaling up and down, his emotions somewhat stirred, and he subconsciously reached out to touch him, but was stopped by He Yiner.

"You are souls of the deceased reappearing after many years, there's a taboo not to contact the living of this era, otherwise some unexpected issues might arise," He Yiner said.

Wang Lu immediately withdrew his hand and said, "You're a Soul Summoner from Taiping Ancient Town? I knew a bit about your existence during my lifetime, just never met you. After all, the people from Taiping Ancient Town are very conservative, rarely active in the supernatural circle. I'm really grateful that our family could reunite this time. If there's anything we can help with, please don't hesitate to say, my wife and I won't refuse."

He promptly expressed his stance, also understanding in his heart that the Soul Summoner summoned his wife's and his souls not for a mere reunion.

"Dad, here's what happened..." Wang Chaling briefly explained the recent events and expressed his intention: "We must gain control of the Supernatural Pendulum Clock in the old mansion. Only then can we increase our chances against the King Organization. If we lose this time, all supernatural occurrences in the country will spiral out of control, and everything will cease to exist."

After hearing this, Wang Lu and his wife fell silent immediately.

Wang Chaling's mother laughed, "I knew this would happen eventually. It's only a matter of time before the supernatural goes out of control, although I didn't expect it to happen so soon. Our son lives in the worst of times. The older generation is passing away, almost all gone, and those before us must be the new leaders who have to bear unimaginably heavy burdens. Life will be hard and exhausting, just like it was for our parents."

"There's no point in saying all this now. We should think about how to help the younger generation," Wang Lu shook his head slightly, then said seriously, "To take the Supernatural Pendulum Clock, one must use supernatural power to influence the old mansion. Only at the right place and time can that thing be removed."

"You don't need to worry about that. I've already taken the Supernatural Pendulum Clock out of the old mansion," Yang Jian walked over and said.

Wang Lu was taken aback, looking at Yang Jian in disbelief, "You did it? Unbelievable."

"His name is Yang Jian, the Enforcement Captain from headquarters, the most capable among us. If you've got something to say, say it to him," Lin Bei chuckled and said.

"Since you've already managed to influence time, the Supernatural Pendulum Clock shouldn't matter to you, should it? Back then, my wife and I deliberately hid the clock to maintain balance inside the ancestral house, to use supernatural forces to trap some vengeful spirits inside the mansion forever," Wang Lu said.

In his vision before he died, Wang Chaling was to inherit the Supernatural Pendulum Clock and the old mansion, so the future generations would have a place to settle.

Moreover, Wang Lu wasn't worried about the clock being stolen.

Because those capable of taking the Supernatural Pendulum Clock wouldn't need it, and those incapable couldn't take it.

The only exception was that ghost handler named Chen Qiaoyang, who could manipulate vengeful spirits to accomplish things impossible for humans. But Wang Lu had dealt with this enemy during his lifetime, and he believed it would be difficult for such a special existence to appear again.

"This is my business, you don't need to worry. I need to know how to use the Supernatural Pendulum Clock," Yang Jian said seriously.

Wang Chaling also said, "Dad, Mom, tell him. The clock is already in his hands. Even if you don't say, he will slowly figure out how to use the clock."

"Every new generation has its own fortune. We, as deceased souls, can't manage much," Wang Lu understood Wang Chaling's intention.

Now someone else is in control. Even if Wang Chaling inherited the Wang Family curse and controlled four vengeful spirits, he couldn't take the lead among this group. Losing even the clock left by his grandparents forced him to adapt and avoid making things difficult for his son in the future.

"Controlling the Supernatural Pendulum Clock is simple. Inside the clock is a terrifying corpse, a vengeful spirit and the source of the clock's supernatural power. You must pay attention to the corpse's fingers. The fingers will constantly adjust the clock, allowing it to run. By adjusting the position of the fingers, you can manipulate the clock's time. Most importantly, watch the corpse's neck. If the neck turns, it means the clock restarts. But remember, the vengeful spirit's neck must not turn a full 180 degrees; it must stop at 90 degrees, which corresponds to a half-hour restart."

"If you want to restart for an hour, the corpse's neck will turn completely, and by then, the vengeful spirit will awaken, and the clock will no longer be able to restrain it."

Wang Lu explained the method to adjust the time of the Supernatural Pendulum Clock and some taboos involved.

"I think I understand," Yang Jian nodded.

So, the corpse's neck turning is the restart, and it can't be turned too much at once, or it will go out of control.

However, Wang Chaling's grandfather was truly remarkable for creating such a supernatural item, using the ghost's own restarting trait to imprison the ghost, keeping it in a perpetual restart state, never allowing it to fully rotate its neck, because every half hour it restarts, everything returns to the initial state.

"Yang Jian, now that you know about the clock, could you give me some time alone with my parents? I have some things I want to discuss with them," Wang Chaling said at this moment.

"Catching up? No problem," Yang Jian nodded.

Wang Chaling glanced at the other captains, and seeing no objections, he took his parents' spirits and left the meeting hall via the elevator.

Inside the elevator.

"Dad, Mom, I have a plan that, if successful, could change everything for the Wang Family," Wang Chaling immediately started to speak.

"Tell us," Wang Lu smiled slightly.

"I call this plan the Infinite Restart Plan, and it involves using the Supernatural Pendulum Clock..." Wang Chaling slowly explained his inner plan.

Chapter 1453 - Inheritance

Wang Chaling is cooperating with Yang Jian and willing to use relics for He Yiner's soul summoning with his own ulterior motives.

He wants an opportunity to communicate with his parents, but he himself can't do it, nor does he possess such supernatural power, so he has to rely on others.

Yang Jian and He Yiner did not stop him from doing so. After all, it's a family reunion; it would be too cold-hearted to disagree.

At this moment.

The elevator is descending.

Wang Chaling is conveying his innermost plans to Wang Lu and his wife in the elevator.

Originally, his infinite restart plan was a stillborn, impossible to achieve, but now he sees hope for infinite restart through Yang Jian. With the Supernatural Pendulum Clock available and a person fit for restarting, Yang Jian alone has conditions to fulfill this plan. The only pity is that Yang Jian is not himself, so he can't help him fulfill his dream.

"Achieving infinite restart through personal efforts and the Supernatural Pendulum Clock? Your plan is very bold, trying to use the supernatural to reverse the past and change the future," Wang Lu said, feeling a bit astonished.

He never expected that his son, who used to detest the supernatural, had become so crazy after twenty years.

However, Wang Chaling said, "In the supernatural circle, nothing is impossible. Considering that restart has a range, I plan to set the restart location in our Wang Family's ancestral house. If everything goes well in the plan, I could go back to a specific past time to meet my living grandfather. If we can persuade him not to activate this curse, or curse the emergence of this curse, then the fate of everyone in the Wang Family will be rewritten."

"Have you considered the consequences of doing this?" Wang Lu asked solemnly, "Assuming you succeed, those who should die might not die, and those who shouldn't die might die. No one can predict the extent of changes it will cause."

"The consequences, no matter how serious, are better than the current situation. I'm the only one left alive in the Wang Family, and I won't last long either. If I'm to confront the King Organization, using supernatural powers will surely make me die even faster. Instead, it's better to solve the problem at the root and make our Wang Family's curse disappear completely. Perhaps, everything will change."

At this moment, Wang Chaling voiced his inner thoughts, aiming not only to change his own fate but to change the fate of all.

"Child, that's refutation. What has happened has happened. It's impossible to influence the present by changing the past. Supernatural powers aren't that friendly. Your grandfather initiated the Wang Family curse, and although he paid a big price, it left hope for our Wang Family. As long as we pass it down through generations, the more undead that gather, sooner or later there will be a time when our Wang Family flourishes again, even if supernatural incidents spiral out of control in the future, our Wang Family will still survive well in this chaotic world."

Wang Chaling's mother rebuked, not being a woman who knew nothing. In her times, she was also a well-read individual, so she doesn't want Wang Chaling to change anything.

On the contrary, Wang Lu and his wife understand the painstaking efforts of the previous generation.

Rather than letting descendants live in perpetual fear and insecurity in the supernatural world, it's better to become supernatural themselves, and eternally protect the Wang Family descendants.

Though they might not be able to save the world, at least they can mind their own affairs.

That's the older generation's protective love for the descendants, so Wang Lu and his wife agree with the mindset of the previous generation, willing to become spirits to protect their descendants.

"Wang Chaling, you must understand that what's tied to our Wang Family is not a curse, but the love from your grandfather and us. Without protection from supernatural powers, you wouldn't survive in this supernatural world. In this cruel world, living safely is already a luxury for you. You live in a peaceful and happy era, never experiencing the cruelty of that era, which is why you regard this curse as an enemy. You should change your stubborn views and understand the painstaking efforts of our previous generation."

Wang Lu advised, hoping Wang Chaling could see the family curse as a blessing and pass it down through generations.

"If my son, once born, is surrounded by six powerful ghosts, do you think he would be happy? No, he wouldn't. He would be treated as a monster. It would be the same through generations," Wang Chaling said in a deep voice, "I hate that feeling. If my descendants are to continue like this, I would rather the curse disappear entirely from my point onward."

"I just want to live a normal life, and I want my descendants to be the same, not become monsters."

Wang Lu continued, "Normal people can't survive in this world. You can protect your son for twenty years, let him live a normal life for twenty years. If your abilities are strong enough, you might shelter him for forty years, as long as you can endure. But every generation needs to make sacrifices; it's the way of survival, you understand? Your mother and I are very sorry, unable to give you a good childhood; it's our inability, unable to live longer. If we could live another twenty years, maybe you'd be a bit happier."

Although they were the second generation in the Wang Family, bearing the curse, they could wield their authority in the supernatural circle at that time, yet they inevitably had to become ghost wielders. Once becoming a ghost wielder, they couldn't live much longer.

Not every ghost wielder is fortunate enough to become a peculiarity and solve the problem of ghost resurgence.

The ideological conflict made the conversation between Wang Chaling and Wang Lu and his wife discordant, often leading to disputes.

In fact, Wang Chaling also understood the good intentions of his parents and grandparents, which pained him, wanting to go back and talk to his grandfather.

"You should calm down now. Although the infinite restart plan is excellent, you don't have the conditions to implement it yet."

Wang Lu said, "What you need to consider first is how to get through this immediate challenge. The King Organization seems challenging; you masters of this generation gathering haven't shown absolute confidence. This shows how difficult this battle is."

"So, you need to increase your strength and ensure your safety."

Wang Chaling fell silent for a moment, not speaking because Wang Lu was right; thinking about these things was futile since surviving was the current priority.

"Previously, your mother and I left in a hurry, not having time to properly cultivate you. Although we left a lot of information for you, it seems you haven't acquired it. This time, using the Soul Summoner to reappear in this world, we have some things we need to explain to you properly..." Wang Lu began, then revealed the Wang Family's secrets and some foundation.

Wang Chaling previously only got the family curse, not the entire Wang Family legacy.

But today, through his spirit parents, he's finally fully inheriting everything from the Wang Family.

It's unknown whether Wang Chaling's unborn child could also inherit all this and continue the Wang Family's destiny as he did.

When Wang Lu and his wife finished explaining the important matters, the time for the soul summoning was almost up.

Their bodies started to blur, becoming somewhat eerie, no longer as clear-headed as before. Speaking felt somewhat unfamiliar, as if everything earlier was a façade, and now the ghost's true nature was about to be exposed.

Simultaneously.

Inside the conference hall.

He Yiner watched the old clothes in her hand gradually dissipate, saying, "The time for the soul summoning is up; Wang Lu and his wife are disappearing."

The destruction of the medium signifies the end of the soul summoning.

"We've obtained the necessary intelligence. It doesn't matter if the soul summoning ends. Let Wang Chaling see his parents off, fulfilling a wish for him," Yang Jian said.

At this moment, Ye Zhen came over: "Yang Wudi, those trivial issues with Xiao Wang are handled. When shall we head out to have a fight with the King Organization? My sword hungers for battle."

Yang Jian glanced at the sword at Ye Zhen's waist. Although the scabbard was crafted from gold, through the gaps, he could still feel a chilling aura permeating it. Just by looking, his ghostly eyes seemed suppressed, wanting to close, indicating this supernatural item greatly restrained him.

"No rush, our intelligence network has just been set up; we need time for feedback. Be patient when dealing with enemies. Besides, Leuk San received reliable information that people from the King Organization seem to act ahead of schedule, unwilling to stall time with us any longer. They've suffered twice in succession and appear like a cornered beast. So next, we must guard against their ghost ship

landing, although I have the great flood plan for counteraction, they seem resolute to wreck things, which is somewhat unexpected to me."

Chapter 1454 - The Wandering Ship

Yang Jian could roughly sense from the intelligence on Leuk San's end that, although the King Organization publicly wanted to delay, in reality, they still wanted the Ghost Ship to land first. Despite the countermeasure plans with the flood, the King Organization seemed to have more confidence in their Ghost Ship, believing it could help them win.

"We still haven't obtained information on where the Ghost Ship is held, but coastal areas have been put on alert, and headquarters has arranged patrols on the sea. However, no significant news has come back so far. Of course, we can't rule out the possibility that the Ghost Ship's existence can't be detected by normal means, but we also can't send a large number of personnel to search for the Ghost Ship, so we can only wait passively," Lu Zhiwen said hoarsely.

"The other side has been too quiet in the past two days, always feels like they are up to something. If the King Organization really plans to drag things out with us, it will definitely harm them more. Their Ark plan has already been implemented, and if it fails, continuing the conflict with us would only lead to mutual destruction. By then, even if their plan succeeds, it would be meaningless," Lin Bei said while rubbing his bald head thoughtfully.

Yang Jian said: "You're right. If the other side loses one or two kings with each action, dragging things out will only put them at an increasing disadvantage. Eventually, the whole King Organization could fall apart due to internal conflict. They are a force assembled for profit, not very united. Once they don't gain any advantage, they'll start having their own thoughts."

"If those leading the King Organization understand, then landing the Ghost Ship is imperative. They hope to use the power of the fierce ghosts to defeat us, thus easily winning this war and avoiding an internal conflict."

"After all this talk, I just want to ask, where is the enemy, and when will the fight begin? People in the supernatural circle are all watching us now, especially me, Ye Zhen. If I don't take some action soon, others might think that my fame is just hype from paid commenters, which would be really misleading. I'm eager to prove myself with a King's head," Ye Zhen said, clearly impatient.

Ye Zhen was already a bit impatient, having come eagerly and not wanting to sit and wait without doing anything.

"Ye Zhen, have a little patience; this waiting won't last long, and you'll have plenty of chances to act when the time comes." Yang Jian said.

"Seems like you've said this before." Ye Zhen pouted. "How about this, since we're just sitting idle, how about you and me having a purely friendly spar, Yang Wudi? Just to warm up and get into the groove. What do you say?"

"Not interested; who would be so bored to fight for fun." Yang Jian flatly refused.

Besides, there's no such thing as a purely friendly fight among ghost handlers; once you start, it's easy to go all out, especially with someone like Ye Zhen who would definitely go overboard once he starts.

"Ah, such a pity. I wanted to show you some new skills I've recently mastered," Ye Zhen sighed.

It was obvious that he had also been growing during this time, not just staying in Dahai City watching anime and drinking milk.

As everyone was talking, Leuk San came into the conference hall.

This time it wasn't a paper figure, but the real Leuk San who came.

"Quite a crowd here, and a few unfamiliar faces." Leuk San paused for a moment, seeing Ye Zhen and the Faceless Person beside He Yiner.

"Leuk San?" He Yiner stared at him, her face turning dark.

Given the importance of the current situation, she wouldn't cause trouble for Leuk San, but that didn't stop her from being hostile towards him.

Leuk San ignored He Yiner's murderous look and directly said: "Yang Jian, I have already compiled the information on the Kings from the other side and sent it to Cao Yanhua at headquarters. Soon everyone will receive a confidential message on their phones..."

Before he finished speaking, everyone's phones rang simultaneously with a text notification—a confidential document had been sent.

"Well done," Yang Jian nodded; his phone had also received the document.

He briefly scanned it; it contained an introduction of fifteen Kings, their names, and general information. However, some of the information was useless, like the Manor Lord and the two Kings that had been taken out last time.

Leuk San continued: "However, now is not the time to be looking at the data; I have something very important to tell everyone."

"What is it? Just say it directly, don't beat around the bush," Lin Bei grinned.

Leuk San seriously said: "Earlier, I sent all the paper figures out to hibernate in coastal cities, towns, and even seaside areas... But just now, one of the paper figures wandering by the sea saw a supernatural phenomenon, though it was brief and disappeared afterward. Without a doubt, that supernatural phenomenon is related to the Ghost Ship, and I feel it's necessary to notify everyone immediately."

Upon hearing this, everyone in the conference hall froze for a moment.

"What kind of supernatural phenomenon? Use your Ghost Domain to show us," Yang Jian frowned and immediately said.

"Alright." Leuk San nodded in agreement.

Although his Ghost Domain wasn't very strong, it was sufficient to recreate the scenes he had seen before using the Ghost Domain again.

Very quickly.

A chilling aura spread around Leuk San as the light in mid-air distorted, gradually sketching out a phantom image. Then, the image gradually turned from illusion into reality; at this moment, everyone saw a faint mist emerging from the distant dark sea under the night sky.

That wasn't mist; rather, it was a result of the supernatural interfering with reality.

Within that mist, an old, deathly silent, and shabby ship appeared, seemingly flickering in and out of existence. Strangely, even though the ship looked utterly decrepit, it still rode the waves on the sea. Some of the windows on the ship even had dim yellow lights flickering, as if someone was living there.

Besides that, one corner of the ship was accumulating snow, and there was a striking pool of fresh blood on a part of the deck... Upon careful examination, the ship was filled with all sorts of unreasonable supernatural phenomena.

Although no ghosts were seen wandering around, it was evident that the dilapidated ship was already fully laden.

"That is the Ghost Ship?" Lu Zhiwen stared at the image presented by the Ghost Domain intently.

Unfortunately, the image didn't last long. After just a short while, the mist over the sea vanished, and the Ghost Ship hidden within the mist disappeared as well. The sea turned calm again, leaving no trace of supernatural activity. Moreover, there was no sign of the mist moving in any other direction on the sea in the image.

It was as if the Ghost Ship's movements were utterly unpredictable, making it impossible to track down.

"That's all the information we have. My paper doll tried to pursue it but found nothing. That ship is like a mirage, impossible to locate. I suspect the reason the Ghost Ship can't be pinpointed is that it doesn't exist in reality; it's always in the Supernatural Space and only reflects in reality at certain times, revealing a trace, just like the supernatural bus." Leuk San shared some of his speculations.

"Makes sense; only a Ghost Ship that doesn't exist in reality can't be tracked. Even if the Ghost Ship exists within the Ghost Domain, it can still be found." Lu Zhiwen agreed with Leuk San's perspective.

"But the current problem isn't that; it's that the Ghost Ship is already quite close to the port and could dock anytime." He Yiner said.

Yang Jian said, "It seems like the matter we discussed earlier is becoming real. They are indeed planning to let the Ghost Ship land early. Leuk San, what's the situation with the King Organization?"

"No movements, at least not in Dadong City, Dafu City, Da'ao City, and surrounding counties. Their traces haven't been detected. After their last operation failed, they withdrew thoroughly. I think this time, they don't want to appear in person; they just wish to use the Ghost Ship to hit us, reduce our numbers." Leuk San shook his head and said.

"They want to use the Ghost Ship to wear us down and take the advantage, unconcerned about our great flood plan. What's going on in their heads? It's completely illogical; if things evolve like this, this will lead to total chaos in supernatural events, which won't benefit anyone. It's such a simple truth; they can't possibly ignore it." Lin Bei said in a deep voice.

He Yiner said, "Maybe they're just a bunch of lunatics without any logic."

"Whatever they're thinking doesn't matter anymore. What's important is the Ghost Ship has already arrived and might land tonight. We must be prepared." Yang Jian said.

"Yang Jian, since they're going to forcibly use the Ghost Ship, why don't we release the Ghost Lake in return? Courtesy demands reciprocity; we can't always be at a disadvantage." Leuk San suggested.

Yang Jian said, "Releasing the Ghost Lake is easy. I'll consider it if the Ghost Ship really lands, but it's better not to do it until it's necessary. Releasing ghosts is easy; capturing them again is difficult. After all, Lin Bei has a point. No one wants to see supernatural events get completely out of control. Therefore, our current priority is to find that Ghost Ship. Even if it lands early, we need to determine its location first.

"So tonight all captains need to split up and act, a few people per team, working together to find that ship."

"True, we need to confirm the location of the Ghost Ship; otherwise, we'll be in a passive position later." Leuk San nodded.

"Then, let's not continue the meeting. Everyone, start taking action." Yang Jian stood up and said, "If anything happens, contact immediately; also, don't get separated. The opposing side might use the Ghost Ship as bait to lure us all out, so everything must be done cautiously."

"Too wordy, isn't it just about finding a ship? No big deal; leave it to me, Ye. Besides, I don't need a team; I, Ye, am a team by myself."

Beside him, Ye Zhen, who had been listening for a while, finally understood, snorted, and immediately turned around to leave.

Chapter 1455 - Fallen into the Sea

The intelligence about the Ghost Ship brought by Leuk San made everyone sense a crisis. After all, in reality, the Ghost Ship was very close to the shore, so close that it could almost dock at any time.

To preemptively guard against the Ghost Ship, all the captains at headquarters, including external reinforcements and a team formed by candidate captains, were dispatched. The sole purpose was to locate the Ghost Ship's position to ensure it never appears in the city.

The operation had already been underway for twenty minutes.

At this moment, Yang Jian stood alone on the murky sea. He opened his Ghost Eye, scanning the surroundings, trying to find any clues on the sea surface.

However, there was nothing on the calm sea, only a few returning fishing boats occasionally passing by. These fishing boats were ordinary, not tainted with any supernatural aura, having nothing to do with the so-called Ghost Ship.

"Even though everyone has been sent to be alert for the Ghost Ship, if that ship really wants to land, we cannot stop it. Since the King Organization dares to bet everything on the Ghost Ship, they must be very

confident in that thing. And indeed, in reality, it is true; we can only take passive preventive measures, unable to discover it in advance."

Yang Jian frowned, contemplating a solution.

"So, the most important thing now is to find a way to discover the Ghost Ship, as only then can we prevent it."

He thought about Leuk San's earlier hypothesis that the Ghost Ship doesn't exist in reality, like the paranormal bus, something existing in a Parallel World, only emerging in reality at certain specific times. And since the Ghost Ship's appearance in reality is very brief, coupled with the supernatural and terror pervading the ship, even if seen, it cannot be located.

Because to locate the Ghost Ship, one must board it when it appears or leave some mark on the ship.

"I really can't think of any good method," Yang Jian slightly shook his head, thinking that the means and abilities he currently possessed couldn't locate the Ghost Ship.

"What I can do now is to use the supernatural of Ghost Lake to saturate the surrounding sea area so that I can detect the Ghost Ship the next time it surfaces. If luck isn't too bad, I might find it before it disappears."

Though unable to pre-locate it, he can sense it at the first moment, yet this result did not satisfy Yang Jian.

Just as Yang Jian felt at a loss, his phone rang.

A call came in.

The caller ID showed Wang Yong.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and decided to answer the call: "Hello, Wang Yong, what's up? I'm very busy now; if it's not something particularly important, don't call me."

"Captain Yang, I think this matter is quite important. Do you still remember that messenger from Dai Sen we met earlier?" Wang Yong's voice came from the phone.

"I remember, what's up?" Yang Jian said.

Wang Yong said, "Someone found him, wanting to connect with us through him, saying there's a transaction to be made with us."

"At this critical moment, what kind of transaction would make you contact me at this time?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Yong, lowering his voice, said, "The other side is someone from the Manor Lord; someone inside the King Organization doesn't want the Manor Lord dead, so this is an underground trade. The chip they offer is the Ghost Ship's locating method, claiming that Captain, you need this urgently."

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian's eyes immediately narrowed: "The method to locate the Ghost Ship? They're trying to play tricks; the Ghost Ship might dock at any time tonight, even knowing the method now won't be very useful. By the time the transaction is completed, their Ark Plan might already be underway."

"Thinking they can save the Manor Lord with something of little value, do they take me for a fool?"

He immediately rejected this foolish trade.

On the other end, Wang Yong responded through the phone: "Captain Yang, they offer a permanent method to locate the Ghost Ship, saying that once you master this method, you can always locate the Ghost Ship, not just use it once. If they aren't deceiving us, then mastering this method could potentially break their Ark Plan."

"Is that so?" Yang Jian frowned and pondered again.

No wonder Wang Yong made such a call at this time; this matter is indeed very important.

It seems there's a traitor inside the King Organization trying to trade crucial intelligence to save the Manor Lord's life.

If the intelligence is indeed useful, Yang Jian is truly willing to exchange it for the Manor Lord's life.

After all, it is quite a worthwhile trade to swap the life of a King for a strategic opportunity in a war.

But the King's Organization's people's credibility is very low; they've been playing tricks from start to finish, never genuinely wanting to trade.

"Wang Yong, reply that if they can show enough sincerity, I can agree to this deal." Yang Jian, after a brief contemplation, immediately made a decision.

"Alright, I'll contact them right away, Captain, you keep the line open." Wang Yong said and took out another phone to make a contact.

Yang Jian could hear Wang Yong and Dai Sen's conversation through the phone.

The two of them were negotiating.

And it seemed there was someone next to Dai Sheng as well; from the voice, it seemed to be a young foreign woman.

"Captain Yang, did you hear it just now? Their sincerity is a coordinate; they say the Ghost Ship will appear at this coordinate point in three minutes." Wang Yong said.

"They're offering a free location once? That's indeed sincere." Yang Jian's eyes slightly moved: "But whether it's true or false, I need to verify it; contact me again in three minutes."

After speaking, he hung up the phone and, without hesitation, headed toward the coordinate point.

Soon.

Yang Jian appeared at the coordinate point, which is a sea area very close to the coast, with nearby islands and reefs.

"Will the Ghost Ship appear here in three minutes?" He still harbored some doubt in his heart, but to be safe, he prepared himself.

"If the Ghost Ship really appears, then it represents an opportunity for me, I must find a way to leave my mark on it for future search convenience, and also to understand the Ghost Ship's situation."

But Yang Jian didn't act arrogantly; he also passed this information to the other captains.

"Captains who can reach this coordinate point within two minutes, come over; the Ghost Ship might appear."

Yet, reaching in two minutes was somewhat difficult; receiving the message and taking action, even traveling swiftly using the Ghost Domain, the number of captains who could support was few, but Yang Jian did so to make more preparations and leave some information.

Time gradually passed.

The sea surface remained calm, without any anomaly.

The ghost eye of Yang Jian was peering into everything around, waiting for the appointed time to arrive.

The three minutes passed.

A strange scene occurred; a faint mist suddenly rose on the sea surface not far away. The mist resembled Feng Quan's Ghost Fog, yet it was different, a supernatural interference caused by the twisting of reality by supernatural powers.

In the sky above a certain sea area, the supernatural and reality intertwined.

"It actually appeared."

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, then a red spear was handed out from the water beneath him by a pale hand, which he grabbed.

With full alertness, he stared intently at the slowly rising mist.

At this moment, he could see that deep in the mist, an old and dilapidated ship's outline gradually emerged, becoming clearer over time.

As if the illusion turned into reality.

"It's exactly like what Leuk San's paper man observed; no mistake, this is the Ghost Ship," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Then, his Ghost Domain unhesitatingly enveloped towards the direction of the Ghost Ship.

The five-layer Ghost Domain should be sufficient to invade most supernatural places.

However, upon contact, Yang Jian felt his Ghost Domain being distorted and then dissipated, unable to invade the mist in the slightest.

"Unbelievable, my Ghost Domain is as fragile as paper in front of this thing, shattering upon contact. Not to mention invasion, even if I want to enter the Ghost Ship's range, any supernatural aspects would be severely suppressed. No wonder this ship can transport fierce ghosts; I always found it odd how fierce

ghosts could be so obedient once on board. Now it seems, this Ghost Ship's terror level is very high, no less than the supernatural bus, perhaps even more terrifying."

With a heavy heart, Yang Jian looked on; in his ghost eye's vision, there was nothing but distorted reality, unable to see the existence of the ship at all.

"Given how severely the supernatural forces are being disturbed right now, the only way to leave a mark on the Ghost Ship for easy location would be to enter the Ghost Ship's range... or even board the ship directly."

Though a good idea, the risk was too great.

If caught up inside the Ghost Ship, he might perish inside, unable to survive until the ship's next appearance.

But without taking risks, he'd miss this opportunity, as this was a chance to gain a position without doing anything. Otherwise, Yang Jian would be forced to negotiate with the opponent.

Of course, it's also possible that the opponent set up this bait to lure Yang Jian onto the Ghost Ship, using the ship to make Yang Jian disappear from this world forever.

At this moment, Yang Jian felt torn inside.

But time waited for no one; the Ghost Ship's appearance in reality was very limited, just like the supernatural bus's stops, as soon as a certain time passed, the Ghost Ship would disappear, and where it would appear next was unknown.

However, at that moment.

A familiar voice suddenly sounded around Yang Jian: "Yang Wudi, a broken ship warrants such attention from you, even seeking assistance, truly not like your style at all."

Ye Zhen had appeared without warning.

Evidently, he too had received Yang Jian's prior message and had rushed over as quickly as possible.

Considering his speed, it's not surprising he was the first to arrive.

"Don't be careless, this ship is dangerous," Yang Jian said.

Ye Zhen replied, "Being unable to find this ship before is one thing, but now that it's discovered, might as well go on board and have a look. I, Ye, am curious to see what makes this thing so terrifying, that everyone goes to such great lengths for it, truly bringing disgrace abroad."

Finishing his words with a cold snort, he dismissed Yang Jian's warning, sprinting straight towards the Ghost Ship.

"Yang Jian, should we stop Ye Zhen?" a voice called out as He Yuelian also arrived.

Given her extensive Ghost Domain, her arrival was not surprising.

Yang Jian's gaze flickered; he was about to speak when he suddenly saw Ye Zhen, who was charging towards the Ghost Ship, suddenly cry out, "This is impossible."

The next moment, Ye Zhen plummeted from mid-air.

Being too close to the Ghost Ship, Ye Zhen's Ghost Domain was disrupted, unable to maintain itself.

With a splash, Ye Zhen fell into the sea.

Yet more bizarrely, after Ye Zhen fell into the water, he disappeared without a trace, showing no sign of resurfacing, as if vanishing into thin air.

"Something's happened," Yang Jian's face darkened.

He knew that Ye Zhen was no longer in reality, but had been drawn into the range of the Ghost Ship.

"He Yuelian, go find Lu Zhiwen and have him contact Wang Yong to discuss the transaction. The Manor Lord's head is in this box, you take it. Let Lu Zhiwen decide how to proceed, while I find a way to retrieve Ye Zhen."

As he spoke, Yang Jian immediately used Ghost Lake's supernatural connection to reach other places, retrieving a box from the water and tossed it to He Yuelian.

"It's too risky, not worth it," He Yuelian advised.

"So long as we have to face the Ghost Ship sooner or later, now is just ahead of time. If everything goes well, the next time the Ghost Ship appears, I and Ye Zhen will return to reality," Yang Jian said, then without any hesitation, headed towards the Ghost Ship.

Seeing this, He Yuelian did not stop him, only watching Yang Jian leave.

Just like Ye Zhen before him, Yang Jian charged towards the Ghost Ship, and upon reaching a certain distance, his Ghost Domain also failed, causing him to fall into the sea.

The mist-covered sea appeared calm, yet it could devour everything.

After Yang Jian fell into the water, he vanished without a trace in an instant.

Chapter 1456 - Boarding the Ship

The icy seawater soaking, the surrounding currents sweeping, as if terrifying hands are pulling at your body, trying to drag you into the abyss, or perhaps even before falling into the abyss, your body has already been torn to shreds by this dreadful turbulence.

Yang Jian, falling into the sea, felt an indescribable helplessness.

Because he felt that he wasn't just falling into the sea, but rather into an incomprehensible supernatural realm, a feeling somewhat akin to the first time entering Ghost Lake.

His own supernatural power was greatly affected, the ghost eye had just opened one moment, then in the next instant, the cold seawater rushed over, causing the ghost eye to quickly close again. Even more outrageous was the feeling of his Ghost Shadow being washed away by the currents, seemingly detaching from his body and drifting away, a sensation growing stronger by the moment.

If this continued, Yang Jian had no doubt that the fierce ghost he controlled would separate from his body.

Fortunately, this eerie sea wouldn't drown people like Ghost Lake would. Yang Jian tried to struggle and swim and surprisingly succeeded, managing to emerge from the water surface.

No time to be happy.

Yang Jian immediately saw a huge, deathly silent ship heading towards his direction. If he couldn't dodge in time, he suspected he would be crushed alive by that gigantic Ghost Ship.

"I must find a way to get on the ship."

This thought instinctively flashed through his mind.

A certain intuition told Yang Jian that if he didn't get on the ship immediately, if he missed this chance, he would never be able to board the ship, nor return to reality alive.

"Ye Zhen, where are you? Are you dead? If not, shout out." Yang Jian shouted at the moment, his voice echoing around him.

"I, Ye Zhen, am fine."

Ye Zhen's voice rang out, at this moment grasping a rope hanging down from the ship with one hand, his body suspended in mid-air like someone without a care in the world.

"Weren't you the one who fell into the water just now? How are you over there?" Yang Jian stared at him, doubting whether he was seeing things incorrectly.

"Just a tiny setback, I quickly adjusted myself and easily overcame the difficulty, I'm almost ready to board the ship now. But why are you in such a sorry state? I'm starting to doubt your actual strength." Ye Zhen said.

Yang Jian: "..."

He felt that Ye Zhen was purely lucky, grabbing onto this rope dangling from the ship after falling into the sea, otherwise his fate might be worse than his own, likely being swept to an unknown place by the sea, making it hard to board.

However, thinking was one thing, Yang Jian didn't hesitate and immediately swam towards the drooping rope.

Swimming in this icy seawater wasn't difficult, but every rush of the water made Yang Jian feel extremely uncomfortable, with the supernatural power in his body seemingly detaching.

Luckily, this feeling didn't last long.

Yang Jian grabbed onto the hanging rope with one hand, then exerted his arm, lifting his body out of the water and suspending himself on the Ghost Ship.

"Well done. Let's board the ship together. I want to see what's so peculiar about this so-called Ghost Ship that makes everyone so apprehensive. If possible, I'll make this Ghost Ship sink to the bottom of the sea today, ensuring it never appears in this world again. Without the Ghost Ship, there's no need for this war to continue." Ye Zhen said.

At this moment, he was eager to try, wanting to sink this ship and single-handedly end this war.

Yang Jian said: "Don't be overconfident. There's extremely terrifying supernatural occurrences on this Ghost Ship. If you're not careful, you'll perish on it. First, we need to ensure we survive on this Ghost Ship, then wait for it to reappear in reality, and only then make our escape."

After speaking, he looked around.

At this moment, the surroundings had undergone drastic changes. Nearby was no longer an ocean, nor was there any sight of a coastal city. Instead, there was a world of darkness.

The Ghost Ship emitted a faint glow, sailing through this dark world without direction or purpose.

Ye Zhen and Yang Jian took this opportunity to quickly climb up the Ghost Ship along the rope.

Soon, with a neat flip, the two landed on the deck smoothly and unscathed.

The spacious deck was empty, with no one in sight except Ye Zhen and Yang Jian. But what caught their attention the most was the rope they had just held, the end of which was carelessly tossed on the deck, not tied to the ship nor weighed down by anything.

This was very unusual.

The weight of the two should have pulled the rope down, yet during the process of boarding, they clearly felt the other end of the rope was very firm, without the slightest slack.

However, considering this was a Ghost Ship, Yang Jian didn't dwell on this detail, just briefly noted it before focusing elsewhere.

"This Ghost Ship is pretty ordinary, nothing scary about it," Ye Zhen said casually, with one hand resting on the long sword at his waist.

Yang Jian didn't speak, but held his red spear and watched the surroundings vigilantly. His Ghost Eye tried to open, to spy on everything nearby, but he found that less than ten seconds after opening, the eyelid felt very heavy and slowly closed again. In the end, it fell asleep completely, and only after a minute or two did the Ghost Eye wake up again. But even after waking, it was still the same as before, opening for less than ten seconds before slowly closing once more.

He realized that on this Ghost Ship, supernatural power could be used, but it was only effective for a brief period. The Ghost Eye could last only ten seconds, with just the first few seconds maintaining a normal supernatural state. Over the next six to seven seconds, the power of the Ghost Eye rapidly weakened until it completely disappeared, and then it lay dormant for about two minutes before it could be used again.

However, this was only the situation on the deck; it might be different in other parts of the Ghost Ship.

"Our supernatural abilities on this ship will fall into slumber; if we are attacked by the ghost on this ship under such circumstances we might really die here, even if you have a Scapegoat Ghost it might be useless," Yang Jian said.

"An expert won't make a mistake, you lack confidence," Ye Zhen replied, still full of confidence.

Yang Jian continued, "We have no idea about the situation on the Ghost Ship. I suggest we find a relatively safe place to stay for now and avoid wandering around. According to intelligence, this Ghost Ship is fully loaded with ghosts, and each one is very terrifying. If we encounter them, it would be extremely dangerous, and this time we are just here to gather intelligence, not to confront the Ghost Ship."

"That's not correct; since we're here, if we do nothing and leave, we'll have nothing to say if others ask us. Isn't that too embarrassing? I think it's necessary to walk around inside the ship; maybe I can find a way to sail this ship back to the King Organization," Ye Zhen said, always full of mysterious confidence.

"You come along too, Yang Wudi; if we join forces, this small Ghost Ship is no problem at all."

Although he was confident, he wasn't stupid, not forgetting to invite Yang Jian at this moment.

If even the two of them couldn't survive on this Ghost Ship, then the Ark Plan would be impossible to stop, and many things would be meaningless.

"There's no point in risking on the Ghost Ship," Yang Jian refused Ye Zhen's proposal.

"What a pity; if that's the case, then I'll have to act alone," Ye Zhen sighed, not giving up on the idea of exploring the Ghost Ship.

Seeing his determination, Yang Jian reluctantly said, "If you're set on this, then I can only choose to go with you; if we separate, our ability to handle danger will greatly decrease, and this isn't conducive to survival."

"Haha, I'm glad you think that way; that's how it should be! With us working together, there's no danger in this world," Ye Zhen laughed heartily.

Yang Jian didn't speak; he even regretted his previous decision a bit now.

But since things had come to this point, he had no choice but to brace himself and move forward.

"If there's a way to control the Ghost Ship, it would most likely be in the control room, so the first place we need to go is the ship's control room," Yang Jian said.

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's head out now," Ye Zhen was excited, eager to start.

Yang Jian looked around, identifying the direction: "We're on the bow deck now, the control room shouldn't be far from us, following the normal structure of ships, the control room should be there."

As he spoke, he pointed towards a row of windows on the second floor of the Ghost Ship.

However, those windows were already damaged, inside was pitch black, and nothing could be seen.

"There's a staircase over there; let's go that way," Yang Jian chose another route.

Seeing this, Ye Zhen nodded and immediately walked forward with big steps.

Yang Jian followed quickly without speaking.

The surroundings were dark, but in several places on the Ghost Ship, there were still a few dim lights, bringing some brightness to the environment so the two of them wouldn't lose their way as they walked.

Walking over the deck, everything was calm; they didn't encounter any dangers.

Soon.

They reached the rusty staircase.

The staircase wasn't stable; walking on it gave a shaky feeling as if it might collapse at any moment, causing unease.

Yet, just as they set foot on the stairs, they suddenly heard strange singing coming from the deck they had just passed.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's expression changed, quickly turning around to look.

Upon turning, the singing abruptly stopped, and behind them was empty, nothing there.

Chapter 1457 - Searching for the Ship's Wheel

Yang Jian attempted to pinpoint the location from where the song was coming, but the deck was empty and silent, with no sign of anything, nor any trace of the paranormal, as if the song they heard just now was merely a hallucination experienced by the two of them, and did not exist at all.

"Did you hear the song just now? Although it disappeared, I have a feeling it seemed to be exactly where we boarded the ship just now."

Ye Zhen, however, was indifferent and said, "Pay no heed, if the ghost appears, I will take action. Its reluctance to show itself suggests it has been scared by our combined presence, and is nothing to be afraid of. Let it continue singing, in such a place, having some songs for company isn't really lonely."

"You need to be aware that the paranormal phenomena on this ship are very brief, but the time that song appeared was not short, which means the ghost on the deck is quite terrifying. Even the restrictions on the Ghost Ship can't fully quiet it down," Yang Jian said seriously.

"Yeah, that makes sense, then what?" Ye Zhen nodded and asked.

"Before we boarded the ship, there weren't any songs playing on the deck, which means we're already being targeted by a ghost now," Yang Jian said with a serious face.

Ye Zhen laughed and said, "You're being overly cautious. Isn't being targeted by ghosts here quite normal? Don't be so startled, let's move quickly and not waste time on trivial matters."

Saying this, he continued up the rusty stairs towards the control room.

Yang Jian frowned, feeling a bit worried, but Ye Zhen had a point, being targeted by a ghost here was normal, as long as they weren't attacked, there was no need to worry too much.

But as soon as the two turned around, the weird song floated from the deck behind them once again, this time more exaggerated, accompanied by hurried footsteps, as if someone was singing and dancing on the deck.

Yet, the moment they turned around, the song abruptly stopped, and all paranormal activities subsided, with still nothing in sight.

Strange!

Yang Jian could only think this, deciding not to waste more time and quickened his pace.

The wobbly staircase creaked under their footsteps.

The song behind them became clearer, even accompanied by other instruments, like a violin playing, but it wasn't a sound any ordinary strings could make. Such a tone couldn't be reproduced by any real instrument, even simulated ones couldn't perfectly recreate it.

It was supernatural music, mixed with some incomprehensible eerie power.

"Something's off." Yang Jian couldn't help but turn around to look again.

There was still nothing.

He even tried using his ghost eye to take a peek, though the ghost eye only stayed open for a short time, that brief moment was enough.

Afterward, his ghost eye witnessed a terrifying scene.

On the previously empty deck, a group of lifeless people suddenly appeared faintly; these weren't ghosts but seemed like people killed by some supernatural force, wandering as lost souls, becoming a kind of incomprehensible supernatural image.

These people were gathered like an audience, and in their center, Yang Jian saw a bizarre figure dancing in a tattered long dress...

He wanted to take another look, but it seemed his actions were noticed.

The lifeless audience suddenly all turned their heads, their hollow, dead eyes all staring at Yang Jian, causing the scene to freeze instantly.

However, they didn't do anything else; it seemed they couldn't see Yang Jian, only the ghost eye.

The ghost eye didn't seem to interest them much, as they slowly turned their heads back.

The time for Yang Jian's ghost eye had also run out, forcing him to close it, and that scene quickly vanished from view, leaving the deck empty once more, with no traces left behind.

"There really is a ghost on the deck, I don't know when it appeared. When I first boarded the ship, I used the ghost eye to look around and didn't find anything until the song started playing—this might be a signal."

His heart sank, feeling the song was not so simple.

Nevertheless, their actions did not halt.

Soon, they climbed the wobbly staircase to the second floor of the ship.

Through a corridor, right ahead was the control room.

There were some puddles on the narrow corridor, seemingly seawater, but everywhere else was very dry, which was somewhat unreasonable.

Ye Zhen, walking ahead, seemed not to notice, striding forward, even stepping onto the puddles.

The stagnant water splashed and rippled.

It seemed as if nothing had happened, but as Yang Jian passed by, his face suddenly stiffened. Through the rippling stagnant water, he saw an unbelievable scene. In the reflection of the water, there was also the figure of Ye Zhen. However, the position of Ye Zhen's reflection in the water was different from where he actually stood, indicating a discrepancy.

In reality, Ye Zhen was walking in the corridor ahead, while his reflection in the water was still behind, a difference of about six or seven meters between them.

Yang Jian couldn't comprehend this supernatural phenomenon, so he just noted this detail and then stepped over the water, continuing to move forward.

Fortunately, it was more thrilling than dangerous along the way.

Later, the two of them reached the control room.

The control room was pitch black and dim, with only a few shabby chairs, and the control panel had long been abandoned. Trying to use it to control the Ghost Ship was simply wishful thinking.

"Seems like a wasted trip." Ye Zhen entered the control room, kicked away an old chair, and tapped the control panel, getting no response, looking quite disappointed.

Yang Jian was observing, and his gaze stopped at a certain spot on the control panel: "There should be a helm there. Although the control panel has been abandoned for a long time and cannot be used, all the basic equipment is complete, with nothing missing except for the helm. Perhaps the helm is a crucial component to control the Ghost Ship, but now it is missing."

"Ghosts wouldn't take the helm. I believe it was taken by someone, maybe the helm is hidden somewhere on the Ghost Ship, or perhaps it has been taken away."

"I see."

Ye Zhen touched his chin, pondering: "By my judgment, the helm is likely still on the ship. The possibility of it being taken off the Ghost Ship is low. After all, it's only useful on the ship, taking it off would mean

finding a way to bring it back later, too troublesome. If I were involved, I would definitely hide the helm in a place known only to myself."

"You actually have such insight and judgment?" Yang Jian was somewhat surprised.

Ye Zhen snorted coldly: "I, Ye, am both intelligent and wise, not a mere bluff. It's just that the opponents I encounter are usually too weak, unable to face even one round against me, so I, Ye, am too lazy to think. After all, why bother strategizing against a weakling when a single punch can knock them out?"

"Where do you think the helm could be deliberately hidden?" Yang Jian continued to ask.

Ye Zhen glanced around and then pointed with his hand: "It should be inside a room within the ship's hold, where danger and opportunity coexist. If I were to hide something, I would definitely hide it there."

Yang Jian looked in the direction he pointed.

It was a deep, bottomless dark corridor, along which he could see some open doors to the rooms. Some rooms were partly abandoned, while some were intact but closed. He even saw a light lit in one of the ship's cabins, with light streaming out.

This scene seemed familiar, as if he had returned to the terrifying Caesar Hotel.

But this Ghost Ship was more perilous because the King Organization had deliberately filled the entire ship with ghosts. If it weren't for the Ghost Ship's unique nature, Yang Jian and Ye Zhen would have endured countless ghostly attacks by now.

"It's too dangerous to delve deeply into the cabins; the helm definitely wouldn't be hidden in such deep places. It should be placed somewhere closer to the exit, not more than five rooms away. Also, the room containing the helm must be safe, not likely to have ghosts. But which room has ghosts and which room is normal, we'll have to explore to find out." Yang Jian stared down the dark corridor.

"Only five rooms, this is easy, just search them one by one." Ye Zhen said as he started to advance down the corridor in front of them.

The corridor of the ship's hold was very narrow and cramped, combined with the dark environment, it gave an indescribable oppressive feeling. Moreover, once inside, the surrounding temperature seemed to drop, with a chill mixed with the stench of decay pouring in, as if trying to repel the two living people away.

This is not a place where the living should tread.

Just entering this corridor gave Yang Jian an inexplicable sense of dread, as if every step forward risked his life.

Fortunately, they were close to the exit and had not ventured deep into the ship's hold, which eased some of the pressure.

After all, if danger arose, they could quickly exit the ship's hold without being trapped and dying here.

"The first room." At this moment, Ye Zhen's steps halted, and without a care, he lifted his foot and kicked the door.

The half-closed door banged open to complete darkness inside, revealing nothing. But immediately, a stench of decay poured out, followed by numerous highly decayed arms suddenly reaching out from the darkness, all grabbing at Ye Zhen by the door.

Ye Zhen's eyes abruptly widened: "Dare to attack me? Courting death."

However, just as he was about to strike, the ghost's attack was faster; in the blink of an eye, he was forcibly dragged into that pitch-black room by those numerous highly decayed arms. Then the room returned to silence, without a single sound.

Ye Zhen disappeared just like that, like a stone sinking into the sea, without causing any ripples.

"..."

Witnessing this scene, Yang Jian was momentarily speechless, unsure of what to say.

Chapter 1458 - The Horror of the Cabin

Even though I knew the supernatural forces on the Ghost Ship were terrifying, I didn't expect Ye Zhen to be caught so easily, dragged directly into the room by the ghost without even struggling.

"It shouldn't be a problem, right?" Yang Jian frowned, waiting outside the room.

Based on his understanding of Ye Zhen, the ghost in the first room shouldn't be able to kill him. However, there are always exceptions. After all, all supernatural powers on this ship are significantly restricted. This kind of supernatural interference could indeed lead to issues.

But Yang Jian didn't rush in immediately; he intended to observe for a while.

About ten seconds later, Ye Zhen's voice suddenly came from the originally dark room, and he was furious, shouting, "Taking advantage of me when I'm not prepared, it's too much."

Subsequently, the darkness in the room quickly dissipated, revealing its original state.

It was an abandoned room, but on the floor were numerous highly decayed limbs. These limbs were vaguely twitching, but they were covered with cracks, as if they had suffered some severe damage. Some incomplete arms even directly disintegrated and disappeared.

In the end, there was only one rotting, broken corpse left in the room, and Ye Zhen was standing there, holding a twisted, grave soil-stained, dirty long sword, panting with anger in his eyes.

"Looks like you're fine, so I won't need to help you. Don't waste time, let's check the second room."
Yang Jian breathed a slight sigh of relief.

"That's not possible. My anger hasn't subsided. How can I easily let this ghost go?" Ye Zhen said, staring again at the shattered corpse on the ground.

Though he had dismembered the ghost, a ghost cannot die. It only takes some time for the ghost to reawaken, and by then, this room would be shrouded in darkness again.

"Unless you want to harness it, you can't kill this ghost. It's pointless to waste time," Yang Jian said.

Ye Zhen said earnestly, "Then I'll take it away. When I'm bored, I'll practice boxing with it. I, Ye Zhen, cannot let an insult slide so easily. I want to torment it for twenty years."

Saying this, he produced something from who knows where. It was a pottery jar, with sticky black-blood stains on it and some eerie sounds coming faintly from inside. As soon as it was slightly opened, strands of black hair seeped out.

"It's a supernatural object, and there's a fierce ghost inside. Is it similar to the human skin bag that Cao Yang has?" Yang Jian examined the pottery jar intently.

At this moment, Ye Zhen carefully began stuffing the ghost in the room bit by bit into this pottery jar. Although the jar was small, it had characteristics of a supernatural object -- no matter how much he stuffed in, the small jar never got full.

"Done."

Soon, after stuffing the last piece of the corpse, Ye Zhen clapped his hands and nodded with satisfaction.

"Where did you get this thing? It seems pretty good for storing ghosts." Yang Jian asked.

Ye Zhen casually replied, "Dug it up in Fushou Garden. Are you interested? That's easy, come to Dahai City someday. I'll take you to Fushou Garden to dig for treasures. I guarantee you'll find something you like."

"Fushou Garden? Better not. I'm not fond of that place. I'll leave it to you to dig slowly." Yang Jian's face darkened.

The place was full of endless old graves, rumored to be related to Sexton Luo Qian, and many of the old graves had fierce ghosts buried within. Once unearthed, these ghosts would break free, awaken, and kill, making it extremely dangerous. Searching for supernatural objects there is like entering a restroom with a lantern in hand, courting death.

"I treat you as a partner who's both a friend and a foe, inviting you to Fushou Garden. I wouldn't allow anyone else in. That place is a treasure, and I'm a treasure hunter. I'm willing to share a bit with you, yet you don't appreciate it. It's truly disappointing." Ye Zhen shook his head, unable to suppress a sigh.

"Do you go treasure hunting in Fushou Garden every day?" Yang Jian looked at him with a strange expression.

Ye Zhen said, "Not every day, but I do spend three to four days a week digging for treasures there."

"..." At that moment, Yang Jian didn't know what to say.

Luckily for Ye Zhen, he had the Scapegoat Ghost ability, not afraid of death, with countless opportunities to make mistakes, completely unconcerned about digging out a terrifying ghost that could kill him. If any other ghost tamer were to face the cemetery of Fushou Garden, they wouldn't even know how they died.

But that's Ye Zhen's advantage, one to be envied.

"Okay, let's go." Yang Jian said, not wanting to speak further. He turned and headed toward the second room.

The door to the second room was open, and it was also abandoned for many years. However, through some of the furnishings, it was apparent that someone seemed to have lived there long ago because Yang Jian saw a bed, teacups, and other items in the room. These everyday items were enough to show that the ship was not initially a Ghost Ship; it was once an ordinary vessel with a crew. It only became a Ghost Ship due to unknown reasons involving some supernatural occurrence.

Yang Jian carefully scanned the room, his gaze finally settling on the abandoned bed where he noticed something.

An old-fashioned but very new blue and white porcelain bowl, sitting there incongruously with the surrounding environment.

"This is not just a bowl but a ghost. The characteristics of the Ghost Ship limit the ghosts, causing many of them to fall into slumber. This bowl is a vessel for a ghost, but since neither Ye Zhen nor I triggered the ghost's killing pattern, the ghost hasn't manifested," Yang Jian immediately judged.

"But there's no helm here, so we need to check the next room."

After carefully observing from the doorway without any discoveries, he turned to leave.

"Leaving just like that? Not going to take a look inside?" Ye Zhen asked, puzzled, but he was always bold, walking into this second room.

Upon entering, Ye Zhen kicked around indiscriminately as if he were a bandit in a village: "If you don't look carefully, how could you possibly find the missing helm? Yang Wudi, even though you're strong at fighting, honestly, in terms of using one's brain, you're not as good as me, Ye Zhen."

While talking, Ye Zhen directly flipped over the bed, which had been there for who knows how long, to see if there was anything underneath. However, he found nothing, only causing the porcelain bowl on the bed to fall.

Ye Zhen, of course, noticed the porcelain bowl and caught it casually: "I'm not interested in this broken bowl. Do you want it? I can give it to you."

"No need. This isn't something clean. Best not to mess with it or carry it around. Avoid stirring up any trouble during this period," Yang Jian advised as he stared at the bowl in Ye Zhen's hand.

"I, Ye Zhen, don't provoke trouble nor fear it. If this thing dares to mess with me, I'll smash it," Ye Zhen said, casually tossing the porcelain bowl aside.

The porcelain bowl fell to the ground with a crisp sound, but this seemingly fragile bowl did not shatter, because it held a supernatural power that bestowed some incomprehensible properties upon it.

Seeing this, Yang Jian immediately thought that if it weren't for Ye Zhen having mastered the Scapegoat Ghost, he would probably have died long ago and would not have survived until now.

Shaking his head, he continued deeper into the ship's cabin to explore the third room.

And just as Ye Zhen stepped out of this room.

The porcelain bowl that had fallen and landed upside down on the ground slowly lifted slightly, revealing a gap, and through that gap, a pair of lifeless eyes emerged, staring intensely at Ye Zhen's retreating figure, seemingly committing him to memory forever.

But soon, the lifted porcelain bowl fell back down. The supernatural influence of the Ghost Ship restrained the ghost, preventing it from moving freely and only allowing it to appear for brief moments.

However, this restriction would not last forever, because the King Organization had already taken control of the Ghost Ship, and they would lift this restriction once the ship docked.

At that time, the entire ship's ghosts would revive, and unimaginable terror would descend.

Reached the third room.

The door to this room was tightly closed, but it was well-preserved with no signs of intrusion.

"I'll open it."

Yang Jian said as he glanced at Ye Zhen with some unease.

"It's okay, I don't mind," Ye Zhen replied.

Yang Jian simply didn't want Ye Zhen to open the door so recklessly, which might provoke a ghost attack and cause unnecessary trouble.

He reached out and grasped the rusty handle, then used the Ghost Shadow's supernatural power.

Gently pushed it.

In the next moment, the tightly shut door slowly opened.

What caught the eye was a dried corpse, sprawled over a table by the window, holding a pen, as if writing something before meeting its end, ultimately unable to escape a supernatural attack.

"This is an ordinary corpse, not a ghost." Yang Jian's ghost eye opened briefly, scanning the room, and he found it somewhat surprising.

This room was rare for being free of any unclean things, marked as one of the few relatively safe areas on this Ghost Ship, although the dried corpse was frightening, it merely startled and posed no actual threat.

"No steering wheel, let's head to the next room," Ye Zhen said, folding his arms and leaning against the door.

"No rush."

Yang Jian gestured as he walked over to the dried corpse and picked up something in front of it—a worn notebook.

"This is the captain's log left by this person in life. The handwriting is very clear, with no signs of damage."

He casually flipped through it, gleaning from the notes that this ship was named the Spurlo, a century-old voyage liner, but on its last voyage, after passing through a mist, all sorts of bizarre and eerie events began occurring, and passengers started dying one after another...

The outcome was evident; the Spurlo, caught in a supernatural event, ultimately became an unmanned ghost ship, with all its passengers perishing.

The dried corpse in this room was the first officer in life, who was comparatively lucky to have survived for seven days after hiding in this room until he seemingly met his demise on the seventh night.

"There's nothing useful in this information. This person didn't investigate the ship in life, merely sensed something was wrong, hid, and wrote this notebook consisting mostly of prayers and expressions of pessimism and despair." Yang Jian glanced through a few pages, shook his head, and eventually pocketed the notebook.

"Who's there?"

However, at that moment, Ye Zhen, leaning against the door, suddenly shouted towards the dark corridor, seemingly having discovered something.

"What's the situation?" Yang Jian immediately snapped to attention.

"Someone is watching me, and they're looking at me very strangely," Ye Zhen's expression turned uncharacteristically serious, as if sensing danger.

"Certain it's a person?" Yang Jian asked.

Ye Zhen frowned slightly, resting his hand on his waist sword, and took a few steps forward, "Not sure, but if we get into a fight, we'll know if it's human."

At this moment, in the dark corridor, a vague figure stood eerily without moving, very tall, almost blocking the corridor merely by standing there.

Yang Jian also stepped out of the room, surrounding himself with a faint green Ghost Flame that dispelled the surrounding darkness, but soon the flame began to extinguish at an observable speed, clearly restricted by the Ghost Ship as well, unable to last long.

However, the appearance of the Ghost Flame brought light to the surroundings, allowing the two to barely discern what the silhouette in the darkness was.

It was a cold corpse, retaining the appearance from its previous life—a foreigner, judging by the clothing, likely introduced as a ghost by the King Organization, yet this corpse now seemed very wrong, its face breaking into an eerie smile as it slowly approached them.

"A ghost still able to move freely on the Ghost Ship?" Yang Jian couldn't help but feel his eyelid twitch.

No wonder Ye Zhen was so serious.

Though Ye Zhen was theatrical, he wasn't foolish and understood the terror of the ghost in front of them.

Chapter 1459 - Puppet Corpse

In the depths of the ship's cabin, a fierce ghost appeared openly in front of the two people, walking slowly with heavy footsteps towards them.

Even though there was suppression of ghosts on the Ghost Ship, it did not stop its steps at all. It seemed that this ghost was completely unaffected and could move freely on the Ghost Ship.

"It's targeting us now. Who's going first? Or should we work together to deal with this thing?" Ye Zhen asked seriously.

"I'll handle it. I'll nail it dead with the Coffin Nail directly. We can't get tangled up with this thing for too long. If one ghost can walk out of the cabin of the Ghost Ship, then a second and third can too. So we must quickly deal with it, then find the helm and figure out how to leave here swiftly." Yang Jian said in a deep voice, still choosing the safest method.

Ye Zhen nodded: "Since that's the case, it's up to you to shine."

After speaking, he stepped aside to make room for Yang Jian to act.

Yang Jian, holding his long red spear, walked forward a few steps, then stopped, waiting for that fierce ghost to come closer.

The Ghost Face still showed a strange smile as it walked towards Yang Jian.

But as the distance closed, something bizarre happened. As the ghost got closer, its originally tall figure appeared even larger, as if it was continuously swelling. Not only was the ghost's body getting bigger, but the entire corridor was also enlarging.

No, not right, it wasn't the ghost getting bigger, but Yang Jian and Ye Zhen were shrinking.

Was it a supernatural interference causing sensory illusions, or were they genuinely being influenced by the supernatural and continuously shrinking?

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, noticing this change. Without hesitation, the red spear in his hand was immediately thrown out, trying to stop this change from continuing. He did not want to wait till the end to act.

In this situation, his attack could not miss.

The next moment.

The red spear pierced through the ghost's body in front of him, and along with it, the suppression of the Coffin Nail appeared.

Thinking this might successfully put the ghost to sleep, rendering it incapable of movement, reality surprised Yang Jian.

The ghost with its body pierced, continued advancing with a strange smile on its face. A large chunk of flesh was forcibly torn from its chest, leaving only an empty chest cavity, and that remaining chunk of flesh resembled a curled-up corpse with a head and hands, only now that corpse was impaled by the Coffin Nail and unable to move.

By discarding a large chunk of flesh from its chest, the ghost managed to evade the Coffin Nail's constraint.

"This isn't just one ghost, it's multiple ghosts gathered and stitched together. Its head, body, limbs, are all different ghosts. This thing is something never seen before, a type never encountered in the supernatural circles previously."

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes at this moment, his ghostly eyes perceiving everything before him, revealing a hint of insight.

"Are you really capable? If you're not, let me handle it. I'll show you my might." Ye Zhen waved his hand, not wanting to hear Yang Jian analyze too much.

"It's not that simple. It is a product of multiple ghosts gathered together, almost like a ghost wielding multiple ghosts. Such a supernatural gathering will surely brew more terrifying entities. Let's work together, otherwise one person dealing with it might suffer greatly."

Yang Jian didn't want to take risks, wanting to join forces with Ye Zhen to deal with the ghost before them in the safest way.

"So troublesome. You've become timid since you became the Enforcement Captain at headquarters. Leave it to me."

Ye Zhen snorted coldly, immediately charging forward, pulling out the long sword from his waist once more.

The twisted long sword was engraved with a bizarre and terrifying Ghost Face, a face not to be looked at. If a living person glimpses it, they'll meet a tragic death. Even if Yang Jian's ghostly eyes looked at it once, the ghostly eyes would suffer a supernatural attack and immediately shut. Besides, the long sword also bore other supernatural marks.

It can be said that at the moment Ye Zhen drew the sword, the supernatural attack had already begun.

Apparently, the ghost before them had seen thoroughly that frightening Ghost Face on the sword, seemingly affected, its steps instantly halted, but this situation lasted very shortly, no more than five seconds, before the ghost began moving again.

However, the ghost's eyes had somehow already shut.

At this moment, Ye Zhen had already attacked.

However, just as Ye Zhen rushed to the ghost, he suddenly stumbled, unsure if his body was affected, but his foot tripped over something, causing him to fall head first to the ground, rolling several times before finally stopping.

Yet Ye Zhen, who had stopped, was now motionless, lying on the ground like a corpse.

"A leg tripped Ye Zhen?"

Yang Jian saw a pale, skinny, dead man's leg, resembling a bamboo rod, stretched out from a nearby cabin room, laying across the corridor with no warning, any passerby would be tripped to the ground by this leg.

Moreover, being tripped isn't merely a simple fall, most likely accompanied by a certain deadly Supernatural Curse, otherwise, Ye Zhen would have stood up by now.

The ghost before them wouldn't stop its attack due to Ye Zhen's fall. Although its eyes were closed, it was already locking onto Ye Zhen.

Its tall body started to squirm strangely, and the entire figure collapsed instantly like a house, directly covering Ye Zhen lying on the ground, burying him underneath.

The collapsed limbs continued to wriggle, emitting sharp sounds and truly eerie laughter.

Ye Zhen was like food being consumed by the ghost, now being digested.

However, Yang Jian had already arrived. In an instant, the Ghost Flame surged, engulfing everything around, swallowing the fierce ghost before him completely. Even though on the Ghost Ship one couldn't use Supernatural Power for long, such transient supernatural was enough in the battle against the fierce ghost.

The ghost flames burned, emitting a roasting sound.

The ghost covering Ye Zhen started to writhe frantically, showing signs of wanting to stand up.

"Not enough." Yang Jian reached out, the spear he had thrown earlier appeared in his hand instantly with the appearance of the ghost domain along with the Ghost Flame.

He whispered a wish: "With this cut of mine, I'll surely repel the fierce ghost before me."

Once the wishing ended, Yang Jian's cut descended. The dismantling of the Firewood Knife coupled with the supernatural of the Wishing Ghost erupted at that moment. Such a supernatural attack was exceedingly deadly, even dreadful fierce ghosts were hard-pressed to withstand it.

After the cut of the Firewood Knife, the ghost before him was instantly torn open a hideous gash, and the large body covering Ye Zhen was affected by some supernatural power, sent flying backward, then its body divided into five or six pieces amidst continuous rolling.

But looking down, Ye Zhen, who was just lying on the ground, was nowhere to be found.

Yang Jian quickly realized something, and he stared at the shattered and fragmented limbs.

He saw most of the limbs struggling, writhing, like a group of fierce ghosts awakening, while Ye Zhen was influenced by the supernatural power, curling up into a ball, like a piece of flesh, about to be filled into the chest of that fierce ghost just now.

Due to Yang Jian's attack interrupting the ghost's assault, Ye Zhen avoided the possibility of becoming a part of the ghost puzzle.

But the danger had not yet passed.

The scattered limbs gathered once more, and the ghost's tall silhouette gradually emerged again.

And at this moment, Ye Zhen opened his eyes and came back to consciousness.

Upon waking, Ye Zhen's body stretched directly, various wounds disappearing, he was once again intact, the ability of the Scapegoat Ghost bringing him back to life.

"I warned you not to act impulsively and carelessly, this ghost is very unusual, especially on the Ghost Ship where we are all restricted. We must be more cautious, a slight mistake could really lead to our deaths here," Yang Jian said.

As he spoke, the Ghost Flame was extinguishing, and the scars left by the Firewood Knife on the ghost were disappearing.

All the supernatural effects were being erased by the Ghost Ship.

"You underestimate me, Ye. Just now, after accidentally tripping over that ghost thing, I could have gotten up, but as the ghost attacked me, I suddenly discovered that while the ghost was riding me, I was also riding the ghost. So, I was experiencing the feeling of manipulating the fierce ghost,"

Ye Zhen stood up, confidently said.

"But you almost became a part of the ghost's puzzle just now," Yang Jian said.

Ye Zhen immediately retorted, "Nonsense, I did it on purpose. Even if I became a puzzle, it's me controlling the ghost, not the ghost controlling me. If you don't believe me, I'll show you the supernatural power I just siphoned from the ghost."

After saying this, Ye Zhen's body gradually swelled, becoming larger, some supernatural influence affected his body, giving him some characteristics beyond ordinary people.

"See that?" Ye Zhen's body then returned to normal.

"That's it? Nothing else?" Yang Jian asked, "It just enlarged your body, doesn't seem like much of a change."

"You're wrong. When my body grew larger, the supernatural power also grew stronger. Although it lasted a very short time, it's undoubtedly an increase in strength," Ye Zhen said seriously.

"..." Yang Jian wasn't very convinced by Ye Zhen's words.

He just felt that Ye Zhen was lucky to inadvertently obtain some supernatural power.

At this moment, Ye Zhen turned to look at the reassembled ghost. The ghost had stood up again and opened its eyes, revealing the same creepy smile as before. What's more, the hollow in its chest had been filled back in, because Yang Jian had just retrieved the spear, and that nailed part of the body returned to the ghost.

"I now know more about this ghost than you do. Its weakness isn't in the head, nor in the chest, but here..."

With those words, the twisted long sword in Ye Zhen's hand fiercely stabbed forward.

Directly piercing through the ghost's belly.

A strange and shrill cry echoed in the dark cabin.

The next moment, the tall body disintegrated again, like building blocks, breaking into many pieces, each piece representing a fierce ghost, and the core was actually the ghost's belly.

The belly was also a ghost, and as it wriggled, a real scene quickly unfolded before the two.

It was a corpse with broken limbs, covered in scars. The body was small, about the size of a seven or eight-year-old child. Yang Jian couldn't even tell if this was a corpse or a doll because the body was so pristine, with no signs of rot, nor any smell of decay.

But without a doubt, the core of the fierce ghost was this thing.

It could control other fierce ghosts to form a more terrifying ghost.

And after this corpse appeared, the corpse's head bizarrely rotated from front to back and then stared at Ye Zhen with its large black eyes, as if wanting to say something.

"What a sinister thing, no wonder the King Organization threw it on the Ghost Ship," Yang Jian was alarmed internally, very wary of this thing.

But Ye Zhen at this moment slightly furrowed his brows, as if he heard some sound, but only he could hear it, and no one else could.

Perhaps it's because he's been targeted by the ghost in front of him.

"Ye Zhen, stay alert, don't be fooled by this thing," Yang Jian shouted when he noticed Ye Zhen's unusual demeanor.

Yet Ye Zhen slightly opened his mouth, seemingly speaking, but no sound came out, though it looked like he was communicating with the doll corpse in front of him, but no one could understand the content of their conversation.

"Such a stubborn guy." Yang Jian again felt the headache coming on.

This Ye Zhen really is recklessly bold because of the Scapegoat Ghost, even daring to play with such a sinister doll corpse. Doesn't he fear getting burned?

"Be quiet, I, Ye, am fine. It's talking to me, and I'm asking it about the situation here, having it tell me where the ship's helm is," Ye Zhen spoke at this moment, revealing some information to reassure Yang Jian.

"Extracting information from a ghost comes at a price; don't trust what these ghosts tell you," Yang Jian warned again.

This scene seemed familiar, reminiscent of when he previously asked questions to the human-skin paper.

"Looks like it's cooperating with me, Ye. Probably subdued by me, let me continue communicating with it." Ye Zhen didn't heed Yang Jian's advice. After speaking, he continued to open his mouth silently, communicating with the doll corpse in front of him.

Seeing this, Yang Jian didn't advise anymore. Since Ye Zhen wants to deal with the ghost, let him be, hoping he can really find out something.

Thus, the eerie doll corpse and Ye Zhen remained in a deadlock, motionless, with their mouths open, not knowing what they were saying or exchanging, but judging by the mouth shapes, Yang Jian felt they were both saying the same phrase, very simple indeed.

"Aba Aba Aba..."

Chapter 1460 - The Missing Captain

Ye Zhen stood there like a fool, unmoving, his eyes vacant, his mouth opening and closing as if speaking, yet not a sound came out. Opposite him, a terrifying puppet corpse, with pitch-black eyes, also stood motionless with its mouth open, seemingly speaking as well.

A human and a ghost stared at each other, exchanging communication that had already been ongoing for some time.

Yang Jian, seeing this scene, had no choice but to stay alert, ensuring that Ye Zhen wouldn't be attacked by other ghosts.

Fortunately, after that puppet corpse ceased its actions, the ghost that had been stripped from its body quickly fell into a dormant state, showing no signs of activity, not even the pale, withered human leg that had protruded from the fourth room moved.

The influence of the Ghost Ship remained. As long as the ghosts weren't particularly terrifying, their activity time was limited. Although ghosts could briefly act or even kill, they couldn't maintain this state continuously, which was quite accommodating for those unexpectedly aboard the ship.

"Haven't you finished communicating yet? Don't ask weird questions, just get to the point. The more you communicate with a ghost, the more easily you'll be confused. Be very cautious," Yang Jian reminded once more.

However, seeing Ye Zhen's dazed appearance, he felt this guy had already been confused.

Otherwise, how could he possibly communicate for so long?

To simply ask about the helm's location wouldn't even take half a minute, yet now he had been communicating for a full fifteen minutes and showed no sign of snapping out of it.

"I'll give you five more minutes at most. If you haven't broken off communication by then, I'll nail that puppet corpse right here. We can't linger here for too long; we must leave when the Ghost Ship emerges again," Yang Jian said once more, readying himself to act.

Yet Ye Zhen remained fully engrossed in his communication, unaware of what he was discussing with the ghost that made him so involved.

Time ticked by bit by bit.

At this moment, Yang Jian noticed the vicious ghost behind the puppet doll, previously scattered, had reawakened after a period of dormancy. Meanwhile, sounds were also coming from the fourth room, indicating the imminent arrival of the vicious ghost's second attack.

Yang Jian chose to remain silent, just waiting.

Another minute passed.

Ye Zhen continued his communication with the ghost, but the surrounding paranormal phenomena grew more severe. A silhouette of a vicious ghost even appeared in the dark corridor ahead, though it hadn't locked onto the two of them yet and thus didn't attack.

However, the two were now in a precarious situation.

Because when facing just one ghost on the ship, there might not be much to worry about, but facing multiple ghosts was truly horrifying. Even Yang Jian had a limited number of times he could wield his Supernatural Power and couldn't counter multiple vicious ghost attacks.

"One more minute," Yang Jian said in a low voice.

He could peek at the fourth room next to him, where the previously vanished pale, withered leg had extended halfway, exposing an ankle outside.

Yet the aura of this dead leg seemed familiar. After taking a closer look, he realized it felt somewhat familiar, as if he'd sensed it on some ghost keeper before.

"Sun Rui from the Ghost Post Office, the eerie aura emanating from that crippled leg seems somewhat similar to this one..." Yang Jian recalled this detail.

But Sun Rui only had one crippled leg; his other leg was normal. Yet here, the dead leg also appeared alone, with no second leg present. It seemed Sun Rui's controlled dead leg was a pair with this one, but for some reason, this supernatural puzzle had been fragmented.

In this situation, Yang Jian felt no surprise; he was merely considering whether to cut off this dead leg and send it back to Sun Rui.

But as he was thinking about this, Ye Zhen's mouth stopped opening and closing, his vacant eyes gradually returning to normal.

His communication with the ghost seemed to have ended.

"Good, from now on, you will follow me, Ye Zhen. As long as I, Ye Zhen, exist, I will ensure you won't be wronged and promise you a good life," Ye Zhen was saying to the terrifying puppet corpse before him.

From his words, it seemed he intended to take the puppet corpse with him, as a companion?

"Ye Zhen, after waiting for so long, did you find out anything?" Yang Jian asked, his face darkening.

Ye Zhen, walking towards the puppet corpse, responded, "Don't worry. I've found out the location of the helm and, more importantly, learned that steering this Ghost Ship requires more than just the helm; a captain is needed too."

As he spoke, he reached the puppet corpse, and the terrifying puppet didn't attack him. Instead, it struggled and moved closer to Ye Zhen, slowly climbing onto him. Its two limp, slender arms hung down, and its entire body clung to Ye Zhen's back. It even turned its head to look at Yang Jian with an eerie smile at the corner of its mouth.

"What on earth are you doing? Are you planning to carry this ghost with you?" Yang Jian asked in shock.

"Of course. It's under my control now, so there's nothing to fear. You don't need to worry," Ye Zhen said proudly, even reaching out to pat the puppet corpse's head.

Yang Jian immediately said, "This thing is so sinister. If you keep it with you, something will eventually go wrong. It should be dealt with now, and if you can't do it, I can help."

"No need, I have it under control." Ye Zhen immediately refused.

Yang Jian stared at the eerie puppet corpse. He really wanted to dismember this thing, but seeing Ye Zhen's demeanor, he knew that if he acted now, he would be stopped. A fight was inevitable, and fighting on the Ghost Ship was a very foolish action.

"We'll deal with it after we get off the ship." He could only suppress this thought for the time being, planning to find a way to deal with this ghostly thing after leaving the Ghost Ship.

"Let's talk about the ship's helm and the captain."

"No rush, give me a few minutes, I'll go get the helm first." After speaking, Ye Zhen carried the puppet corpse and strode into the depths of the cabin.

Soon, he disappeared into the darkness.

Obviously, the location of the helm was deeper than Yang Jian had expected. If they searched one by one, who knew how much danger they would encounter. Now Ye Zhen had obtained information from that puppet corpse, which saved a lot of trouble. This was good news.

Less than three minutes after leaving, Ye Zhen's figure emerged from the darkness once again, and at this moment, he had an old wooden helm in his hand. The helm had some minor damage, as if a small piece had been deliberately chopped off.

"This is the Ghost Ship's helm. It's dangerous here, we shouldn't stay. We need to get out." Ye Zhen tossed the helm to Yang Jian and said seriously.

Yang Jian caught the helm and said, "You're talking about danger, but that thing on your back is what's really dangerous."

"Haha, it's just a pet I, Ye Zhen, keep. It's very tame and won't be dangerous." Ye Zhen said with a laugh.

He seemed exactly like those pet owners who let their dogs roam without a leash.

Yang Jian didn't say anything more. He held the helm and began to retreat from the cabin: "You mentioned that besides the helm, we also need the captain? Let's talk about the Ghost Ship's captain. The captain who can control this thing is probably not simple."

"The captain is not on the ship." Ye Zhen simply stated: "We can't become the captain either, plus, the captain is not human but a fierce ghost, and is also the supernatural source of the Ghost Ship. The helm was hidden by the captain before leaving the ship."

"Your words are a bit puzzling. Since the captain is a ghost, why hide the helm?" Yang Jian said.

Ye Zhen replied, "I don't know either. Anyway, that's what it told me."

"A ghost but with human thoughts? Is the source of the Ghost Ship suspected to be a ghost with living human consciousness? Moreover, where would the Ghost Ship's captain go after leaving the Ghost Ship? There isn't any news like this in the supernatural circle. Or is this thing deliberately hiding?"

Yang Jian furrowed his brow, with various thoughts continuously surfacing in his mind.

Meanwhile.

The two of them, without any danger, managed to retreat from the dark and terrifying cabin back to the control room.

"Since controlling the Ghost Ship requires both the helm and the captain, we now have only the helm and no captain, doesn't that mean the helm is useless?" Yang Jian looked at the helm in his hand and said.

Ye Zhen said, "It still has some use. It can determine the direction of the Ghost Ship. Also, if we take the helm away, then the Ghost Ship's captain can't easily control the ship. Giving them some trouble is also good."

"If it's just that, then this adventure onto the Ghost Ship doesn't seem to have yielded much. Even without the helm, the people from the King Organization have ways to guide the Ghost Ship forward." Yang Jian said.

He was holding the helm hoping to control the Ghost Ship and sail it back, but being unable to do so was naturally frustrating.

"No matter, everything is under my control, nothing will happen," Ye Zhen still said confidently.

Yang Jian had no choice but to put the helm away, then walked out of the control room to observe and prepare to leave the Ghost Ship.

The deck was still empty, nothing there, and everything around was pitch black, nothing could be seen. Clearly, the Ghost Ship was still sailing and hadn't appeared in reality.

But Yang Jian didn't forget, there was a ghost on the deck of this Ghost Ship, only now it had hidden again, unable to be seen.

At this moment.

The puppet corpse on Ye Zhen's back started to open its mouth again, just like before, only moving its mouth with no sound coming out.

But Ye Zhen could hear what the puppet corpse was saying, and he immediately said, "Something's wrong."

"What's wrong?" Yang Jian looked at him.

Ye Zhen said, "I don't know, but my pet told me there's a great danger approaching, we need to stay away from the deck."