

Revival 1461

Chapter 1461 - The Terror of Being Unrestricted

"Stay away from the deck? If we leave the deck, where can we go? Jump off this ship right now? Or go back to the cabin we were in earlier? Danger lurks everywhere on this Ghost Ship, there's no truly safe area, we can only find a relatively safer place."

Yang Jian frowned at this moment, looking around without noticing anything unusual.

However, the empty deck was silent, only darkness surrounded them. Staying here indeed wasn't a good idea, but they had to wait for the Ghost Ship to appear in reality next time, only then could they seize the opportunity to leave the Ghost Ship.

If they hid in the cabin, by the time the Ghost Ship emerged in reality, they might miss the chance to disembark.

"Don't worry, my pet just reminded me of this. As long as we join forces, there's no danger in this world that can scare us. We'll just wait on the deck and see what the Ghost Ship is up to," Ye Zhen said with a laugh.

"Didn't your pet tell you of any safe place on this Ghost Ship? We don't have to proactively confront the impending danger; we should retreat when necessary," Yang Jian said seriously.

Ye Zhen replied, "Let me ask."

He then stared blankly, his mouth opening and closing as he communicated with the puppet corpse behind him.

Yang Jian seemed to hear that "aba aba" sound echoing in his ear again, making it somewhat difficult to accept this form of communication.

Fortunately, this time the duration wasn't very long. After about ten seconds of communication, Ye Zhen regained his senses and immediately said, "I asked just now, and there's no safe place. It says we're already being watched. As long as we're on this ship, we'll be in danger. However, it also said the deck is the most dangerous place, and if we could hide in the cabin, we might have a chance to survive."

"Hide in the cabin? It sounds like this ghost thing is trying to lure us into the cabin. I think the information it reveals is totally untrustworthy. No one knows how many ghosts are hidden inside the cabin. Once we enter, we might die in there. At least staying on the deck gives us a chance to escape the Ghost Ship."

Yang Jian spoke up immediately, his gaze becoming increasingly unfriendly toward the puppet corpse behind Ye Zhen.

This thing might not even compare to the human skin paper, which at least speaks the truth, although the truth hides unknown traps. But this thing? It only communicates with Ye Zhen, and there's no credibility in what it says.

"I think so too. You don't think I'm that easily fooled, do you? That I'd believe anything it says?" Ye Zhen looked at Yang Jian suspiciously.

Yang Jian said, "It would be good if you had this awareness. Since we're not planning to hide in the cabin to avoid danger, we'll have to face the unknown peril that's coming head-on on the deck. No one can predict what will happen then."

"Alright, let's not waste time talking, let's prepare."

With that, Yang Jian found a relatively suitable place to stay on the deck.

Ye Zhen nodded and found a place to stay as well, "I'll stand here to form a pincer movement with you, absolutely foolproof."

"How long until the danger comes?" Yang Jian asked.

"Seven." Ye Zhen gestured with his hand.

"Seven minutes?"

Ye Zhen continued, "Six, five, four..."

"Alright, alright, you can shut up now. Next time when we encounter a special situation, tell me earlier." Yang Jian quickly waved his hand to interrupt him.

"In a contest among masters, just a few seconds can determine the outcome. Leaving seven seconds to prepare is already giving this Ghost Ship face," Ye Zhen maintained his rebellious attitude.

Yang Jian didn't want to talk to him anymore. In this world, the only ones he could communicate with were either the puppet corpse or the Ghost Child beside him. It was difficult for normal people to maintain a conversation with someone like Ye Zhen.

Quickly.

The time Ye Zhen mentioned for the danger to arrive came.

Yang Jian felt that one must rely on oneself; he no longer expected Ye Zhen to join forces with him. He was vigilant of everything around him. Initially, he didn't notice anything unusual around; there were no terrifying ghosts emerging from the cabin. This made him question whether the information from the puppet corpse was true or false.

But just as this thought emerged. He suddenly detected changes around him.

The light was dimming...

No, it wasn't the light dimming, but the darkness outside the Ghost Ship was continually encroaching, like a thick black fog beginning to devour the entire ship.

And the ship's last bit of eerie light was also rapidly extinguishing.

"I can feel the Ghost Ship is losing some kind of balance..." Yang Jian's face changed suddenly, because he felt that his own supernatural restriction was disappearing.

It was precisely because of this supernatural restriction fading that the surrounding darkness began to envelop the Ghost Ship. If the Ghost Ship's restriction on the supernatural was still there, the nearby darkness would never have been able to encroach.

It wasn't the light on the ship combating the darkness, but the Ghost Ship itself.

But now, the supernatural essence of the Ghost Ship itself was fading.

One can only imagine the consequences once the Ghost Ship loses its supernatural restriction.

All the fearsome ghosts on the ship would be completely unrestrained, all resurrecting, and this was the danger that the puppet corpse behind Ye Zhen had mentioned.

Then, the darkness swept in, engulfing Yang Jian and Ye Zhen together, while the entire Ghost Ship was completely submerged in this darkness.

Even though the two were very close, they couldn't see each other, nor could they even sense each other's presence.

"In the darkness, the Ghost Ship loses its restrictions on the ghosts. In such a situation, the more open the space, the more perilous it is, because more ghosts gather in open spaces. On the contrary, narrower spaces are safer. No wonder the puppet corpse said the cabin might be safer."

Yang Jian was slowly coming to understand the words of the puppet corpse, finding that the earlier statements might not have been wrong.

Yet even so, they couldn't hide in the cabin, because they had to disembark. To disembark, they had to wait on the deck for the right moment, and they couldn't hide away.

"The ghosts on the Ghost Ship are all terrifying creatures the King Organization doesn't want to confront, each one immensely horrifying and difficult to handle." Yang Jian's heart gradually sank. He decided to use the paranormal ability of the Ghost Lake to see if it could take him away from here.

But reality told him it wasn't that easy.

The paranormal ability of the Ghost Lake seemed to be isolated and couldn't cross the supernatural barrier to invade the Ghost Ship.

Even though Yang Jian's feet were already damp, there was still no water accumulating.

The lack of accumulated water meant he couldn't use the supernatural power of Ghost Lake to leave this place.

"The ghost is already here."

Suddenly, Yang Jian felt a strong sense of crisis, a danger that came rushing at him like a tide in the darkness, sending chills down his spine.

He could hear hurried footsteps on the deck, the sound of corpses crawling on the ground, and even some incomprehensible whispers... various terrifying supernatural noises emerging one after another.

"I can't stay passive, I need to take action."

Yang Jian's gaze was cold and resolute, without hesitation, the Ghost Eye opened.

Soon after, faint green Ghost Flame began to appear around, igniting everything nearby and dispersing much of the encroaching darkness.

However, the moment the firelight illuminated the darkness, Yang Jian's pupils suddenly constricted, for he saw a woman in a white dress, with indistinct facial features, tilting her head and looking over.

Yang Jian instinctively raised the red spear in his hand, but when he blinked, the woman in the white dress with blurry features disappeared immediately.

Thinking it might have been a false alarm, but when he blinked again, the eerie woman appeared once more.

This time the ghost was closer to Yang Jian, less than five meters away.

"Once you see the ghost, just blinking once will make it disappear, blink again and it will reappear, closer to you the second time..." Yang Jian seemed to understand the killing pattern of this fierce ghost.

"In that case, I'll dismember this ghost."

Yang Jian didn't blink and strode forward, cutting at the ghost decisively with the red spear in his hand.

However, the dismemberment with the Firewood Knife was ineffective, as if hacking at air, passing right through the ghost without causing it any harm.

"It's non-corporeal; a ghost that exists in consciousness. When you see it, the ghost is already within your sight and doesn't exist in reality. If people react too slowly, blinking continuously, the ghost can kill almost instantly, with no time to figure out the pattern of killings."

Yang Jian realized something immediately.

His experience in dealing with the supernatural was too rich; even brief encounters and probing could allow him to determine the killing pattern of the fierce ghost.

However, Yang Jian still had a way to deal with such ghosts.

He quickly retrieved a Copper Coin from his body.

It was a supernatural item obtained from Sister Hong, if thrown, the ghost would surely go to pick it up, and the moment it picks it up, the ghost would manifest in reality; even invisible ghosts would reveal themselves at that time.

Swiftly, the Copper Coin was thrown accurately in front of the white-clothed ghost with blurry features.

The moment the Copper Coin hit the ground, the ghost before him made a move, indeed bending over to pick it up.

"Opportunity." Yang Jian squinted, raising the Firewood Knife in hand, waiting for the moment the ghost touches the Copper Coin.

But things didn't seem to go as smoothly as imagined.

Just then.

A muddy arm suddenly stretched out from beneath the deck, quickly approaching the Copper Coin.

There wasn't just one ghost nearby; other ghosts would also be attracted by the Copper Coin and go to fetch it.

"The second ghost? No. There's also a third ghost..." Yang Jian thought of changing his target, but then his body suddenly trembled.

Behind him, he felt a cold breath; a human head with tangled hair emerged from his shoulder, twisting its neck constantly, reaching toward the Copper Coin on the ground.

The cold Dead Man's Head seemed without arms, just the neck enduringly extending, emitting the sound of bones snapping, creaking.

"The fourth ghost also appeared."

Thinking those were all the ghosts nearby, Yang Jian was about to act when he saw something in the darkness quickly crawling towards him.

At that moment, he regretted throwing the Copper Coin, feeling it might have been a mistake.

The Copper Coin was like a white Ghost Candle that drew all hidden ghosts nearby into sight.

"Since they've all appeared, deal with them together so they don't lurk around and make me uneasy."
Yang Jian's gaze turned cold, and he directly reached out the Ghost Hand to grab the Dead Man's Head probing from behind his neck.

Then, with a stroke of the knife.

The endlessly elongating neck was severed, leaving a cold human head in his hand.

He casually tossed the head away, Yang Jian's Ghost Flame raged, wrapping up the rapidly approaching terrifying figure, burning it without restraint.

"Nail that hand down for me."

Yang Jian then whispered a wish, also throwing out the spear to prevent the Copper Coin from being lost, stopping the arm stretching from beneath the deck.

The red spear flew out, accurately pinning the muddy arm with the supernatural wish.

In an instant, he thwarted the approach of three fierce ghosts.

And the ghost in the white dress with indistinct features wasn't concerned with what was happening around it; it continued bending down, slowly reaching for the Copper Coin.

Yang Jian remained inactive at this moment, still waiting for the moment of contact between the ghost and the Copper Coin.

Chapter 1462 - The Two Men's Exhaustion

In the absence of restrictions on the Ghost Ship, Yang Jian's supernatural powers were unleashed. Under such circumstances, he had the means to confront malevolent spirits, and he could handle three or four at once with relative ease.

After swiftly dealing with the three terrifying ghosts around him, Yang Jian focused his attention on the malevolent spirit before him, its facial features blurred. He waited for the moment it bent down to pick up the Copper Coin.

Usually, malevolent spirits that don't exist in reality are difficult to deal with, but the Copper Coin on the ground broke this boundary, forcing the otherwise solely conceptual ghosts to appear in reality. Although their presence was fleeting, it was enough for a top-tier ghost handler like Yang Jian.

"It's now."

Yang Jian seized the moment. He saw the ghost's cold, rigid fingers touch the Copper Coin on the ground. He blinked his eyes intentionally, yet the ghost showed no change and continued to pick up the coin.

This Copper Coin not only attracted hidden ghosts but also briefly captured their attention, interrupting their supernatural attacks.

With a swift step forward, Yang Jian dashed over, pulling out a red spear nailed beside him, and without hesitation, slashed at the ghost bending down to pick up the money.

This time, the Firewood Knife's attack did not miss; it accurately tore open the ghost's body, dismembering it into two parts.

"Thud!"

The heavy body of the ghost fell heavily to the ground, and the Copper Coin it had just picked up slipped from its grasp. At this moment, even without the coin's influence, the ghost couldn't disappear again; it had lost its imaginary existence and became a split corpse in reality.

The ghost, dismembered by the Firewood Knife, had its supernatural powers scattered. Without retrieving its pieces, the ghost could never return to its original state.

Yang Jian picked up one half of the dismembered body and threw it overboard.

The ghost was dangerous and challenging to deal with; now that it was dismembered, it couldn't be allowed to recover, so the two halves of its body must be kept separate to prevent it from piecing itself together.

Yet it was unknown where the body thrown from the Ghost Ship might end up.

"The immediate danger has been temporarily dealt with, but this state shouldn't last long." Yang Jian remained on high alert, not letting his guard down for even a moment.

He then bent down to pick up the fallen Copper Coin, reclaiming this supernatural item.

But just as he finished this task, Yang Jian's expression suddenly changed as he looked in a particular direction.

It was where the Ghost Flame burned.

Within the Ghost Flame, a terrifying figure struggled, the same malevolent spirit that had attempted to attack Yang Jian earlier.

He initially thought the ghost would be ignited under the Ghost Flame's fire and restrained in place, unable to move. However, the Ghost Flame that engulfed the ghost began to extinguish rapidly at this moment.

The ghost wasn't set on fire; instead, it was putting out the flames.

Soon, the once-blazing Ghost Flame entirely went out, leaving the area that was covered in flames empty and devoid of ghostly presence, leaving only a pile of charred remains like a heap of burned ashes.

A ghost cannot be killed by Ghost Flame; the only explanation is that the flame destroyed the body hosting the ghost, allowing the true ghost to escape.

"What a nuisance." Yang Jian could sense that the ghost was hovering nearby, already targeting him.

Yet he couldn't focus all his energy on that one ghost, for the Ghost Ship's dangers were not limited to just this one; more disturbances arose from the surrounding darkness, diverting Yang Jian's attention elsewhere.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian felt a spell of dizziness, a chilling aura emerging from the back of his head, directly corroding his consciousness, almost causing him to faint on the spot.

It had come.

This was another supernatural attack; an unknown ghost was assaulting Yang Jian's consciousness.

Luckily, the Evil Hound embedded in his memory manifested at this moment.

In a blur, Yang Jian heard the snarling and roaring of the Evil Hound.

Then the supernatural force attacking his consciousness retreated, the cold sensation withdrawing from behind him, followed by a series of footsteps in the darkness as the ghost distanced itself, ending this assault.

"Damn it, just standing here leads to bizarre attacks from malevolent spirits. This deck is too dangerous." As Yang Jian's consciousness gradually recovered, he shook his head, alleviating the dizziness.

Yet as soon as he steadied himself, he caught a glimpse from the corner of his eye of a figure rushing towards him in the dark.

"Damn it."

Yang Jian, both startled and furious, gathered the Ghost Shadow into an impenetrable wall before him.

However, he immediately felt an immense force striking him.

The Ghost Shadow shook, opening sinister gashes, and the dark wall was instantly shattered, while the powerful force sent Yang Jian flying, rolling several times on the ground before coming to a stop.

"What the hell is this?" Yang Jian felt intense pain all over, his body feeling disassembled, nearly losing sensation.

In truth, his body was fine; it was the Ghost Shadow that got disoriented from the impact, as if it were about to fall into slumber, making manipulation of his body nearly impossible.

He opened his ghost eye, intending to discern what it was.

Yet in the next instant, the shadow flickered and disappeared from the view of the ghost eye, while severe supernatural interference around prevented the ghost eye from seeing far, leaving him to watch helplessly as the shadow fled.

"There are too many ghosts lurking around; even though I can contend with four or five ghosts, I can't keep this up for long."

Yang Jian took a deep breath, adjusted himself, and stood once more. As soon as he stood up, he slashed with the Firewood Knife towards the surrounding darkness.

From the gloom fell a dead man's arm, landing at his feet.

A nearby malevolent spirit was casually dismembered by Yang Jian.

Yet the situation showed no sign of improvement.

The longer one stayed on the deck, the greater the dangers became. Although Yang Jian wielded powerful supernatural forces, capable of resisting ghostly attacks time and again, there were moments of defensive lapse, occasionally suffering attacks and sustaining injuries.

After minutes of this relentless struggle, Yang Jian had no choice but to restart, erasing the supernatural injuries inflicted on his body.

And once resorted to a restart, there would be a second time.

Before his first restart, Yang Jian persisted for five minutes, but before his second restart, he only lasted three minutes.

It wasn't that his strength had weakened but that the surrounding dangers had proliferated, with some ghosts appearing through forms of curses that the Firewood Knife couldn't sever, nor the Coffin Nail pin. In the end, he had to use the Ghost Scissors to cut the curse, breaking the supernatural assault.

Yang Jian fought alone in the darkness, and a short distance away, Ye Zhen was facing similar circumstances.

Ye Zhen, wielding a twisted long sword, battled malevolent spirits in the dark, enduring one lethal assault after another. But harnessing the Scapegoat Ghost made him nearly invincible, effortlessly redirecting these supernatural assaults onto other spirits.

Thus, up until now, he hadn't sustained any injuries, still managing to yell out undauntedly.

"Yang Wudi, are you still alive? Need my help? It's absolutely no pressure on my end; just call out if you need assistance." He shouted out loudly.

"I won't die; you better take care of yourself." Yang Jian's voice echoed through the darkness.

Ye Zhen had the Scapegoat Ghost, Yang Jian had the restart; each had a fallback to survival, the only way to kill them would be an extraordinarily terrifying ghost beyond comprehension, or allowing the myriad ghosts on the Ghost Ship to wear them down alive.

So far, the encountered ghosts, while scary and troublesome, were within their manageable range.

They might not defeat them but neither would they fall to the ghosts.

Yet Yang Jian felt that the ghosts on this Ghost Ship were more than just numerous; there must be some extremely terrifying ghost that hasn't appeared. If it were merely like this, then assembling all the captains should be enough to handle the Ghost Ship. The King Organization wouldn't gamble everything on this ship.

For now, they simply hadn't encountered ghosts beyond their capacity to handle.

Chapter 1463 - The Old Nautical Chart

As Yang Jian and Ye Zhen struggled to survive on the Ghost Ship.

Discussions were taking place in Ning'an Building in Dadong City about the issues Yang Jian had previously thought about.

Should they secretly negotiate with the King Organization, exchanging the Manor Lord's head for the coordinates of the Ghost Ship?

"Yang Jian ventured aboard the Ghost Ship to rescue Ye Zhen and gather intelligence. Before leaving, he asked you to decide if this transaction should proceed, so you'd better make a decision quickly. Otherwise, the Ghost Ship might dock soon."

He Yuelian spoke slowly at this moment, her voice emanating from beneath the red hood.

Lu Zhiwen's face was solemn, his voice hoarse as he said: "The King Organization is utterly untrustworthy. They've never taken us seriously from the beginning to the end. Their so-called transaction is just a facade, likely another trap. Once the Manor Lord's head is lost, the other side will have a powerful Ghost Rider again, and in these unusual times, I don't want to risk proceeding with this transaction."

"Lu Zhiwen, your caution is justified, but don't forget this is a private transaction. I've reviewed the Manor Lord's profile. Before becoming a Ghost Rider, he had a daughter named Anna. Anna isn't a Ghost Rider but she managed many affairs for the Manor Lord, and she initiated this transaction. It's reasonable that she wants to exchange the coordinates of the Ghost Ship for the Manor Lord's return."

Leuk San said earnestly: "After all, when a force loses its most powerful Ghost Rider, it quickly falls apart. So she has enough reason to betray the King Organization to ensure the Manor Lord's survival, which is why I think this transaction is worth pursuing."

"Think about the previous transactions. They also claimed to exchange for the Manor Lord, but what was it? Just a trap for our captain. This time, it's uncertain if they'll pull the same trick again." He Yiner snorted coldly to show her dissatisfaction.

"Only by obtaining the Ghost Ship's coordinates do we stand a chance of winning. If we can't locate it, we'll be utterly passive, like we are now, with all the captains sitting here in a meeting, unable to do anything. So, exchanging the Manor Lord's head for a chance to win this war is worth it, in my opinion." Leuk San retorted bluntly.

Wang Chaling, wiping his glasses, remarked: "We must also consider if the other side is sincere in the transaction. If it's another trap, a lot of people could die this time. Lu Zhiwen is right, they lack sincerity. We've proven that already. Although this time they provided Yang Jian with the coordinates of the Ghost Ship, I suspect it was a ploy to lure him onto the ship."

"Indeed, everyone knows how critical the Ghost Ship is to the outcome of this war. The other side sees this and uses it as bait. Yang Jian also understands it might be a trap, but you all know his personality—he would take the risk even knowing it could be a trap." Lin Bei absentmindedly touched his bald head as he spoke.

"There's agreement and opposition to the transaction, and if this continues, we can't afford to waste time on discussions. Let's vote to decide; that would be fairer." Li Leping, who had been silent until now, suggested a solution.

"Voting? Sounds good. That's a great idea." Zhou Deng immediately agreed.

Li Yang, sitting at the conference table, said: "Our seven-member squad counts as one vote. Any objections?"

"Alright, let's start voting. Captains in favor of the transaction, raise your hand." Lu Zhiwen nodded and then signaled everyone to vote.

Soon, Leuk San, Zhou Deng, and Li Yang raised their hands. They supported the transaction.

"Three votes?" Lu Zhiwen glanced around.

"I also agree." He Yuelian spoke after a brief moment of thought, though she didn't raise her hand.

Li Leping remained silent, just calmly raising his hand.

There were five votes in favor of the transaction.

The ones who didn't raise their hands were Lu Zhiwen, He Yiner, Wang Chaling, and Lin Bei. Their stance was clear—they were against the transaction.

However, this opposition seemed pointless, as five votes were enough to decide the outcome.

"Since that's the case, I have no objections, and I must agree to this transaction." Lu Zhiwen said.

Once the decision was finalized, the discussions abruptly ended, and calmness returned to the scene. No one questioned others' reasons for supporting or opposing the transaction.

After all, each captain had their own judgment, and no conclusions could be drawn before the matter was resolved.

"Let me handle the transaction. If anything goes wrong, I'll take responsibility." Lu Zhiwen stood up again, demonstrating the responsibility a captain should have.

"The contact person is Wang Yong, a Ghost Rider from Dachang City and my teammate. I can facilitate the operation." Li Yang also chimed in.

He agreed to the transaction due to personal concern over Yang Jian being trapped on the Ghost Ship. By acquiring its coordinates, a rescue mission could be launched to ensure Yang Jian's safe return.

Soon, the captains and the King Organization reopened secret negotiations. This transaction was very covert, unknown even to many within the King Organization.

As Li Yang began to contact Wang Yong, the latter responded quickly and confirmed the transaction method.

This time, the transaction involved only dispatching one ordinary person from each side, carrying their respective items into a closed room for the exchange. The room could be any room, but it must be in the real world, free from supernatural interference, and not covered by the Ghost Domain.

"The other party intends to use supernatural power to break the barrier of reality and conduct the transaction regardless of distance. By specifying ordinary people, they're likely worried the meeting might turn violent. Of course, it's also possible they want to take action themselves." Lu Zhiwen frowned upon hearing the transaction details.

"Any transaction is risky. Let me handle it." Wang Guoqiang stepped forward and said.

Among everyone present, he was the only ordinary person. After all, he was designated as the next deputy minister by the headquarters.

"Take a substitute doll and a Ghost Candle just in case," Lu Zhiwen recommended.

Li Yang added: "I'll be waiting outside the door. Give a shout if anything happens."

"Alright." Wang Guoqiang nodded.

Soon, the captains prepared a sealed room for him. After making some arrangements, Wang Guoqiang walked into the room carrying a suitcase.

As the door closed, everything fell silent.

A number of captains stood guard outside because this time Wang Guoqiang had genuinely brought the Manor Lord's head, not faking anything. After all, this transaction was worthwhile; the opposition before was primarily due to the high risk, potentially resulting in both financial and personal losses.

The sealed room had no lights, enveloped in darkness.

Although the room was not large—just a few steps forward and one would hit the wall—standing still, Wang Guoqiang felt the darkness was much deeper than he imagined, seemingly connecting to an unknown place at any moment.

A ghostly chill swept over him, with a cold wind blowing around.

Wang Guoqiang tensed up, sensing the presence of supernatural power, making his hair stand on end.

"You are quite reliable, which I find reassuring."

Suddenly, a foreign woman's voice echoed from the darkness. It seemed another person was now in the sealed, pitch-black room; though unseen, Wang Guoqiang sensed she was right before him.

As expected, his situation aligned with the captains' previous predictions: the other side used supernatural power to break through reality's barrier and connect to this sealed room.

"We are not like you who have no integrity at all." Wang Guoqiang replied, "I hope this time you have come with sincerity. If you plan to make a move, you won't gain anything."

"My name is Anna, and I am just an ordinary person. Rest assured, this transaction is real and valid, with no deception involved." The woman who called herself Anna said, "Of course, the premise is that you have indeed brought that head."

"It's in the box, but I won't open it for you to confirm in advance because it's still alive. Even a head alone is enough to kill a normal person like me. Therefore, you must first hand over the method or the item that can determine the coordinates of the Ghost Ship, only then can we complete this transaction." Wang Guoqiang said.

Anna did not hesitate and immediately said, "Sure."

As soon as she spoke, just seconds later, Wang Guoqiang felt a hand reaching out from the darkness and grabbing his arm.

"Don't be nervous." Anna said, then placed something into Wang Guoqiang's hand.

Wang Guoqiang felt that it should be a piece of paper.

"This is the Nautical Chart of the Ghost Ship. Because it is one with the Ghost Ship and stained with its supernatural power, the chart will change whenever the Ghost Ship is about to appear in reality. Through this, you can predict the position of the Ghost Ship in advance, but only five minutes beforehand." Anna said, showing enough sincerity by voluntarily revealing some important information.

"A Nautical Chart?" Wang Guoqiang said, "I need to verify it."

"Go ahead." Anna replied.

Wang Guoqiang then took out a lighter, and with the flickering flame, some of the surrounding darkness was dispelled, but the light couldn't spread outward, only illuminating the space a few centimeters before him.

With the appearance of the firelight, he suddenly saw something flash past around him.

"What was that? Is there someone else here?" Wang Guoqiang asked in surprise, instinctively tightening his grip on the box in his hand.

"No, this is the crevice between reality and the supernatural. Fierce ghosts wander in the dark. As long as you don't disturb them, nothing will happen." Anna explained.

"Is that so?" Wang Guoqiang's eyes subtly shifted.

Evidently, the other party was also well-prepared, otherwise, it wouldn't be possible to so freely hand over the Nautical Chart of the Ghost Ship for verification.

Wang Guoqiang no longer said anything, and immediately began to examine the chart.

The chart was yellowed and old, with many stains on it. Judging by the age, this thing was at least a hundred years old, barely considered an antique.

However, a blob of ink gradually emerged at a certain location on the chart. Through the coordinates, it was confirmed to be in the waters near Dadong City.

"That's the next location where the Ghost Ship will appear. You're in luck, you've encountered the moment when the Ghost Ship emerges in reality. Usually, this chart shows no abnormalities, and you can't verify its authenticity. Only at this time will it reveal something special." Anna said.

"No, I have other verification methods." Wang Guoqiang said, then held the chart to the flame, preparing to burn it.

"Items tainted with supernatural power can't be easily destroyed.

In the flame of the lighter, the old paper chart showed no changes, neither ignited nor scorched black.

Reality's fire cannot burn items of the supernatural.

Considering the previous circumstances, it's apparent that this Nautical Chart of the Ghost Ship is genuine, not a fake.

"You can use various methods to verify, I'm willing to give you this time." Anna's voice came from the darkness.

Wang Guoqiang said nothing, only seriously checked the authenticity of the chart. He used all the means at his disposal to find any flaws since this transaction was so important. If he ended up exchanging for a fake, he'd be driven to self-blame.

This concerns the outcome of this war.

After multiple verifications, Wang Guoqiang truly couldn't find any problems. He said, "Your item has no issues, at least from the perspective of my verification."

"In that case, you should hand over the head now." Anna said.

Wang Guoqiang's eyes shifted subtly, and at that moment, he wanted to shout, have the captain rush in and take the Nautical Chart, and get rid of this enemy in front of him.

But in the end, he dismissed the thought.

It was too risky. If failed, he could lose this extremely important chart.

"Take it, the Manor Lord's head." Wang Guoqiang decided to proceed with the sincere transaction, handing over the box in his hand.

In the darkness.

Anna's figure seemed to approach swiftly, and then a woman's arm extended and took the box.

"I need to verify it."

Taking the box, Anna retreated into the darkness, and then everything became silent, no sound came again.

Ten seconds, thirty seconds, a minute...

"How is it? Have you finished the verification?" Wang Guoqiang asked.

Yet no one responded from the darkness.

"Anna, Anna?" Wang Guoqiang raised his voice and called out again.

But in the next moment.

The door banged open, and the light from outside burst in, causing Wang Guoqiang, who had become accustomed to the dark environment, to shut his eyes from the stimulus.

The black room was illuminated by light, and only then did Wang Guoqiang find no one else around, only an opened box remained, and Anna had left with the Manor Lord's head.

"What's the situation?" Lu Zhiwen and other captains came rushing in, creating an intimidating scene.

Wang Guoqiang didn't speak, only looked down at the Nautical Chart of the Ghost Ship clutched firmly in his hand.

The transaction seemed to be complete.

Chapter 1464 - Stacking Danger

On the deck of the Ghost Ship.

In the darkness, terrifying supernatural attacks emerged one after another. The degree of horror of the ghosts here exceeded imagination, and even Yang Jian couldn't handle it. His supernatural methods could only temporarily repel the ghosts' attacks, but this did not prove very effective.

After being briefly repelled, the ghosts would soon attack again, even if dismembered by the Firewood Knife, with some time they would recover.

At the same time as he repelled the ghosts, Yang Jian also suffered from supernatural attacks. These attacks were unavoidable, and he could only rely on his anomalous nature to withstand them; however, this inevitably led to severe injuries.

Only through repeated retreats and restarts to evade such spiritual harm, Yang Jian managed to survive.

"Luckily, the six ghost eyes had crashed before. Activating the seven-layer Ghost Domain has greatly reduced the difficulty of restarting, and the consumption is very small, otherwise, I would have been exhausted to death here, with no way to be alive when the Ghost Ship appears in reality."

In the darkness, Yang Jian held a red spear. He gasped, and eerie injuries began to appear all over his body.

The time interval for his every restart was too short, resulting in him returning to a minute ago with the injuries from a minute ago still present. Restarting to two minutes ago was not much better, so each restart only dragged his time farther and farther back.

Yang Jian knew clearly that there was a limit to restarting himself.

If the time spent fighting the ghosts here was too long and exceeded his limit for restarting himself, his restart would lose its effect, and that would be the real desperate situation.

"My limit for restarting myself is half an hour, which means if I am constantly attacked by ghosts here for half an hour, the restart will be meaningless. At most, it would return to the state of the first attack thirty minutes ago."

"Now I've lasted here for about twenty minutes, there are still ten minutes until my limit,"

Yang Jian was calculating his limit time while fighting the ghosts.

That means, in ten minutes he might be exhausted to death on the Ghost Ship.

"Bang!"

A dull loud noise echoed behind him. In the darkness, an iron rod covered in clotted blood landed on Yang Jian's head. With just one hit, he lost his ability to move and fell to the ground, even his consciousness was blurred. If not for the protection of the Evil Hound, this attack would have been fatal to Yang Jian.

"Damn it."

Yang Jian was both shocked and angry. He didn't hesitate, immediately restarting, otherwise, in the moment of injury, the nearby ghosts would tear him to pieces.

After another restart, Yang Jian's injuries disappeared.

At the moment the injuries disappeared, Yang Jian rushed in the direction of the ghost attack. The red light of the ghost eyes momentarily tore through the surrounding thick darkness, revealing the ghost hidden in the darkness. Then his Firewood Knife fell, directly chopping the ghost into two halves.

After the ghost was dismembered, it fell silent and collapsed to the ground, and the blood-stained iron rod clattered to the deck.

Yang Jian didn't have time to pay attention and couldn't retrieve that supernatural item. Immediately his legs were grabbed by a cold corpse, the rigid hands clamping tightly onto his calf, the fingers embedding into his flesh and blood.

Being held by this ghost, his lower body quickly began to lose feeling, and this sensation kept spreading to his upper body.

Yang Jian immediately reacted. One by one, Ghost Hands appeared on the cold corpse below him, trying to use the suppressing properties of Ghost Hands to counter this corpse.

However, even though the Ghost Hands covered the corpse entirely, it still held tightly onto Yang Jian's legs, unable to move an inch.

Apparently, the supernatural power of the Ghost Hand wasn't sufficient to deal with this ghost.

No choice, Yang Jian had to use the Ghost Flame.

Accompanied by the burning of the pale green Ghost Flame, the corpse at his feet twisted in pain. It finally had to let go and release Yang Jian.

But just as he escaped the corpse at his feet, a shadow flickered in the darkness and fiercely collided with Yang Jian from behind.

Yang Jian felt like he had been hit by a supernatural bus. He went flying again, unsure of where he rolled to.

"That again? Damn it, I suffered at the hands of this ghost before."

He wanted to stand up, but his body didn't respond, as if it refused to cooperate. At that moment, he subconsciously wanted to use the restart to eradicate such spiritual harm, but just as he was about to restart, Yang Jian held back.

He couldn't restart so frequently because he didn't know how long this kind of supernatural attack would continue.

But when he thought this, he quickly felt something strange.

It seemed something was groping its way over from the nearby darkness, quickly approaching this direction.

The next moment.

Yang Jian felt his body sink, pressed down by something. He sensed a strong smell of rotting corpse and touched some disheveled strands of nearby hair.

This sensation was akin to Sleep Paralysis.

However, unlike Sleep Paralysis, his body rapidly regained feeling, breaking free from the previously inflicted supernatural harm. But at the same time, he felt the thing pressing on him wasn't disappearing.

No, it wasn't disappearing but was quickly invading his body, even Ghost Shadow couldn't block this intrusion.

No choice, Yang Jian had to restart.

As his own restart concluded, he finally freed himself from the ghost's attack, although only temporarily.

"Within a minute, I restarted twice. These restarts are too frequent, it seems the number of ghosts on the deck hasn't decreased since the start, which means the most dangerous period hasn't passed."

Yang Jian gritted his teeth and continued to endure.

But at this moment, Ye Zhen's voice came from the darkness: "Yang Wudi, let's join forces. The number of these ghost things is too many. I can't hold out any longer."

At this moment, Ye Zhen's limit seemed to have arrived early, and he thickened his skin to actively request cooperation, no longer wantonly acting as before.

"We should have joined forces long ago. You insisted on going solo, wasting time, talking about forming flanks, but that's nonsense. Ghosts are everywhere. Being alone is only more dangerous," Yang Jian said coldly.

"Shame leads to bravery, it's not too late now. Sometimes temporary retreat is just for brewing a more powerful attack."

After Ye Zhen's voice fell, his figure retreated from the darkness and quickly crossed the burning Ghost Flame to reach Yang Jian's side.

At this moment, Ye Zhen looked miserable, bruises all over his body resembling corpse spots, with bites and scratches on his arms and thighs, even his eyes bleeding continuously.

The supernatural Scapegoat Ghost was in effect, but the speed of transferring injuries couldn't keep up with the speed of injuries caused by the ghosts. Because of this, his Scapegoat Ghost ability was gradually failing. If this situation didn't change, Ye Zhen would also be exhausted to death on the deck.

But Ye Zhen understood his situation, so without hesitation, he chose to join forces with Yang Jian.

As long as Yang Jian could take on half of the supernatural attacks, his Scapegoat Ghost supernatural ability could quickly erase the injuries on his body and recover.

"Stop being stubborn. It's not shameful to admit you can't win. If this condition on the Ghost Ship continues for another ten minutes, I might also die here," Yang Jian said.

"You can last another ten minutes? I can barely hold on for three more minutes," Ye Zhen said in surprise.

"This isn't the time for comparisons. You cover the back, I'll cover the front. The danger around us is still increasing. If we can't hold on, we'll both end up dead," Yang Jian said.

At this moment, the two finally joined forces.

Yang Jian felt the pressure lighten, as Ye Zhen was responsible for dealing with the ghosts behind him. But it was the same for Ye Zhen, he no longer needed to guard against attacks from the rear, as Yang Jian blocked them for him.

The situation improved somewhat.

The frequency of Yang Jian's restarts decreased, and Ye Zhen's Scapegoat Ghost's limit wasn't reached so quickly either. His injuries continued to heal.

Chapter 1465 - The Two Who Left the Ship

In the darkness, Yang Jian and Ye Zhen joined forces to combat the endless supernatural dangers around them.

When these two top ghost handlers in the supernatural circle put aside their differences and took coordinated action, the results were much better than imagined. Previously, when the two fought alone, there was a risk of being exhausted to death. But now, with their joint efforts, the surrounding dangers could gradually be resisted.

The number of times Yang Jian had to reboot significantly decreased, and the supernatural injuries on Ye Zhen also began to disappear gradually due to the power of the Scapegoat Ghost.

Feeling their conditions gradually improving, both of them finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"I've always said that if we join forces, nothing on Earth can threaten our safety," Ye Zhen said with a big laugh at that moment. He regained his confidence, brimming with vigor, sweeping away his previous embarrassment and dejection.

Yang Jian's expression remained serious: "It's too early to be happy now. Though we can fend off the immediate dangers together, the situation on the Ghost Ship is far worse than we imagined. The ghosts in the cabin haven't been fully released. From just now to now, you should have felt it too, the frequency of ghost attacks on us is still increasing."

"Only when the frequency of attacks decreases can we say we have truly overcome this danger."

"You are Yang the Invincible, since when have you become so indecisive? This isn't like you. At times like this, you should be more confident, knowing that the strong do not fear failure; they fear having a weak heart. As long as the heart is invincible, even a few failures don't matter."

Ye Zhen lectured earnestly, imparting some useless knowledge to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian had no interest in continuing the exchange with him, lest he get assimilated by his strange thoughts. He said no more and focused on dealing with the surrounding dangers.

Even with Ye Zhen's help, he was not at ease.

In the deep darkness, the fierce ghosts seemed endless, with supernatural attacks coming one after another. His Firewood Knife had dismembered countless ghostly bodies, but it was still useless, as those dismembered ghosts soon revived.

Even though he couldn't clearly see the nearby situation, Yang Jian could feel that the number of fierce ghosts around was still increasing.

"If it wasn't for my repeated reboots and Ye Zhen's repeated substitutions to offset the lethal supernatural attacks, any other captain or even any other King would have dropped dead within a minute; there's absolutely no way they could survive," Yang Jian thought nervously.

As time gradually passed, the two of them struggled bitterly in the darkness, hoping to last until the Ghost Ship returned to normal and drove away the darkness. However, reality was much harsher than imagined; they didn't make it until the darkness faded and instead reached a new breaking point.

The feeling of being gradually exhausted to the end of their wits could bring anyone to despair.

At this point, Ye Zhen was no longer as optimistic. He might have realized that he could die here and become silent. Yang Jian felt similarly. Although he thought he could hold on for a while longer, without seeing hope, such persistence was meaningless.

"Unless something unexpected happens, Ye Zhen and I will both be exhausted to death here," Yang Jian now had a clear realization.

Ye Zhen spoke again this time: "Staying here is a dead end. Why don't we join forces to fight our way off the ship? Maybe that would give us a slim chance of survival."

"You're overthinking it. Getting off the ship now would only end up worse. This isn't reality, and no one knows what the result would be if we get lost in this ghostly place. Instead of gambling on the unknown, we might as well wait it out here. As long as we hold on, we can wait until the Ghost Ship returns to reality."

Yang Jian immediately rejected Ye Zhen's idea, thinking it was even more dangerous.

Trying to escape by jumping off the ship would extinguish the last chance of survival.

On the ship, there was still a possibility of surviving, while jumping off would lead to a worse death. He had fallen into that water before and knew how it felt, while Ye Zhen was lucky and hadn't fallen, so he couldn't understand the dangers of the sea beneath the Ghost Ship.

"Jumping off the ship won't work; staying here will also doom us. Alas, for me, Ye Zhen the Invincible, to possibly meet my end on this broken ship? Truly, a dragon stranded in the shallows, a tiger fallen to flatlands," Ye Zhen lamented to the sky, looking like a hero at the end of his road.

Yang Jian's eyes flickered, and he kept thinking of a solution. He actually had quite a few means to deal with the current situation, but unfortunately, his Ghost Lake's supernatural powers were sealed, rendering many methods ineffective. Otherwise, he would have considered releasing the Hungry Ghost to devour all the ghosts on this Ghost Ship in one relentless stroke.

Perhaps it would eventually nurture an incomprehensibly terrifying Hungry Ghost, but at least he knew the Hungry Ghost's killing patterns and could avoid the danger, much easier than confronting wave after wave of supernatural attacks.

As he mused idly.

Perhaps they had endured long enough for some change to occur, or maybe they got lucky and a miracle happened.

Suddenly.

At that moment, the commotion in the darkness abruptly stopped, and then, the silence spread around at an incredibly rapid speed within just a few seconds, and all the terrifying supernatural attacks ceased one after another.

The surroundings instantly plunged into a deathly stillness.

"Hmm?"

This change caught Ye Zhen off guard, just as he was raising his longsword. Moments ago, he clearly saw a fierce ghost charging at him through the darkness, only to be pulled back by a more terrifying supernatural force in mid-air, disappearing into the shadows without any movement.

"What happened?"

Yang Jian replied, "You're asking me? Who can I ask? Just now, all the fierce ghosts ceased their supernatural assaults, which is very unusual. Once a fierce ghost targets us, its attacks shouldn't stop unless it falls asleep. But the surrounding darkness hasn't dissipated, which means the Ghost Ship hasn't returned to normal."

"Hence, it wasn't the Ghost Ship that interfered with the nearby ghosts; something else appeared."

"Hey, Yang the Invincible, don't say things that scary. Wasn't the situation terrifying enough just now?"
Ye Zhen immediately responded with eyes wide open.

"It's unclear. Who knows how many fierce ghosts the Ghost Ship has accumulated. Even the King Organization probably has no idea about the situation inside, just as I don't know how many ghostly beings my Ghost Lake is soaking. Some dangers can't be understood until they are truly released."

"I was worried before that there might be more terrifying ghosts lurking deep within the Ghost Ship."

Yang Jian's expression grew even heavier, as there was no sound in the surrounding darkness, eerily quiet. All supernatural movements vanished; even those ghosts wandering around disappeared to places unknown, as if they couldn't just vanish into thin air?

"Don't hesitate, take this time to restore your condition. Even if we encounter danger, we'll be better prepared to deal with it."

He didn't over-cautiously guard against the abnormal surroundings; instead, he used this brief respite to adjust his condition, removing the supernatural injuries on him to restore his peak state.

Ye Zhen did the same.

As long as there were no supernatural attacks, it took only a dozen seconds for most of his injuries to heal. The remaining wounds were akin to some kind of curse, and without a new target to transfer it to, he was unable to dispel it and had to ignore it for now.

The silence in the darkness didn't last very long.

Not long after the two adjusted their states.

Suddenly.

A huge and dull thudding sound suddenly echoed, and the whole Ghost Ship seemed to shake. Yang Jian could even feel the tremor beneath his feet.

"The sound is coming from inside the cabin, and it's very close to us." Yang Jian stared at the entrance to the cabin, following the sound.

There was something strange inside.

Perhaps the disappearance of the vicious ghost just now is related to this disturbance.

"Bang!"

Another dull thud echoed, this time much closer, and the vibration underfoot grew more intense.

"That thing is coming out of the cabin," Yang Jian said in a low voice.

"That's good news," Ye Zhen said.

"You call that good news?" Yang Jian looked in the direction where Ye Zhen was standing.

Ye Zhen explained, "No, that's not what I meant. I meant the surrounding darkness is starting to dissipate, and I can see the surroundings a bit. There seems to be light in the distance... I can feel that we're about to escape."

Yang Jian noticed this only when he mentioned it.

The darkness around the Ghost Ship was starting to disperse like a thick fog, and indeed, a faint light could be seen in the distance. As time passed, more images gradually appeared around them—of a city far away.

This was the scene of reality.

"The Ghost Ship is about to appear in reality. This is our chance, we must hurry and get off the ship," Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, and he immediately said urgently.

"You don't need to tell me that. If we don't leave now, when will we?" Ye Zhen said.

"Bang!"

Another loud bang responded, and the giant Ghost Ship even began to sway.

The cabin could no longer contain what was inside.

The source of all this seemed about to appear on the deck.

Yang Jian looked at the cabin's position; he hadn't noticed anything yet, indicating that the ghost deep within the cabin hadn't truly emerged.

And the scenes of reality around them were becoming increasingly clear.

"Shall we jump ship now?" Ye Zhen was eager to leave this ghostly place.

"No, not yet. Now is the time when reality and the supernatural intersect. If you jump now, you might return to reality if you're lucky; if not, you might be stuck on the Ghost Ship forever. Wait a bit longer, just a bit longer. We only have one chance. If we can't go back, we won't survive the next voyage."

Yang Jian stopped him and decided to wait a little longer for safety's sake.

By then, the surrounding darkness had almost dispersed; even without a ghost eye, one could see the situation around.

At this moment, strange corpses lay all around Yang Jian; these corpses were incomplete, some with only a hand, others with only half a head. Although the corpses were incomplete, danger still lurked because these were true vicious ghosts, waiting for the time to resurge.

However, now, these vicious ghosts seemed to have fallen into a slumber, having not awakened for a long time.

The Ghost Ship seemed to have ended that dangerous voyage after appearing in reality. The supernatural nature of the ship seemed to have resumed, a terrifying restraint emerged.

The supernatural power on Yang Jian was being restricted, while the vicious ghosts around him started sinking.

The deck, like a living entity, began devouring the ghosts above it.

The vicious ghosts didn't struggle, but gradually sank into the deck, as if being pulled into an abyss, needing to start all over again to return to the deck.

Yet Yang Jian and Ye Zhen remained unaffected; the eerie supernatural entity of the Ghost Ship targeted only the ghosts on the ship and not them.

"Bang!"

At that moment, the banging sound inside the cabin persisted, but this time it had noticeably changed.

Though the Ghost Ship was still shaking and vibrating, it was clear that the force of the impact had lessened, and the distance from where the sound came had increased.

The dangerous entity trying to come out of the cabin seemed to be affected by the Ghost Ship, restrained before finally reaching the deck, being pulled back to be confined in the depths of the cabin, unable to come out.

At that moment, Yang Jian had a feeling that the existence of the Ghost Ship was closely related to that entity.

"We can't wait any longer; it's now or never, we must jump ship," Ye Zhen couldn't wait any longer. He saw the illusion had disappeared and reality had fully emerged.

Seizing the opportunity, he took a few steps and jumped straight off the Ghost Ship.

"Go."

Yang Jian didn't hesitate either; he immediately turned around, no longer paying attention to the situation on the Ghost Ship, and followed Ye Zhen to jump ship.

The two of them escaped the Ghost Ship, falling from a height not with fear but with the joy of surviving a near-death experience.

Being close to the Ghost Ship interfered with supernatural activities, but it wasn't completely impossible to use supernatural power, only that the time to use such powers was very brief.

However, this brief moment was enough for the two of them.

Before hitting the sea, the two used the Ghost Domain, disappearing instantly and distancing themselves from the Ghost Ship, escaping from that disturbed area, successfully escaping.

Soon.

Yang Jian stood on the sea not far away, his heart still unsettled, his eyes involuntarily fixed on the Ghost Ship once again.

Because he sensed something was wrong.

The Ghost Ship, this time, didn't seem to disappear, its time remaining in reality appeared to be longer.

Chapter 1466 - Resounding Chimes

The process of escaping from the Ghost Ship went smoothly without any disturbances.

But this does not mean that the matter has come to an end. Through the experience on the Ghost Ship, Yang Jian fully realized the horrors of this ship. Just releasing a few of the fierce ghosts from the cabin nearly exhausted him and Ye Zhen to death on the deck.

More daunting is the fact that the depths of this Ghost Ship still hide unknown terrors. Once released, no one knows what will happen, but one thing is for certain: no one can resist it.

Even Captain Level ghost manipulators may be instantly killed.

This sense of oppression and unease, Yang Jian had only felt it in one other supernatural incident, which was during the seven days at the ancient mansion, when they held a funeral for the old man of the ancient house.

If they hadn't run fast enough then, the supernatural resurgence after the old man's death would have almost wiped them out.

"The Ghost Ship is still moving forward, it hasn't altered course, it's coming towards Dadong City."

At this moment, the more Yang Jian observed, the worse he felt. He noticed that the Ghost Ship had been lingering in reality for too long, showing no signs of disappearing, and it seemed to be moving with a tendency to directly land.

Although it's a ship, it is more so a supernatural object, something that cannot be judged by common sense. If this continues, the Ghost Ship might really sail on land.

"Could it be that the King Organization wants the Ghost Ship to forcefully land and send the fierce ghosts into the urban district of Dadong City?" A bad guess emerged in Yang Jian's mind.

"Someone is coming." Suddenly, Ye Zhen was aware of something. He looked in the direction of Dadong City.

The next moment.

Ash-white paper ash began to fall from the top of the sea continuously. The surrounding scenery started to blur once more, the reality at this moment seemed somewhat unreal, and the scenery in the distance was no longer as clear. A kind of unknown supernatural transformation appeared. In just a moment, everything nearby seemed to have turned into an oil painting.

And in this world of oil painting, He Yuelian appeared.

Along with her, other captains from headquarters also appeared. They seemed to be well-prepared, knowing the exact time and place of the Ghost Ship's emergence, which is why they supported them so promptly.

"I thought it was the enemy coming, didn't expect it to be other captains, but no use in coming. Even I, Ye, can't handle this; they will also inevitably be at a loss." Ye Zhen shook his head, still not optimistic about the current situation.

"Yang Jian." Many captains appeared at the same time.

Seeing Yang Jian and Ye Zhen return unharmed instantly put them at ease.

"The previous deal has been completed. We made a deal with the daughter of the Manor Lord from the King Organization, exchanged his head for a Nautical Chart of the Ghost Ship. This Nautical Chart can predict the exact location of the Ghost Ship five minutes in advance." Lu Zhiwen said.

"So the Manor Lord has been released? But trading for the Nautical Chart is worth it. Our biggest crisis now is the Ghost Ship; finding a way to deal with it, even releasing a King doesn't matter." Yang Jian nodded, having no objections to this trade.

After all, before he left, he had let Lu Zhiwen handle it by himself, whether to make the deal or not was also up to them.

Since the deal was done, it means it was agreed upon by most of the captains, there shouldn't be any big problems.

"I've covered a nearby area inside the Ghost Domain to hopefully protect reality from the Ghost Ship's influence." He Yuelian said.

The supernatural force of Ghost Drawing had long since spread. Once released, the Ghost Domain formed would be immense, even Yang Jian couldn't compare.

"Yang Jian, what's happening now?" Leuk San frowned, pointing at the Ghost Ship coming ahead.

"Ye Zhen and I attempted to find a way to control the Ghost Ship. We gained a bit, but it was still futile. Now the Ghost Ship seems to have undergone some change. It no longer hides itself but moves directly toward Dadong City. I suspect the King Organization's Ark Plan is going to be executed today."

Yang Jian said gravely: "The Ghost Ship will soon land, and then it will release the fierce ghosts in the cabin... The time left for us is not much."

"Since there's no way to control the Ghost Ship and make it turn around, the only method is to intercept it here. Anyone have good ideas?" Lin Bei looked at the crowd and spoke.

"Want to intercept this thing? It's too difficult. Just standing there, I can already feel the intense supernatural interference coming from the Ghost Ship. Even if we actually use supernatural powers, I'm afraid it won't work." Zhou Deng immediately shook his head, looking at the huge thing in front of him brought fear to his heart.

Even if he risked his life blocking in front of the Ghost Ship, he couldn't stop it for even a second, it would just crush him into dust.

"What if we all use supernatural powers?" He Yiner suggested suddenly.

Lu Zhiwen said: "No, even our supernatural powers affect each other. The more people strike at the Ghost Ship, the more serious the interference. Just like our Ghost Domain, since He Yuelian used it, we can't use it easily anymore, or the Ghost Domain conflict would be bad for everyone."

"If that's the case, I will summon spirits." He Yiner said resolutely, planning to use her trump card.

But the Faceless Person beside her stopped her and shook his head.

"Summoning a top-notch ghost manipulator from the Republic of China Period might stop the Ghost Ship, this is the only way." He Yiner seemed confused.

Yang Jian said: "It's useless, even if you summon the Sexton Luo Qian again, he can only stay in reality briefly. Against ghost manipulators, it's fine, the outcome can be decided in a short time, taking them down. But the Ghost Ship isn't a ghost manipulator, it's a supernatural entity, also a fierce ghost, it won't die. Even if the top ghost manipulator from the Republic of China can intercept, how long can it last?"

"One minute, two minutes? Or ten minutes? Those summoned are only temporary, despite their strong individual powers, their duration is short, and in the end, the Ghost Ship will surely win."

"Joining forces doesn't work, summoning spirits doesn't work either, are we really going to just watch the ghost ship sail into Dadong City?" He Yiner said.

Yang Jian seriously replied, "Don't rush. If the Ark plan from the opposing side were easily broken, the King Organization wouldn't have risked everything on it. We need to calm down and explore all possibilities."

"Yang Jian, use the pendulum clock." Suddenly, Wang Chaling spoke up at this moment, adjusting his glasses, "Use the pendulum clock to adjust the ghost ship's time, offsetting it from real-time. In doing so, the ghost ship will permanently disappear from this world."

"Good idea, that's one method." Many people's eyes lit up, thinking this was a good idea.

Yang Jian frowned, "The pendulum clock's influence is limited, but covering the ghost ship is feasible. We can try it, but I don't know if it will succeed."

As he spoke, the sea under his feet started bubbling.

At the next moment.

Pale arms soaked in water reached out, lifting an old pendulum clock from the water.

This is the supernatural pendulum clock from the Wang Family's old house, capable of affecting the time of an area.

"First retreat to the shore, I will adjust the pendulum clock the moment the ghost ship reaches the shore to make it disappear." After Yang Jian finished speaking, he quickly retreated with the pendulum clock, moving away from the sea and arriving at the nearby shore.

The others swiftly retreated as well, dispersing quickly instead of gathering together.

"Not far enough, move farther away. We can't be affected by the pendulum clock." Wang Chaling reminded, distancing himself further because he understood the pendulum clock's range of influence.

The other captains saw this and increased their distance further.

At this time, Yang Jian stood alone on the beach with the pendulum clock. In front of him, an old and eerie ghost ship was slowly approaching. Although the ghost ship wasn't moving fast, it was getting very close to the coast, covering more ground towards the shore with every few meters advanced.

"At this sailing speed, we can act in three minutes. By then, the pendulum clock's range will perfectly cover the ghost ship." Wang Chaling observed, quickly calculated, and accurately stated a time.

Yang Jian said, "If the action fails, He Yuelian, be prepared on your end."

"Alright, I'll pull all nearby towns into the ghost drawing. Regular people won't notice anything unusual, don't worry." He Yuelian said.

If the ghost ship couldn't be stopped from landing, she must transfer all nearby residents, preventing the supernatural from spreading and affecting too many ordinary people.

This method of He Yuelian's is essentially the prototype of Zhang Xiangguang's Peach Blossom Fountain plan.

However, she is forced to transfer some residents, while Zhang Xiangguang proactively covers everyone with the Ghost Domain from the ghost drawing, pulling everyone into the world of the ghost drawing.

The former is more restrained, while the latter is a desperate and crazier approach.

Time gradually passed.

The ghost ship came closer to Yang Jian.

Everyone's hearts were tense because the supernatural pendulum clock was the best method they could think of. If it failed, they truly had no other way to deal with the ghost ship. After the ghost ship landed, releasing a shipful of fierce ghosts, Yang Jian would necessarily initiate the Great Flood plan to counteract.

By that time, the entire world's structure will be rewritten, and from then on, this place will evolve into a world filled with supernatural occurrences, with peace and stability no longer existent.

Three minutes were about to pass quickly.

The gigantic ghost ship was very close.

Yang Jian was calm at this moment, having opened the pendulum clock and preparing to synchronize time.

After waiting silently for a dozen seconds.

The time arrived.

Yang Jian quickly operated the supernatural pendulum clock to change the time, pulling time back to thirty minutes earlier.

Which means he aimed to reboot for half an hour.

As he changed the time, Yang Jian let go, and the huge clock chime suddenly rang, resonating in the surroundings, echoing far in the night sky.

"Dong! Dong!"

The pendulum clock chimed in the dead of night.

Soon after, Yang Jian on the beach disappeared, along with the supernatural pendulum clock, but what shocked everyone was that the huge ghost ship before them did not disappear along with the chime, continued sailing forward without any sign of stopping.

At this moment, all captains were silent, weighed down with indescribable heaviness.

Chapter 1467 - Landing and Disappearance

The chimes of the pendulum clock echoed, and everything in the entire area returned to half an hour earlier.

Yang Jian's disappearance was the best proof of that.

But looking at the Ghost Ship still before their eyes, all the captains understood in their hearts that this mission had failed. Even the Supernatural Pendulum Clock of the Wang Family's ancient house couldn't affect this Ghost Ship, and there was simply no way to make it disappear from sight, nor could it even interfere with its actions.

"Should I say that I overestimated the power of the Supernatural Pendulum Clock, or underestimated the terror of the Ghost Ship? The mission has failed, and we have no means left to stop this ship from

landing. We can only watch as everything unfolds, even though we still have the nautical chart of the Ghost Ship in our hands, we are still powerless."

Leuk San looked at the now-anchored Ghost Ship, and his originally sallow face looked even more dismal.

"Isn't there any backup plan? Are we just going to watch the Ghost Ship sail towards Dadong City?" Zhou Deng's tone revealed an anxious emotion as he looked at the other captains.

At this moment, everyone was silent, and their expressions were extremely serious.

Because they all knew there was no plan against the Ghost Ship. If there were, they wouldn't be in such a passive position; the plan involving the Supernatural Pendulum Clock was itself just an attempt.

"Once the Ghost Ship has landed and releases the ghost on board, the total invasion from the King Organization will follow. They won't miss this opportunity and will definitely take this chance to crush us completely, making us lose the ability to resist. The timing is very urgent, no matter what, we cannot just sit here and wait to die."

Lu Zhiwen was also anxious, searching for a method, but based on his current information and means, there was no way to deal with the Ghost Ship.

"Let's not worry about so much now that the ship has arrived. He Yuelian, proceed with your previous plan to evacuate the civilians first. But for safety's sake, your Ghost Domain needs to be expanded further; who knows where this Ghost Ship might end up, we need to be on guard," Lin Bei said, rubbing his bald head.

He Yuelian stood still in the distance, without speaking, just nodded slightly. However, just as she was about to continue expanding the Ghost Domain of the ghost drawing,

suddenly.

A bizarre scene occurred.

As the Ghost Ship approached, the ash in the sky began to dissipate, and nearby, the scenes resembling an oil painting began to rapidly fade, gradually disappearing.

Before other captains could ask, He Yuelian's voice came from beneath her red cap: "My Ghost Domain is being invaded and disrupted, it's because of the Ghost Ship. As long as this ship gets close, my Ghost Domain could even directly vanish, and then everything in reality will be exposed."

"Is there any way?" Lu Zhiwen asked.

"There is a way. I can transfer everything in reality into the ghost drawing. One ghost drawing can accommodate everything, but this method has a drawback: the world of the ghost drawing is ultimately a supernatural world, and will completely disconnect from the real world. If the time is short, it's fine, but if it takes longer, ordinary people will notice something's wrong, which could easily cause chaos," He Yuelian said.

"Just transfer into the world of the ghost drawing. Surviving is the most important thing now. If we can't even preserve our lives, nothing else matters," Lu Zhiwen said earnestly.

"As long as you all have no objections." After a slight pause, He Yuelian continued.

Seeing that no other captain objected, she began to take action.

He Yuelian then turned and walked towards Dadong City, her figure gradually disappearing, and along with her, the distant lights also began extinguishing in whole patches, as if experiencing a large-scale blackout, and once extinguished, they did not light up again.

This is the supernatural interfering with reality, engulfing reality.

"The supernatural world within the ghost drawing is chilling every time I look at it. Zhang Xiangguang's Peach Blossom Fountain is somewhat feasible, at least during this supernatural outbreak, the supernatural world of the ghost drawing serves as a refuge," Leuk San's gaze shifted as he looked towards the distant city.

Not only the lights but also the living people within the entire city disappeared.

Dadong City instantly turned into a ghost town. Although all the buildings and objects remained, the people within were now living in the world of the ghost drawing.

In the world of the ghost drawing, there is also a Dadong City.

But the Dadong City in the world of the ghost drawing is constructed of supernatural elements, and is not a real city. However, ordinary people cannot tell the difference; only when they sense something is amiss would they begin to doubt the reality of the ghost drawing world.

If He Yuelian were a little more ruthless, she could even pull an entire city into the world of the ghost drawing, but she hadn't done so.

Supernaturals interfering too much with reality is always not a good thing.

"He Yuelian, although she successfully relocated the residents of Dadong City, it is impossible for her to pull all cities into the world of the ghost drawing. Once the King Organization realizes the situation, this Ghost Ship will definitely change its target and head for other cities. Our approach can only buy us time and doesn't change the final result."

Wang Chaling felt a little relieved seeing the residents of Dadong City enter the world of the ghost drawing.

He was in charge of Dadong City, and there he also had some friends who he didn't want getting entangled in the Ghost Ship incident.

"I get what you're saying, but right now time is tight, and buying some time is already good enough. We must quickly find a way to deal with the Ghost Ship, or else if they keep using the same trick, we'll inevitably get played to death," Leuk San said, his brows furrowing tightly.

"Let Yang Jian initiate the Flood Plan. If they play hard, we shouldn't be cowards. If it's a matter of life and death, who is afraid of whom?" Lin Bei said through gritted teeth.

Next to him, Zhou Deng, surprised, said, "Aren't you a monk, full of compassion? Why are you harsher than me?"

"Who said I'm a monk just because I'm bald? I'm just a student at the Buddhist College, not a monk. Besides, their Ghost Ship is about to sail into our cities. If we don't counterattack, they might think our Flood Plan is just a joke," Lin Bei said.

"It's not about life and death over this. Even if you initiate the Flood Plan now, it won't change the current outcome. We can put this matter aside for now. Our urgent task is to figure out how to stop the Ghost Ship. I think at this time we can consider waking Old Qin from headquarters. Don't forget, Old Qin probably isn't dead yet."

Lu Zhiwen rasped, revealing a crucial piece of information to everyone.

Old Qin most likely didn't die?

This news made many of the captains pause for a moment.

Many had forgotten Old Qin's existence because he had been gone too long, and every conclusion drawn from various signs suggested that Old Qin couldn't hold on much longer and ultimately had to seal himself in a gold statue.

An old man sealed in a gold statue for so long, still alive now? It's indeed questionable.

"Old Qin is an uncertain factor; if the statue is smashed and reveals a corpse, the ghost will reawaken, creating another troublesome event. We can't use uncertainty to handle the Ghost Ship, at least not now."

At this moment, Yang Jian's voice abruptly sounded, and his figure reappeared.

Knowing the pendulum clock had failed, he adjusted the time again, returning himself to reality.

Regarding the events just now, Yang Jian had it figured out in his mind.

Watching the Ghost Ship slowly sailing toward Dadong City's direction, he realized all previous attempts had failed.

"Yang Wudi, you're showing up now; you must have come up with some ideas. I'm keen to know what method you'll use to stop this Ghost Ship."

Ye Zhen remained silent, pondering too, but couldn't come up with a good solution, so when he looked at Yang Jian, there was a look of anticipation.

"It's not much of a good solution, but merely an attempt. If it works, that's great; if not, we'll resort to the worst method. Then, He Yiner will summon spirits, and Lu Zhiwen will smash Old Qin's statue to see if those old monsters from the Republic era have any way to deal with this matter."

"But I need to leave for a while first; during that time, you all will maintain communication with me and report the Ghost Ship's location at any moment. With the nautical chart in hand, I trust this won't be difficult."

Yang Jian spoke earnestly, his ghost-eye gazing another way, and his figure began to fade.

"No problem, we'll handle things here; hurry back." Leuk San nodded.

After speaking, Yang Jian didn't waste any time; his Ghost Domain quickly vanished, along with himself.

"I'm curious what method he thought of?" He Yiner said, looking at the direction Yang Jian disappeared.

"Who knows? He's experienced countless supernatural events, knows secrets we don't. At critical moments, he always pulls out something unexpected. We'll just have to wait." Zhou Deng shrugged.

Not long after Yang Jian left.

Probably due to the residents being relocated from Dadong City or the King Organization finding the Ghost Ship's landing location less than ideal.

At this moment.

A thin fog began to surround the Ghost Ship again, the massive hull gradually blurred.

"It's disappearing again, likely changing its course. Our guess was right; the King Organization keeps a watchful eye on the situation here. Seeing us ready ahead of time, the Ghost Ship gains nothing in Dadong City, so it's shifting elsewhere."

"Looks like the opponent wants to break us with one landing, denying us a chance to avoid the supernatural. Aside from that, they wouldn't know the nautical chart is in our possession; if they did, they'd be unleashing ghosts right now."

"We must closely monitor the nautical chart and immediately send Yang Jian the location once found; he's gone somewhere to prepare, and I sense his method might be somewhat effective."

Amidst the captains' discussions.

The Ghost Ship finally vanished into thin air.

Leaving no trace behind, nor did a single ghost disembark.

Yet, everyone knew that the Ghost Ship would definitely appear in some city next time, marking the moment when conflict would fully erupt.

At this moment.

Yang Jian, using Ghost Domain, had already traveled over a thousand kilometers from Dadong City. He arrived in the north, at an inconspicuous small town.

This small town was peaceful, undisturbed by supernatural events, and had no city administrator.

The supernatural happenings seemed disconnected from this town.

Yang Jian stood near an unremarkable intersection in this town.

He was waiting for a bus.

A supernatural bus.

Chapter 1468 - The Final Location

Yang Jian waited at this empty intersection for about ten minutes.

Very soon.

From the direction of the city center, a bus suddenly appeared and slowly drove towards here, as if there was a stop here and the bus needed to stop.

"It's here, the ghost bus." Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly, and he strode towards the bus door before it even stopped.

The situation is urgent now; he doesn't want to waste time.

Very soon.

The ghost bus stopped in the middle of the intersection, and both the front and rear doors of the bus opened.

Without hesitation, Yang Jian immediately boarded the bus.

He glanced around.

Nearly half of the seats on the ghost bus were already filled. Some were ordinary people drawn in, some were ghost riders resisting the resurgence of malicious spirits, and some were... actual ghosts.

"You have twenty seconds to get off the bus now, or you will remain on this bus forever," Yang Jian warned coldly.

Some ghost riders recognized Yang Jian and were astonished. Upon hearing this warning, a ghost rider said nothing, stood up quickly, and rushed off the bus without looking back.

Issues of their own ghosts resurfacing, they didn't care at all.

In the current supernatural circle, every ghost rider is aware of the situation. Now that Yang Jian appeared here, he was clearly targeting the ghost bus, and those who dared to stay would die.

Getting off now is the only chance.

This ghost rider's actions awakened the others, and they also got up one after another and left the bus, choosing not to linger on the ghost bus.

Very soon.

The bus was empty, but a few silhouettes remained sitting still on the bus.

But those were not people; they were ghosts, and since the bus hadn't reached the next stop, they did not move.

Seeing this, Yang Jian didn't hesitate any longer and sat in the driver's seat of the ghost bus.

He had previously established a connection with this ghost bus, becoming the driver, so getting back on to drive the bus was just returning to his post.

Yang Jian controlled the ghost bus, closed the doors, and set off again, driving into the distance.

After traveling a certain distance along the real street, the bus began to gradually disappear and eventually became completely invisible, heading towards Dadong City along a supernatural path.

"In the supernatural circle, the only thing I can think of to deal with the ghost ship is this bus. This bus can knock down the fiercest ghosts, or even stun them, so it might have an unexpected effect on the ghost ship."

"Though the ghost ship is larger and can carry more ghosts, no one can predict the outcome of a supernatural collision. Only by trying can we know."

"If the bus can't counter the ghost ship, then it really will be the end of the line." Yang Jian sat in the driver's seat, eyes fixed on the far distance, while thinking continuously in his mind.

As he drove the ghost bus towards Dadong City.

At this moment.

All the captains at headquarters were already gathered together.

They have halted all actions, focusing entirely on the old nautical chart in front of them.

They must know the next location of the ghost ship in the first instance.

However, since the ghost ship disappeared after landing last time, the nautical chart has shown no changes, indicating that the ghost ship is still navigating the supernatural world, with no signs of it appearing in reality.

"The next location of appearance might not be a coastal city. If I were the King Organization, I would definitely choose an inland location for the ghost ship event to cause maximum damage," Leuk San pointed at the nautical chart and said.

"Makes sense, so our focus shouldn't just be on Dahai City, Dadong City, Dafu City, and Dasha City. But with our capability, as long as we know the exact location of the ghost ship five minutes in advance, we

can respond in time and evacuate people from the relevant cities and regions," Lu Zhiwen's hoarse voice said.

"The crucial thing now is to stop the ghost ship. If they succeed in their first action, according to the previous plan, the ghost ship will strike a second, third, and fourth time... Failing the first defense means failing every time after, so we must fight hard the first time with no hope for another chance," Lin Bei's hand habitually rested on his forehead, expression very serious.

"There's movement."

During the discussion, suddenly, there was an anomaly on the old nautical chart.

A blob of thick black ink appeared in a position on the chart.

"The ghost ship is about to appear. Contact Yang Jian immediately and send him the coordinates, coordinates are 120°52'... This coordinate is..." Leuk San stared at the chart and said.

"Damn it, it's my Ye Zhen's Dahai City. This is outrageous, do they think nothing of me?" Ye Zhen's eyes widened and couldn't help cursing loudly, eager to draw his sword and confront the King Organization right now.

Is the location for the ghost ship's appearance Dahai City?

"It seems that their first wave of attacks wasn't intended to cause the greatest damage but to expand the impact. Dahai City is a special international metropolis; once an issue arises here, the entire world will know."

Lu Zhiwen immediately looked at Leuk San: "Have you sent the message to Yang Jian?"

"It has been sent."

"Good, let's head out now and rush to Dahai City immediately. This time, the Ghost Ship won't disappear again, so we must be ready to fight for our lives. Also, be cautious—the King Organization's people might have already entered Dahai City ahead of us," Lu Zhiwen said.

Ye Zhen couldn't wait any longer; he left, cursing under his breath.

He wanted to return to Dahai City, protect his younger brothers, and at the same time eliminate those causing trouble on his turf.

"Don't let Ye Zhen act alone, let's follow him," Lin Bei immediately suggested.

Lu Zhiwen agreed, "I've already notified Li Yang's side and asked his team of seven to prepare to enter Dahai City. He Yiner, the Faceless Person beside you must come as well. This time, a major conflict is inevitable. Don't hold back; we have to mobilize all our forces."

"Got it, no need to repeat yourself," He Yiner replied.

"Zhou Deng," Lu Zhiwen said, glancing at Zhou Deng.

Zhou Deng responded, "Understood; protect He Yiner, right? Rest assured, with me around, she won't suffer a scratch, and I guarantee she'll be able to perform the soul-summoning smoothly."

A captain was specifically assigned to protect her; only He Yiner had such a privilege in this team.

After all, the safety of the Soul Summoner was crucial.

However, because of a lack of manpower, they could only let Zhou Deng, who was relatively less strong, serve as this bodyguard. They couldn't squander the top-tier captains on this task.

"All right, everyone knows their limits. I feel reassured; let's move," Lu Zhiwen's hoarse voice fell, and all the captains disappeared immediately. They employed the Ghost Domain to rush to Dahai City at the fastest speed because they only had five minutes to prepare before the Ghost Ship appeared.

At the same time.

Within Dahai City, the supernatural collision had already begun.

Inside a building belonging to the Supernatural Forum.

It used to be brightly lit and bustling with people.

But now, the entire building was shrouded in a deathly silence; all the lights were extinguished, and no one entered or left. Anyone who entered the building mysteriously disappeared.

Clearly, this place had been invaded by the supernatural.

However, the invaders weren't malevolent spirits, but men, the top ghost controllers of the King Organization.

"So the people of the Supernatural Forum are just like this, very weak," a voice echoed in the dark on the top floor of the building.

A member of the Supernatural Forum was being strangled, his body unable to move or even struggle.

"You are one of the Kings from the King Organization... code name Killer?" The forum member spoke with difficulty, appearing to recognize this person.

The intelligence shared by Leuk San had reached Ye Zhen, which meant the Supernatural Forum also knew.

"As expected, after something went wrong with the Pianist, our information got leaked. Even an insignificant role knows of my existence," uttered the King in the dark, dragging the person to the window.

He extended his hand, effortlessly passing through the thick glass, holding the person out of the window.

"It will be interesting to see you fall from here, don't you think?"

Then, the top-tier ghost controller, code-named Killer, released his grip.

The Supernatural Forum member plummeted from the high building. Even free from the King's restraint, he couldn't regain his senses.

He was like a paralyzed man, unable to resume activity or use the ghostly abilities within his body.

He fell just like an ordinary person from the high-rise.

"Ah Wu..." A beam of light approached from afar, accompanied by Ye Zhen's furious shout.

"The administrator of the Supernatural Forum, Ye Zhen, isn't it? You arrived quickly, but unfortunately, you're too late." In the dark building, the King let out a low, cold laugh.

Ye Zhen's Ghost Domain had already extended, engulfing the entire building.

Light descended from the sky, trying to cover Ah Wu as he fell.

Ordinarily, with Ye Zhen's ability, he could save Ah Wu.

However, some kind of supernatural interference emerged, preventing the spread of Ye Zhen's Ghost Domain.

"Bang!"

A loud crash echoed as Ah Wu of the Supernatural Forum plummeted to the ground, his body shattered upon impact. Blood and organs splattered, staining the nearby area red.

Lacking the supernatural power to sustain life, Ah Wu died instantly.

Ye Zhen arrived at that moment, standing mid-air and seeing Ah Wu's tragic death, his eyes turning blood-red immediately.

Rage and killing intent filled his entire being.

"I want you dead." Ye Zhen, in that moment, seemed like a rampaging ghost, roaring furiously as he charged toward the pitch-black building.

Chapter 1469 - Danger in the Shadows

Ah Wu's death completely ignited Ye Zhen's fury.

Since entering the supernatural circle, he had never suffered such a loss, and no one had ever dared to kill his most important friend right in front of him. Even the headquarters had to show him respect, giving up the territory of Dahai City obediently and not daring to interfere, let alone openly targeting the Supernatural Forum.

Unexpectedly, this time the King Organization chose to have the Ghost Ship land in Dahai City, and took advantage of Ye Zhen's absence to directly attack the entire Supernatural Forum.

Ah Wu was not the only member of the Supernatural Forum to be killed; there must be other members who have already died at the hands of the King Organization.

All these are the reasons why Ye Zhen has now completely gone berserk.

A roar of anger echoed over Dahai City, and before the sound could fully reverberate, Ye Zhen's figure had already rushed into the building that originally belonged to the Supernatural Forum. Now, the building was shrouded in darkness and saturated with the supernatural, lurking with a total of three squads, led personally by a King with the codename "Assassin."

The hidden strength within the building, in the absence of Ye Zhen, was enough to annihilate the entire Supernatural Forum, even preventing them from sending out a distress signal.

Faced with Ye Zhen's onslaught, the members of the King Organization inside the building showed no panic, as if they had anticipated this. After all, they had already acted for a while, and even though they intentionally blocked the information, it was only a matter of time before the other side found out, so they had already prepared for it.

"We've observed it; he's alone without any reinforcements. With our strength, we can take him down without any problems."

"Ye Zhen from the Supernatural Forum has already teamed up with the headquarters led by Yang Jian. His presence here means our whereabouts will soon be exposed. This is a critical moment in the execution of our plan; we can't afford any mistakes, or we won't be able to account for it to other Kings."

"Boss, the final battle has begun. I suggest we completely wipe out the Supernatural Forum here. If he joins forces with those captains, it will become quite tricky."

In the darkness, various voices of discussion arose.

These voices quickly surfaced but disappeared just as fast.

Finally, a foreign man in a trench coat let out a cold smile and made a decision: "Now that we've analyzed everything, let's get busy and send Mister Ye to hell to keep company with that guy earlier."

At this moment.

The King Organization members lurking in the building made a decision to confront Ye Zhen here, and even intended to kill him here.

However, at that instant.

A blinding light seemed to shine in from outside, swiftly dispelling the darkness inside the building. Yet, at the source of the light, Ye Zhen's figure was nowhere to be seen. Instead, there was a strange sword suspended in mid-air, grotesque, twisted, stained with filthy blood and dirt, and in a state of disrepair.

But the eerie thing was that the sword was branded with a terrifying Ghost Face, full of cracks like fragile porcelain that would shatter with a touch. More frighteningly, the Ghost Face was not an inanimate object but animated, and they could even see the chilling smile it displayed.

"Ah!"

Then, a wretched scream echoed inside the building.

A ghost wielder from the King Organization saw the horrific Ghost Face on the sword and suffered from the fatal curse. Despite desperately using his own supernatural power to resist, he was still horrifically injured, especially as his eyes became directly blind, covered with cracks that then spread from the eyes outward, eventually covering his entire body.

This process wasn't rapid, but the sensation it brought was extraordinarily euphoric.

The body seemed to be torn apart bit by bit into countless small pieces.

And it wasn't just one ghost wielder who suffered such an attack; several were like this.

"Don't look at the Ghost Face or you'll die; it's a terrifying curse."

A ghost wielder from the King's Squad howled in pain, and then his body could no longer hold, with ashen breath beginning to spread and gradually engulf him.

The chilling warning before death alarmed others, and those who reacted promptly closed their eyes, not daring to look at the source of the light.

Ye Zhen merely drawing his sword could cause people to lose their lives, but his fury was only just beginning to burn and was far from over.

"Look at me, you pathetic waste."

A roar of anger sounded, and Ye Zhen appeared, already in front of a member of the King's Squad, with his sword descending.

The member sensed danger, tried to fight back, but his body was already torn in half. He didn't even know when he was attacked; his eyes just blinked, and when he opened them, he found himself collapsing to the ground.

In an instant, the death of two members caused the other hidden ghost wielders inside the building to be filled with dread.

"Fight back, kill him," someone shouted.

But just as the words were spoken, the person's body was suddenly twisted into a pretzel, blood and entrails spewing from his mouth as he died horrifically on the spot.

This supernatural attack didn't belong to Ye Zhen; it was an attack from another nearby member of the King's Squad. It was originally intended to deal with Ye Zhen but somehow ended up targeting a teammate.

"How could this happen?"

The ghost wielder who attacked Ye Zhen was shocked.

"None of you will leave Dahai City alive today. I want all of you to die here."

Ye Zhen stood coolly and unscathed beside a corpse, not fearing ambushes or supernatural attacks. As long as these supernatural attacks were within the Scapegoat Ghost's range, he could transfer them to other nearby individuals.

So, numbers were never an advantage in front of him but a disadvantage.

Members of the King's Squad initially didn't immediately guess the Scapegoat Ghost's supernatural power, but after losing several squad members consecutively, they realized something was wrong.

"Damn, we mustn't use supernatural attacks on Ye Zhen. He can randomly transfer the supernatural damage to one of us, attacking him is like attacking our teammates."

"What? This is possible? No wonder he stands there, not fighting back or dodging."

"Disperse, don't let him easily mark you; he's very dangerous."

After suffering losses, they began to have a deep understanding of Ye Zhen.

Yet, knowing about this supernatural power left them both shocked and fearful.

Because this supernatural power was too unsolvable, and for a moment, they couldn't think of any way to counter it. They even dared not attack Ye Zhen, while Ye Zhen acted with impunity, charging into the crowd like an Evil Ghost, killing anyone he saw, and couldn't be stopped. Even those trying to escape were quickly caught up since Ye Zhen possessed the Ghost Domain.

However, as Ye Zhen was wildly attacking the King's Squad members.

In a dark corner, a tall, thin man in a trench coat was coldly observing the scene.

Even Ye Zhen hadn't detected this person's existence.

Because whenever the Ghost Domain covered the area, there was always a small patch of inconspicuous darkness in the corner that never dispersed.

"Truly troublesome supernatural power. No wonder you dare to charge in alone. But your intel has now been leaked; in this situation, being so reckless can cost you your life. Since you can transfer supernatural damage, if your supernatural power is made temporarily ineffective, you'll be instantly killed."

A cold laugh came from the dark corner after briefly observing, the King with the codename "Assassin" found a way to counter Ye Zhen.

Subsequently, he revealed an odd dagger, somewhat dark red in color. The strangest thing was the dagger's hilt, made of a segment of human bone. At the hilt's end were a few fingers that hadn't rotted away, with blood and flesh still on them, occasionally twitching restlessly.

Evidently, it's a supernatural weapon made from the arm of some ferocious ghost, possessing terrifying supernatural power.

Then, this King, hidden in the darkness, holding this dreadful dagger, vanished.

He seemed not to exist in reality, only manifesting in darkness, his whereabouts eerie and not easily detectable, not even when the Ghost Domain covered the area.

But silently, this King with the codename "Assassin" stealthily approached the location where Ye Zhen was.

Chapter 1470 - The Knife in the Back

"You won't think about leaving; all of you will stay as company for the afterlife."

Within the dark-shrouded building, accompanied by occasional flickers of light, shouts mixed with various screams incessantly echoed.

Relying on the Scapegoat Ghost's Supernatural Power, Ye Zhen ignored the encirclement of three King's Squads and easily defeated them. In a short moment, at least eight or nine ghost handlers of considerable skill fell at his hands.

But this was not enough.

Because Ye Zhen knew the real culprit hadn't appeared yet and was still hiding somewhere in the building. He couldn't extract this culprit because they were hidden too deeply. His Ghost Domain had covered the building several times but had never found the opponent's trace.

Ye Zhen didn't plan on searching; he intended to first wipe out these small fries and leave the strongest enemy to deal with last.

Moreover, he believed that as long as he eliminated the subordinates, the boss would naturally come out, and there was no need for deliberate searching.

Perhaps aware of Ye Zhen's intention, the surviving ghost handlers among the three King's Squads at this moment had no intention to confront him. They fled within the building, avoiding Ye Zhen's attack, trying every possible way to survive, because these ghost handlers were acutely aware their King was lying dormant somewhere, waiting for the right moment.

"Don't think you can hide; hiding in front of me is useless." Ye Zhen roared out. He didn't pursue the traces of the enemy because the entire building was within his Scapegoat Ghost's area of influence.

At once, he stared at that Ghost Face branded on the longsword and even proactively reached out to touch.

The inevitable killing rule fell upon Ye Zhen; he voluntarily bore the harm brought by his own supernatural item, but soon he transferred this damage away, causing other ghost handlers in the building to endure it.

Ah!

Several agonized screams echoed from a corner of the building.

Clearly, the supernatural attack Ye Zhen transferred rendered several ghost handlers unable to bear it, dying on the spot, yet their hiding positions weren't exposed.

This bizarre situation deeply terrified the remaining ghost handlers.

Neither fighting nor hiding seemed feasible; could they only run?

"Ye Zhen's eerie ability works without bearing other's attacks; this isn't simply transferring a supernatural assault. Quick, leave the building, mix among ordinary people to avoid this indiscriminate supernatural assault." A ghost handler hesitated no longer inside the building and dashed outside unhesitatingly.

He wanted to avoid the Scapegoat Ghost's supernatural power by mingling into a crowd.

It must be acknowledged, King's Squad does have talented individuals; they quickly found a way to counter the Scapegoat Ghost.

But can they escape?

Through self-harm, Ye Zhen transferred the supernatural attack outwards; under such conditions, escaping was difficult, because the Scapegoat Ghost transferred the supernatural attack very fast, almost instantaneously.

"I, Ye Zhen, didn't want to use such tasteless means to get rid of you lowlifes, but to avenge Ah Wu and to have you accompany my supernatural forum comrades in the afterlife, I, Ye Zhen, today will shed this skin without speaking of virtue."

The hand gripping the sword bled, covered in cracks.

Yet these cracks constantly emerged and vanished.

Looking at the longsword signifies death, touching the sword signifies cracking.

Two types of supernatural damages were uninterruptedly transferred by the Scapegoat Ghost onto others in the building.

Even the most elite ghost handlers of the King's Squad couldn't continuously bear such supernatural attacks, and thus many had no time to escape the building before dying instantly.

However, at this moment.

Behind Ye Zhen.

In a place covered by shadows, beyond the reach of light, a tall, slim figure emerged abruptly like a ghost; this person's body didn't seem solid, more like a mass of shadow, very illusory.

Such an insubstantial shadow wielded a strange dagger at this moment, stabbing towards Ye Zhen.

It was a very ordinary assault movement.

But at this moment, Ye Zhen had no sense of alarm, or rather, he didn't know someone was behind him; even though his Ghost Domain covered, it hadn't detected the emergence of this blurry shadow behind him, even during the attack, there was no reaction.

Until the moment the dark red eerie dagger contacted Ye Zhen's back, only then did his body tense up, sweat hair stood on end, instinctively turning around.

"Too late."

A low, chilling voice echoed; this came from an attack by a King-level ghost handler codenamed Assassin.

But before this voice rang out, that weird dagger had already pierced into Ye Zhen's body, after the stab, the incomplete fingers extending from the dagger hilt directly grabbed the holder, a certain supernatural backlash made this King's lips twitch uncontrollably.

"Courting death."

Ye Zhen was furious. Ignoring the stab wound on his back, he swung his sword backward, determined to kill the assailant behind him.

But in the next moment.

The King, code-named killer, grabbed Ye Zhen's arm and easily stopped his attack.

Ye Zhen's eyes widened as he sensed something was wrong.

He discovered that his Ghost Domain had vanished, all his Supernatural Power had gone silent, and even his strength had decreased. This swing of his sword was as if an ordinary person wielded it, no wonder it was easily blocked by his opponent.

"You were too careless, so obediently die for me."

A low, cold laugh echoed; the King, code-named killer, knew he had succeeded. He raised his hand to smack Ye Zhen's head.

The ghost controller's strength was immense, beyond what a living person could possess. With just one hit, Ye Zhen's head shattered like a ripe melon.

Blood splattered everywhere on the spot.

Even though the mangled head remained on the neck, Ye Zhen's body had lost its breath and quickly became cold.

"At the moment you lost your Supernatural Power, you were just an ordinary person. As an ordinary person, I shattered your head. I refuse to believe you can transfer such an injury to another person." The King's eyes were cold as he slowly drew out the eerie dagger.

The moment the dagger left Ye Zhen's body, the severed hand around its hilt finally loosened.

The killer's tightly bound wrists were finally freed, but the arm still bore an indelible eerie bruise, and his wrists had many such bruises.

This is the price of using a supernatural weapon. Even he, as a King-level ghost controller, had to bear this cost.

However, the killer felt the price was worth it because he eliminated the leader of the supernatural forum, Ye Zhen, and personally destroyed a top-tier supernatural force.

"Boss, you did it? Great, now we're safe."

With Ye Zhen dead, the previously terrified members of King's Squad sighed in relief. After discovering the situation here, they quickly gathered, but there were just three of them left.

In that brief moment, Ye Zhen had already annihilated two squads.

If Ye Zhen had been given a few more seconds, these remaining three might not have survived either.

"Those who underestimate me will pay a heavy price, even if it's the captain." The killer said calmly, "We should leave now. The Ghost Ship is about to dock. We must hide before then, to avoid another confrontation. Otherwise, the opponent might abandon the Ghost Ship to come after us."

After he finished speaking, his figure gradually merged into the darkness, ready to leave.

He wasn't interested in Ye Zhen's corpse, nor willing to take the supernatural weapon from Ye Zhen's hand, as this place would soon turn into a supernatural area, and taking those things would waste time.

In fact, the killer's decision was correct.

Because all the squad captains at headquarters were rushing over, and they had already entered Dahai City. If the killer lingered out of greed, he would risk being surrounded and killed by the captains.

However, just as this killer was withdrawing.

Ye Zhen, who had lost most of his head and showed no signs of life, suddenly twitched a finger, whether from a nerve reflex or a supernatural revival inside his body.

Suddenly.

Ye Zhen's body spun around, his long sword swinging along.

The Ghost Domain burst forth, instantly tearing apart everything in front of him, enveloping the King, code-named killer, too. At the moment he was swallowed by the Ghost Domain, Ye Zhen's voice rang out.

"This move was originally meant for Yang Wudi, didn't expect to use it on you."

In the Ghost Domain, the King's pupils shrank abruptly when he saw Ye Zhen appeared unharmed once again.

"How is this possible... Your Supernatural Power should have been unusable." He was shocked, even doubting his senses a bit.

"Because I still have a ghost inside me," Ye Zhen roared in response.

At this time, another King's Squad ghost controller nearby saw a doll corpse head poking out from Ye Zhen's collar. The doll's head eerily stared at the people around it and was saying something without making any sound, leaving one wondering what it was talking about.

This doll corpse was the ghost that followed Ye Zhen from the Ghost Ship.

Clearly, all the unreasonable things that occurred just now were related to this eerie doll corpse.

But now, it didn't matter.

Because this King was about to face Ye Zhen's storm-like attack.