

Revival 1471

Chapter 1471 - Gathering at Dahai City

This King with the codename "Killer" never imagined that Ye Zhen, who was supposed to be dead, would suddenly attack him. After all, given the previous situation, even the most formidable Ghost Rider wouldn't have survived being killed after losing their supernatural powers.

The doubts in his heart would remain unanswered because what responded to him was Ye Zhen's storm-like supernatural attack.

The Ghost Domain covered the area, the long sword slashed, a fierce punch landed, and the deadly curse erupted—various supernatural powers poured down.

Faced with this King, Ye Zhen didn't have the slightest negligence. Seizing the opportunity, he used every attack method to ensure the kill, giving the opponent no chance to resist.

Though this Killer King was special, able to hide in shadows and avoid detection, he exposed himself when dealing with Ye Zhen. This caused him to lose his greatest advantage. However, relying on his traits, he still managed to evade most of Ye Zhen's supernatural attacks.

But he still suffered a severe blow.

A painful grunt escaped as Ye Zhen's punch sent the Killer King flying, his arm severed, even one eye blinded. The deadly supernatural curse continued to corrode him, causing immense pain.

"I must escape here, or I will die."

The thought appeared in the Killer's mind. He struggled in agony, attempting to stand and find a way to escape.

"Don't even think about leaving; today you will leave your life here for me."

But then Ye Zhen descended from above.

A pair of old leather shoes stomped fiercely onto his chest, instantly piercing it through. A bizarre shoe imprint was deeply branded onto the Killer, but strangely, no blood spilled; his chest wasn't made of human flesh and blood but a vague shadow.

Clearly.

This King had become something else, abandoning a human body, existing in some incomprehensible way in this world, much like how Yang Jian lived in the state of a Ghost Shadow.

"You cannot kill me. I exist within the shadows, and real-world supernatural attacks have limited effects on me. But give me some time, and I can recover. The injuries you left on me don't matter."

The King's low voice carried a hint of pain, yet he remained calm, not at all flustered, attempting to find a chance to leave.

"Then I'll beat you until you can't recover."

Ye Zhen roared in anger, casually tossing aside his long sword, then bending over to punch the Killer's head twice.

The Killer's head deformed from the punches but quickly recovered due to the shadowy form.

Yet the supernatural suppression made him feel dizzy instantly.

Before the Killer's consciousness could recover, two more punches hit him face-on.

Ye Zhen's fists fell like a torrential rain, each strike was a supernatural attack, and his fists were powerful, suppressing the supernatural, with each blow's suppressive power stacking. If beaten enough times, even the most formidable ghost would be forcibly knocked into slumber.

Initially, he once hammered a ghost alive into a long sword this way.

But the Killer King's pounding far surpassed that ghost back then.

This scene was witnessed by the remaining three Ghost Riders of the King's Squad, who exchanged bewildered glances.

Their boss seemed incapable of defeating Ye Zhen, being utterly suppressed.

"Should we intervene to distract Ye Zhen and rescue the boss?" One Ghost Rider looked to others with this thought.

However, the remaining two members hesitated greatly.

They already knew about Ye Zhen's ability. Intervening might redirect the supernatural attacks to one of them, failing to rescue anyone and putting themselves at risk.

Moreover.

They were fearful of Ye Zhen, only just having managed to escape. How would they dare to act now?

"We can't intervene; Ye Zhen's supernatural power is too unique. Our ambush would be useless. Staying here helps nothing. We must believe in the boss; he can handle this. We should seize this chance to retreat, or we'll also die here."

Another Ghost Rider, filled with fear, concocted an excuse to flee.

"Right, we must have faith in the boss. He can surely deal with Ye Zhen. We shouldn't stay here to affect the boss's battle." Immediate agreement ensued.

They decided instantly, fleeing without a backward glance.

Ye Zhen was busy dealing with the Killer King and had no time to mind the three, so they managed to escape the building successfully.

But escaping the building didn't mean safety.

Because outside the building was even more dangerous for them.

"Where do the three of you from the King Organization think you're going?" A cold voice sounded, and Leuk San, having seemingly anticipated their escape route, blocked them at the intersection.

Additionally, Leuk San's paper figures gathered from all directions, surrounding the three.

"Paper Man Leuk San? Is he the squad leader from the headquarters? Not good, we spent too much time on Ye Zhen, and their reinforcements have arrived." One person's face changed drastically, then signaled his two companions without a word.

Without any hesitation, the three immediately scattered to flee.

Leuk San glanced without any action; his paper figures quickly closed in, blocking one person while letting the other two escape.

"Keep him alive, don't kill him; we might extract some intelligence."

A raspy voice spoke; Lu Zhiwen stood at a distance like a wooden man. Without speaking, it was hard to notice his presence.

"Of course, if I wanted to kill him, he'd be dead long ago. I wouldn't have waited till now," Leuk San said calmly.

Nearby, paper figures continued closing in on the King's Squad Ghost Rider in front, and dozens of paper figures, each akin to a fearsome ghost, exerted immense pressure.

This Ghost Rider panicked instantly, realizing there was no escape.

Yet the other two members didn't fare any better.

One, who barely left the nearby street, was intercepted in a narrow alley by a gentlemanly man with glasses and a suit.

"Wang Chaling from Dadong City?" The member's complexion turned grim immediately.

"Surrender now, and you can avoid some suffering. You are not a King-level Ghost Rider. You should know the outcome of this encounter."

Wang Chaling spoke slowly, with two terrifying black-and-white ghostly figures emerging behind him. The streetlights flickered ominously.

A fearsome Ghost Domain enveloped the area; reality seemed surreal at this moment.

But this Ghost Rider had no intention of surrendering, knowing surrender meant death. The opposition wouldn't let him live. Rather than await death, he chose to gamble on escaping.

He immediately attempted to flee.

But as he moved, he let out a piercing scream.

A black-and-white figure resembling a portrait's elder had mysteriously appeared beside him, reaching out with cold, wrinkled hands to grasp his arm. With a slight exertion, his entire arm was torn off.

Wang Chaling remained expressionless: "If he won't cooperate, he's of no use. Tear him apart."

Very quickly.

Screams echoed through the alley once more.

And the last King Squad member to escape was unlucky; he trembled all over as more people blocked him.

"Lin Bei, Zhou Deng, He Yiner, that unfamiliar person must be Li Leping, and an unidentifiable Faceless Person... Are all these people their headquarters' captains?"

Faced with such a lineup, this member had no courage to run, collapsing directly to the ground: "I surrender."

He had no second option besides surrendering.

Chapter 1472 - The Price of Greed

All the team captains of headquarters have gathered in Dahai City at this moment.

They arrived quickly because the Ghost Ship would appear in the city in just a few minutes, and they had no choice but to act swiftly.

Upon arriving in Dahai City, they discovered that Ye Zhen had already engaged with the people from the King Organization, and it seemed Ye Zhen had the upper hand. One of the Kings was pinned to the ground, getting beaten. Although he was resilient, it was obvious to everyone that unless something unexpected happened, Ye Zhen would certainly take him down one-on-one.

So they chose not to intervene but rather to lie low around the area, planning to ambush any reinforcements that might come to support the opponent.

Unexpectedly, they didn't wait for the King but instead caught three members of the King's Squad trying to escape.

Although the members of the King's Squad weren't weak and their teamwork could hold back a single captain, this time, unfortunately, it wasn't just one captain who came, but all the captains, including the seven-man squad led by Li Yang and the external support invited by He Yiner from the Faceless Person of Taiping Ancient Town.

Adding Leuk San, Wang Chaling, Lin Bei, Zhou Deng, Lu Zhiwen, Li Leping, and He Yuelian to the mix, unless all the Kings of the King Organization acted together, there was no chance for anyone to survive against this assembly.

"The three members of the King Organization just got dealt with; one is dead, and two were captured alive. Leuk San is interrogating them, trying to gather intelligence. As it stands, it's unlikely that the opponents will receive reinforcements. The Ghost Ship is about to appear, and the King Organization doesn't want a conflict with us at this critical point. The King fighting with Ye Zhen got greedy; they

thought they could kill Ye Zhen solo and leave, but they made a wrong decision and got stuck with Ye Zhen."

Lin Bei ran his hand over his bald head as he analyzed the situation.

"Indeed, it's unlikely anyone else will show up, but capturing a King from the opposing side is still a win," said He Yiner.

Lu Zhiwen rasped, "But many members of the Supernatural Forum have died, even Ah Wu, the former head of Dahai City, was killed. No wonder Ye Zhen is so enraged. The opponents are ruthless, always bullying the weak and never daring to confront us directly, always aiming for an overwhelming advantage to win this war."

"Greed comes with a price."

Wang Chaling moved towards the building: "I need to ensure that King codenamed 'Killer' dies here. I don't trust Ye Zhen to handle him alone, plus I promised Yang Jian I'd deal with a King to settle past matters. So I hope everyone will give me this opportunity."

"We won't intervene, but it also depends on Ye Zhen's consent. He wants to avenge the Supernatural Forum members and might not welcome your help," said Lu Zhiwen.

"It's been a while, and the King hasn't been taken down. Maybe there's an unexpected discovery. This is the opportunity I've been waiting for." While Wang Chaling spoke, he had already entered the darkness-shrouded building.

He truly wasn't keen to intrude on the duel between Ye Zhen and the Killer.

But if the opponent tried to escape midway and he seized the opportunity to strike, even Ye Zhen couldn't complain.

At this moment.

Ye Zhen ceased his attack. After his torrential assault, his expression remained composed, and he barely panting if he hadn't stopped on his own accord, he could have maintained that level of attack for several more days because he could transfer any fatigue or injury onto others through the Scapegoat Ghost's supernatural abilities.

He stopped because the assassin in front of him had disappeared, leaving only a twisted human-shaped shadow on the ground.

Countless assaults, even a King couldn't withstand them; this was Ye Zhen's terrifying strength.

One-on-one, no one could endure against him indefinitely.

An attack by many would be nullified by his Scapegoat Ghost's powers.

Thus, defeating him wasn't a simple task at all.

"That's it? Weren't you boasting just now? Yet, you got pounded into the ground in less than five minutes and can't even be pulled out now. Such audacity to ambush me, pathetic," Ye Zhen spat contemptuously at the twisted human-shaped shadow on the ground.

Even so, his anger wasn't alleviated.

This time, he had lost many subordinates, even Ah Wu was killed in front of him. Capturing a King and taking down three King squads still couldn't quell his inner rage.

"I'll pack you into a jar and take you away. I'll use you for practice every day." At this moment, Ye Zhen retrieved the old clay jar, intending to capture the person for daily torment.

However, just then.

The twisted human-shaped shadow branded on the ground suddenly opened its eyes.

Despite several minutes of relentless assault, he hadn't died; he was still alive, still conscious, and as soon as Ye Zhen stopped, he promptly regained some mobility.

Seizing this opportunity, the King codenamed 'Killer' didn't hesitate for a moment and immediately escaped.

The twisted human-shaped shadow swiftly swam across the ground and quickly traversed up the walls, moving so fast it was beyond comprehension. In just the blink of an eye, he had already left that floor, vanishing silently into the building's darkness, once more laying low and hiding.

"That damned Ye Zhen, the intelligence was wrong, he's stronger than assessed. It's a pity that blade didn't kill him. I can't stay here any longer; I must escape," the King codenamed 'Killer' fled in disarray, not daring to pause for a second.

He knew that if Ye Zhen caught him again, he would be unequivocally doomed.

Yet just as he was hastily leaving the building, trying to hide in Dahai City, he inexplicably came across an elderly couple standing in the corridor.

The elderly couple, a grey-haired man and woman, appeared to be husband and wife, advanced in years with faces full of wrinkles, exuding a lifeless aura. More eerily, they appeared entirely colorless; they were both in black and white, holding each other's hands, completely blocking the corridor and seemingly forbidding any living being to pass.

"I knew a King wouldn't die so easily, and sure enough, you found a chance to escape." Wang Chaling's voice sounded as he leisurely appeared from behind the couple.

"But this ends here. Grandpa, Grandma, tear him apart for me."

"Damn it."

The King codenamed 'Killer' immediately realized that the backing of the headquarters' captains had arrived from the headquarters. Without saying a word, he changed direction to flee.

Just then, Ye Zhen was a bit taken aback. He saw the enemy he had defeated slip away right under his nose and immediately shouted in rage, instantly deploying the Ghost Domain to cover the whole building, chasing after him immediately.

But then.

A scream echoed from some corner of the building.

The next moment.

Ye Zhen appeared, holding his sword and glaring furiously. However, the person standing before him wasn't the King codenamed 'Killer' but someone very familiar.

"Xiao Wang, what are you doing? I, Ye, will deal with my enemy myself. There's no need for your assistance." Ye Zhen roared.

Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses calmly, "The longer something drags on, the more dreams are made. I helped you take him down. This King is hard to kill, and if he had escaped, we'd suffer a lot. You'll have plenty of chances to get revenge, missing this one doesn't matter."

Standing behind him were the two lifeless, dreadful old people, not moving an inch. Yet in their hands, each held half of a cold body. This body was peculiar, only skin and flesh, filled with a mass of black shadow.

The King codenamed 'Killer' had been torn in half by the vengeful ghosts transformed from the Wang Family's ancestors, rendering him unrecognizable.

Yet, this was normal, as the supernatural was shattered into a jigsaw puzzle and couldn't form an anomaly as it had before.

Such a thing was akin to forcibly returning it to its original state.

Too bad the jigsaw wasn't broken enough, or repeated attempts would likely turn that body into a normal corpse.

"Do you think he could escape from me?" Ye Zhen stared at Wang Chaling.

"Just a precaution, no need to be upset," Wang Chaling replied, "Moreover, he's not dead yet, still alive. These methods seem hard to completely eliminate him; we need to obliterate his consciousness."

"Then let me do it."

Ye Zhen strode over, and the doll corpse perched on his back emerged again. It poked its head out, eerily watching the torn-in-half body, then rested its head on Ye Zhen's shoulder, whispering who-knows-what into his ear.

Chapter 1473 - Bus and Ship

"The King from the King Organization, codenamed Assassin, was dealt with by Ye Zhen, but I'm not sure if he's actually dead. After all, that guy is pretty hard to kill. Also, I think there's something off about the recent decisions of the King Organization. Making consecutive mistakes and losing members isn't reasonable."

At this moment, Wang Chaling walked out of the building. He shared some of the situation inside and expressed some of his own guesses.

"The other side was greedy. After taking down the Supernatural Forum, they wanted to eliminate the lone Ye Zhen before the Ghost Ship landed to weaken our power. That's normal. What's strange about that?" He Yiner stared and said.

Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses and said, "It seems they sold out that Assassin. Ye Zhen has been famous in the supernatural circle for a long time. Even if the King Organization didn't have information on Ye Zhen, it's unlikely they'd send just one King against him. In a one-on-one situation, no one can guarantee that one King could take down a team leader."

"Plus, with three King's Squads, the chances of taking down a team leader are quite high," Lin Bei said from the side.

Wang Chaling shook his head and said, "Even if that's the case, don't forget this is Dahai City, our territory, and it's not that far from Dadong City. Once a fight breaks out, reinforcements can arrive quickly. If it were me, unless three Kings act together, I definitely wouldn't choose to deal with Ye Zhen. Because if we don't achieve victory immediately, the arrival of reinforcements would instantly reverse the outcome, just like the situation we're in now."

"Now that you mention it, it does seem strange. Recently, there have been many problems with the internal decisions of the King Organization. Initially, their advantage was great, but successive actions have kept losing members, even costing several Kings their lives." Lu Zhiwen frowned, slowly realizing the same.

In previous instances, this feeling might not have been so obvious, but this time it's particularly strong.

Because in just a few minutes, the Ghost Ship is going to land, and even if they were foolish, they wouldn't choose to act at this time. Moreover, sending one King and three squads to take down Ye Zhen and the Supernatural Forum seems a bit ridiculous.

"Maybe they were overconfident, thinking they could kill Ye Zhen and leave within a minute. But once they engaged, they found Ye Zhen's strength even more terrifying than they imagined, leading to a temporary failure to secure victory. As a result, they suffered losses and got entangled by Ye Zhen, then our reinforcements arrived, which led to heavy costs for them."

The normally reticent Li Leping said calmly.

Because he understood the mindset of the King codenamed Assassin.

This person, codenamed Assassin, likely possesses supernatural means to take out a team leader in one strike. If coordinated with three King's Squads, they could easily eliminate a team leader by surprise.

And if it failed, retreating immediately wouldn't delay them.

After all, if it were him, he'd do the same. There's nothing strange about it.

"Alright, now is not the time to discuss this. Even if there are questions, we have to wait until today is over to discuss them. The Ghost Ship is about to appear in Dahai City in one minute, and we must be prepared. As for the other matters, let's put them aside for now," Lu Zhiwen said in a hoarse voice.

The others immediately stopped discussing upon hearing this.

"My Ghost Domain has already covered Dahai City. As soon as the Ghost Ship appears, we'll know immediately," He Yuelian said.

At this moment.

Ash-gray paper ashes were already falling from the sky, and the supernatural force of the ghost drawing was enveloping the city. As long as He Yuelian wished, the entire Dahai City could be drawn into The World of Ghost Drawing.

"Alright, now it's a matter of waiting for the right moment. I hope Yang Jian has good news from his end. Also, everyone must be particularly careful, the King Organization has already surfaced in Dahai City. This means they could be hiding somewhere in the city, so now we have to find a way to stop the Ghost Ship while being on guard for a sneak attack by the King Organization," Lu Zhiwen said.

The others nodded, naturally understanding the current situation, with no hint of carelessness in their hearts.

One minute is very brief.

Just a moment later, He Yuelian sensed strong supernatural interference appearing somewhere in the city center of Dahai City. The range of this interference was vast, beyond the capabilities of an ordinary ghost controller, and this interference easily tore open the Ghost Domain of the ghost drawing, rendering that area outside He Yuelian's control.

"It's here, it's the Ghost Ship," He Yuelian immediately said.

"I felt it too." The other team leaders also looked in one direction.

The appearance of the Ghost Ship was something that all ghost controllers in Dahai City could sense.

"Let's go, to the location where the Ghost Ship appeared," Lu Zhiwen said.

The next moment, all the team leaders disappeared.

Meanwhile, on a bustling street in Dahai City, accompanied by a pervasive chill, the streetlights and shop lights started flickering. Soon, the flickering lights began to go out rapidly. In just a moment, all lights in the nearby area vanished.

This change immediately drew the attention of passersby.

"What's happening? Is there a major power outage in the city?" Someone assumed this was a normal power outage phenomenon.

"Why do I feel a bit cold as if the temperature suddenly dropped?" Someone else, sensitive to temperature, felt a chilling cold from the eerie atmosphere.

But actually, it wasn't a drop in temperature but supernatural interference with reality, causing sensory errors in people.

"Look, what's that?" Suddenly, there was a cry of surprise from the street as someone pointed ahead with an incredulous look.

It wasn't just one person; many saw it.

A massive ship somehow appeared in the sky above the street. The ship looked old and decrepit, like something abandoned, adrift on the sea for years. Worse yet, the ship didn't seem entirely real, resembling a ghostly image.

"A mirage? Quick, take a picture, I see a mirage!"

Upon witnessing this phenomenon, many weren't panicked but rather fascinated, capturing photos to keep memories of this scene.

However, as time passed, some quickly noticed something was wrong.

The ghostly ship began to solidify, pressing against nearby buildings on the street, causing them to crack and break. Debris and glass fell continuously, and some unfortunate people got hit, clutching their heads as they ran in distress.

"Damn, it's not a mirage, there's actually a large ship coming this way, run!" Finally, many put away their phones, exclaimed in panic, and turned to flee.

In an instant, the bustling street turned chaotic. There's surprise, fleeing, and injured screams...

"Get these ordinary people out of here, don't let them add to the chaos."

At this moment, on a nearby tall building, the team leaders of headquarters gathered. Upon seeing this chaotic scene, they couldn't help but frown.

Quickly, the team leaders took action, with He Yuelian acting first to draw the nearby streets into The World of Ghost Drawing. However, the area where the Ghost Ship appeared was affected, so they could only use other means to evacuate these ordinary people.

Perhaps there will be some damage, but this is already the smallest price to pay.

If it weren't for that old nautical chart that could predict the location of the Ghost Ship and allow for prior arrangements, under normal circumstances, by the time they arrived, Dahai City would have been overrun and couldn't possibly be saved.

"Leave the remaining people to me." Leuk San spoke at this moment.

His paper figures immediately sprang into action. One by one, paper figures emerged from the nearby streets and alleys, the sheer number of them was frightening. A casual count showed at least nearly a thousand, indicating that Leuk San had found a way to increase the number of paper figures during this time.

These paper figures, without a word, rapidly evacuated ordinary people caught up in the Ghost Ship incident.

Although there were many people on the street, under Leuk San's actions, the entire street was quickly cleared of people.

At this moment, the Ghost Ship had completely manifested in reality.

As the Ghost Ship emerged.

All the captains seemed to sense something, then all turned their gaze in another direction.

It was also a high-rise building, but on the top floor of that building stood a dozen or so mysterious figures, though no one knew when they had gotten there. They were hidden in the shadows, isolated by supernatural forces, making them appear unreal.

"It's the King Organization people, they've appeared." Lu Zhiwen stared intently in that direction.

"First take them out, after killing them, it won't be too late to deal with the Ghost Ship."

He Yiner's eyes widened as she immediately pulled out two old items, ready to use summoning techniques to fight the King Organization to the death.

"Don't act, those aren't real people, they're supernatural projections. The real them are still hiding in unknown places. At this time, they just want to observe the situation, not fight us to the death yet."

Lin Bei immediately stopped He Yiner, squinting his eyes, he saw that the top floor of that building seemed very unrealistic, out of place with reality.

"It's not just those people, the entire building is abnormal. Dahai City doesn't have that high-rise, it appeared out of thin air. The King Organization has a ghost-wielder codenamed the Painter, whose supernatural power is somewhat similar to ghost drawings, able to alter reality. Acting now won't hurt those people," He Yuelian said slowly.

"They're waiting for the Ghost Ship event to erupt, to see how we respond, and then decide whether to act." Leuk San squinted and said, "A very insidious approach, as anticipated, we're now facing the Ghost Ship and the King Organization at the same time, it's pressuring."

"We can't let them watch so comfortably. I'll go disrupt their vision." Lin Bei rubbed his bald head and then walked toward that building.

"Be careful, don't go too far." Lu Zhiwen reminded him.

"Don't worry, I'll be very cautious." Lin Bei said.

But the most important thing right now isn't this, it's that the Ghost Ship is still moving within Dahai City.

This ship cannot be stopped. Just passing through, it has already destroyed a large number of buildings. Although destroying some buildings isn't a big impact, the captains have already seen something constantly falling from the Ghost Ship.

"Not good, the Ghost Ship is already releasing vengeful ghosts, just now a corpse fell off, and after it hit the ground, it started moving, disappearing into the nearby sewers from view," Leuk San's face changed, his paper figures had observed the situation around the Ghost Ship.

"The number of vengeful ghosts being released is increasing, now the Ghost Ship drops some vengeful ghosts every few meters as it advances."

Hearing this news, everyone's face turned grim.

The Ghost Ship can't be stopped, which means they can't prevent the Ghost Ship from releasing the vengeful ghosts, they can only watch everything happen helplessly.

Do they really have no choice but to follow behind the Ghost Ship, constantly fighting the vengeful ghosts it releases?

But doing so is meaningless, it plays right into the King Organization's hands. The other side hopes all the captains will deal with the vengeful ghosts, overwhelming themselves, and then be worn down to death through a series of escalating supernatural events.

"Where's Yang Jian? Why hasn't he appeared yet?" Lu Zhiwen looked around, eagerly hoping Yang Jian would show up at this moment.

A decision needs to be made by someone in such a situation.

Yet Yang Jian did not appear, but on a street ahead of the Ghost Ship's path, two beams of dim light suddenly lit up.

"Lights?"

The light was particularly eye-catching in the dim environment, because affected by supernatural interference, it was impossible for the streetlights in nearby blocks to light up.

The next moment.

Illuminated by the dim light, an old bus appeared on the street, ghost-like, out of nowhere, and began heading towards the Ghost Ship slowly but steadily.

"That's the Supernatural Bus."

Zhou Deng immediately recognized it because he was a regular on the bus, having ridden it several times.

"There's someone in the driver's seat of the bus, that's... Yang Jian, he's brought the Supernatural Bus over."

"What?"

At this moment, many were shocked.

They never expected Yang Jian had left to bring over the Supernatural Bus.

"So that's it, he intends to use the Supernatural Bus to stop the Ghost Ship's advance, how come I didn't think of this? The Supernatural Bus can transport a bus full of vengeful ghosts and suppress their actions. Just from this, it's evident how terrifying the bus is. If there's anything in the supernatural world that can contend with the Ghost Ship now, it's the Supernatural Bus."

Leuk San suddenly understood, also comprehending the meaning behind Yang Jian's approach.

"Though I admit the Supernatural Bus is special, from the looks of it the bus and the Ghost Ship are not the same scale of things. Can it really stop it?" He Yiner furrowed her brows, expressing some doubt.

"Not sure, some things have to be done to know, and supernatural matters aren't about scale." Wang Chaling's eyes flickered, watching the scene, anticipating the outcome of the supernatural collision.

Although he also felt the Supernatural Bus might not measure up to the Ghost Ship, Yang Jian must have a reason for choosing this method, he wouldn't attempt something meaningless.

Chapter 1474 - Collision

"The Ghost Ship has successfully landed in Dahai City. Our plan was a success. Once Dahai City falls, the whole world will know that our King Organization is victorious. These team leaders will have no choice but to spend a lot of time and energy dealing with the vengeful spirits brought by the Ghost Ship."

"This time, using the destruction brought by the Ghost Ship's landing, we must crush these team leaders. We absolutely cannot give them a chance. We've paid a huge price for this. At this last critical moment, failure is not an option."

"They're done for. We don't need to hurry and take action now. Let them first get entangled with the vengeful spirits. There are extremely terrifying things on the Ghost Ship. Maybe we won't even need to make a move before they suffer heavy losses."

On a building that stood out starkly from the surrounding environment, more than twenty figures gathered, discussing their observations of the Ghost Ship in the distance.

Most of these people were Kings, with some special members of the King Organization among them.

This was their first public gathering and appearance together to take down the headquarters.

"The assassin seems to have made a mistake and got caught by the opposing team's leader. He hasn't returned yet?"

"That arrogant and foolish guy. I've already told him to retreat immediately after taking out those people from the Supernatural Forum. This is someone else's territory, and their reinforcements can arrive at any time. But he insisted on taking the initiative to try and kill that Ye Zhen, and ended up getting himself eliminated by them."

Someone snorted coldly, and the voice was somewhat familiar, seemingly that of the missionary.

"One of their team leaders is heading this way." Suddenly, a King noticed Lin Bei's movements.

"He's coming alone to gather intelligence, should we take him out?"

"Don't mind him. The plan must not change because of him. Perhaps he's intentionally acting as bait to lure us out. We can win without doing anything right now."

Facing Lin Bei's approach, these members of the King Organization remained indifferent, unwilling to disrupt the plan at this time.

Lin Bei also did not intend to provoke a top-notch ghost tamers team. He was merely seeking a suitable distance, then using his supernatural power to interfere with the surroundings, preventing these people from easily observing the Ghost Ship's condition.

As Lin Bei's steps halted, his Mirror World, constructed by supernatural power, was reflected, covering the real Dahai City and directly isolating others from peeping.

But meanwhile,

near the Ghost Ship, all the team leaders were sternly staring at the suddenly appearing ghost bus on the street.

The ghost bus, driven by Yang Jian, was slowly heading toward the Ghost Ship. At this pace, it wouldn't take more than a minute before the ghost bus collided with the Ghost Ship.

And this was precisely Yang Jian's true objective.

He wanted to use the ghost bus to stop the Ghost Ship.

The other team leaders also understood Yang Jian's actions at this moment, hence they awaited the outcome. After all, it was the collision of two top-notch supernatural forces within the supernatural circle—nobody, including Yang Jian, could predict what would happen or the results.

"Can it stop the supernatural Ghost Ship? If it succeeds this time, the opponent's Ark Plan will be completely a failure. But conversely, if even the ghost bus cannot stop the Ghost Ship, then we are truly helpless against this ship; we'd be forced into a desperate fight against the King Organization's people, but that would be too passive."

Leuk San, along with all nearby paper figures, stood motionless, waiting for the supernatural collision results to unfold.

As the Ghost Ship and ghost bus drew nearer, everyone held their breath, not daring to blink for fear of missing any details.

Yang Jian, driving the ghost bus, was also very tense at this moment.

Currently, he was the most dangerous person present, because under the supernatural collision, the driver could likely be affected, with severe consequences, possibly even losing his life in the explosion.

"The supernatural influence has already begun."

Suddenly, Yang Jian's expression turned serious. He felt a strange sensation within the ghost bus, as the dormant vengeful spirit hidden behind a seat began to stir restlessly, seemingly provoked into potentially reviving.

Though still some distance from the Ghost Ship, a conflict had already ensued between them.

The most conspicuous was the ghost bus's headlights.

Their yellow beams shone toward the Ghost Ship's direction but gradually faded before touching the ship's body. The closer they got, the more the light vanished, until finally, the headlights on the ghost bus began to flicker and flicker, as if on the verge of going out.

However, changes also occurred on the Ghost Ship. Large patches of rust began to emerge on its old hull, with some areas even flaking off, indicating some level of damage.

"Both the Ghost Ship and ghost bus are supernatural entities capable of impacting reality. Only by getting close has some change already occurred; it's unimaginable what might ensue upon collision," Wang Chaling's eyes glimmered, observing the detailed changes.

"Getting closer and closer, it seems the ghost bus's speed has diminished, and one headlight has gone out," Leuk San said seriously.

When Yang Jian drove the ghost bus a few more meters forward, one of the headlights completely extinguished, unable to light again. Meanwhile, the remaining headlight was very dim, continuously flickering.

"Bang!"

Suddenly, with a crisp sound, the remaining headlight of the ghost bus shattered. Simultaneously, areas near the Ghost Ship's bow, full of rust, also flaked off. In more serious spots, two dark holes even appeared, through which one could faintly glimpse parts of the interior hull.

The first supernatural contact caused damage on both sides, showing no clear advantage.

Yang Jian, with a grave expression, continued driving the ghost bus forward.

As the distance reduced further, the lights inside the bus flickered intermittently. Meanwhile, the vengeful spirit within the back seat seemed to have awoken, stretching its curled body. Yang Jian could even hear the eerie sounds behind him growing increasingly intense.

"Keep moving forward." He took a deep breath, calming himself while remaining vigilant for any anomalies.

Soon, the distance shortened once more.

Although the ghost bus's speed had unknowingly slowed, the Ghost Ship showed no signs of stopping.

"Everyone, pay attention, we're about to collide," Leuk San said in a low voice.

Very soon, the critical moment arrived.

The distance between the Ghost Ship and the haunted bus was now less than three meters, and they were about to crash into each other. At this moment, the lights inside the bus had completely dimmed, with only the last glimmer about to extinguish, and ghosts inside the bus suddenly stood up from their seats.

Under strong supernatural interference, the haunted bus could no longer suppress the ghosts on the seats. These spirits started ignoring the bus rules and began moving within the carriage.

Yang Jian observed everything but did not intervene or take any measures.

Though a few ghosts moved within the bus, they posed no immediate danger because their numbers were too few. Yang Jian, sitting in the driver's seat, did not trigger the menacing ghost's killing triggers, so the ghosts wandered aimlessly.

However, if the number of spirits increased, Yang Jian would have to weigh the situation.

After all, when the number of ghosts reached a certain point, even if Yang Jian stood still, he would trigger the menacing ghost's killing pattern or be targeted by indiscriminate killer ghosts, just like when he was on the Ghost Ship before.

Once the ship unleashed the menacing spirits, there wouldn't be any escape from assaults without regard for reason.

"We must stop this ship," was the only thought in Yang Jian's mind as he stared forward intensely.

Suddenly, a seat behind him protruded, revealing a hollow and eerie human face contour along with eerie screams. The cries sounded like the wails of vengeful spirits or the sound of the haunted bus getting compressed and deformed.

For at that very moment, the ship's hull and the haunted bus finally touched together.

The two collided.

"Ah!"

The eerie wails of the menacing ghost instantly echoed in Yang Jian's ears. Meanwhile, outside on the Ghost Ship, strange screams also reverberated, sharp and piercing, yet eerily unsettling.

The bus's front began deforming, and the ship's hull twisted.

The light within the haunted bus's carriage extinguished instantly, yet the Ghost Ship halted its advance, forcibly stopped by the bus.

"Has it stopped?" All the captains watched the scene with their hearts raised.

"Don't celebrate too soon; this is just where the real supernatural conflict begins. Who wins or loses depends on what happens next," Lu Zhiwen croaked, his eyes never leaving the haunted bus.

At this moment, Leuk San suddenly shouted, "Yang Jian, don't stay in the bus any longer. Take this chance to get out and leave."

"I would love to," Yang Jian said bitterly from the driver's seat of the haunted bus.

He wanted to open the door to exit, but all the doors lost control. No matter how he operated, it was futile, and the driver's cabin had twisted and deformed, with the bus's windshield covered in cracks.

Daring not to linger in the driver's seat, Yang Jian stood up and prepared to move toward the back of the bus.

He didn't want to be the first to be killed by a collision with the Ghost Ship.

However, at that moment.

Accompanied by a sound like tearing thick fabric, a cold and terrifying arm suddenly reached out, grabbing Yang Jian's arm.

In that instant, Yang Jian's body stopped responding, and he sat down again, back in the driver's seat.

"How can this be?" His face changed drastically, and he glanced back.

He saw a lifeless head emerge from the seat, its eyes open, staring venomously at Yang Jian.

"Refusing to let me leave? Or is it because as the haunted bus's driver, I'm connected to the bus?" Yang Jian's gaze was calm; he had already considered how to handle such crisis moments.

Quickly, he rummaged a red pair of scissors from his pocket.

After the Ghost Scissors were cleansed by the Blood Pond last time, the curse remnants had vanished, making the chance of curse contamination minimal now.

As he entwined a single hair around the scissors' handle, thin lines appeared before Yang Jian.

Yang Jian noticed the thickest line connecting himself to the haunted bus.

Yang Jian decisively cut that line with the Ghost Scissors.

He had a hunch that once he severed the line, he would no longer be the haunted bus's driver.

But since the haunted bus itself might not survive, it did not matter if he no longer held the driver role.

The cursed line was easily snipped apart by the Ghost Scissors.

As the line disconnected, Yang Jian felt the cold hand gripping him let go instantly.

Seizing the chance, he broke free, quickly evacuating the driver's seat, stepping back toward the back of the bus.

Yet seconds after Yang Jian left, the haunted bus's glass shattered, the front distorted, caved, and the spot he was sitting in was squashed by the collapsed roof.

The scene resembled a tragic car crash.

The more terrifying part was the haunted bus's twisted collapse continuing its progression.

Chapter 1475 - Escaping the Bus Compartment

The collision between the ghost bus and the ghost ship has begun at this moment.

In everyone's eyes, the gigantic ghost ship, which couldn't be stopped, was actually forcibly halted by the ghost bus at this moment. However, stopping such a thing exacted a heavy toll on the ghost bus.

The entire front of the bus collapsed and deformed after the collision, and in just a moment, it was crushed by the ghost ship. As the bus continued to move forward, the extent of the damage kept worsening.

"The ghost bus will be destroyed by this collision, and there's no chance of recovery," Wang Chaling calmly said.

"If it can stop the ghost ship, then losing this ghost bus is not unacceptable. Moreover, this ghost bus has been an unstable factor since it lost its driver. Having it disappear at this moment might not be a bad thing; after all, it would have met its end honorably," Lu Zhiwen said in a hoarse voice.

However, Leuk San, standing nearby, looked sullen: "Something's wrong. Yang Jian still hasn't come out. The entire ghost bus is about to be crushed. If he doesn't escape soon, he might die in the bus."

"The damage to the ghost bus isn't critical yet. If the damage reaches a limit, the supernatural power of the bus will vanish instantly. At that point, the old bus compartment won't be able to confine Yang Jian. Don't be anxious; things aren't as bad as they seem," Lu Zhiwen explained.

"But even so, it's very dangerous to do this. No one can predict what might happen under this supernatural collision. He mustn't die now, or things will become very troublesome," Leuk San said seriously.

Wang Chaling said, "Facing uncertainties like this, if you don't gamble, you won't lose. He Yiner, prepare to summon souls. If anything goes wrong, immediately summon souls to rescue Yang Jian. At this moment, no team captain can risk approaching the ghost ship and the ghost bus. The best way is to use the summoned spirits to rescue him. Losing an artifact is worth it if it ensures Yang Jian's smooth escape."

"Okay." He Yiner agreed decisively, nodding immediately.

"Creak! Creak!"

The collision continued, the sound of twisting metal mixed with strange noises echoed as the ghost bus was gradually being crushed. But the ghost ship also showed anomalies; the enormous hull seemed unbalanced and began to tilt, and the rusted areas at the ship's bow started collapsing, forming an enlarging hole.

The ghost ship's bow was also damaged.

Yang Jian was now hiding at the back of the bus. His supernatural power was completely sealed, making it impossible to use. The collision of two beyond-comprehension supernatural entities created a terrifying supernatural interference, affecting him severely because of his proximity.

Now, even the ghost eye couldn't open, and the Ghost Lake's supernatural influence seemed dormant, leaving no trace.

Trapped in the bus, Yang Jian seemed like an ordinary person.

However, luckily, this influence wasn't only targeting him but also the few wandering ghosts in the compartment.

Those ghosts had also stopped moving, turning into cold corpses standing still or collapsing onto the floor due to the compartment's shaking.

Meanwhile, the digital screen in the bus compartment kept flashing numbers.

10.....22...35.... The numbers grew larger, eventually displaying 99, an amount far exceeding the ghost bus's capacity.

The digital screen originally showed the number of ghosts in the bus, but now, as the ghost ship's bow collided with the bus's front, the two supernatural entities affected and corroded each other, making the digital screen no longer reflect the number of ghosts in the bus compartment.

It's very likely the screen also counted the number of ghosts on the ghost ship.

"Bang!"

The screen flashing 99 continued to blink, the numbers repeatedly jumping 112...123...until the digital screen couldn't withstand the ghost ship's interference anymore and finally shattered.

With the screen's shattering, a chilling aura quickly emanated from the ghost bus, spreading to the surroundings.

At this moment, even from a distance, Lin Bei sensed a terrible anomaly.

Because at that moment, his mirror world was crumbling and could no longer be maintained, and the gray-white ashes continuously falling from the sky disappeared rapidly. Even the ghost domain of the ghost painting was forced to retreat.

"How can this be?" Lin Bei was shocked, looking towards the direction of the ghost ship.

An instance of supernatural collision was affecting here too?

Not only here, but the distant King Organization's building also began twisting and collapsing, apparently with the supernatural power maintaining the building dissipating fast.

"This is bad; there's a big problem with the ghost ship, and we're affected too. Quickly, get out of here."

As Lin Bei's mirror world disappeared, the situation in the distance became visible to members of the King Organization, who saw the ghost ship tilting as if about to capsize, also witnessing a strange bus ramming onto the ghost ship, feeling an indescribable, terrifying supernatural influence affecting the entire city.

These spectators were also involved.

"Damn it, it's too late, this building is going to collapse, we're disrupted and can't escape, we have to enter Dahai City," someone exclaimed.

Very soon, the building collapsed, and over twenty figures standing on the top floor fell along with the collapsing building.

"Hope it kills a few of them," Lin Bei cursed silently witnessing this scene.

However, the lives of ghost tamers are hard, surviving relying on the supernatural state makes it difficult to die from falling. Those who can die from a fall are the newcomers just entering the supernatural circle with low invasion levels, still maintaining mortal traits.

At this moment, the range of supernatural interference is still expanding,

In just a moment, the entire Dahai City experienced a power outage, plunging into darkness, and the Ghost Domain of the ghost handlers was thoroughly sealed off, making it impossible to use. This situation exposed many ordinary people in Dahai City to the supernatural reality.

Without the Ghost Domain of ghost paintings to help isolate the supernatural, these ordinary people are at risk of being attacked by fierce ghosts at any time.

But now, the fierce ghosts are still on the Ghost Ship and have not yet moved. The ghosts released from the Ghost Ship earlier have also quieted down under the supernatural interference.

However, this safety is temporary.

If the situation changes, Dahai City will suffer unimaginable disaster.

"Bang!"

A dull crashing sound came from the supernatural bus.

Yang Jian did not choose to sit idly by at this moment. Although his Supernatural Power was sealed, he could still move. Taking advantage of the moment, he tried to crash into the car door and windows in an attempt to open them and escape.

Although he had great strength, this was a supernatural bus. Even though it collided with the Ghost Ship, it was still not easily breakable.

The seemingly frail windows were incredibly hard and could not be destroyed or opened.

Yet Yang Jian did not give up; he kept crashing into the door.

"The supernatural power of the bus definitely has a moment of complete stillness due to the severe damage from this collision. As long as I seize this opportunity, I can escape," he thought to himself.

Therefore, he did not panic but remained calm,

However, the collision between the supernatural bus and the Ghost Ship continued. Now it was not just the front that was completely damaged, but even the carriage began to collapse and deform, and the speed of collapse was accelerating. In just a few seconds, half of the carriage was damaged.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed sharply; this situation was somewhat unexpected.

He accelerated his actions, continuously crashing against the car door.

As the car roof collapsed and the vehicle shattered, everything inside the carriage was crushed. Yang Jian even saw a silent ghost standing there being compressed into paste, and sticky blood with a corpse-like stench spilled out.

Although ghosts do not die, being crushed like that would cause them to fall silent for an unknown length of time, likely entering a dead state for a long period.

If even the fierce ghosts were like this, Yang Jian had no doubt that he would suffer a terrible fate if he ended up the same way.

"It still won't open. Has the supernatural force completely sealed off this carriage?" Yang Jian had a bead of cold sweat on his face.

But just at that moment.

The previously immobile car door suddenly twisted with a creak, followed by a loud bang as half of the door was ripped away by a powerful force.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian's expression changed.

He hadn't crashed into that half of the door just now.

But no matter.

Seizing the opportunity, Yang Jian immediately ran off the supernatural bus.

At the moment he got off the bus, he saw an old man standing next to it. The old man was unfamiliar; Yang Jian did not recognize him. However, the old man showed no hostility; instead, he had a hint of a smile. It was not an eerie smile but rather a gentle one, like a kindly grandfather greeting him.

Yet the old man's body was no longer solid; it transformed into a wisp of blue smoke, quickly dissipating.

"Is this a soul summoned by He Yiner?"

Seeing the old man dissipate, Yang Jian immediately understood what was happening. Clearly, he had been saved by He Yiner.

Even as the old man fully dissipated, he maintained his smile, and a touch of relief showed in his eyes, though Yang Jian didn't understand the meaning behind this expression.

As Yang Jian ran forward, he looked back.

The old man stood motionless next to the bus. He waved his hand, as if bidding farewell to Yang Jian, or perhaps saying goodbye to the world. Then the remaining half of his body also turned to wisp of blue smoke and completely dissipated.

At the moment the old man disappeared, a spirit tablet in He Yiner's hand broke apart in the distance.

The wooden tablet disintegrated as if weathered by time, leaving no residue behind.

Yang Jian also successfully escaped.

Chapter 1476 - A Dire Situation

Before the supernatural bus was completely destroyed, Yang Jian successfully escaped from it. He swiftly distanced himself from that dangerous area. When he reached a sufficiently far distance, his supernatural power began to gradually recover, but no matter how much it revived, it couldn't return to its optimal state.

It seemed that some supernatural force was constantly interfering with the surroundings, no, it should be said it was interfering with the entire city.

One collision, and the supernatural influence affected the entire city. Under these circumstances, one could imagine just how terrifying the supernatural bus and the ghost ship truly were.

However, this horror was imperceptible to ordinary people; only ghost masters could feel it, and the closer they got, the clearer the sensation became.

"A narrow escape, thankfully the door opened in the last ten seconds, otherwise, I would have definitely died there." Yang Jian felt he was now in a safe place, which finally allowed him to breathe a sigh of relief, and then he looked towards He Yiner's direction.

If it wasn't for He Yiner using her last resort to summon an incredibly powerful ghost, he would have had no way to get off the bus.

But just now, the danger also stemmed from his own mistake; he should have opened the bus door in advance when they collided with the ghost ship, which would have allowed him to escape smoothly.

However, Yang Jian didn't know that before the collision even started, the supernatural bus had already gone out of control; all the instruments, buttons were entirely useless, and even the ghosts in the seats had reawakened.

"The door of the supernatural bus couldn't be easily moved in the end, and any ghost master approaching would suffer from supernatural interference, unable to use their supernatural powers. That meant even in that situation, other captains coming to support would be of no use, but the old man summoned managed to forcibly remove half of the supernatural bus's door..."

Linking the situation just now, Yang Jian couldn't help but feel a chill in his heart.

Even though that old man paid a price, with his time in the real world being greatly reduced, it still couldn't deny the terror of that old man.

At the moment.

The other captains saw Yang Jian break free and also breathed a sigh of relief.

"Yang Jian successfully got off the bus, it seems he's okay." Lu Zhiwen said.

Beside him, Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses and said, "I said before we shouldn't have gambled, if it weren't for He Yiner summoning a ghost, Yang Jian could really have been stuck on the supernatural bus, then gotten killed by the ghost ship, at this special moment, there can't be the slightest mistake, we must be extraordinarily cautious."

"When Yang Jian was hitting the door, I knew something was wrong, with strength like his, resorting to such a method to get off suggested his supernatural powers had probably been completely sealed. In such situations, you can't hesitate or be stingy, you must use your trump cards to have any chance of getting him out." He Yiner said.

"Seeking fortune in danger, only someone like Yang Jian would dare to take such risks. If it were someone else, they might not be so bold, but he has gained a significant achievement by risking his life, the ghost ship has serious issues now, its hull has tilted, and even the bow is damaged." Zhou Deng said.

"The ghost ship being a supernatural object, any damage implies it cannot sail smoothly as before, some malfunction is inevitable, though what exactly isn't certain, but surely, the King Organization can't casually use the ghost ship anymore." Lu Zhiwen also analyzed the situation.

"It's a pity that with this collision, the supernatural bus has been totally deformed, unrecognizable, I was even thinking of taking a ride once this war is over." Zhou Deng felt sorry seeing the tragic state of the supernatural bus.

Even though the supernatural collision was not yet over, the bus had already twisted into a heap of scrap metal, and the ghost ship had also come to a standstill, not sailing anymore.

Although the ghost ship hadn't been completely damaged, the purpose this time was largely achieved.

"The bus is destroyed, the ghost ship is halted, the supernatural collision continues, yet the crisis hasn't been resolved, remember, that ship still carries a cargo of fierce ghosts, once the supernatural collision stops, a whole boatload of fierce ghosts will revive, then the entire Dahai City will fall, so our task has just begun."

At this moment, Yang Jian walked over with a serious expression.

"Yang Jian, the crisis is not limited to this. Just now, due to the supernatural interference caused by the bus and ghost ship collision, everyone's Ghost Domain disappeared, including the King Organization's, and because of that interference, the main figures of the King Organization seem to have been forced into Dahai City, now we are facing threats from both inside and outside." Lin Bei rushed back and reported the situation he had just observed.

Standing quietly with her red hood covering her, He Yuelian also spoke after some silence: "The Ghost Domain of the ghost painting has also been interfered with, unable to move everyone in Dahai City."

"One bad news after another, it's really a headache." Zhou Deng felt his head aching at this moment.

"Yang Jian, do you have any good plans?" Lu Zhiwen's voice became increasingly hoarse at this moment.

Yang Jian glanced around at everyone, thought for a moment, then said: "The collision between the supernatural bus and the ghost ship will eventually end. Once it ends, our supernatural powers will recover at the same time the ghosts on the ghost ship will revive, so first, we must deal with the ghosts coming out of the ghost ship as much as possible."

"When the time comes, I will initiate the Great Flood Plan, emptying Ghost Lake, then use Ghost Lake to cover the ghost ship and the entire surrounding area, by doing this, some fierce ghosts will surely be submerged in Ghost Lake, but that's not enough, therefore, I'll need you guys to handle those fierce ghosts not restrained by Ghost Lake next."

Wang Chaling said: "The King Organization won't just watch us deal with the fierce ghosts, they'll definitely seize the perfect moment to act and try to take us out, so our real danger comes from the living, not the fierce ghosts."

"That's the next step we should take."

Yang Jian continued: "Once the King Organization appears, you guys should immediately abandon resisting the fierce ghosts and turn to fight the people from the King Organization. I know it puts a lot of pressure, but it's unavoidable; if they plan to crush us in one strike, we just need to survive this pressure, and they'll be the ones losing."

"After the Great Flood Plan is executed, their side will also be a mess, I reckon they want to eliminate us then restart the ghost ship, using the ghost ship to send back the fierce ghosts I released, thus, achieving the greatest victory with the least loss. So, it's crucial who wins the first hand; losing this one means there won't be another chance to come back later."

"Makes sense, as long as we repel the people from the King Organization and then solve the ghost ship incident, they'll be the ones defeated." Leuk San nodded: "Although it will be difficult going forward, there's at least a chance of winning, and I don't think we'll lose against those individuals from the King Organization."

"First handle the ghost ship to draw the King Organization people over, then turn back to eliminate them, finally dealing with the fierce ghosts, this plan makes a lot of sense." Li Leping also agreed.

Yang Jian said again: "But at some point, you'll face simultaneous attacks from fierce ghosts and sneak attacks from the King Organization, so you must prepare scapegoat dolls, minimizing mistakes, just withstand that one time and it'll be a fair fight."

"Yang Jian, what if we search for the King Organization now and take them out?" He Yiner suggested at this time.

"The opponents won't face us head-on at this time; they're waiting to see the fierce ghosts lose control. If they intentionally avoid battle, there's no way we can engage them, and once time is wasted and the fierce ghosts from the ghost ship spread, the consequences will be unimaginable." Leuk San glanced over and explained.

"I know, you don't need to analyze for me." He Yiner snorted, expressing some dissatisfaction.

She was just a little eager to take out the people from the King Organization and even thought the ghost ship issue could be put on hold.

Anyway, the ghost ship has been stopped, at worst, letting the fierce ghosts lose control for a brief moment.

As long as the execution is fast enough, there's time to turn around and deal with the fierce ghosts.

Lu Zhiwen said at this moment: "If we encounter people from the King Organization, hesitation shouldn't exist for even a second, use the strongest means to eliminate them in the shortest time possible, we need to seize the upper hand as quickly as possible because their King's people likely outnumber us captains, so the longer the conflict drags, the worse it is for us."

He implied worry that there might be casualties on their own side right away, hence the need for stronger captains to quickly decide the outcome and support others.

"Of course, once we meet, fight desperately, and the outcome will be decided within a minute, it won't drag on." Lin Bei touched his bald head and revealed a sinister smile.

Yang Jian said in a deep voice: "Don't forget, they have a Coffin Nail, if anyone encounters it, the situation will not be favorable."

Hearing this, everyone felt a chill in their hearts once more.

Yes, the people from the King Organization still possess a Coffin Nail.

It would indeed be extremely dangerous to run into that foreigner holding the Coffin Nail.

Just who will be so unlucky to face that coffin nail remains to be seen.

"Perhaps I can quickly make that Coffin Nail mine." Zhou Deng mused, stroking his chin.

Chapter 1477 - The Fully Unleashed Lake

At this moment, the situation had briefly stalled.

The paranormal bus, though successful in stopping the Ghost Ship, had consequently been completely wrecked, reduced to a heap of old scrap iron. Yet, even with the bus destroyed, the supernatural conflict continued.

But anyone with a bit of judgment could tell that the collision this time was a loss for the paranormal bus.

However, even in loss, the goal for all the captains was already achieved.

They didn't need to destroy the Ghost Ship completely. As long as it could be halted, as long as it made it more difficult for the King Organization people to control it, that was enough.

"The influence of the supernatural conflict is gradually diminishing. I can feel my own paranormal abilities recovering. I thought this situation would last a while longer, but the turnaround happened so quickly. This is not good news."

Moments later, Yang Jian keenly noticed the change within himself. Previously, due to driving the paranormal bus, his own paranormal abilities had been dormant but were now usable again.

However, he was still heavily influenced, with limited paranormal abilities at his disposal. It would take a little more time to return to normal.

But the other captains were less affected than Yang Jian.

At this moment, ash-gray paper ash began to drift down from the sky again. It belonged to the Ghost Domain of the ghost painting; however, the quantity of the paper ash was sparse, and it fell intermittently, indicating that He Yuelian's Ghost Domain had yet to take shape but was much better than before.

"At this rate, the supernatural conflict will completely end in at most fifteen minutes, and from now on, the influence on us will only lessen. We should prepare early," Lu Zhiwen said.

"No need to prepare early. Start acting now. I can already use the paranormal powers of Ghost Lake, though not much, but it's enough to initiate the Flood Plan," said Yang Jian, his expression cold.

"Then just release the fierce ghosts within Ghost Lake. If we're not well off, don't let the opponents be either. They started this trouble, so it's time to let them taste some suffering," Leuk San immediately agreed with Yang Jian's approach.

"The scope of influence from Ghost Lake is much larger than that of the Ghost Ship. Once you release the fierce ghosts, there's no turning back. Many people will die then."

Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses and said, "Honestly, the King Organization people don't seem to care much about the deaths of ordinary people. The Flood Plan may not produce the imagined effect. If they were really afraid of our plan, they wouldn't have sailed the Ghost Ship directly to Dahai City. I feel there might be some intrigue involved."

"Intrigue? What do you mean?" He Yiner asked, looking at him.

Wang Chaling said, "Of course, this is just a guess. Whether it's the Ghost Ship Plan or the Flood Plan, it's essentially about releasing fierce ghosts and causing the paranormal events to go out of control. So I speculate that their true objective is just that. That's why they aren't worried about our so-called Flood Plan. Previously, some feared the Flood Plan, but it's only a part of them. The real decision-makers in the King Organization seem to wish for the paranormal to go out of control. It doesn't matter if it's us or them; as long as the paranormal goes out of control, that's enough."

"Complete paranormal chaos benefits no one. Why would the King Organization people want to do such a thing? Do they want to live in a world filled with the paranormal?" He Yiner frowned, finding it hard to understand.

Even if the captains had self-protection abilities, they wouldn't want to face paranormal events every day, nor live in a world where fierce ghosts roamed.

"That's precisely what doesn't make sense, which is why this is just a guess," Wang Chaling said.

However, Yang Jian said, "Perhaps there are some intrigues, but we can't consider them now. If we don't initiate the Flood Plan, my Ghost Lake can't imprison the fierce ghosts, so I must release all the ghosts within it to restore Ghost Lake to its proper function. Otherwise, we won't be able to handle the fierce ghosts coming down from the Ghost Ship."

"As for the outcome, it's not something we should think about now. If we can't get through this, there's no future for us. I'm going to start releasing Ghost Lake. Step back a bit, and it'd be best to head to higher ground. This time, the range of Ghost Lake will be quite large."

"True, if we can't get through this, we have no future." The others nodded in agreement.

Immediately, all the captains retreated again. They stood on the rooftops of nearby buildings to avoid being affected by Yang Jian's Ghost Lake.

A few more minutes had passed by now.

The influence of the supernatural conflict between the paranormal bus and the Ghost Ship diminished once again.

At this moment, water started gradually seeping out from under Yang Jian's feet, and not just beneath him; the surrounding environment also began to feel damp, and the air carried a humid scent.

The accumulated water quickly increased from a small patch beneath his feet to water puddles around, which eventually merged into one, forming small ponds, then the ponds gathered again to become a lake.

But this lake was still small and not deep, seemingly touchable by reaching down. Yet, soon, the water level of this lake continued to rise.

The surface of the nearby streets was flooded in no time, followed by cars, and finally, the storefronts on the first floors were soaked by the cold lake water.

While Ghost Lake expanded, it was also deepening.

Moreover, this change was not limited to this location.

Once Ghost Lake in Dahai City emerged, it quickly connected with bodies of water worldwide that had been invaded by Ghost Lake.

Deep within the lake lay numerous horrid corpses that stayed intact despite being submerged for years, not decaying.

These weren't ordinary dead corpses; all were fierce ghosts.

Imprisoned by Ghost Lake, these fierce ghosts couldn't leave, forever sinking into the bottomless lake water, but they weren't dead. Once they left Ghost Lake, they would revive in the shortest time.

Right now, Yang Jian was about to initiate the Flood Plan.

These eerie corpses, accumulated over who knows how many years, were about to be released.

Immediately, ripples surged from the depths of the previously calm Ghost Lake.

Streams of water began to appear abruptly.

The water streams lashed at the submerged corpses in the lake, carrying them from Ghost Lake's depths to the surface.

A long-robed, pale corpse, having been soaked, surfaced because of the water flow, then was pushed by waves on the surface to the shore.

However, the place where the old corpse emerged was not Dahai City but some unknown lake overseas.

Not long after the old corpse rushed to the shore, its pallid eyes suddenly opened, and it woke up.

However, those were not the eyes of the living; they were also deathly pale and void of expression.

Just like that, a fierce ghost broke free from the constraints of the Ghost Lake, awakening in the real world.

And it wasn't just one corpse; many bodies were in the same state as this old corpse. After they surfaced, they appeared in various places in reality and then awoke.

Once the ghosts were released, some places abroad were already affected.

For example, within the bathroom of a household, the water in the toilet started bubbling and rapidly turned murky, while the lights in the house inexplicably dimmed.

When the homeowner heard the noise and went to check the bathroom, they let out a terrified scream.

A rotten arm stretched out from the toilet, while the lights in the house immediately shattered, plunging everything into darkness. As the lights went out, the homeowner vaguely saw a decayed corpse appear in the bathroom mirror.

Also, in a school's swimming pool, cold bodies continuously emerged from the water and floated to the surface. In a matter of moments, the bodies had filled the entire pool.

The stench of decay spread, and an icy aura permeated, taking over the entire swimming pool with the terrifying ghosts.

... There were many similar occurrences, with the supernatural invading every corner abroad.

Meanwhile, the number of fierce ghosts soaking in the Ghost Lake was decreasing at an astonishing rate.

And as the number of ghosts decreased, the supernatural force of the Ghost Lake grew stronger, as there was no need to divide some of its power to suppress those ghosts.

As a result, the area of the Ghost Lake in Dahai City was expanding at an alarming rate.

Fortunately, before the Ghost Ship appeared, other captains had already evacuated the entire vicinity. Otherwise, Yang Jian's release of the Ghost Lake might have submerged countless people.

Even so, he still tried his best to control the range.

Because although the people in this area were evacuated, Dahai City is vast, with ordinary people in other areas; if the Ghost Lake went out of control, even Yang Jian's control over four-tenths of the Ghost Lake would be enough to drown a city.

Yang Jian stood expressionless on the lake's surface at this moment. He did not sink but controlled the Ghost Lake beneath his feet.

"It's enough to just release the fierce ghosts. Since the people of the King Organization haven't taken large-scale action against our ordinary citizens, I don't plan to unleash a flood to submerge their cities; let the people of the supernatural world handle supernatural matters."

In the end, he held back.

Otherwise, if he used the Ghost Lake's influence over the water, who knows how many places abroad would be submerged.

Yang Jian did not want to take the lead. He also feared that if the kings of the King Organization were provoked, they might leave the handlers and directly target ordinary citizens.

In the presence of the Ghost Domain, eradicating a city's population would take only seconds, even just a few seconds.

Therefore, both sides exercised restraint, neither wishing to reach that point.

"This is truly a love-hate relationship with the Ghost Lake, but is this enough?" Leuk San asked, looking down at the submerged area nearby.

Upon hearing his voice, Yang Jian said, "The Ghost Lake no longer holds any confined fierce ghosts; they have all been released. I'm afraid the ghost handlers from the King Organization will have headaches, but releasing the fierce ghosts doesn't help us now. The only purpose is to clear the Ghost Lake in preparation for imprisoning the ghosts on the Ghost Ship later."

"The paranormal conflict is nearing its end now, and once it ends, the ghosts on the Ghost Ship will no longer be affected. Then, they might all come ashore. However, the ghosts first face the Ghost Lake once they disembark, and I estimate their numbers won't be particularly high after passing this hurdle. Then, the captains can intervene, likely controlling the damage from this Ghost Ship incident within a reasonable range."

"That will suffice. Captains, it's time to prepare to risk it all," Lu Zhiwen said, casting a solemn glance at the others.

"Let's move."

At once, all the captains dispersed, surrounding the area near the Ghost Ship to form a defensive line, preventing the fierce ghosts from entering other regions of Dahai City.

Each captain had their designated area, bearing a portion of the pressure.

Only Zhou Deng remained by He Yiner's side, protecting the Soul Summoner from Taiping Ancient Town. Even the Faceless Person stood guarded nearby, seemingly unable to rest assured about He Yiner.

"It's your turn, Zhang Xiangguang."

At this moment, Yang Jian reached into the lake below him and fished up a unique corpse from within the Ghost Lake.

A silhouette of an Evil Hound appeared reflected in the water beside him, along with a blurry human figure swaying.

However, the figure quickly vanished, seemingly merging with the corpse floating on the water.

The next moment.

Freed from the constraints of the Ghost Lake and Ghost Dream, Zhang Xiangguang suddenly opened his eyes.

His consciousness returned to his body and awakened in reality.

"At this critical juncture, Yang Jian ultimately decided to release Zhang Xiangguang?" All the captains witnessed the scene.

Yet, the captains did not object.

For at this time, every bit of help was indeed needed.

After all, this battle couldn't be lost.

Chapter 1478 - Supernatural Entities Disembarking

"Where is this place?"

Zhang Xiangguang, having just awakened from his predicament, found his consciousness trapped in the world of the Ghost Dream for a long time. He had been confined to that narrow classroom, unable to move freely, and now he felt somewhat disoriented.

He stretched his stiff, cold body and slowly stood up from the water's surface.

"This is Dahai City. The King Organization has decided to wage war here, and the situation is not optimistic," said Yang Jian seriously.

Zhang Xiangguang's eyes shifted slightly as he surveyed his surroundings. Finally, his gaze rested on the Ghost Ship, which had been intercepted not far away. Although he didn't recognize the Ghost Ship, such a large vessel was conspicuously situated in the city center, impossible for anyone to ignore.

Even without understanding any details about the Ghost Ship, Zhang Xiangguang could sense the eerie atmosphere emanating from it just by standing there.

"That ship is indeed unusual," Zhang Xiangguang remarked calmly.

Yang Jian replied, "This is just part of the crisis. The real danger is hidden within this city. A group of elite ghost tamers from the King Organization are lying in wait, planning to strike while we are all preoccupied with handling the supernatural incident. There are many of them, and we can't simultaneously face attacks from both the terrifying ghosts and top-tier ghost tamers. Tonight is destined to be a difficult one."

"So, what's your plan for releasing me this time? How can I help you?" Zhang Xiangguang asked.

Yang Jian looked at the lake beneath his feet.

Gradually, a cold corpse floated to the surface, clutching an old, large knife—the same supernatural weapon Zhang Xiangguang had used before.

Yang Jian retrieved the supernatural weapon from the water and tossed it to Zhang Xiangguang. "I won't constrain you, nor can I. Do what you're good at; help me take down as many of the King's Organization's leaders as possible. Once they're all dead, this war will be over."

Zhang Xiangguang accepted the familiar large knife, his expression still calm. "Even if you win the war between humans, you can't win the war against the ghosts. Defeating the King Organization will only leave behind a mess."

"If too many top-tier ghost tamers die today, the loss of control in dealing with supernatural occurrences will inevitably worsen in the future. This is a trend that cannot be changed. You might

seriously consider my previous plan since you now have the means to implement it; all that's needed is your approval."

Even though he had just awakened, Zhang Xiangguang had not forgotten his chance.

This was a lifelong endeavor he believed was the correct path, one he would persistently pursue.

"I didn't release you to hear about this," Yang Jian said. "In this confrontation, if you can't take down at least two of the Kings, I'll suspect you're deliberately holding back. After all, you once almost single-handedly took down five of our captains."

"Reality will prove my method is correct. You're still too young. But since these foreigners dare to cause trouble, I'll naturally deal with it. Two Kings' heads are too few," Zhang Xiangguang replied, saying no more as he turned and left with the large knife.

After leaving the confines of the Ghost Lake, he quickly vanished into the Black Night.

At the moment Zhang Xiangguang disappeared, the members of the King Organization began to worry. They were about to face a terrifyingly powerful ghost tamer, more formidable than even a captain, and they knew nothing about Zhang Xiangguang.

It was expected that the King Organization would suffer greatly at the hands of Zhang Xiangguang.

Watching Zhang Xiangguang leave, Yang Jian felt somewhat reassured. With such a figure lurking in the darkness, the enemy would undoubtedly feel fear.

"Now that all necessary preparations have been made, the only one not appearing in Dahai City is Sister Hong," he considered then.

However, Sister Hong was highly unpredictable; she acted entirely according to her whims and was very willful. Yang Jian wondered if she might change her mind midway, so he didn't rely on her.

With Zhang Xiangguang released, there was nothing left in the Ghost Lake but the exotic artifacts Yang Jian had left behind.

Therefore, Yang Jian didn't need to be distracted by other matters and could focus intently on the Ghost Ship.

Not only was he alone; other captains were also positioned near the Ghost Ship, ready to deal with the terrifying ghosts at any moment.

As the impact of the supernatural conflict gradually waned, the Ghost Ship began to change.

Creak, creak—the massive sound suddenly echoed.

The Ghost Ship, previously held back by the supernatural bus, began to move once again. The barricade of bus wrecks in front had completely lost effect.

"It's still moving after all that?" Yang Jian's expression darkened. The situation was not as he had expected.

He had thought that intercepting the Ghost Ship would stop it completely, but the supernatural bus had only temporarily hindered its progress, not brought it to a complete halt.

"Has my interception plan failed?" Yang Jian's gaze flickered as he opened his ghost eye to observe the situation.

"No, it's not a complete failure. The Ghost Ship, although moving, has severe damage to its bow and is still tilted, showing no signs of recovery. Although the collision wasn't a complete interception, it disrupted the ship's normal navigation."

He noticed that while the Ghost Ship was sailing again, its course was askew, and it was advancing very slowly, almost as if it had lost most of its power.

As the Ghost Ship began to regain movement, the worst-case scenario, as anticipated, occurred.

Passengers began emerging from the depths of the ship's hold. These passengers stepped onto the deck, standing still like statues. Their figures were eerie, their aura cold, without a trace of life.

"They're here. The ghosts from the ship's hold have emerged," Yang Jian immediately dismissed all other thoughts and focused on the terrifying ghosts on the Ghost Ship.

"Captain, the ghosts have emerged. Be cautious," Li Yang called out from a distant rooftop.

At this moment, he led a team of seven—Tong Qian, Su Fan, Lin Long, Wen Zhong, Zhang Lei, Liu Qi—tasked with managing an area. Their combined efforts held the responsibility of a single captain.

"Take care of yourselves and don't worry about the captain's matters. Your team must never separate, no matter what, or you could fall here," Yang Jian replied, advising them.

Although this group of seven captain candidates was strong, if separated, they'd be annihilated when facing a King-level ghost tamer.

As time passed, an increasing number of eerie figures gathered on the Ghost Ship's deck, almost filling it. The sight was dense, like a surging crowd.

Strangely, despite so many terrifying ghosts gathering, there was no supernatural conflict.

It was as if they were influenced and controlled by something, moving uniformly.

"The number is... truly frightening. Even for a captain, facing so many ghosts at once is impossible,"

Seeing the situation on the deck, many captains' expressions changed.

It was their first time encountering so many ghosts. In the past, they had faced large numbers of supernatural phenomena, but those were merely derivatives, not true ghosts. But the ghosts on the Ghost Ship were different.

"Ghosts are falling from the ship, as if they're being pushed off due to their numbers," Leuk San said, his eyelids twitching.

One by one, eerie figures tumbled from the ship, like dumplings dropped into water.

"Splash!"

Beneath the Ghost Ship was Yang Jian's Ghost Lake. The ghosts falling off the ship encountered Ghost Lake first.

Some ghosts sunk immediately after entering Ghost Lake, never resurfacing, vanishing without a trace.

With Yang Jian having cleared the Ghost Lake of supernatural items, its ability to restrict terrifying ghosts was at its strongest now. Even ghosts typically unrestricted by Ghost Lake could not resist sinking into the cold water.

"Thankfully, Yang Jian's Ghost Lake reduced the number of ghosts to a minimum. But we must remain cautious. Any ghosts that emerge unscathed from Ghost Lake are terrifyingly lethal. We can't afford to underestimate them," said Wang Chaling, adjusting his glasses and observing silently, surrounded by four eerie figures standing as sentinels.

Chapter 1479 - The Unleashed Supernatural Forces

Although the Ghost Ship was tilting at this moment, with the supernatural bus being destroyed and the paranormal conflict ending, the old ship started sailing again, albeit at a slow pace and appeared to be on the verge of sinking at any moment.

As the Ghost Ship slowly sailed, terrifying ghosts kept falling onto the deck one after another.

Fortunately, the entire area nearby was now covered by Ghost Lake.

It was quite difficult for ghosts to ignore the influence of the Ghost Lake to enter Dahai City.

The cold, calm waters were unfathomable at this moment, and once those terrifying ghosts fell into the water, they sank continuously, unable to struggle to the surface.

However, Yang Jian only controlled 40% of Ghost Lake's supernatural power, which meant there was a limit to his supernatural influence. He couldn't keep all the ghosts trapped in Ghost Lake, as some ghosts were too terrifying and could ignore its influence, and some ghosts simply couldn't be contained.

The ghosts that could still enter Dahai City after being filtered by Ghost Lake were undoubtedly truly terrifying.

Soon.

A corpse floated slowly to the surface of the cold, calm lake, its back facing upward and face down, motionlessly floating on the water without any reaction.

"The first ghost that cannot be submerged by Ghost Lake?"

The next moment.

Yang Jian walked swiftly across the water, his expression indifferent, holding a red long spear, heading straight for the floating corpse.

Even though the corpse couldn't move now, it didn't lessen his apprehension.

"If the ghost is too terrifying to be sunk, then dismember it. As long as you chop it in half with a Firewood Knife to reduce its terror level, then Ghost Lake can take effect, and now is the best time to act. Although Ghost Lake can't make this terrifying ghost sink, it will still have some impact."

Thought Yang Jian internally, so he didn't hesitate in the slightest.

In response to Yang Jian's approach, the corpse floating on the water remained completely still.

Because this was Ghost Lake, there were no living people around, even the captains had retreated to a distance, so no one but Yang Jian triggered this terrifying ghost's killing pattern, which was why the body floating on the lake remained still.

But it's not impossible to remain unscathed by not triggering the ghost's killing pattern, after all, the supernatural is always filled with uncertainty, and some terrifying ghosts can kill you with their supernatural powers even if they don't target you.

Soon.

Yang Jian reached the corpse's side, and without hesitation, slashed with the Firewood Knife in his hand, cutting a gash along with the water surface.

This time it went smoothly, no unexpected incidents occurred, and the floating corpse was directly sliced into two pieces by the Firewood Knife.

After the corpse split into two halves, it no longer floated on the surface but began to sink slowly into Ghost Lake, soon disappearing from sight.

"Lucky, this terrifying ghost is more of a docile existence. If it was one that indiscriminately kills, it would have been quite troublesome." Thought Yang Jian to himself.

The appearance of the first terrifying ghost became a beginning.

As more and more terrifying ghosts detached from the Ghost Ship and sank into Ghost Lake, it also meant that more and more terrifying ghosts were leaving Ghost Lake. Just as Yang Jian had finished dealing with that corpse, his eyes suddenly narrowed, because he saw a person standing suddenly on the calm lake surface not far away at some unknown time.

That person was tall and slender, estimated to be over two meters in height, and dressed peculiarly in brightly colored opera costumes, like an opera singer about to take the stage; and the cold face was smeared with a layer of black greasepaint, making it impossible to discern the facial features, only seeing a horrifying black face.

Just such a person stood motionless on the lake surface, showing no signs of sinking.

This ghost could already ignore the influence of 40% of Ghost Lake.

"This thing is much fiercer than the previous corpse." Yang Jian's eyelid twitched, feeling an indescribable unease.

Because he had seen something similar before, but it was not an opera singer in costume, but an eerie, empty opera stage, with rows of red benches underneath, seemingly devoid of living people, but as if filled with terrifying ghosts waiting for a show on the stage to begin.

However, the stage lacked an opera singer, something to play the role.

Now it seemed the opera singer not appearing was not that it didn't exist, but that the King Organization had led the ghost turned opera singer onto the Ghost Ship, making it so the ghostly singer could never get onto that eerie stage to perform a good show.

However, there was definitely more than one opera-dressed ghost; just that this one might be the most terrifying one Yang Jian had ever encountered.

"This place is Ghost Lake, not your stage. Deal with you here." Yang Jian's eyes glinted, feeling uneasy but without hesitating in his actions, he threw the long spear from his hand decisively.

He didn't want to try to approach this ghost nor wanted to be targeted by this terrifying ghost, planning to pin it dead from a distance with a Coffin Nail to avoid any accidents.

And Yang Jian's choice was the correct one.

Not approaching meant the ghost wouldn't be startled, and merely throwing the spear simply, without using any supernatural means, meant the ghost wouldn't react to the approaching spear.

Additionally, since this was Ghost Lake, Yang Jian wasn't worried about losing the spear after throwing it, even if it fell into the lake, it could always be retrieved.

Originally, it seemed like the thrown spear could successfully pierce through the opera-dressed ghost.

But as the spear got very close to the ghost.

Instantly.

A long-drawn strange sound echoed, as if an opera singer was opening their mouth to sing, but the sound was eerie because with its appearance, every scene on the lake surface began to twist, including the surroundings of Yang Jian.

Yang Jian felt the world before his eyes blur.

But when this eerie sensation faded, his eyes suddenly shrank.

Ghost Lake had vanished.

Dahai City had disappeared.

Replaced by a red-colored opera stage before him. The stage was gloomy and old, appearing extremely eerie, and that opera-dressed ghost was now standing at the center of the stage. Its tall slender body swayed like a dead tree branch, with the black greasepaint-covered face swaying left and right as if following the body's motion.

Like a spinal bone fracture, the swaying frequency was irrational.

Yang Jian, like an audience, stood under the stage watching everything unfold, suddenly finding that his body couldn't move.

Only his head could move, yet below the neck, his body had been nailed as though with a Coffin Nail, utterly numb and unresponsive.

"What's happening? And where is this? Inside the Ghost Domain? Or some supernatural space?" Yang Jian's expression changed, unable to comprehend the situation.

He had just almost pinned the ghost down smoothly, so how did he end up here with this sudden supernatural disturbance?

"No, my position hasn't changed; I'm still in place."

Yang Jian looked slightly down, seeing the ground wavering underneath, not a solid surface, but seemed more like standing on water.

Suggesting that everything before his eyes wasn't real; it was all an illusion.

But in a supernatural world, even dreaming could lead to death, so getting killed in an Illusionary Realm by a ghost wasn't impossible.

However, as Yang Jian inexplicably faced such a terrifying ghost, other captains were not idle, because the number of terrifying ghosts falling into Ghost Lake kept increasing, and more and more terrifying ghosts began entering Dahai City.

Leuk San was facing a terrifying ghost that had just detached from the Ghost Ship.

This ghost hadn't even fallen into Ghost Lake because it had no physical form, didn't exist in reality, and thus couldn't be easily detected. Initially, he hadn't even noticed, until suddenly one of his paper men got killed by the terrifying ghost, he then abruptly realized a terrifying invisible ghost was wandering around him.

"That paper man was just standing there doing nothing, then suddenly its head got twisted off and it was killed. I don't even know how that paper man triggered the ghost's killing pattern."

Leuk San's expression was grim at this moment, as though part of the reason stemmed from inadequacy, the paper man did die inexplicably.

Here it comes.

Suddenly.

In Leuk San's foresight, two of his paper men were standing still and had their necks twisted surprisingly, meeting instant death.

He immediately looked toward the paper men's position.

The next moment.

Indeed, as anticipated, those two paper men's necks suddenly showed the indents of two hands, as if an invisible ghost had its grip on them, followed by an attempt at a neck-turning process. Although there was some struggle and resistance, ultimately the neck twisted several times, and finally, the paper men's necks tore apart, and a head fell off.

"Initially, one paper man was attacked, now there are two... is the ghost's attack escalating?" Leuk San's face was serious.

He must quickly find this ghost and handle it, or if another ghost approaches his jurisdiction area, he won't be able to manage it and will have to let the terrifying ghost enter Dahai City, in which case he'll bear all the responsibility.

Facing pressures from terrifying ghosts, it wasn't just Leuk San.

Wang Chaling, Li Leping, He Yiner, Li Yang... Everyone in their respective areas encountered terrifying ghosts, and these appearing ghosts were difficult to deal with, not something that could be solved quickly.

Chapter 1480 - Illusions on the Lake

In Dahai City, the confrontation between the Ghost Ship and the captains officially began at this time.

The evil spirit descended from the Ghost Ship, attempting to provoke terrifying supernatural events in Dahai City. The captains at headquarters couldn't ignore this, so they used the Ghost Lake to blockade the entire area, creating the first line of defense, and then, together with all the captains and the top ghost wielders from headquarters, formed the second line of defense.

The two lines of defense represented the full manpower of headquarters. If the evil spirit could ignore the Ghost Lake and break through the captains' defense, it would have no shackles and could rampage freely in Dahai City.

After all, if even the captains couldn't handle the ghost, there was no one in Dahai City to deal with it.

As time gradually passed.

The number of evil spirits breaking free from the Ghost Lake increased, and the captains at this moment could already feel immense pressure, as the evil spirits they faced were of a high level of terror, not the kind that could be easily contained—a mistake with some of these ghosts could even lead to death.

Yang Jian was currently facing an extremely terrifying ghost.

He was now experiencing an illusion, standing in front of an old red stage. The red of this stage was dim and oppressive, appearing extraordinarily eerie. On the stage, a tall, thin evil spirit in opera costume was already singing an incomprehensible opera tune, as if performing a play for Yang Jian.

"It's impossible. Earlier, I raised the red long spear in my hand and threw it at the evil spirit. The supernatural ability of the Wishing Ghost should not affect the spear formed by this spirit, and much less affect the Coffin Nail. That spear should have been a guaranteed hit... How did I get drawn into this terrifying Illusionary Realm in an instant?"

Standing under the stage, Yang Jian couldn't move, but he wasn't impeded from thinking; at this moment, his expression was unpredictable as he rapidly analyzed the current situation in his mind.

"If my consciousness was influenced, then the Evil Hound, which resides in my memory, would have reacted by now. But I didn't hear the Evil Hound's growl, which indicates my consciousness is intact and hasn't been invaded by other supernatural forces. However, my body can't move; still, I don't feel any other supernatural assault. If I was attacked by another supernatural force, I should have felt something just now."

"What's happening before my eyes completely overturns my understanding of the supernatural. Indeed, some ghosts on the Ghost Ship defy common logic, which is why the King Organization believes that just one landing from the Ghost Ship can defeat us. If it weren't for the Ghost Lake reducing the number of evil spirits, even the captains could die encountering this thing amidst the chaos."

However, the evil spirit on the stage didn't stop because Yang Jian was thinking.

Although the evil spirit in opera costume continued emitting bizarre opera tunes, the makeup on its black face changed somewhat. That black face was no longer cold and rigid; rather, it had some expressions, though the expression seemed extremely creepy, with even the eyebrows raised.

But this anger wasn't intimidating at all; instead, it exuded a somber feeling, making the viewer instinctively feel a chill.

"The ghost neither attacked me nor influenced my consciousness, so there is only one possibility: my immobility is also an illusion, and even this illusion influenced my ghostly eye..." Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he made a very bold guess based on his condition.

He believed he could move and wasn't affected, only that he was in an illusion—nobody could see him moving even if he was.

This is like a person sitting in a car and watching the trees outside the window; after a while, they feel it's not them moving but the trees continuously retreating.

And the illusion created by the supernatural is even more terrifying; the whole world revolves around you, making you even believe you can't move from standing in one place.

"If my speculation is true and everything before me is an illusion, then touch won't lie. If I'm really walking on the Ghost Lake, I should feel it, right? Or is this evil spirit's supernatural power so potent that even my sense of touch is creating an illusion?" Yang Jian felt somewhat incredulous.

If that's the case, this illusion could trap someone for a lifetime.

To verify this assumption, he tried to continue moving forward.

Although his consciousness was willing, his body still couldn't move and remained fixed in place just as before.

However, Yang Jian observed once again that ripples spread across the water surface beneath him, as if something was disturbing the water. When he stopped his mental actions, the ripples disappeared again.

"Indeed, my speculation is correct; the ghost can make me experience illusions but can't make the Ghost Lake create an illusion, so the ghost can't affect the ground, creating a flaw in this perfect illusion."

With his hypothesis confirmed, Yang Jian immediately began taking action.

He closed his eyes, ignoring everything around, trying to find the Ghost Scissors.

As long as he used the Ghost Scissors, some curse threads would appear before him. Only he could see these threads, and they most likely wouldn't be affected by the illusion.

Following the previous method, Yang Jian soon succeeded in using the Ghost Scissors.

Even though he hadn't moved, several threads appeared before him—all thin strands, one of which connected him to the evil spirit on the stage.

Clearly, Yang Jian was already targeted by the stage's evil spirit.

"Cutting this thread should make everything before me disappear," Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow manipulated his body, trying to cut this thread representing the curse.

The opera on the stage seemed to reach its final phase; the already frightening black face makeup become even more sinister, with the skin and flesh on the face wrinkling and twisting, becoming extraordinarily terrifying, and even the entire stage began to tremble slightly.

The evil spirit, singing its strange tune, advanced towards Yang Jian.

With every step closer, Yang Jian's face seemed to darken, like being soaked in ink, about to completely turn into a black face makeup, and even his clothes started changing, appearing to become a costume.

This ghost seemed intent on turning Yang Jian into a ghost in opera costume as well.

At this moment, Yang Jian felt that if the ghost stepped off the stage, he might become the next ghost to perform opera on stage.

Nevertheless, faced with the advancing evil spirit, Yang Jian's expression remained calm, "Too slow. I've already broken the method of this supernatural assault. It's time for you, ghost, to disappear from my sight."

He dropped the Ghost Scissors.

The thin thread connecting him and the evil spirit snapped, and as this curse thread broke, everything before his eyes rapidly vanished.

The stage, the ghost, and even the red stage bench—all these were illusions, none real.

As the illusion disappeared, Yang Jian regained clarity before him, realizing he was still standing on the Ghost Lake, with only a slight change in position—he had walked some distance forward. However, the scene unfolding before him left him astonished once again.

A red long spear was soaring in the air, heading towards a nearby evil spirit and directly impaling it.

Wasn't that the spear he had just thrown?

"Are you kidding me?" Yang Jian's pupils contracted sharply.

Had the illusion he experienced lasted just a second outside? Or even less than a second? Thus, his attack hadn't failed; the evil spirit had assaulted him just before his attack.

But why could the Ghost Scissors be used? Why could he walk on the Ghost Lake?

He couldn't understand.

Nonetheless, this predicament already sent chills down Yang Jian's spine.

However, at this moment, this terrifying evil spirit had already been impaled by the Coffin Nail, losing its threat entirely, and its body was slowly sinking into the Ghost Lake.

Yang Jian appeared directly where the corpse was sinking. Gripping the red long spear, he didn't dare extract the Coffin Nail but opted to detach it, then dismember the evil spirit before him with the Firewood Knife—to be absolutely safe.

To ensure caution, he even dismembered the evil spirit into six pieces, trying to scatter the supernatural puzzle as much as possible, only then daring to extract the Coffin Nail.

Although the ghost in opera costume was terrifying, the Coffin Nail was a total endgame for evil spirits. Ultimately, it was Yang Jian who confined it.

Watching the six pieces of the body rapidly sink into the Ghost Lake, Yang Jian's hanging heart finally relaxed.

"Now is not the time to rest; there's another ghost surfacing,"

Subsequently, Yang Jian averted his gaze and looked again in the direction of the Ghost Ship.

On the surface of the water not far away, a dead-looking, tattered-clothed old man stood motionless on the water, staring at Yang Jian with dull, lifeless eyes.

This old man appeared abruptly, having been there for a long time perhaps, or maybe just appearing.

Evidently, this was another high-level terrifying evil spirit, impenetrable even to the Ghost Lake.

Yang Jian didn't hesitate or complain; he hefted the red long spear and strode towards that terrifying old man. He must eliminate this evil spirit as quickly as possible, for he didn't wish to face attacks from multiple evil spirits simultaneously—dealing with them one by one imposed the least pressure, avoiding any buildup at all costs.