

Revival 1481

Chapter 1481 - Losses and Three Faces

At this moment, inside a building closest to the Ghost Lake.

It's dark here, all the lights have disappeared, even if a light occasionally comes on, it goes out immediately due to supernatural influence. This building, however, serves as a barrier to prevent the vicious ghosts from entering Dahai City. The team responsible for this place consists of Li Yang, Tong Qian, Su Fan, Zhang Lei, and others.

Suddenly.

Accompanied by the sound of the main door being suddenly slammed open, a painful scream echoed.

The next moment.

Lin Long fell to the ground, his face ashen, his life force rapidly dwindling. Some kind of terrifying supernatural attack hit him, leaving him severely injured instantly.

"How is this possible." Li Yang widened his eyes, showing an incredulous expression.

Just before this, a vicious ghost had emerged from the Ghost Lake and entered the building they were in charge of. Hence, their team decided to join forces to deal with this ghost. As a result, Li Yang had just

used Su Fan's Premonition Ability to determine the ghost's location and successfully trapped the ghost inside a room. Yet, this scene unfolded in the blink of an eye.

The Ghost Door Blocker's supernatural effort failed, the door was brutally slammed open by the ghost, and Lin Long, whether due to proximity or bad luck, was attacked the moment the door was opened by the ghost.

"Use the sacrificial doll, quickly, maybe we can still save him." Su Fan reminded from the side.

This came too suddenly, causing Lin Long to not have enough time to use the sacrificial doll or the red Ghost Candle.

"I'll do it." Zhang Lei said without further ado, quickly risking himself to get closer. He held a sacrificial doll, needing to go forward to stain it with Lin Long's blood.

Only a sacrificial doll stained with Lin Long's blood could substitute for his death.

Zhang Lei's approach was actually extremely risky, because if the vicious ghost behind the door could open the door and kill Lin Long, it could kill him too. Even though he had mastered a new supernatural balance with the help of Yang Jian, possessing stronger supernatural powers, he still seemed somewhat inadequate before such a vicious ghost.

This was a vicious ghost even a captain would find troublesome to deal with.

"I'll help you." Li Yang, feeling somewhat guilty, gritted his teeth and rushed forward without hesitation.

The Ghost Door Blocker's supernatural effort worked again; the door that had just been opened slammed shut once more. Yet, even so, he didn't relax in the slightest, because this ghost could easily slam open the door he supernaturally locked, and he did so only to buy Zhang Lei some time.

Zhang Lei quickly got to Lin Long's side, tore open a cut on him, and smeared his blood onto the sacrificial doll.

The sacrificial doll stained with Lin Long's blood immediately became active.

But strangely, this sacrificial doll wasn't as lively as before; instead, it looked sick and lacked vigor, without even the strength to struggle free from Zhang Lei's hand. It was only after Zhang Lei let go that the sacrificial doll successfully fell to the ground.

However, the sacrificial doll lay on the ground for a long time, unable to get up, and its body made of old tattered fabric started to decay at a visible rate, then disintegrated directly.

Though the sacrificial doll's state was terrible, Lin Long's condition improved rapidly.

The ashen hue on his face was quickly fading, and his weak life force also began to flourish once more. Everything was reversing at an incredible speed, seemingly about to fully recover soon.

However, the sacrificial doll didn't last long, soon collapsing on the ground, unable to move; its body, sewn from old tattered fabric, was completely destroyed, leaving only some remaining scraps of cloth.

"The sacrificial doll is dead, and Lin Long's condition is improving, he should be fine now." Wen Zhong said in a low voice from the side.

Zhang Lei's face turned red, his body seemingly burning like a furnace. At this moment, he stared intently at Lin Long, "No, he hasn't woken up yet. The situation indeed had some improvement just now, but now... it has deteriorated again."

Li Yang glanced once.

Sure enough.

Lin Long's face, which had just regained some color, turned ashen again, and this time it deteriorated very quickly, even surpassing the previous situation.

"The ghost's supernatural influence is still on Lin Long. Though the sacrificial doll transferred a part of the damage, it was far from enough." Li Yang's gaze grew serious.

"How could this be? Isn't the sacrificial doll supposed to substitute for death? Has the sacrificial doll failed?" Su Fan exclaimed.

Li Yang shook his head, "No, it's not that the sacrificial doll lost its effect, but it was used too late. Lin Long didn't use the sacrificial doll before the supernatural attack, but after enduring it. You have to know that some supernatural attacks carry a curse effect, which remains on a living person until death. However, after death, the curse is still there and still active; it's just that a dead person can't die again, so nobody pays attention to it."

"Continue using the sacrificial dolls and see if we can deplete this supernatural power, don't stop."

After speaking, Li Yang threw another sacrificial doll, directly landing on Lin Long's previous wound, staining it with his blood.

With the second sacrificial doll used, the situation was identical to before.

Although Lin Long's condition improved for a short time, as the second sacrificial doll died, his condition continued to deteriorate again.

"Another one." Su Fan also stepped forward, not sparing her own sacrificial doll.

But the third sacrificial doll showed some changes, unlike the previous two dispirited ones; it exhibited some liveliness, starting to move around after being stained with Lin Long's blood.

However, as it moved, this sacrificial doll gradually deflated, becoming dispirited, before finally tilting its head and lying motionless on the ground, as its body began to disintegrate at a visible rate.

"Indeed, it's useful. Perhaps another sacrifice doll can bring Lin Long back." Wen Zhong immediately said, then he also took out a sacrifice doll.

However, at this moment.

Suddenly.

The door Li Yang had sealed was once again forced open. Although the force wasn't great, he couldn't stop it. The supernatural power of the Ghost Door Blocker was strong, but it only slightly interfered and did not fully prevent it.

"Not good, the ghost is here again, be careful,"

After a reminder, Li Yang gritted his teeth and, taking advantage of the moment, did not continue to block the door but instead opened it directly.

This was the second supernatural power he wielded, the Door-Opening Ghost.

Once the door is opened, those inside are doomed to die.

This power, obtained from the Ghost Post Office, was now skillfully controlled by Li Yang.

Although this deathly supernatural power couldn't kill a ghost, it would greatly affect the ghost if it was subjected to this power, potentially leaving it in a long period of stasis.

After the door opened, the room was pitch black.

But a sound came, heavy and oppressive footsteps.

At this moment, these footsteps did not step out of the room but retreated several steps backward instead.

"It worked, but the effect is not as significant as imagined. The ghost merely backed away a few steps." Li Yang was drenched in cold sweat.

He felt the ghost's terror completely at this moment.

Indeed, only a Captain could handle such a thing; even these candidate Captains were not qualified. Luckily, several of them joined hands; otherwise, Li Yang felt he would have been killed by the ghost by now.

"Lin Long is dead."

However, the next moment, Zhang Lei brought extremely bad news from the side.

"How could this be? He was fine just now."

Wen Zhong was doubtful as he had already reached Lin Long's side, the sacrifice doll in his hand almost used.

All this happened in less than three seconds.

"Lin Long died the instant the door was opened." Zhang Lei's flushed face looked particularly grim.

Everyone else fell silent, their mood exceptionally heavy.

It's known that Lin Long's strength was not weak, yet such a person didn't even have a chance to make a move and was attacked by the Vicious Ghost, and three sacrifice dolls couldn't bring him back. If the ghost had attacked others, the outcome might be the same.

"Without finding the pattern of this ghost's killing, charging in directly will easily lead to death. This is a Vicious Ghost that not even Yang Jian's Ghost Lake can subdue; outside, it could be an S-level supernatural event." Su Fan said.

"Everyone move aside, I'll handle this." At this moment, a strange voice sounded.

At this moment, Tong Qian had finished their makeup and strode over.

Li Yang, Zhang Lei, Su Fan, Wen Zhong, and Liu Qi all looked at him.

"As per the previous plan, Su Fan will predict the ghost's actions and location, Li Yang will restrict them, Zhang Lei, Wen Zhong, Liu Qi, and Lin Long will coordinate to fight the Vicious Ghost to buy time, and finally, I will finish it. Although there was an unexpected situation, the plan must go on."

With these words, Tong Qian strode into that dark room.

As Tong Qian entered the room, everyone saw that all three of her faces had changed, one of them everyone recognized—it was Wei Jing, codenamed Ghost Envoy. But the other two faces were unfamiliar.

However, Li Yang identified them. Among the remaining two faces, one was a woman, incredibly beautiful, stunning, like something out of a painting, impossible to find in reality.

This face was He Yuelian—no, that wasn't right; it was the girl from the Ghost Painting.

The last face... old, dim, covered with corpse spots—was none other than the Door Knocking Ghost, also the first administrator of the Ghost Post Office, Luo Wensong.

Ghost Envoy, Ghost Painting, Door Knocking Ghost.

Three terrifying supernatural powers were now concentrated on Tong Qian. Although possessing such powers was brief, at this moment, he already had Captain-level strength.

"This Tong Qian is a little crazy, actually drawing three faces right away," Li Yang was shocked inside.

But then he understood.

The ghost's terror was evident, Lin Long died right away, even the sacrifice dolls couldn't bring him back, so Tong Qian, who stood by and drew two faces, didn't want to hold back anymore and drew the last face, intending to finish the ghost in the room in one go.

Chapter 1482 - Seizing the Right Moment

Although we knew that confronting the ghost on the Ghost Ship wouldn't be easy, we didn't think it would be this difficult. Someone died just as we began.

Lin Long wasn't the leader, but he was an experienced and capable ghost handler. In terms of experience and qualifications, he had both. Yet, we didn't expect him to be the first to die. When news of casualties from Li Yang's team came out, many of the leaders felt a chill in their hearts.

"Seven people dealing with one ghost, and there are casualties? Is the ghost too terrifying, or is Lin Long too weak? If it's the former, then Li Yang's team is under great pressure and more might die. Zhou Deng,

go help them. I can handle things here," He Yiner frowned and then glanced at Zhou Deng beside her, hoping to send him to support.

Zhou Deng shook his head and said, "I can't do that. Yang Jian told me to guard you; you're the only Soul Summoner, and we can't afford for you to be harmed. Rough battles are surely awaiting us, and we'll need your summoning ability to control the situation."

"Come back after helping them," He Yiner frowned.

"No, the King Organization's people might be lurking around here, and if they act, the most endangered leader will be the one initially attacked. If they choose you, leaving you for even a short time could get you killed, so I won't leave," Zhou Deng said.

He Yiner said angrily, "Do you think I'm a waste, needing constant protection? Even facing their King, I won't be instantly killed."

"They won't send just one person to deal with you; they'll definitely act jointly," Zhou Deng replied.

"In the end, you still refuse to support. If Li Yang's seven-member team is wiped out, the ghost will enter Dahai City, and you know the consequences. Everyone's dealing with the ghost now, and we're the only ones who can spare help. If you don't go, you're turning a blind eye to their plight," He Yiner said.

She felt she could handle things here and preferred Zhou Deng to offer support.

However, Zhou Deng remained unmoved. He said, "You should trust Li Yang's team. Yang Jian put them together because he recognizes their skills. If they were easily wiped out, they wouldn't have been part of this mission. We should focus on our own tasks and not get distracted."

"Damn it." He Yiner was frustrated and angry when Zhou Deng remained firm.

But just then, new information came from Li Yang's side, and for once, it wasn't bad news, but good news.

The ghost has been dealt with; leaders need not worry.

The message was brief, but significant.

When the news spread, it reassured many leaders. At least they knew Li Yang's team could fulfill their leadership duties. Although Lin Long was lost, these things are unavoidable in supernatural incidents, especially given the current complex situation.

"See, Li Yang's team handled it quickly," Zhou Deng grinned.

He Yiner said with a tense face, "Losing a member to one ghost suggests more casualties if another ghost appears. That may become a breakthrough point; as leaders, we ought to be more proactive."

"It's their first time handling such matters with no experience, so they stumbled. I believe after this lesson, they won't be careless," Zhou Deng had faith in Li Yang's team.

Indeed, Li Yang, Su Fan, Liu Qi, Zhang Lei, and Wen Zhong grew more vigilant after this incident.

"It's not time to relax despite the resolution; ghosts may come at any time,"

Tong Qian emerged from a dark room, ruining his ghost makeup as he walked to prevent supernatural erosion.

Still, a small part of his skin rotted, causing intense pain.

Yet, his Ghost Face remained intact, aligning with Yang Jian's foresight that Ghost Face paired with ghost makeup was an impeccable combination.

"We should adjust the strategy; it's not advisable to confront the ghost until Tong Qian completes the makeup. Once Tong Qian finishes drawing two Ghost Faces, the six of us will act together to ensure success. We must use the sacrificial doll before the ghost attacks, avoiding Lin Long's fate," Li Yang said solemnly.

"Indeed, that's the right approach." Others nodded.

After a brief discussion, they couldn't afford to mourn a comrade's death and promptly initiated the next step.

Meanwhile, Wang Chaling seemed rather relaxed in another zone, standing still with four terrifying ghosts by his side. They roamed nearby, ready to shred any approaching ghost by the souls of his parents and grandparents.

At this moment, Wang Chaling began to appreciate his grandparents' terrifying power. Ghosts that even Ghost Lake couldn't subdue were aggressively captured by his grandparents' souls without struggle.

Before long, three golden boxes were beside Wang Chaling.

"Previously, facing Hungry Ghost didn't reflect my grandparents' souls' terror because Hungry Ghost had consumed a Coffin Nail, complicating the situation. Now, I can easily deal with this scenario and, having become a ghost handler myself, I can protect myself some, and unleash nearby ghosts without constant protection."

After encountering Wang Lu's couple, he deepened his understanding of his family's generational abilities and his grandparents' terror.

His previous methods of using ghosts were entirely wrong.

"Still, I'm concerned about when the King Organization will act. If I were them, I'd strike when Ghost Ship unleashes peak supernatural forces since leaders will be under immense pressure, unable to cover for others. The first targeted leader will likely be killed since joint efforts from them would retire a leader right away."

Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses, contemplating silently.

He hoped not to be the immediate attack target, although such thoughts were selfish but natural.

Yet, Wang Chaling knew his information was leaked, making him a likely choice for the enemy. In the King Organization's eyes, he was still an ordinary person, not a top ghost handler.

"Must prepare early to avoid being targeted," Wang Chaling thought to himself.

On Ghost Lake, Yang Jian who had just disassembled a terrifying ghost before him, took a brief rest then gazed at the retreating Ghost Ship. At this point, mist began forming around the ship, suggesting its time in reality was up, and it was about to vanish and set sail.

As the Ghost Ship underwent changes, Yang Jian noticed more ghosts falling into Ghost Lake, beyond previous numbers.

"Are all ghosts disembarking before the Ghost Ship vanishes?" Yang Jian's eyes flashed: "Such a hassle."

Evidently, a climax of supernatural forces was nearing.

This moment tested everyone.

If they endured, things would improve; if not, this supernatural assault would quickly cause mass casualties.

At the same time.

Dahai City, atop a building away from the supernatural zone.

The King Organization members gathered. Despite the forced entry into Dahai City, it didn't affect their plans.

"These leaders are already overwhelmed, too busy to bother with us. As planned, once Ghost Ship lands successfully, the Ark plan proceeds, and leveraging ghost powers can exhaust these leaders without direct action. But it seems one ship's supernatural entities aren't enough; Captain, send them another ship of ghosts."

A foreign man in a suit and gentleman's hat smirked coldly.

"The Ghost Ship is damaged, its course altered. Transporting a second shipment of ghosts demands time and faces some uncontrollable setbacks, not easily done," a King-labeled Captain spoke coldly, his expression lifeless, devoid of human emotion.

"In that case, tonight is our best chance to move?" The preacher said slowly.

"That's logical. If they manage to handle the Ghost Ship's released ghosts, future actions will be more challenging since the Nautical Chart fell into their hands. Manor Lord, you bastard, you handed it to them," another King said, glaring viciously to the side.

The Manor Lord, previously taken down by Yang Jian, stood once more alive, regaining authority within the King Organization.

"Show respect; Yang Jian is remarkable. You should hope you don't meet him, or you'll die miserably. Moreover, he's pivotal in winning this war; if he's eliminated, then defeating the remaining leaders would be simple,"

The Manor Lord spoke lowly, mixed with fiery anger.

Although he failed, he shouldn't be ridiculed; his status among the Kings remained top-tier.

"Perhaps we should discuss the next move. I think, as the leaders deal with the ghost, we should act and eliminate them, winning this war," the gentleman adjusted his hat brim, speaking earnestly.

Chapter 1483 - Disappearance and Emergence

The Ghost Ship docks in Dahai City, marking the official start of the Ark Project. The Captains from Headquarters and the King from the King Organization have gathered... Such important news couldn't be kept secret because the commotion was too great, and everyone in the supernatural circle was paying attention.

So, in less than half an hour, everyone in the supernatural circle had a rough idea of what was happening in Dahai City.

For a moment, the world's attention was focused here.

Once Headquarters and the King Organization clash head-on, the outcome will change the entire world's structure, regardless of the result.

At this moment, inside the Ning'an Building in Dadong City.

Wang Guoqiang was in a video call with Cao Yanhua from Headquarters, recounting the situation there. This information included details unknown to outsiders and was highly confidential.

"Now Yang Jian has completely released the Ghost Lake, activating the Flood Plan. However, his plan is somewhat restrained and hasn't really triggered a flood, submerging the city. Obviously, he's also worried about the King Organization ripping into our city."

"Moreover, fierce ghosts continuously disembark from the Ghost Ship. All the Captains, including the external reinforcements, have joined forces to respond. As it stands, no ghosts have yet breached the defenses and entered Dahai City. However, the number of ghosts disembarking from the Ghost Ship has not yet peaked, so I cannot determine whether this defense line will later be breached."

"Additionally, according to Lu Zhiwen, Yang Jian has released Zhang Xiangguang. He has reached an agreement with Zhang Xiangguang, so this time Zhang Xiangguang is willing to help us deal with the King

Organization. Although he poses a potential threat later on, personally, given the severity of the current crisis, I think releasing Zhang Xiangguang is a good decision."

"Zhang Xiangguang's intelligence is well known. He is very strong and can fight against five Captains alone. Although part of the reason for the intelligence leak is there, his strength cannot be denied."

...

Wang Guoqiang said a lot, trying to lean towards his side, making it seem like the situation is currently favorable. However, his brows were still furrowed with worry.

"I understand, the situation indeed does not look optimistic. The Ghost Ship issue is already a big problem. On top of that, the King Organization has already infiltrated Dahai City and could strike at any moment. We now have to fight against fierce ghosts and guard against sneak attacks. The Captains are under immense pressure."

Cao Yanhua sat in his office, constantly puffing on his cigarette. The smoke lingered around him; the ashtray on the table was already filled.

He hadn't slept for two nights straight.

He had to coordinate and handle many things. He couldn't just sit and wait for news like others might think a deputy minister could. He needed to prepare for the evacuation of civilians from Dahai City, formulate a containment plan, and even deal with all the repercussions afterwards...

"This is indeed not an easy war. This time, our enemies aren't just ghosts but people too. Even in today's supernatural eruption, conflicts between humans do not cease." Wang Guoqiang remarked with some sentiment.

"This is a battle for survival, allowing no retreat. This time everyone who can be mobilized has been, aside from Old Qin, who hasn't shown up yet. This is the most critical card. Once played, it must have a decisive effect." Cao Yanhua knocked on the table as he spoke.

Wang Guoqiang nodded, also feeling immense pressure, and couldn't help but light a cigarette.

Even though this thing isn't good for his health, it was their only way to relieve stress as ordinary people.

"Although the pressure is immense now, you still need to take care of your health. You are expected to take over Headquarters later, and a pile of things awaits you. So it's best you quit smoking and don't smoke anymore." Cao Yanhua said while smoking his cigarette.

"Deputy Minister, you're the one who should quit smoking; your addiction is much worse than mine." Wang Guoqiang laughed.

Only talking about these topics could let the two feel a bit relaxed.

Cao Yanhua took a deep drag of his cigarette and said, "I don't need to quit smoking. When my throat was uncomfortable last time, the doctor who was treating Professor Wang also checked me out."

"Was it serious?" Wang Guoqiang asked.

"My throat's fine, but there are some growths in my lung, likely lung cancer, and a rather serious type." Cao Yanhua said.

The smile on Wang Guoqiang's face suddenly froze.

Cao Yanhua smiled, "It's not a serious illness. If it really needs treatment, there are ways to treat it. If normal medical methods don't work, there are supernatural means. But I refused. Alright, let's not talk about this; we need to discuss the subsequent issues."

"Regardless of win or lose, we must be well-prepared. However, I believe that we will be the ultimate victors of this war. I have confidence in our Captains."

Wang Guoqiang nodded, and they returned to work mode once again.

Meanwhile, online, the Dahai City Ghost Ship incident was creating heated discussions.

"The Ghost Ship has appeared in Dahai City. The King Organization's Ark Project has officially launched, and Captain Yang Jian from Headquarters has countered with the Flood Plan. Now both sides have gathered in Dahai City, ready to fight at any moment."

"So abrupt. It was peaceful before, and now it's changed so quickly? If this continues, I'm afraid the supernatural incidents will fully erupt. An Ark Project and a Flood Plan all involve releasing fierce ghosts. Before long, there won't be a safe place left in the world."

"They're the ones fighting, and we're the unlucky ones affected. Damn King Organization, why do these lunatics stir up a war for no reason? Wouldn't it be better to join forces to solve the supernatural incidents?"

Despite the many discussions, some ghost handlers frequently active on the internet suddenly became silent.

Because smart people knew to start preparing early at this time.

For them, regardless of the outcome of this war, the most important thing was how to survive the upcoming supernatural eruption. After all, this confrontation would break the current balance of the supernatural circle.

With fierce ghosts out of control and the number of top-notch ghost handlers drastically reduced, even a pig would understand what the situation would be afterwards.

"Japan's Exorcism Club seems to have suddenly gone silent. Have they decided not to participate and are hiding? Or are they plotting something secretly?"

Some sharp-eyed netizens noticed that ever since Japan's Exorcism Club publicly announced their support for the King Organization last time, they had not shown any movement.

However, regardless of the comments from the outside world, they couldn't influence the situation in Dahai City in the slightest.

Because even if people from the supernatural circle knew about the situation in Dahai City, they dared not rush there. After all, the city had attracted dozens of the world's top ghost handlers. Anyone unrelated who got involved would die miserably.

But there are always exceptions to everything.

At this moment.

A bus traveled on the highway, heading towards Dahai City.

"Driver, can't you go a bit faster? I have urgent business in Dahai City."

A woman in a purple qipao, with a graceful figure, sat on her seat, gazing at the distant Dahai City.

The bus driver replied, "Miss, if you're in a hurry, you could take a plane or a high-speed train. Taking the bus is slower, and our company's rules don't allow speeding. Passenger safety is the priority."

"I don't like flying; I prefer taking buses." Sister Hong replied, still as capricious as ever.

The bus driver didn't reply and continued driving.

But before long, as they approached the outskirts of Dahai City, they encountered a roadblock on the highway, with many workers sealing off the entire road.

"Special circumstances, Dahai City is now closed to all vehicles. You must turn back here." Someone directed.

"This is bad news." The bus driver muttered, then turned back and said, "Miss, sorry, the road ahead is closed, we can't go through, I'll have to turn back..."

However, before he could finish his sentence, the driver was stunned.

The bus cabin behind him was empty, and the passenger in the qipao had disappeared without a trace.

The driver hurriedly opened the car window, stuck his head out to look left and right, fearing that the passenger had run off in impatience.

But after looking around, he couldn't find the woman in the purple cheongsam anywhere nearby.

A living person had just vanished into thin air.

At the same time.

The ghost ship that had entered Dahai City had now completely disappeared. This ship had lingered in the real world long enough and was now setting sail on its next journey. Even the supernatural bus couldn't completely stop this ship; it merely intercepted it for a brief period.

The disappearance of the ghost ship was both good news and bad news for Dahai City.

The good news was that the supernatural interference had entirely vanished, along with the potential hidden dangers brought by the ghost ship.

The bad news was that all the ghosts on the ship had disembarked.

The horror of the supernatural reached its peak at this moment.

Yang Jian stood on Ghost Lake, and in the waters ahead of him, four or five figures were already floating, with more appearing gradually. Additionally, some terrifying ghosts were wading through the water and dispersing in all directions from afar.

In some directions, three ghosts walked off all at once.

The increasing numbers were suffocating.

One had to understand, these weren't ordinary ghosts; each fierce ghost required the captain to expend a lot of time and energy to deal with.

If their numbers increased, it meant some ghosts couldn't be dealt with at all.

If one were too rash, mistakes could be made while fighting the fierce ghosts, and it was even possible to be killed by them.

"Will the King Organization act now?" Yang Jian drew a deep breath and felt increasingly uneasy.

Even though they had anticipated and prepared for this, the tension was palpable when the moment arrived.

"There's no choice but to grit my teeth and push through."

Yang Jian didn't hesitate and set his sights on dealing with one ghost as quickly as possible.

At this moment.

As the number of fierce ghosts increased, the other captains soon felt the pressure.

"Not good, another ghost has entered this building," Su Fan's face changed dramatically as he spoke.

"We haven't finished dealing with this one, and another one is coming?" Liu Qi frowned and looked deep into the corridor nearby.

From the depths of the corridor came eerie sobbing, echoing inside the building, sending chills down their spines.

They had come after this fierce ghost, and before acting, they had already received such bad news.

"The situation the captain mentioned has arrived."

Li Yang's face turned somber: "The increase in ghost numbers isn't the only issue; the King Organization is also watching from the shadows. It's time to fight for our lives. Don't hesitate any longer; light the Ghost Candle to seal the building and release the substitute doll. As long as the King Organization hasn't made an appearance, we should deal with the ghosts first."

"Alright." The others nodded.

"The number of ghosts has increased?" On the other side, He Yiner noted the irregularities. She had just managed to lock up a ghost, only to see two horrific figures approaching her.

Furthermore, shadows were closing in from a distance.

"This is the final supernatural attack from the ghost ship. Once we endure this, everything will be over, but we must be wary of other enemies," Zhou Deng said as he approached from an unknown location, looking unwell.

He had just fought a fierce ghost and suffered a setback, encountering a supernatural assault.

Luckily, he carried many paranormal artifacts; otherwise, he might have been killed.

"Use a trump card first, stabilize the situation, and we'll talk later."

He Yiner wasn't stingy at a time like this. She immediately reached for an old enamel teacup but hesitated and put it away, opting instead for a memorial tablet.

"I think so too; if you don't use your trump card now, it could be trouble later. We can't let the ghosts enter Dahai City," Zhou Deng didn't object to He Yiner using a trump card at this juncture.

Meanwhile, over on Wang Chaling's side, he also sensed something amiss around him. He didn't act rashly but instead summoned all the Wang Family's spirits to guard him.

"We, three generations of the Wang family, must act together now; I don't want us to be picked off one by one." He no longer hid but instead moved proactively out of the safe area.

Wang Chaling set out with four spirits, needing to deal with the fierce ghosts and also look after his own safety. Of course, most importantly, he needed to wait for the King Organization to make an appearance, as he had a special task to fulfill today.

Failing to capture someone from the King Organization would result in him answering to Yang Jian afterward.

Although He Yuelian was a newcomer, she noticed the captains' preparations, sensing they were readying for a significant impending crisis.

She didn't dare be negligent and prepared herself as well.

Ash-grey paper ashes fell, and the Ghost Domain covered the area.

Within the Ghost Domain, eerie women dressed in red wedding gowns appeared, their numbers unimaginably multiplying.

He Yuelian hid among them, unseen by anyone.

The eerie women dispersed, guarding the area and preventing any ghosts from breaching the defenses.

Though the ghostly paintings were terrifying and the paranormal threat of the Dried Corpse Bride was fierce, facing fierce ghosts wasn't easy for He Yuelian, as she had not only to block but also to imprison them.

"They have started to move."

Meanwhile, beneath a streetlamp in Dahai City, Zhang Xiangguang emerged, knife in hand, eyes fixed on a direction with a cold smile, slowly stepping backward.

Beyond the lamp's light, Zhang Xiangguang vanished completely.

Being an anomaly, he only manifested when illuminated; without light, he was an invisible specter.

"The captains seem under considerable pressure, almost at their limits; it's time we act and win this battle smoothly."

The King Organization also observed the situation here and felt stirred, seeing the optimal moment to assault the captains.

All at once.

All the hidden Kings in Dahai City made their appearance.

Chapter 1484 - The Three Targeted

The departure of the Ghost Ship has brought the supernatural activity in Dahai City to its peak.

If we can hold out, then we will successfully resolve this crisis. Conversely, if we can't, then everyone might die in this crisis. But at this crucial moment, the people of the King Organization have started to act. They have been lurking in the dark for a long time, without confronting the captains from the headquarters openly, even though they have the advantage.

Because the people of the King Organization are waiting for a foolproof opportunity.

And now the time is ripe.

When all captains are busy dealing with the fierce ghosts from the Ghost Ship, if they strike, it will definitely be fatal.

"Everyone be careful, several of the paper figures I spread out in Dahai City have suddenly disappeared mysteriously, without even sending back any messages. This is not the doing of the supernatural, but

was caused by human action, because my paper figures are scattered all over, and even if they were to die, they couldn't have all perished at the same time. Only a powerful ghost handler could kill all my dispersed paper figures at the same time."

Suddenly, Leuk San was the first to realize this. He immediately notified the others, informing the captains about the changes in Dahai City.

"I feel like the King Organization has started to act, they're removing my secret sentries, making it impossible for us to retrieve information from Dahai City. Now, they could attack us at any moment. If any of us deal with the supernatural events quickly, try to support the others as much as possible."

"Leuk San, what you said is right. The Ghost Ship has already left, and the ghosts on the ship have been released. If the other side wants to act, they will definitely choose this moment. I am already prepared to respond." Lu Zhiwen replied.

"I have already used my trump card, planning to eliminate the surrounding ghosts as quickly as possible." He Yiner also replied.

"I noticed something was off just now and have already taken precautions." Wang Chaling also said.

Lin Bei directly said, "I have hidden in the Mirror World and brought the ghosts into the Mirror World as well. If the other side wants to kill me, they will have to come here first. If any of you encounter danger, I will immediately take you out of reality. Just don't resist my supernatural power by then."

He prepared an escape route for everyone, hoping it would come in useful when needed.

The other captains didn't refuse Lin Bei's goodwill.

Even though the supernatural interference in this area is intense, the captains still managed to exchange some information via satellite phones.

They are no fools and naturally understand what might happen next. Leuk San's reminder was just to tell them about the King Organization's timing of action, giving them an estimate, so they won't be caught up in the supernatural events and be unable to extricate themselves.

Yang Jian also received such news.

He was standing on the Ghost Lake, watching a dismembered corpse slowly sink into the water, and his gaze turned towards the direction of Dahai City.

"If the King Organization really wants to make a move, they're likely to target only a few captains, not attack everyone simultaneously. They can only gradually wrap things up with an absolute advantage after reducing our numbers. Therefore, whether the first batch of attacked captains can survive is crucial."

"Currently, the people in Dahai City are Lin Bei, Lu Zhiwen, Leuk San, Li Leping, Wang Chaling, He Yiner, Zhou Deng, He Yuelian, and Li Yang's team, plus me, and the external aid Faceless Person, Zhang Xiangguang, Ye Zhen."

"The probability of external aid being targeted is very low. Although Ye Zhen was attacked before, that was just a convenient move after the opponent took down the supernatural forum, not a deliberate action. Therefore, this time the most dangerous ones are the captains from the headquarters."

"Which of the captains are most likely to be targeted in the first attack?"

Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he pondered. Although there were still many fierce ghosts on Ghost Lake, he did not continue to deal with them, because he did not want to be entangled with the supernatural anymore. He had to maintain his ability to move at this point. This was not selfish; he needed to be able to provide support at any time, and if necessary, use a restart to turn the tide.

After a brief thought, Yang Jian felt there were three captains most likely to be attacked first: Wang Chaling, He Yiner, and Leuk San.

Because even though Wang Chaling controls four ghosts, he is relatively weak, making him the easiest captain to kill, a soft target that the other side would naturally choose.

He Yiner, being a Soul Summoner, has already used her summoning ability before, and has likely been observed by the King Organization. Moreover, the fact that Zhou Deng is protecting her only proves her uniqueness. The King Organization could hardly ignore a special captain like her.

As for Leuk San... he has too many paper figures hidden in every corner of Dahai City, making it impossible for the King Organization to escape his notice if they act, so they will definitely not let him off.

As for why Yang Jian didn't consider himself, it's because the King Organization knows his strength. Trying to kill him would require a considerable number of people, and they would have to be prepared to lose a few, as the supernatural circle knows he holds a Coffin Nail.

So Yang Jian feels he is actually in less danger, unlikely to be among the first targeted.

"Ye Zhen, where are you? The King Organization has begun to act." After a brief thought, Yang Jian picked up his phone and contacted Ye Zhen.

Though supernatural interference was affecting the phone signal, it did not stop Yang Jian from wishing directly, keeping his phone in communication.

"I'm dealing with family matters. This time many of my underlings have died, and those bastards didn't even spare the newcomers who just became ghost handlers. They wiped out my supernatural forum, and even my manager is dead. Not many of us are left alive now."

Ye Zhen's voice was low, mixed with anger.

"You should put your matters aside for now. The King Organization might move at this time. If you don't push them back, the remaining underlings won't survive either." Yang Jian said.

"Makes sense, revenge first; other matters can wait. Wait for me, the two of us together can dominate the world. If the King Organization dares show up today, we'll wipe them out completely." After saying this, Ye Zhen hung up.

Yang Jian had wanted to ask Ye Zhen to support the other captains, but he hadn't had time to say it.

"Oh well, him coming is good enough. Ye Zhen can deal with any King; as long as he acts, the other side will have to assign a King to handle him." After thinking it over, Yang Jian didn't assign any tasks to Ye Zhen.

He, like Zhang Xiangguang, is an uncontrolled existence, with his own way of doing things.

"All the preparations that could be made have been made; now it's up to whether the people from the King Organization come or not." Yang Jian thought to himself.

The people of the King Organization want to seize this opportunity to crush the captains, but doesn't Yang Jian also want to take this opportunity to eliminate them? Winning, even at a cost, would be worth it.

At this moment.

Members of the King Organization had already reached the area sealed by Ghost Lake. They didn't act rashly, instead observing the surroundings.

"So that's it, all the captains are scattered, they've formed a defense line against the fierce ghosts coming ashore from the Ghost Ship. Moreover, the number of fierce ghosts in their respective areas has already become overwhelming. This is an excellent opportunity for us; this time, failure is not an option."

In a dimly lit building, a low voice echoed, belonging to a man wearing a gentleman's hat.

"Their people are scattered; our people must not follow suit. The opposition isn't made of ordinary individuals; they're formidable figures. We've already lost several comrades, and if we lose a few more, our King Organization will be finished. So, we must approach this with extreme caution. Therefore, I suggest we launch a surprise attack first, eliminate several of their captains, and then start the war. Only if they suffer losses first can we gain the upper hand."

The speaker was a fat foreign man, wearing suspenders with flesh hanging all over his body, but this flesh was dark and gray, emitting a faint stench of decay.

He was also a King, codenamed: Butcher, within the King Organization.

"Wang Chaling, He Yiner, Lu Zhiwen, Leuk San, these four must be eliminated as captains. Their presence will cause us great trouble," the missionary continued, having already prepared a list.

"Why not this Yang Jian? He's their BOSS," someone asked.

The Manor Lord coldly replied, "He's very formidable. Fighting him would require at least three Kings, and there's still a chance of losing one or two. The first attack should not focus on him, but we can't ignore him entirely. Be wary of his support, so I will stall him for a while."

"Four targets are too many; this will disperse our strength. Our sneak attack should eliminate at most three targets, so we must remove one for more assurance," the man wearing the gentleman's hat suggested.

"Then exclude that Leuk San guy. He has too many paper effigies, making it easy to target the wrong one," said the missionary with a glance.

"Three targets, then? Let's proceed as decided, take action as previously discussed," the Manor Lord commanded.

As soon as these words were spoken,

the figures in the dim building began to disperse one by one.

In the blink of an eye, the dozens of people gathered there disappeared mysteriously.

The King Organization finally devised a plan to take action, and as Yang Jian had surmised, their first move wouldn't target everyone but would instead ruthlessly focus on one or two captains.

However, the targets they intended to kill were somewhat different from Yang Jian's predictions; unexpectedly, they included Lu Zhiwen in the list and then excluded Leuk San.

Even though the captains were aware that the King Organization might strike, they couldn't sit idle waiting for their appearance. What if they never showed up, or merely delayed? They couldn't just watch the malevolent ghosts enter Dahai City.

Hence, even at this moment, they had to combat the supernatural, imprisoning malevolent ghosts, without halting their actions.

But during this imprisonment process, they needed to remain vigilant about their surroundings.

As a result, the pressure on the captains was exceptionally heavy now.

"Temporarily settled those ghostly things," He Yiner sighed slightly, seeing the summoned spirit cease its actions nearby.

The spirit summoned by He Yiner was also an elder from Taiping Ancient Town, whose name on the spirit tablet had faded and become blurred, with no available records of his life. It was only known that after his brief appearance, he silently imprisoned the surrounding ghosts one after another.

By He Yiner's side, there were five golden boxes. These containers for imprisoned ghosts were delivered to Dahai City by headquarters with utmost speed.

Once items entered Dahai City, the captains could always find a way to use them.

"Didn't expect to see a third-generation Soul Summoner,"

the elder looked at He Yiner with a smile, appearing very friendly, but his body was gradually disintegrating, turning into a wisp of blue smoke beginning to vanish.

The greatest drawback of summoned spirits is that they stay in the real world for too short a period, especially when using supernatural powers, which greatly shortens their stay in reality. On the contrary, spirits with weak powers in life can linger longer in reality when summoned.

He Yiner glanced at the elder; although unfamiliar, she'd heard her grandfather mention stories about him, though she couldn't fully remember the details, only that he was called a Shadow Walker.

But just as the elder was about to dissipate, his kind, amiable expression suddenly turned angry and ferocious.

The elder reached out towards He Yiner, seemingly wanting to do something.

But it was too late.

His time in reality was up, and that angry, vicious face turned into a puff of smoke, disintegrating, leaving not a trace.

He Yiner saw the disintegrating form of the Shadow Walker and didn't think much of it, assuming it was a normal supernatural lapse.

Yet, the next moment, she sensed something amiss.

"Who?"

He Yiner abruptly turned to look, immediately narrowing her eyes, feeling a chill down her spine.

Behind her, unbeknownst to when, three people appeared.

These individuals were unfamiliar, looking like foreigners, and their sudden appearance had no warning. All three stared at He Yiner with indescribable malice.

He Yiner felt as if she were being watched by three terrifying malevolent ghosts.

"Beware, they're Kings from the King Organization," Zhou Deng's low growl echoed as he acted without hesitation.

"Too late," a deep voice replied.

Suddenly, the surrounding light dimmed instantly. Under the shroud of darkness, He Yiner's body quickly disappeared at an astonishing speed, as if being eroded by the emerging darkness. The only thing remaining untouched was He Yiner's old clothes, which bore imprints of distorted ghostly images.

At this moment, He Yiner understood why the summoned spirit suddenly became ferocious.

It was because the Shadow Walker sensed the perilous attack on He Yiner, aiming to act against it, but time had run out, leaving him powerless.

Chapter 1485 - A Desperate Summoning

I didn't expect the people from the King Organization to seize the opportunity so precisely, choosing to act at the instant the souls summoned by He Yiner just dissipated. And it wasn't just one King who acted, but three, and even when these three Kings took action, they didn't consider Zhou Deng, who was beside them.

Clearly, He Yiner was their main target. Only after killing He Yiner would they consider dealing with other leaders.

He Yiner's body was rapidly being eroded by darkness. Her whole person seemed about to disappear, except for the worn-out old garment imprinted with the pattern of a fierce ghost, which could resist this erosion.

At the moment of being attacked, He Yiner saw what those three people looked like.

A clown dressed strangely and sinisterly, a creepy man whose face was continuously rotting, wearing a captain's outfit, and a figure whose form was blurry, appeared black and white, like a projected image of a person.

From the intelligence data provided by Leuk San last time, the code names of these three people in the King Organization immediately surfaced in her mind. They were the Clown, the Captain, and the Projectionist.

Among them, the Projectionist had previously clashed with Yang Jian, Li Leping, and Cao Yang at the Xiangjiang Wharf, almost killing Cao Yang. If it hadn't been for Yang Jian exchanging one King's life to get Cao Yang back, Cao Yang would have already died at his hands.

"The ones who acted were that Captain and Projectionist."

He Yiner felt her body being not just swallowed by darkness but part of her limbs being pulled away from reality, entering an unknown supernatural realm. She had no way to resist the whole process, as her body had long lost sensation, even though there were many unused mediums on her.

The Soul Summoner's supernatural powers were sealed, completely unusable. No matter how many mediums, it was to no avail.

"I will die if this continues." At this moment, He Yiner's eyes narrowed, sensing the taste of death.

If not for wearing the most ferocious ghost cloth left by the tailor shop owner in the Taiping Ancient Town, she would have been killed the moment she saw those three Kings, unable to hold on.

But holding on for a few seconds was of no avail. She had been completely restricted unless Zhou Deng could create a miracle, briefly repelling three people to buy time for her to summon. Otherwise, this confrontation would be impossible to win, and once she died, Zhou Deng would be surrounded and killed by those three, soon to die as well.

At this moment, He Yiner even conceived the ensuing scenario in her mind.

She thought she would die with resentment.

Unexpectedly, He Yiner was surprised to find that at the moment she was about to disappear, the supernatural eroding her stopped. Although her body had become blurred, it could still maintain a general outline and not vanish utterly.

"Hmm?"

As if discovering the issue, the Captain's rotting face slightly turned, and his dull, ashy eyes looked towards Zhou Deng.

At this moment, Zhou Deng's face was turning black, his body being eroded by the terrible supernatural forces, his whole self continuously decaying and dissipating. Yet, he was staring firmly at the three people in front of him: "Who says I was too late to act? It's unrealistic to block three Kings at once, so I didn't attack you but He Yiner."

"I got lucky. With one move, I took away part of the supernatural assault on He Yiner. I must admit, you Kings are ruthless. Just enduring a portion of the supernatural attack turned me into this state, almost dying."

As he spoke, Zhou Deng's skin continually peeled away, with thin red lines appearing on his body. These red lines seeped blood, slicing him into rectangular patterns as if a cutting machine severed him, and a stench of decaying corpses began to spread.

Within moments, Zhou Deng transformed, becoming unfamiliar and horrifying, not looking human, more like a cocoon made of small patches of human skin sewn together.

This was what he had obtained after resolving the supernatural event at the horror museum. Zhou Deng stole it from a non-decayed old corpse. At the time of resurrection, it seemed like a Gold-threaded Jade Garment, but after the ghost's resurrection, he realized it was just a dreadful human skin garment, only appearing as a disguise.

The museum did not display an ancient corpse but a sleeping fierce ghost.

It's hard to imagine, a ghost being unearthed by archaeologists, exhibited in a museum for years without awakening to kill until one night the displayed body disappeared, and after being encountered by a night patrol guard... the horror museum incident occurred.

Even though Zhou Deng obtained the human skin garment early, it was particularly fierce. If not for coming to Dahai City to deal with the Ghost Ship, Zhou Deng would never want to wear this thing in his life.

Low roars and wails emanated from the human skin garment, with blood continuously seeping through the little seams of human skin.

Zhou Deng was melting, slowly turning into a pool of blood.

He wasn't a ghost and couldn't withstand the side effects of the human skin garment, so he was being eroded. If he kept wearing the garment, he would die terribly.

But Zhou Deng couldn't take off this human skin garment.

Because the human skin garment could help him resist the supernatural attacks of the Kings.

At this moment, Zhou Deng hadn't disappeared; only the human skin garment on his body had more than a dozen pieces of small human skin turned black, seemingly dyed by something.

Seeing that He Yiner miraculously survived at the critical moment, the three Kings realized something was amiss. They knew the chance for a sneak attack came only once. If they couldn't eliminate He Yiner in the shortest time, their action would be deemed a failure. After all, the opponent wasn't a fool, just watching them bully with numbers.

With a strange, sharp laugh, the King codenamed Clown suddenly vanished.

Immediately, He Yiner and Zhou Deng felt a bout of dizziness.

In the haziness of consciousness, they seemed to see the Clown running and laughing strangely while rushing towards them, but in reality, the Clown couldn't be seen. This made it impossible for them to resist. In just a blink, Zhou Deng felt as if he was tackled to the ground by the Clown and continuously attacked with sharp instruments.

Clearly, this Clown is short and not tall, easily resistible, but my consciousness is groggy with not a single thought of resistance.

Intense pain transmits from the minds of He Yiner and Zhou Deng, feeling as if their heads are about to explode.

"It's a consciousness attack. We won't last long, you must seize the opportunity to summon souls." Zhou Deng growled.

Clearly, this King codenamed Clown can attack consciousness and can assault multiple people simultaneously.

At this moment, Zhou Deng went mad, constantly making moves, trying to protect He Yiner.

Assaulted conscious He Yiner suddenly felt as if a cold hand touched her head, and then the Clown in her mind disappeared.

But at the same time, there were two Clowns in Zhou Deng's mind, both attacking simultaneously.

The dual assault on consciousness, coupled with continuous erosion by the Ghost Cloth, rapidly worsened his condition to the extreme.

"He is taking the damage for He Yiner, in that case, take him down first, otherwise, we can't even kill one Captain due to the delay."

The projectionist said coldly, striding towards Zhou Deng, and his figure vanished, while Zhou Deng's surroundings swiftly turned black and white.

This black and white seeped into him, rapidly dragging him away from reality.

Even with the Ghost Cloth on him, it only slowed down the process.

The King codenamed Captain still stood motionless and numb, his behavior eerie and hard to fathom, but undeniably powerful and terrifying. Yet, he did not heed the projectionist's suggestion, choosing instead to continue assaulting He Yiner.

Perhaps in his view, He Yiner was the biggest threat, while Zhou Deng was merely a diversion, not worth the effort to deal with, nor worthy of killing.

However, as Zhou Deng bore the assaults of the two Kings alone, He Yiner regained some mobility.

Opportunity!

He Yiner's blurry body could move; without hesitation, she grabbed a relic, an old cup.

This cup was given to her by Yang Jian during a Captain's meeting.

The cup's former owner was the master of that enormous cemetery, whom Yang Jian called Sexton Luo Qian.

He Yiner saw that the King codenamed Captain was desperately using his Soul Summoning ability.

If successful, the situation can be reversed.

But, at the next moment, darkness surged, engulfing He Yiner's arm.

Her arm vanished, along with the old cup, into the darkness.

The Captain wore a rotting face, expressionless as if knowing He Yiner's intentions.

"It's over." He Yiner felt despair as her means were thwarted; instead of killing her, the opponent seized her medium.

Without a medium, a Soul Summoner cannot summon souls.

"Don't give up."

Zhou Deng was roaring, blood crazily seeping from his Ghost Cloth, struggling even to make a sound now.

How and when unknown, the cup missing in darkness rolled back to He Yiner's feet.

The blurred body contacted the medium.

The Captain intended another assault, but Zhou Deng staggered to block in front of He Yiner, holding a burning red Ghost Candle.

The sinister flame suddenly inflated, bursting instantly.

The surrounding spectral phenomenon momentarily receded.

The Captain halted, and even the projectionist retreated slightly.

"Summon the soul." He Yiner succeeded, using her Soul Summoning ability at that moment.

An eerie, ghostly figure swiftly emerged around, a deathly elder, frail and wooden, with pupil-less eyes, only a black void, exceptionally terrifying.

Chapter 1486 - Zhou Deng's Mission

Zhou Deng's strength isn't very formidable; he became a captain purely because previous captains were eliminated due to various reasons, and he was picked from among the underdogs.

Even after becoming a captain, he wasn't highly regarded. He had once been a thief before becoming a ghost rider, which made many captains look down on him, especially He Yiner, who felt that he only knew petty theft and lacked the commitment expected of a captain.

Yet, this moment, he hesitated not the slightest, exhausting everything he had, solely to protect He Yiner in front of the three Kings, ensuring her success in soul summoning.

This was the sole task Yang Jian assigned him.

Zhou Deng didn't betray Yang Jian's trust; he fulfilled his duty impeccably, even at the potential cost of his life.

You see, the target of the three Kings wasn't Zhou Deng. If he were to flee now, leaving He Yiner to perish, no one would hold him accountable. At most, he'd be reproached afterward for ineffective protection, and if his skin was thick enough, he could easily disregard it.

Blood seeped eerily from that human skin mask.

Zhou Deng's consciousness and body were under dual assault; he had reached his limit and couldn't act anymore, yet at this moment, he smiled.

Because he saw He Yiner succeeded in soul summoning.

Utilizing the medium and the soul summoner's supernatural ability, a long-deceased soul reappeared in this world. It was a lifeless elderly man, exuding a rotten aura, as if buried in the soil for many years, like a fearsome wraith, inducing shivers.

But after this elder appeared, his pitch-black eyes began to move slightly, now surveying the surroundings.

The summoned soul was unaware of the surroundings initially and required a brief moment to adapt and comprehend the current situation.

"Soul summoner from Taiping Ancient Town, huh? So, I've been brought back as a henchman," the elder spoke, releasing a faint sigh.

This moment, the Sexton Luo Qian returned.

Though his presence could only last for a fleeting moment, this period was enough to reverse the situation, switching offense and defense.

The three Kings now felt a wave of dread.

"Is this the deceased ghost rider from before? No wonder we need to kill this captain named He Yiner first; her supernatural ability is indeed troublesome. If she's not dealt with first, she could resurrect the deceased captain, rendering this war victory moot."

The Projectionist saw this scene and finally understood He Yiner's value, realizing why an obscure captain was worth such desperate protection from others.

"But she only summoned one person, not highly threatening; that captain named Zhou Deng is almost done for, posing no threat. Just a bit further, and success is ours."

Yet, the Captain didn't respond.

He remained silent, swiftly turning away to leave, even directly abandoning He Yiner.

This occurrence made the Projectionist's expression change dramatically.

Left?

What a joke, success was in reach; He Yiner had lost her ability to fight back. Just a little more wear, and this captain would indeed perish.

"Hey, what are you doing? Escaping?" The Projectionist attempted to call out to the Captain.

But the Captain didn't respond; his attitude was cold, actions bizarre. After turning away, he didn't hesitate, soon disappearing from sight.

"This guy." At this point, the Projectionist couldn't help but curse.

Running now, what's the meaning? Alone, he could at most dispatch the captain named Zhou Deng, lacking the strength to face He Yiner, rendering the action utterly impossible to succeed.

Meanwhile.

The elder summoned at this moment rotated his black eyes, looked towards the Projectionist, and in the Captain's departure direction.

"They're the enemies, help me eliminate them." He Yiner immediately said.

"The strife and slaughter of the younger generations I, as a dead old man, don't wish to meddle in. The favor of the Taiping Ancient Town's soul summoner has been repaid, so for such fights, seek others, I can at most protect you from being killed, that's all," Luo Qian, however, this moment rejected helping He Yiner with the killings.

Yet subsequently, Luo Qian casually waved his hand.

A grave appeared under He Yiner's feet, swiftly swallowing her, but the grave soon collapsed again, and He Yiner once again emerged.

He Yiner appeared no longer blurred upon emerging from the grave, reverting to her prior state.

"I've buried the excess supernatural within you; you won't die," Luo Qian said.

"You don't want to help me, but would you let those foreign ghost riders wreak havoc freely? They're summoning the Ghost Ship and releasing wraiths, intending to turn the land where our ancestors lived into a wraith-ridden hell, while they enjoy peaceful lives abroad. Look at this bustling city; if these people aren't dispatched, this city will perish tomorrow."

He Yiner gazed at Luo Qian, pleading, hoping this soul would intervene.

"Such a matter?" The elder appeared somewhat astonished, then glimpsed distantly at the city.

Clearly, He Yiner wasn't wrong.

Souls retained their minds; if summoned souls wished not to aid the soul summoner, then the summoner couldn't force them, sometimes with some souls even viciously attacking the summoner, hence making soul summoning a relatively dangerous task for He Yiner; it's not always the case that summoned allies are faithful.

He Yiner remained silent, merely awaiting the Sexton Luo Qian's decision, meanwhile utilizing the recovery period to prepare a second relic, readying a new soul summoning.

She held no assurance to rely entirely on Luo Qian.

However, Luo Qian contemplated briefly, ultimately revealing an icy smile: "Though I don't particularly wish to interfere in the affairs of subsequent generations, foreigners wreaking such havoc is indeed excessive; since I've emerged in this world, might as well slay these two small fellows."

This moment, he displayed a menacing intent.

In an instant.

The projectionist felt a chill run down his spine, locked onto by the old man's pitch-black eyes as if an ordinary person was being stared at by an incredibly terrifying ghost, making his skin crawl.

"Retreat."

Some supernatural instinct told him that confronting this specter was not an option, or he would meet a gruesome end.

Considering the captain had already retreated, staying here would be difficult, even if teamed up with the clown; after all, the opposition consisted of two captains, and adding an unknown specter to their side put him at a disadvantage.

After a brief hesitation, the projectionist abandoned his assault on Zhou Deng and quickly withdrew.

His black and white figure reflected on the ground, streaking away at an unbelievable speed.

"Alas!"

Yet, an elderly, hollow sigh echoed forth.

The next moment.

The surrounding light vanished instantly, but then everything returned to normal. Everyone only felt they blinked, and after this blink, their surroundings were utterly transformed, no longer the bustling Dahai City but an endless cemetery.

Within the cemetery stood countless grave mounds, some new, some old, some with tombstones, some without, these mounds continuing in clusters, forming an eerie supernatural space.

"What?" The projectionist was stunned.

His retreat was fast enough, yet he hadn't anticipated the old man's Ghost Domain being even faster.

"Be buried here."

The sexton, Luo Qian, had changed from before, his face turned extraordinarily cold, devoid of emotion, his pupil-less eyes lacking any human feelings.

In an instant, the grave soil sagged, the dark and foul-smelling earth covering up, intending to bury this projectionist.

"I do not exist in reality. You, old man, cannot handle me," the projectionist said. Being the king, he was no ordinary person and had his unique skills.

However, what responded to him was the pouring grave soil.

Though confident, the projectionist felt something was amiss. He tried to leave this place but was horrified to find his supernatural abilities were being disturbed.

"Can't touch this soil?" he quickly realized the problem.

But it was too late.

The suppression of the grave soil had taken hold, and although he didn't exist in reality, he was being affected, the black and white on him rapidly fading away, his entire being gradually dragged back to reality by the erosion of the soil.

"Damn it."

The projectionist glanced at the endless cemetery, knowing ordinary means were useless here. Instantly, he took out a cellphone, which was playing a black-and-white supernatural movie, and his body swiftly merged into the phone, attempting to escape through some method.

Yet, just halfway through his escape, a scream erupted.

The phone instantly dimmed, its screen went out, and a dirt-covered hand emerged from the screen, grabbing his face, simultaneously causing his body to sink rapidly.

Soon after.

The projectionist ceased his struggle, buried alive, and in his place, an old mound appeared.

In this endless cemetery, the mound formed by the projectionist was not particularly noticeable.

After burying the projectionist, Luo Qian's pitch-black eyes moved stiffly, turning towards Zhou Deng.

"You can't harm him. He's my teammate, attacked while trying to save me. Help him," He Yiner hurriedly said, hoping Luo Qian could save Zhou Deng.

"Everyone has their specialty. I only know how to bury, not save. Besides, he's already dead, and this human skin suit holds only an evil spirit now, better to bury it too, or else you youngsters will have more trouble," Luo Qian stated the harsh reality.

Zhou Deng was dead.

He Yiner was momentarily stunned, looking at Zhou Deng.

Only now did she realize Zhou Deng was motionless, blood seeping from beneath him, staining the ground, with a strange human skin mask, an old tattered pellet drum, and a half-burned remnant candle floating atop the blood...

Apparently, in the moment He Yiner tried to summon the soul, Zhou Deng gave his all, and even in the end, not leaving a body behind.

The human skin suit was empty, containing nothing, nor did any more blood seep out.

Luo Qian noticed He Yiner didn't respond but took action, waving his hand as the surrounding grave soil surged, gradually burying the human skin suit that still retained a human form.

In his lifetime, he had witnessed too much parting and death.

Since they were dead, let them rest in peace, preventing the evil spirit from reviving and causing harm again.

"Restart, restarting can bring Zhou Deng back." Seeing Zhou Deng about to be buried, He Yiner panicked, clutching Luo Qian and pleaded.

"I can only bury the present, unable to reverse the past. That's not my forte." Luo Qian's words shattered her idea.

Not every top ghost master from the Republic of China Period could restart, those who could reverse the past and change the future were exceedingly rare.

Chapter 1487 - The Terrifying Wish

At this moment.

On the calm Ghost Lake, Yang Jian sensed the intent of the King Organization to take action. He wanted to immediately go to support, but someone appeared in front of him, blocking his way, forcing him to temporarily give up the idea of support.

"Just you alone to deal with me?"

Yang Jian's gaze was fixed on the person standing on the water's surface not far away.

This person was very familiar to him, having dealt with him before. It was the Manor Lord, whom he had hunted down earlier. However, because of a previous transaction, the Manor Lord's head had been returned, causing this powerful ghost master to resurrect once more.

But he wasn't surprised by the Manor Lord's appearance.

"I think our business from last time isn't over yet." The Manor Lord's face was serious, with a heavy look in his eyes and lacking the confidence and arrogance of the first time.

Yang Jian glanced around and then sneered: "Looks like it's really just you alone. If the King Organization wants to deal with me, at least three Kings must be deployed. You coming alone probably isn't to kill me, just to stall me. After all, among your people, only you have fought with me and know my abilities and cards."

"But your information is also exposed to me, so in this situation, what confidence do you have to keep me here? Aren't you worried about being killed by me? Last time I didn't kill you not because I couldn't, but because you had intelligence and bargaining value. But now you have no value, and if you fall into my hands again, there's no chance of survival."

The Manor Lord's gaze flickered: "Then you'd better pray you can kill me within three minutes, otherwise your teammates are doomed. Also, don't overestimate yourself. Last time you succeeded because you had help from teammates. In a one-on-one situation, I'm sure you can't win against me even in ten minutes."

He appeared in front of Yang Jian not thinking he could defeat him, but believing he had no problem stalling Yang Jian for three minutes.

"I see, stall me for three minutes? No wonder you dare show up in front of me again, but you reminded me, you can stall me, yet I can also stall you without wasting my time trying to kill you." Yang Jian said seriously.

"What?" The Manor Lord was a bit surprised.

Yang Jian no longer wanted to waste time. He merely shouted: "Bring him into the dream, bite him to death."

In the next moment.

Reflected beneath the cold lake water was the shadow of an Evil Hound, with a huge body like a calf, entirely pitch black, like a gathering of black mist, giving an unreal feeling. Its eyes emitted a faint red glow, appearing extremely vicious.

The Evil Hound heard the command, then using the water as a medium, leapt from the reflection running into reality, transforming into a real Evil Hound. As soon as the hound appeared, it roared fiercely and charged at the Manor Lord.

"You're only fit to waste time with my dog here. After I finish dealing with other things, I'll come to kill you." Yang Jian glanced over, no longer cared for the Manor Lord, and immediately turned to leave.

"Damn it."

The Manor Lord, seeing Yang Jian's intent, wanted to stop him, but Yang Jian instantly disappeared from his original spot, leaving him forced to handle the Evil Hound charging at him.

If Yang Jian wants to leave, the King can't keep him, and similarly, if the King wants to flee, it's also difficult for the other to keep them, unless both don't want to escape and want to kill each other, then there'd be casualties.

The roars of the Evil Hound echoed on Ghost Lake.

The Manor Lord knew the hound's ferocity because the Nightmare Castle was taken by this Evil Hound. If successfully dragged by the hound into a nightmare, even he could encounter misfortune. So the best approach is to intercept the hound, not letting it near himself.

No matter how the Manor Lord handles the hound, Yang Jian's goal was achieved.

He successfully stalled the Manor Lord, allowing himself to smoothly extract and leave.

When Yang Jian reappeared, he reached the area He Yiner was responsible for because he needed to immediately confirm the situation with the Soul Summoner. After all, He Yiner's intelligence was already leaked, the opponent might act against him first.

However, when Yang Jian arrived, he was a step late.

He saw that He Yiner successfully summoned a soul, as there stood a terrifying old man beside him. Surrounding the old man, the area had turned into a graveyard, with no end in sight, not knowing how many dangerous supernatural entities were buried.

"Did I come a step too late?" Yang Jian, holding a red spear, was ready to act anytime.

But there were no enemies around.

Indeed.

Having summoned the Sexton Luo Qian, during this time, He Yiner is in an almost invincible state. No one can surpass Luo Qian to kill the Soul Summoner, not even Yang Jian himself. After all, he witnessed the Sexton's formidable nature during its peak in Baishui Town.

"Killed a few Kings?" Yang Jian asked.

"Two, one escaped." He Yiner's gaze remained fixed on a new grave ahead.

On this new grave stood a memorial tablet, inscribed with the words: Zhou Deng's grave.

Obviously, Zhou Deng was buried by Luo Qian.

Upon hearing the death of two Kings, Yang Jian initially thought it was joyous news, but upon seeing the gravestone, his expression instantly darkened: "Zhou Deng died?"

"To protect my summoning, he alone held off three Kings' attacks." He Yiner's mood seemed slightly low.

Ghost handlers' emotions become faint, so He Yiner wouldn't cry or feel overly saddened.

"How long has he been dead? I can restart and bring him back." Yang Jian's eyes flickered, immediately speaking.

He had restarted and saved Zhou Deng once, and such a technique he was familiar with, it's not a difficult task.

He Yiner, hearing this, immediately brightened and looked at Yang Jian.

However, Luo Qian's old and cold voice interrupted his beautiful conceit: "It's too late, what's already buried can't be restarted and brought back."

"Then just dig up the grave," Yang Jian immediately responded.

He knew the presence of Grave Soil might affect the restart, so he had thought of a solution.

"When I say too late, I mean my time has come, and I do not recommend you doing this. A fierce ghost still resides in his consciousness, bringing him back is the same as bringing back an enemy. Just let all this be buried with me, it's the best choice since he has already reached his limit."

At this moment, Luo Qian's form was swiftly disintegrating, his time as a Soul Summoner was up, and he could no longer use supernatural power.

Moreover, as he disappeared, the dreadful graveyard was vanishing along with him.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes suddenly opened wide, as he attempted to activate the Eight Layer Ghost Domain to directly restart, to pull the dissipated Luo Qian back, or restart this region's time to before the battle began, which would mean there was no need for Zhou Deng to pay the price with his life.

Red light spread, attempting to engulf everything.

Yet at this moment.

A wisp of darkness appeared within the red light, and then this darkness rapidly expanded, continually invading Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, causing him terrible supernatural interference, unable to smoothly activate the Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

"Who?"

Yang Jian's ghost eyes glared furiously, looking towards the direction of the darkness's appearance.

Not far away, a man with a decaying face, a numb expression, standing motionless like a fierce ghost.

"It's the King who escaped earlier, codenamed Captain, didn't expect this guy hadn't really escaped, he just avoided my Soul Summoning time." He Yiner's eyes flickered, immediately realizing the Captain's purpose for appearing.

The King earlier didn't want to not kill me, it was just my soul summon worked, and Luo Qian appeared, so he couldn't kill me and temporarily retreated. But now the Soul Summoning time is over, so the Captain came again.

"I'll handle him, you go support the others, there's no need for you here temporarily." Yang Jian didn't hesitate at all and immediately moved forward.

If he didn't drive this person away, or kill him, his restart would always be disrupted.

Next moment.

Wisps of Ghost Flame appeared out of thin air, igniting the surrounding darkness, then converging into a sea of fire engulfing everything nearby.

The King, codenamed Captain, was amid the Ghost Flame sea, burning fiercely.

However, Yang Jian noticed that the Ghost Flame, capable of igniting a fierce ghost, disappeared a few meters away from the Captain as though an invisible supernatural force blocked the flame from coming closer.

But Yang Jian didn't expect a mere fire to kill a King, the burning was just to interfere with the opponent's Ghost Domain, blocking his retreat.

"This strike will surely dismember the person in front of me." Yang Jian wielded a red spear, using the Wishing Ghost's supernatural power.

Yet, when his wish emerged, something unexpectedly terrifying occurred.

Blood kept flowing from the red spear along his fingers into his body, and within a mere blink, Yang Jian's entire arm turned red, and it was spreading towards his body at rapid speed, so quickly that by the time Yang Jian reacted, his body was already mostly corroded.

He even felt a terrifying fierce ghost about to revive using his body.

What a joke?

Yang Jian felt astonished at this moment.

He only wished for a very simple wish.

To cut the person in front of him.

Not to kill the person in front.

Such a simple wish resulted in his body being majorly eroded by the Wishing Ghost's supernatural power.

This situation could only indicate one reason.

The wish was exceptionally difficult to fulfill, so difficult that even the Wishing Ghost couldn't easily accomplish it.

"Just what is this Captain codenamed guy?" Yang Jian at this moment doubted the Captain's identity, thinking this person couldn't possibly be an ordinary King, and must be hiding a huge secret.

The backlash of the Wishing Ghost was the best evidence.

However, there was no time to think about these, Yang Jian immediately used the Seven Layer Ghost Domain to restart himself, avoiding the Wishing Ghost's supernatural erosion.

The Eight Layer Ghost Domain was sealed, but the Seven Layer Ghost Domain could still be used.

After all, the Seven Layer Ghost Domain only affected himself, with a smaller range of effect, whereas the Eight Layer Ghost Domain was supposed to affect a nearby area, making it unusually difficult.

After the self-restart, the self-erosion disappeared, and the Wishing Ghost's wish began gradually realizing.

A terrifying and vague figure emerged before Yang Jian.

Chapter 1488 - The Targeted Wang Family

Just as Yang Jian faced off against the King with the codename Captain, the situation for the other captains wasn't looking optimistic either, because the targeted person wasn't just He Yiner, the second person targeted was Wang Chaling.

This Wang Family's third generation, as Yang Jian predicted, due to his own shortcomings and uniqueness, became the first target of the King Organization's attack.

Wang Chaling is also very aware of his own situation, so he expected this kind of thing; thus, he's always been wary of surrounding dangers, trying not to give the opponent any chance to strike.

At this moment, Wang Chaling is walking alone on the streets of his assigned area, surrounded by four wandering spirits that refuse anyone's approach.

"The opposing King hasn't appeared yet; looks like they're not planning to make a move against me. They must have shifted their target to someone else. Yes, compared to me, the other captains have some differences, abandoning me to attack the easier target is quite reasonable."

Wang Chaling is very confident at this moment, especially since he became a ghost wielder and met his parents after summoning their spirits, learning the Wang Family's secrets.

Now he is no longer a novice, but a genuine third-generation member of the Wang Family.

Anyone who underestimates him will pay a heavy price.

However, at this moment.

The smile at the corner of Wang Chaling's mouth froze, he adjusted his glasses, a bit doubtful if he had seen wrong; while walking, he unexpectedly arrived in front of a shabby building, and the surroundings were pitch-black, making it impossible to see any buildings related to Dahai City.

Turning around.

The way back also disappeared.

The whole world, except for this building in front of him, had nothing else.

"Is it a supernatural event emerging from Ghost Lake, or have I been targeted by people from the King Organization?" Wang Chaling's gaze instantly became heavy, while realizing his situation.

Unknowingly, he has crossed the boundary between reality and the supernatural, entering this place.

Wang Chaling is aware of similar things, like that Ghost Post Office is such a place.

Connecting reality through the supernatural and blurring the line between them, not to mention a normal person, even a top ghost wielder could unknowingly cross that boundary into the supernatural realm; by the time they realize it, returning would be too late.

Therefore, Wang Chaling didn't think about retreating first but immediately focused his attention on the old building ahead.

Although the building is old, it's very solid, with thick walls and narrow windows, giving a feeling akin to entering a prison cell.

However, this building isn't a prison, but an apartment building, and it seems to be operational. The door is open, with dim lights inside, and several figures can be vaguely seen moving in the windows upstairs.

If it were in a city abroad, such an apartment building wouldn't seem suspicious at all.

But this is Dahai City, especially during this special period, the purpose of this building's appearance is self-evident.

While Wang Chaling was observing, three figures appeared on the first floor of the apartment building, three people coming out of it one after another.

These three people are peculiar, one holding a book, dressed as a missionary, another in a suit, an old man with graying short beard and monocle, appearing somewhat vintage, and the last figure is somewhat eerie, a girl like a porcelain doll.

This girl is around ten years old, with a pale face and large eyes, but her pupils are dim and lifeless.

"Missionary, landlord, twins, some of the most troublesome people in the King Organization, they really hold me in high regard, appearing all at once to deal with me. Looks like they've decided to kill me here." Wang Chaling chuckled coldly, thanks to Leuk San's information, he immediately recognized these three people.

"But what surprises me is that you didn't attack me sneakily; instead, you waited until I entered this supernatural space to reveal yourselves."

The missionary stared at Wang Chaling and said: "You're too cautious, making it difficult for us to find an opportunity to act. We don't want to delay time lest your teammates come to assist you, so the best method is to isolate you. This way, even if we can't kill you quickly, we can exhaust you here."

"Moreover, I believe in a three-against-one situation you won't last long. Our battle will end soon."

"So arrogant, missionary." Wang Chaling adjusted his glasses: "It's not three against one between us, it's three against five; my helpers outnumber yours."

His parents, grandparents, all their spirits surrounded him, staring intently at the missionary.

"They're just spirits; once they enter this building, they'll be trapped forever, unable to escape, and you'll also become part of this building." The suited old man with the monocle spoke; he codenamed Landlord because he manages a terrifying apartment.

The tenants inside the apartment aren't humans but vicious ghosts.

But often he needs living people to stay in the apartment for a while since if the building houses ghosts for too long, they get restless; thus, human lives are needed to soothe the agitated ghosts and keep the apartment operational.

So, this building is a killing place, terrifying as the Ghost Post Office at least has safe rooms for living, while this apartment building is filled with horror and danger.

The porcelain-doll-like girl said nothing; she seemed unable to speak, with her mouth like it was glued shut, yet her dim large eyes kept turning, eerily watching Wang Chaling like a deadly ghost.

Wang Chaling remained silent, merely lowering his head slightly, a cold smile on his lips.

He knows he's in danger after being targeted, but so what, he chose to be a ghost wielder, which means he's destined not to live long, doomed to die eventually, and as a Wang Family's third generation, after death, he would just become a spirit.

"That old man codenamed Landlord must be fought, otherwise my Wang Family spirits being trapped in this building would be disastrous... But the fact this person revealed some information to me suggests he might be luring me to attack him intentionally, so this could be a trap."

"Even if it's a trap, it must be stepped on; Wang Family's spirits cannot be lost under my watch, might as well go all out here, kill all three Kings; at worst, I'll die here."

After a brief thought, a sinister smile appeared on Wang Chaling's lips. He immediately took a step forward, his figure overlapping with his grandfather's spirit.

Human and ghost overlapping, forming a new existence that is neither Wang Chaling nor his grandfather but incorporates both human rationality and ghostly horror.

This technique was previously unknown to Wang Chaling, taught to him by his parents.

It has a flaw, that it's prone to ghost erosion; over time, one might gradually lose rationality and become a new spirit.

So it can only be used in a life-or-death struggle.

"Attack." The missionary sensed something wrong and, without hesitating, roared, while the book in his hand flipped noisily.

The ghost-overlapped Wang Chaling said nothing, his gaze coldly fixed on the Landlord, then strided towards him.

The King codenamed Landlord sneered; he merely backed away a few steps, situating himself inside that terrifying building, waiting for Wang Chaling to approach.

For him, this building is the most terrifying supernatural weapon; as long as Wang Chaling dares enter, he will definitely make sure he dies inside the building,

And the girl like a doll suddenly vanished without a trace, then reappeared behind Wang Chaling.

However, there wasn't just one girl behind him but suddenly became two.

Both girls looked identical, same height, same attire, undistinguishable; they held hands, their hollow eyes silently approaching Wang Chaling from behind.

The three Kings acted together, all for the purpose of eliminating this Wang Family's third generation.