

Revival 1151

Chapter 1151 - Sealed Corpse

This Chinese restaurant is exquisitely decorated, very tasteful, and the secluded environment is perfect for those diners who enjoy quiet meals.

But in such a place, there hangs an inconspicuous oil lamp.

It is not an ordinary oil lamp, but a Corpse Oil Lamp.

Because there's only one, it's not noticeable, and the strange smell it emits is very, very faint. Ordinary people wouldn't be able to detect it, only someone like Yang Jian, who deals with the supernatural, could be very sensitive to this smell.

No, it's not just sensitivity; it should be said it's very familiar.

In an unreasonable place, he smelled a familiar scent, and for Yang Jian, it naturally caught his attention immediately.

But at this moment, Yang Jian's eyes were fixed on the dishes the customers were eating.

"The dishes are fine, and the diners have no issues, so the problem must be with the owner of this restaurant."

After observing for a while, Yang Jian basically identified the problem here.

This restaurant hides some secrets he himself doesn't know, and under the gaze of the ghost eye, some areas have twisted, rendering everything there blurry and unclear, obviously showing supernatural interference blocking the ghost eye's vision.

"It's supernatural interference again, but this level of interference can't stop my probing."

Yang Jian remained expressionless, not intending to give up this time, and reactivated his ghost eye, directly releasing the Ghost Domain, starting at a four-layer Ghost Domain.

This level of Ghost Domain can ignore most supernatural interferences.

As the red light enveloped the restaurant, the area previously disrupted by the supernatural revealed itself.

He saw a dimly lit, tranquil basement.

In the basement, there was a rusty, filthy chain, upon which hung a somewhat dried corpse. The corpse was barefoot, legs covered with corpse spots, and a black cloth hood obscured its entire face, making it impossible to see the features.

"This is a successfully restrained fierce ghost." Yang Jian's ghost eye scrutinized the dead body and immediately made the judgment.

This is definitely not a normal corpse because judging from the rust on the chain and the age of the basement, the body has been here for at least a decade, maybe even longer.

"The corpse oil drips from beneath the feet of this body."

Yang Jian then noticed that two black needles were inserted into the soles of the corpse's feet, which seemed to be made of Gold but turned black over time due to prolonged exposure to the body. Black liquid occasionally dripped from these needles.

A porcelain basin was placed beneath to collect this black liquid.

Without a doubt.

This black liquid is Corpse Oil, extracted from the fierce ghost, saturated with supernatural qualities, possessing some inexplicable effects.

"Clearly, the people behind this restaurant captured an unknown, fearsome fierce ghost a dozen years ago, suspended it with chains to extract corpse oil over the years, and this oil, imbued with supernatural properties, might be used to make supernatural items." Yang Jian's expression subtly shifted.

"The reason for converting this place into a restaurant is likely to mask the odor of corpse oil, fearing exposure to the paranormal community, no, wait, if they feared discovery, why specifically place a Corpse Oil Lamp here?"

He pondered the significance of placing the Corpse Oil Lamp here.

Unfortunately, Yang Jian had no leads.

But in the next moment, Yang Jian vanished from the restaurant.

No one in the shop noticed him; it was as though he was an unnecessary person, standing in the middle of the hall yet seemingly nonexistent, whether appearing or leaving.

Yang Jian reappeared in the basement of this old house.

He slightly raised his head to examine the dried corpse bound and hanging mid-air by chains. Though curious to unveil the hood to see the real face, he restrained himself.

Hood, chains.

Clearly, these are arrangements to constrain the ghost.

Though uncertain of their specifics, a certain balance between them apparently keeps the ghost restrained here for decades without escape. Any action Yang Jian takes here might unleash this fierce ghost.

So Yang Jian slightly lowered his gaze to the porcelain basin.

The porcelain basin was filled with a black, foul-smelling liquid.

"I'll take some back for Doctor Chen to study."

Yang Jian fetched an unopened beer bottle, used the Ghost Domain to empty out the beer, and then filled it with the black Corpse Oil.

In no time, more than half of the Corpse Oil in the porcelain basin was gone, and the owner here would likely notice the discrepancy at a glance upon returning.

But Yang Jian did it anyway.

"No other discoveries here; this ancient house has clearly been cleaned out. Though it keeps such a restrained fierce ghost, it seems safer for now than that old building from before."

After verifying there were no other hidden dangers, Yang Jian left with the bottle full of Corpse Oil.

Moments later.

Yang Jian appeared again in front of a villa in Da'ao City.

But after just a few glances, he lost interest.

The security measures of the villa are very high, and there are security personnel patrolling back and forth. Although this villa is strange, it at least proves there is no danger. It is most likely a place where a ghost handler resides.

Yang Jian is not very interested in probing other people's secrets.

Then Yang Jian wandered around other parts of Da'ao City.

The city is not large, and there aren't many places with issues. Overall, this is a very safe city, with a low probability of supernatural events occurring. The only problematic places are that old residential building and the restaurant with a Corpse Oil Lamp.

But both of these places have human traces. Although supernatural, they are under control.

Finally.

Yang Jian appeared on a street.

Across the street was a popular entertainment venue in Da'ao City, called Daxing Entertainment City.

"This is the last place with a supernatural aura, but it's not the right time to go in now. I'll come back tonight." Yang Jian took a look and then turned around to leave.

Although he came with a playful mindset, his cautious nature still led him to first investigate the situation here.

After wandering around aimlessly, the time had already reached the afternoon.

At this moment, Jiang Yan contacted him: "Hey, Yang Jian, where are you? Didn't we agree to have dinner at six? We're all ready to head out, when are you coming over? Come back quickly, I'm so bored all by myself, they are all not playing with me."

"Stop being so naggy. I'll show up when it's time. Let Wang Bin and Zhang Xiang prepare. That's it, hanging up." Yang Jian ended the call.

"So annoying." Jiang Yan puffed her cheeks in the hotel.

At this moment, Wang Bin came over: "Miss Jiang, have you contacted Yang Jian? We are about to set off."

"He told us to go first, said he'll follow shortly." Jiang Yan said.

"Since we've informed him, that's fine. Yang Jian is punctual and won't be late. Let's go first." Wang Bin said.

Zhang Xiang also walked over from the direction of the lobby: "I've already arranged the vehicles for pick up. Also, that broker Wang Xin, along with that investor, arrived at Xinji Restaurant two hours early."

"They are scared."

Jiang Yan smiled with her lips pursed: "Now that Yang Jian is taking things seriously, they definitely wouldn't dare to hide any longer. Hmph, today we'll teach them a good lesson. Daring to set us up, and even aiming for Shangtong Tower, they're really tired of living."

"Auntie Jiang, why do you sound like Brother Tui, talking so arrogantly."

Zhang Wei and Xiong Wenwen also appeared, with Zhang Wei suspiciously staring at Jiang Yan: "But you'd better not imitate him."

"Why?" Jiang Yan glared: "Don't call me Auntie."

"Brother Tui is arrogant because no one can beat him. If you swagger around and get beaten to death, what then? By then, you'll ask me to help you, which will be a real headache." Zhang Wei said.

"Pah, who needs you to help? Take care of yourself first. I have Yang Jian's protection; no one dares to bully me." Jiang Yan said confidently.

Xiong Wenwen looked slightly dejected, with an unhappy face.

Because just now, he lost twenty rounds playing Landlords with Zhang Wei, so angry that he threw his phone.

If only he had known this guy's luck was so good, he should have used foresight.

A group of people chatted, heading out with the mindset of causing trouble.

Xinji Restaurant, to be honest, wasn't large, just a small tea restaurant. Due to its famous egg tarts and pineapple buns, it was favored by the nearby residents, usually bustling with business.

But starting this afternoon, the shop had already stopped operating.

Because it had been exclusively booked by several businessmen at a high price.

At the moment, the empty restaurant only had a few scattered men in suits sitting.

They were smoking, with deeply furrowed brows, looking distressed.

"I really didn't expect such a small matter to attract such a big figure. Yang Jian of Ghost Eye personally flew to Da'ao City, and even mainly invited us to dinner. This is unmistakably a Hongmen Banquet."

A man named Qian Xin said. He didn't usually smoke much, but now he couldn't help himself.

"I've had someone investigate some information on Yang Jian, which cost quite a bit, and what little I learned is shocking. Various top-secret matters, various warnings, various taboos, all the top circles I interact with are highly respectful of him."

Another businessman, probably in his fifties, said in a low voice: "Involving the supernatural circle, and Yang Jian is the top figure in it, you naturally don't understand his weight if you're not in this circle."

"To be honest, today's meal is not as simple as a Hongmen Banquet. I've already even made my will before coming."

The third person chimed in: "Since we're already here, let's see who this Yang Jian really is. Frankly, we haven't offended him. Two people from his company lost a lot of money, do they think they'll take it back? If you can't afford to play, don't play. Resorting to ghostly tricks is nothing."

Some were clearly dissatisfied with this dinner, as they were coerced into attending, so naturally, their moods wouldn't be good.

Chapter 1152 - Treating to a Meal

Evening in Da'ao City.

A few cars parked at the entrance of Xinji Restaurant.

Zhang Xiangu, Wang Bin, Zhang Wei, Jiang Yan, Xiong Wenwen, and several company managers got out of the cars one by one.

They said they were inviting guests for dinner, but actually the other party had arrived earlier.

As soon as the door opened,

the group that had booked Xinji Restaurant greeted them.

"President Zhang, President Wang, I didn't expect we'd meet again so soon. Come in, will you?" Qian Xin, acting as the go-between, approached warmly, spreading his arms to embrace them.

But Zhang Xiang and Wang Bin didn't give a warm reception, and with a hint of coldness, said, "Thanks to you, I've been losing sleep lately. Luckily, I haven't been hit with debt collection, or my company would've gone bankrupt this month."

Qian Xin chuckled awkwardly, "You can't blame me for this. I was just kindly getting you investment and earning a bit of commission. Who'd have thought good intentions would go wrong? But we're here today, aren't we? If there's anything to discuss, how about we sit down and talk it over? We're all reputable people, no need to get unpleasant over such matters, isn't that right, Boss He?"

Boss He was a wealthy businessman in his fifties, dressed in a suit, accompanied by several bodyguards, aides.

He didn't seem very happy at the moment but forced a smile, "Both of you, he's not wrong; anything can be discussed face-to-face. No need to hurt harmony over a bit of money. I sincerely want to invest in your company. It's just that some unexpected event happened midway."

"Forget it, let's not mention the past. You seem to have brought distinguished guests this time? How about introducing them to us?"

Zhang Xiang said, "Not distinguished guests, just a few executives from my company. Came together for a bit of travel. Right, this is Miss Jiang Yan, Yang's personal accountant."

He particularly introduced Jiang Yan.

Because Jiang Yan's identity was different from the others.

"Miss Jiang, hello. I didn't expect Yang to have such a young and beautiful personal accountant. Truly enviable," Qian Xin said with a smile, reaching out his hand. "But I believe Miss Jiang isn't just young and beautiful; surely you have extraordinary skills. I admire ladies like Miss Jiang, who balance capability and beauty."

Jiang Yan gave a slight smile but didn't extend her hand, "I just came to have a look. President Yang will be here soon."

Qian Xin didn't feel awkward. He withdrew his hand and said, "I've long admired Yang. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to meet yet. To be invited by Yang today is truly an honor."

"I'd also like to meet the legendary Yang."

Boss He said, "Although I'm not from his circle, I admire people like Yang greatly."

They flattered him, easing the somewhat tense atmosphere.

According to their expectations, after screwing Wang Bin and Zhang Xianggu over, they thought they'd never meet again for a lifetime. After all, meeting enemies is surely unpleasant.

But unexpectedly, just a few days later, because of Yang Jian's strong invitation, they had to show up again.

After all, by not coming, they'd face Yang Jian's direct revenge.

Coming leaves room to negotiate.

"Everyone, please sit. The place might be small; I hope nobody minds, please," Zhang Xianggu gestured.

Qian Xin, Boss He, and a few others sat down, but they were seated with Wang Bin and Zhang Xianggu at the same table, facing each other. Some subtle hostility lingered, clearly not as harmonious as it appeared.

"Boss, bring everyone a cup of hot milk tea. I'll cover today," someone said loudly. Everyone glanced over to see Zhang Wei ostentatiously announcing he'd foot the bill.

"Also, separately, I'll have three pineapple buns and two egg tarts."

Then he unreservedly ordered more for himself.

Qian Xin glanced, then withdrew his gaze and smiled, "President Zhang, President Wang, in my opinion, it's better to reconcile than hold grudges. We're all aware of this matter insightfully, and since everyone's here, how about putting forward some conditions, discussing them, and treating the matter resolved? What do you think?"

Boss He quickly added, "President Zhang, this really is a misunderstanding. And, well, you lost fair and square, there's no complaints. If everyone came after losing, how would I continue my business? This time Yang is involved. Respecting Yang, showing my sincerity, I can clear your debts completely and refund forty percent of your funds to both. Furthermore, I'll privately invest ten billion in your companies as a gesture of goodwill, how about it?"

Zhang Xiang and Wang Bin showed a slight change in expressions.

Boss He truly calculated things thoroughly, virtually returning all money in and out, caring for his reputation. Saying invest ten billion was essentially giving it away.

"Boss He seems to have misunderstood something," Zhang Xiang smiled slightly, "We're not ones who can't handle losing."

"Oh, is that so? Then what's the purpose of inviting us for dinner?" Boss He said this but felt a bit of disdain inside.

All the same really, at the end of the day, it's just being unable to endure losing.

Zhang Xianggu said, "Before coming, Yang Jian told me, losing is losing, I should accept it. So he made a call, said this matter ends here, and asked Lok Sheng, the person in charge of Da'ao City, to mediate."

"Yang is sensible, but you still came?" Boss He slightly frowned.

Zhang Xianggu said, "Because someone mentioned using Yang Jian's Shangtong Tower as debt collateral, so we came."

Boss He's face darkened instantly and said, "Impossible, I never said that. Our Entertainment City's debts are plenty, once a real estate boss mortgaged a few hundred apartments from a project here, worth billions, and we didn't even go for it, let alone such a special case like Shangtong Tower."

He wasn't foolish enough to seize a captain's office building.

Whenever a debt involved someone influential or special, they'd give up.

After all, working in this business is inherently disgraceful; if it blows up, causing a bad reputation, they're bound to be dealt with.

"Whether or not it was said is no longer the issue. The important thing is Yang has arrived, and what happens next is beyond my control. I hope Boss He understands." Zhang Xianggu said.

Boss He fell silent.

Qian Xin now shifted the topic, "Speaking of Yang, why haven't we seen Yang yet? Will he come today? I am eager to meet him."

"No, you wouldn't expect to see it."

Yet at this moment, a cold voice suddenly appeared, and no one noticed that a person was quietly sitting beside the table, calmly watching this side.

It was a pale young man, looking around twenty, with cold and sharp eyes, exuding a chilling aura. The most striking feature was the third eye on his forehead—a crimson, eerie ghost eye, restlessly rotating and observing the surroundings.

Hmm?

His appearance startled Qian Xin and Boss He, as well as the accompanying bodyguards. One bodyguard was so nervous that he even reached for his gun.

Yang Jian sat there, glancing slightly at the bodyguard: "Boss He, is this your man?"

"Yes, he's my bodyguard." Cold sweat dripped from Boss He's back.

When?

When did Yang Jian appear in the Xinji Restaurant? Was it just now? No, it seems not. It feels like he had been sitting there all along, unnoticed until he started speaking just now.

"Hosting a dinner, is there any reason to bring weapons?" Yang Jian said.

Boss He immediately said, "President Yang, don't misunderstand. They are responsible for protecting my safety outside, not bringing weapons to your banquet. I will let them leave now."

"Since they're here, have a drink." Yang Jian said.

"Thank you, President Yang."

But then Yang Jian continued, "I remember there's a regulation in Da'ao City, right? Private possession of weapons is not allowed, it's illegal. Boss He should know this, and your bodyguards don't seem like decent people, covered in tattoos. I don't have a good impression of such people."

Boss He's face changed, not knowing how to respond.

But he knew in his heart, this was Yang Jian giving him a warning.

Yang Jian continued, "However, I will give you some face, Boss He. I won't pursue this matter, but those tattoos are an eyesore. Remove them for me."

"Did you hear what President Yang said? You are given a chance, now remove your tattoos." Boss He said in a hushed voice.

"Use this, it's faster to wipe it off."

Yang Jian casually grabbed some stainless steel spoons from the nearby table and threw them over.

The bodyguards hesitated for a moment but still gritted their teeth, picked up the spoons, and began scraping away at the skin on their hands, bit by bit removing their tattoos. Before long, the skin was bleeding, but they had to endure the severe pain and continue.

"Let's continue with our previous topic." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

Boss He relaxed a bit at this moment: "President Yang, I really don't know about the events at Shangtong Tower. How about giving me a chance? Twenty billion, just as an apology to you, President Yang."

"I'm not interested in money. To be honest, money is just a number to me. As long as I want, I can get tens of billions, hundreds of billions."

Yang Jian said indifferently, "But I heard that Boss He likes to gamble. I think matters of the gambling table should be solved on the gambling table. How about Boss He invites us to your place to play today? Regardless of win or lose, let's end our issues, shall we?"

Boss He's expression immediately turned serious. He didn't rush to agree, "President Yang is welcome to play, but..."

"Then it's settled." Yang Jian patted his shoulder, interrupting him.

Qian Xin immediately said, "Boss He, it's all a misunderstanding from the start. Just accompany President Yang to play, resolve the misunderstanding, and perhaps everyone can still be friends in the future."

Boss He understood Qian Xin's implication, which was deliberately losing back all the previous winnings to let Yang Jian save face. After all, making an apology in person does seem somewhat disrespectful.

"Fine, if President Yang wants to play, then I'll take him to play. However, my Entertainment City is a legitimate business, and we don't gamble with money, as gambling is not allowed."

Yang Jian asked, "No gambling with money, then what do you bet?"

"We bet with points. A hundred dollars, a hundred points." Boss He said.

"Just changing the form, it's still the same." Yang Jian said.

At this time, Jiang Yan leaned over and whispered, "It's different. You can exchange your money for points, but his points can't be converted back to money. It means even if you win a lot, as long as it's beyond the exchange limit, they can refuse to exchange it, which is cheating."

Boss He heard Jiang Yan's words, but he pretended not to hear and said nothing.

Stating it in advance is to prevent Yang Jian from flipping the table later. Mentioning it afterward inevitably gives a sense of deception.

"Interesting, but it doesn't matter." Yang Jian rubbed his chin.

This is the so-called rule.

Playing on someone else's turf means following their rules; no matter what, you can't win.

So Yang Jian doesn't like this.

However, Yang Jian doesn't seem to like following others' rules either.

At this moment.

The Xinji Restaurant was already permeated with the smell of blood.

The bodyguards sitting behind were already bloody. They couldn't withstand the pain from the spoon scraping their skin, and now began groaning in agony, but they dared not stop.

Because the conversation wasn't over.

Neither Boss He nor Yang Jian had called for a stop.

Chapter 1153 - New Gameplay

The dinner continued.

But the small restaurant was already filled with the smell of blood.

The bodyguards brought by Boss He had their skin cracked open and blood gushing out, nearly passing out from the pain, but they dared not stop, using a stainless steel spoon to slowly scrape off the tattoos on their skin.

The cause of all this was merely a bodyguard instinctively pulling out a gun earlier.

Boss He did not stop it, knowing that if Yang Jian didn't teach them a lesson, it would be dangerous for himself.

Besides, these wounds weren't fatal, just a matter of a trip to the hospital for treatment later.

"Your guys have quite the tolerance. They're tough, not uttering a word till now. But the tougher they are on themselves, the tougher they are on others. I'm really afraid they'd suddenly pull out a gun and shoot me dead. Sitting with these dangerous people requires quite some courage," Yang Jian said, taking a sip of the hot milk tea just served, and glanced over.

"The guns in their hands are just toys, they shouldn't affect you, Team Leader Yang. Why bother with them? Let them take a walk outside instead of being a nuisance here," Boss He suggested.

Yang Jian looked at him and said, "You want me to let them off? It's possible, but I believe things need to be fair. Didn't Boss He just invite me to play at your casino? How about this, I'll add a rule: if Boss He can make me lose one billion points, I'll spare one of you."

"And if you can't?" Boss He's expression changed.

Yang Jian replied, "If I win a billion points, then I'd ask one of you to disappear from this world. One billion for a life, I think it's a fair bet. What do you think, Boss He? Oh, I forgot to remind you, your life is included."

"What?"

Boss He was shocked and angry, immediately standing up.

"Team Leader Yang, I've already shown you a lot of respect. Isn't this a bit too much?"

Yang Jian, with a cold expression, said, "Too much? You set up a scheme to take away tens of billions from us, nearly bankrupting a few of us. That's not excessive? As I understand, there are not a few bosses who have gone bankrupt and jumped from your casino. Didn't you find that excessive then?"

"Willing to gamble must be willing to lose. That's what you said."

Boss He's face changed unpredictably: "Team Leader Yang, do we have to play such high stakes?"

"On your turf, you are the dealer; they abide by your rules. But here, I'm the dealer; you abide by my rules. Don't let me catch you cheating. Otherwise, when the game ends, I'll flip the table and make all of you disappear, including you," Yang Jian said, pointing at the broker, Qian Xin.

Qian Xin's expression drastically changed, his whole body tensed up. He forced a smile and said, "Team Leader Yang, it's better to make friends than enemies. Why let things get this way?"

"This hasn't reached the point of turning hostile yet. If you can win against me, naturally there won't be any issues."

Yang Jian said, "I just checked, you have a total of eight people here. Boss He needs to win eight billion from me tonight for this to end; otherwise, if I win eight billion, then I'll only be very sorry."

"Headquarters won't allow Team Leader Yang to do such a thing," Boss He said in a deep voice.

"You still know headquarters? Not bad, quite informed. Then you can report this to headquarters and see whether they deal with you or with me. Boss He, don't get it wrong, you guys are the ones who provoked me first. Ordinary people should just stay as ordinary people. Stepping into circles you shouldn't enter means you have to bear the corresponding risks."

"It's already considered restraint that I didn't outright kill you when we met, and you have time to respond. If you want to survive, then win against us."

Yang Jian knocked on the table heavily, his expression particularly cold.

At this moment, cold sweat broke out on Boss He's face as he realized the severity of the situation.

This Yang Jian isn't here for money; he's here for his life this time. He had naively thought that compensating some money would settle things, but now it seems the situation is heading for the worst-case scenario.

Sure enough, this fits the style of those in the supernatural circle.

What Boss He didn't expect was that he'd been the dealer all his life, and now it was his turn for someone else to be the dealer.

"Team Leader Yang, can we discuss this further, without making things so stiff? We're all in this to make money, after all, why go to such lengths?" Qian Xin tried to persuade Yang Jian to drop the idea, serving as a mediator.

But before he could finish speaking.

Suddenly.

Qian Xin's body stiffened as he felt something foreign on his chest, a bone-chilling cold instantly coursing through his entire body. He then saw a cold, blackened hand slowly reaching out from inside his collar, directly gripping his neck with terrifying strength as if it was about to snap it.

Suddenly, a strong sense of suffocation and fear surged in.

Qian Xin's eyes widened in horror, staring at the eerie and terrifying dead hand on his neck, his whole body shivering uncontrollably.

Is this... a ghost?

"You are in this to make money; I'm not. Don't get it wrong," Yang Jian said, eyeing him.

Seeing the terrifying hand on Qian Xin's neck, Boss He's face turned pale and his complexion was very bad. He knew this was Yang Jian's supernatural power, and once used, there was no difference from a real evil ghost killing someone.

Ordinary people have no chance against such ghostly powers.

"Since Team Leader Yang insists, I have no choice but to go all out and play with Team Leader Yang. I just hope that Team Leader Yang keeps his promise and doesn't settle accounts afterward," Boss He calmed down and decided to take a gamble.

He had no choice.

Because Yang Jian could kill them at any time, he could only adhere to Yang Jian's rules to play the game.

"Certainly, I'm a person who keeps promises. This is just a gamble. If you win, nothing will happen; if you lose, then you leave your life here today," Yang Jian said.

"Given that, I'll take my leave first. My Daxing Entertainment City is just across; Team Leader Yang won't get lost. I'll be waiting for Team Leader Yang over there."

Boss He's attitude changed too, becoming somewhat assertive as he left with his bodyguards and assistant.

Now that the facade was torn off, there was no need for pleasantries anymore. He's also not afraid of Yang Jian suddenly making a move since the rules were set.

Yang Jian said nothing, just silently agreeing to the departure of Boss He and his crew.

"Brother Tui, this guy suddenly got so arrogant. Why don't we block them and let them leave only after we're done? If we let them leave so easily, they'll definitely call people for revenge later," Zhang Wei said.

"You also know they would call people. I just want them to call people. How else can we draw out the ones behind them?"

Yang Jian replied, "Of course, that's provided the people behind them are willing to stick up for them. If they're merely pawns, then they're destined to lose today. I'll just treat this as an ordinary case."

"Whether it's really aimed at me or just a misunderstanding will be determined by if they win or lose this time."

Zhang Wei said, "Are you really going to gamble? Can you win over eight billion? Don't kid yourself; I know your skills well enough. You've never won at poker once."

"No. I won't gamble, and I don't gamble. I have no interest in such things," Yang Jian replied.

"Then why did you say you'd gamble with them," Zhang Wei asked.

Yang Jian said, "I won't go up; you and Xiong Wenwen will go up."

"As expected, you finally have to rely on me, Daddy Xiong. Xiao Yang, you've found the right person. Tell me, how much starting cash have you prepared for Daddy Xiong this time? I guarantee I'll make them lose everything and make them kneel and call you daddy and call me grandpa," Xiong Wenwen stood up proudly, raising his head high.

Wang Bin said, "The money left in the company's account isn't much, only a few tens of millions left."

"What? Only this much left? When I left, there were still several billion. How on earth did you use it all up?" Jiang Yan immediately widened her eyes, incredulously saying.

She was the accountant and had been managing the company's accounts and Yang Jian's private account before going back to her hometown.

Wang Bin remained silent.

Yang Jian waved his hand and said, "It's just money. If we lose, we'll win it back; it's not a big deal. Since the other party has already entered the arena, we should almost be setting off too. Half an hour is enough time for them to prepare."

"Indeed, it's time for me, Ah Wei, to shine. Dad, you must watch closely and see how I save you from the brink of bankruptcy," Zhang Wei stood up; at this moment, he was in high spirits, feeling like a master about to take the stage.

"I'm not counting on you anyway," Zhang Xiangu glanced at him and said.

"Let's move; let's have some fun tonight," Yang Jian said.

Soon.

...

The group left Xinji Restaurant and headed to Daxing Entertainment City across the street.

The luxurious casino was brightly lit, with luxury cars coming and going non-stop. Inside, everyone was well-dressed, and quite a few handsome men and beautiful women were seen going in and out.

Yang Jian and his companions entered Daxing Entertainment City and arrived at the points exchange place.

"Two million points for each person. If you win, it's yours; if you lose, it's on me," he offered some benefits to the accompanying managers and executives.

"Thank you, President Yang."

Jiang Yan pouted unhappily because the money had to come from Yang Jian's private pocket.

"What about me? I'm sure I deserve more than just this little bit," Zhang Wei said.

"Daddy Xiong also deserves special treatment," Xiong Wenwen chimed in immediately.

Yang Jian replied, "You want to be special, Jiang Yan, give me your wallet."

"What do you want the wallet for?" Jiang Yan took out her wallet.

Yang Jian opened it and handed each person a thousand: "That's all you guys get."

"What? Only a thousand? Xiao Yang, you must be joking. They each get two million," Xiong Wenwen said.

Yang Jian said, "They're participating, and the probability of losing is higher. You're guaranteed to win, a thousand is already a lot. If the amount weren't too small to exchange, I'd think ten bucks would be enough for you."

"Since you put it that way, a thousand it is. Anyway, it's Daddy Xiong who'll win in the end," Xiong Wenwen nodded and accepted the thousand points.

Zhang Wei said solemnly, "If that's the case, a hundred is fine for me."

"Stop bragging, do you think you're me?" Xiong Wenwen scoffed: "Just don't sneak off to borrow money when you lose."

"I, Ah Wei, can crush the opponent with just a hundred bucks," Zhang Wei boasted, "unless they cheat. But they definitely don't have the guts for it, if they dare to cheat, Brother Tui will crush them."

"I'll quietly watch you brag and wait for you to get slapped in the face. But it doesn't matter if you lose anyway, because in the end, we'll rely on Daddy Xiong," Xiong Wenwen said.

As they spoke, Yang Jian and the others had completed the points exchange.

Wang Bin, Zhang Xiang, and others each had two million points, ready to play around and participate.

Xiong Wenwen and Zhang Wei each had a thousand points.

Yang Jian wasn't interested and didn't participate.

"Since you're not playing, I won't either. I only have a bit of private money and don't want to lose it all," Jiang Yan said.

"You can follow Xiong Wenwen, let him take you along," Yang Jian replied.

Upon hearing this, Jiang Yan's eyes lit up: "Right, why didn't I think of that?"

At once, she also went to exchange for ten thousand points.

It's not that she lacked money, but Jiang Yan was timid and wanted to test it out first. If Xiong Wenwen's predictions were off, wouldn't it be a disaster for her?

Better to play it safe.

"Brother Tui, I'm going first, see you later." Zhang Wei, now excited, charged into the casino with just a hundred bucks and quickly disappeared.

Zhang Xianggu immediately said, "Yang Jian, will he be safe just running off like this?"

"No worries, I'll keep an eye on him, rest assured. My purpose in not participating is to ensure nobody stirs up trouble," Yang Jian replied.

"That's good then." Zhang Xianggu eased his mind.

"Who wants to follow your Daddy Xiong? I guarantee I'll lead you to fortune," Xiong Wenwen's eyes twinkled as he decided to recruit a batch of followers.

Jiang Yan immediately shouted, "Take me, take me."

Several accompanying managers also expressed their desire to follow Xiong Wenwen; who would want to miss out on such an opportunity to get rich?

Wang Bin and Zhang Xianggu expressed their wish to explore around.

Yang Jian didn't object and agreed to their actions.

Soon after,

The group split up inside the casino.

"Is it really safe?" Jiang Yan whispered.

Yang Jian replied, "In a place this small, nothing will happen."

After speaking, he gestured to a waiter and got a glass of water.

"If you're uneasy, hold onto this glass of water; it will protect you." Yang Jian handed the glass of water to Jiang Yan.

Jiang Yan looked at the glass; through the reflection, she saw a black Evil Hound's figure appear inside.

"Then I'm relieved."

She wasn't afraid, knowing this was Yang Jian's trick, felt extremely safe, and squinted with a smile.

Yang Jian said, "Go play, I'll walk around."

"Don't go too far, shout if you need me," Jiang Yan said.

Yang Jian nodded and wandered off alone in a direction inside the casino.

Once he moved,

The cameras in the dark began monitoring him non-stop, almost a 365-degree view with no blind spots.

"Today, keep a tight watch on Yang Jian and that strange kid called Xiong Wenwen. The others might just be decoys, focus on them. Yang Jian and that kid Xiong Wenwen aren't ordinary people; they'll certainly have ways of cheating, can't let them win eight million points." Boss He appeared in the surveillance room, gritting his teeth as he spoke to the security manager.

"Don't worry, boss, they won't be able to win," the security manager said.

Boss He further said, "If they win eight million today, don't blame me for being ruthless; if you achieve the goal today, the eight million will be your bonus."

"Thank you, boss."

Everyone in the surveillance room became excited.

But Boss He wasn't happy at all. He walked out of the surveillance room with a grim face because he felt this alone wasn't enough; he needed to borrow some gambling experts from other casinos to intervene. Aside from that, he had to reach out to Lok Sheng, the one responsible for Da'ao City.

Ordinary methods may have limited effect; supernatural circles need to be dealt with by supernatural people.

"Boss, Lok Sheng has been playing in the VIP room all afternoon and hasn't left yet," an assistant reminded.

"He's still here? In which VIP room, take me to find him." Boss He looked slightly moved and immediately set off.

He had a hunch; Lok Sheng was waiting for Yang Jian to come over.

And the more it was like this, the more uneasy Boss He became.

Because this might mean he's being used, the other party intentionally bringing Yang Jian to Da'ao City with his hand, and what would happen after that was beyond his knowledge.

Thus, his sense of panic grew deeper.

Chapter 1154 - Ah Wei and Little Bear

At this moment, Yang Jian was wandering alone in Daxing Entertainment City, opting not to go along with others.

Because he knew, the moment he stepped in here, he would inevitably attract many people, so the best way was to go solo.

The bustling hall was crowded with people.

Yang Jian himself didn't know where he had wandered to, just that everywhere was filled with various machines and gambling games, but he wasn't interested in these things. He was interested in whether he could find any ghostly traces, after all, that was what he was good at.

He could feel that indeed something paranormal existed within this entertainment city, but it was deeply hidden.

He passed by a gambling table.

Noticing something, Yang Jian leaned over to take a closer look.

A lot of people were seated near the table, one by one dropping their point chips and placing their bets.

Yang Jian looked towards the dealer and found that these people were playing a very traditional dice game, but the dice cup was special; his ghost eyes couldn't see through it.

"It's a container made of Gold; supernatural powers can't peer through it. Boss He seems to have some tricks up his sleeve, having upgraded here when supernatural powers appeared to prevent paranormal cheating."

"Such defensive measures are quite limited, but enough to deal with ordinary ghost handlers. Truly skilled ghost handlers probably wouldn't be stupid enough to use supernatural powers to make money in a casino, given there are cameras everywhere. If an issue arises, you'd probably be invited to the VIP room immediately."

Yang Jian's mind immediately recalled some memory and knowledge about the entertainment city.

He roughly understood some insider information.

The reason the entertainment city is always profitable is due to cheating, merely different methods of cheating vary across different establishments. Some cheat through probability, some through technique, some through technology, and some with bizarre rules... The primary goal is consistently reducing the player's winning odds.

Some players might luck out and win some points from Daxing Entertainment City.

But most will lose.

After observing for a while, Yang Jian left, having roughly figured out the cheating method here.

For ordinary players, the entertainment city can win purely on probability.

But if you play big, probability becomes unreliable. Because no matter how you calculate, players still have a chance of winning, and the dealer wouldn't allow such things to happen. Therefore, for major players, the dealer would manipulate using various strategies.

So.

There's no such thing as a fair gambling game; it's merely competing on both sides' cheating methods.

Yang Jian had no interest in money, so he didn't even think about cheating.

While he was aimlessly wandering, on the other side.

Zhang Wei furrowed his brows as he approached the entertainment city's electronic gaming area.

"Trying to win one hundred points against the opponent's eight hundred million points is slightly challenging for me, Ah Wei, so I must multiply my point holdings by hundreds of times in one go. Achieving this through normal means is impossible; I must bet small to win big, hitting a jackpot with these hundred-point chips."

He stared at these entertainment machines in front of him.

Playing once costs one hundred points, rewards ranging from a few thousand to tens of thousands, but there's a grand jackpot of fifty thousand points, although the chances are tiny, nearly impossible.

After observing for a while, Zhang Wei gave a cold laugh and marched towards a machine, sitting down.

Without any hesitation, he tossed his hundred-point chips into the machine.

One chance.

After pressing, the symbols on the entertainment machine spun.

Zhang Wei was very confident, his eyes seemingly seeing through the future, as if a jackpot was beckoning him.

Soon enough.

Accompanied by the music from the entertainment machine, the result emerged.

"What? I, Ah Wei, bet my lifetime luck and only won a mere two thousand points?" Zhang Wei stared at the screen's display, eyes wide, standing up immediately.

He couldn't accept this outcome.

But the two thousand-point chips had already been dispensed from the machine.

"Damn, I can't accept this, again." Zhang Wei was furious, and without another word, he shoved the chips back in.

With the press of a button, the music began again, and soon, the result appeared.

At this moment, Zhang Wei's lips started to tremble.

Six thousand, this time spent two thousand points just to win six thousand. Oh heavens, since when did I become so unlucky? At this rate, I don't know when I'll win eight hundred million points.

"I don't believe it, again." Zhang Wei's hot temper flared up, refusing to give up on the machine.

Ten thousand?

Oh heavens, I spent a full six thousand points just to get ten thousand, is fate out to destroy mighty Zhang Wei?

"All in, go all in." Zhang Wei was extremely angry, furiously shoving the ten thousand-point chips back in.

Soon, the result came up.

Zhang Wei almost spat blood: "Only won twelve thousand points? This loss is unbearable."

He refused to give up, continuing to exert himself.

His luck seemed to have run dry, each time only managing to earn a mere one or two thousand points, the unluckiest even netting just one hundred points.

Nearby gamers passing by saw Zhang Wei's frantic look and found it somewhat amusing.

"How much has he lost, feels like his brain's gone haywire." A guest on a nearby machine said with a laugh to their friend.

"Looks like he's lost at least tens of thousands. They play small here, can't lose much." The friend replied.

"I think it's more than that, his chips are already at thirty thousand. I reckon he's definitely one of those big players from over there who lost everything and came here to try for a jackpot and make a comeback."

"Makes sense. Looks like he's lost at least several tens of millions."

While the two were discussing, Zhang Wei angrily kicked the machine and left with his chips: "Pah, played so many rounds and only won a hundred thousand points. When has Ah Wei ever suffered such humiliation? I'm done here, I'll try another place."

After saying that, he grumbled in annoyance and slipped away.

No one else knew that Zhang Wei only started with a hundred points, and in less than half an hour on one machine, he had increased his points a hundredfold.

"All in."

Running to a table, Zhang Wei slammed his chips onto the table without even looking.

The people next to him immediately laughed, shaking their heads, thinking he was a fool who didn't even know how to play.

But soon, Zhang Wei's hundred thousand points turned into two hundred thousand. He went all in again, turning two hundred thousand into four hundred thousand, and then four hundred thousand into eight hundred thousand, and continued....

"Playing so many rounds and can't even play cards, what's the point, I'm out."

In the end, when Zhang Wei grumbled and left with three hundred and twenty thousand points, the surrounding people suddenly changed their expressions.

"Little brother, don't go, keep playing." A fellow gambler nearby laughed and urged.

"Are you trying to teach Ah Wei how to do things?" Zhang Wei glanced at them, then left without looking back.

He felt that not being able to play cards was boring, and it was too slow. Although he had some points, it was still hard to win eight hundred million.

Zhang Wei continued wandering around the Entertainment City, and his points slowly increased. But at the same time, quite a few gamblers followed him. Some noticed Zhang Wei had very good luck and wanted to get rich by following him, some were curious and wanted to tag along, and some thought something was off and wanted to investigate.

There were also some hoodlums trying to mooch off a piece of the action.

So, unwittingly, wherever Zhang Wei went, he was followed by a large group like he was the center of attention.

Anyone unaware might think some big shot had arrived.

Meanwhile, on the other side.

A dealer responsible for dealing cards was sweating on his forehead. Around this table was also a large crowd, and opposite him was a kid about ten years old.

The scary thing was this kid had already won over twenty hands in a row.

His points had gone from a thousand to several tens of millions. If it weren't for the maximum limit on this table, he might have already won several billions.

"This is such a boring game, there's no challenge at all. Such a trivial matter needs Daddy Xiong's involvement? It seems Xiao Yang is really getting worse." Xiong Wenwen propped his head up, speaking in a bored tone.

He similarly had no interest in money, just thought it was amusing.

Didn't expect the game to be so uninteresting.

"Play for another half an hour and we can complete the task early," Jiang Yan said with a smile, who also followed Xiong Wenwen to rake in cash.

Their private money was skyrocketing at an eye-catching speed.

"What? Still need to play for half an hour? No way, too long. I don't want to play that long. I'll only play for another ten minutes." Xiong Wenwen shook his head.

"No, you can't complete the task in ten minutes," Jiang Yan replied.

Xiong Wenwen said, "Who told them not to allow big bets, that's not my problem. Wait, something seems to be happening..."

Suddenly.

He turned his head in a direction.

At that moment, a man wearing a dealer's outfit, with a deathly pale face and a dry smile, was striding over: "Bored of playing small? I've authorized lifting the limits on this table, would you like to play big?"

"A little no-name thing trying to scare me? Do they really think Daddy Xiong is scared easily? Isn't it just going all in? I can do that too."

Xiong Wenwen stood on the chair, pushing all his chips out in front of him, scattering them across the table.

"You idiot, can't you tell there's a master at play here?"

Jiang Yan panicked and tried to pull Xiong Wenwen to stop him, but couldn't hold him back.

"What master? Is Xiao Yang tall enough? Still has to call me Daddy Xiong."

Xiong Wenwen curled his lip, full of disdain: "Besides, whatever I play, I win, what's to fear."

"Bets placed, deal the cards." The pale-faced man smiled like a mummy.

He replaced the previous dealer, dealing cards to Xiong Wenwen.

But the moment his cold palm touched the cards, Xiong Wenwen immediately cursed, "Damn, you're cheating."

The anticipated outcome had changed.

This round he was supposed to win, but due to supernatural interference, he ended up losing.

"The cards aren't dealt yet, how can you say I'm cheating? Kids shouldn't talk nonsense. Our Entertainment City prides itself on credibility." The pale-faced man's head slightly lowered, his expression instantly darkened.

The surrounding lights flickered, as if interfered with by something.

Realizing what was happening, Jiang Yan hurriedly reached for the cup next to the table.

But being too anxious, she accidentally knocked the cup over.

The water from the cup spilled onto the tabletop, forming a puddle.

Under the puddle, in the depths of the shadow, an Evil Hound bared its teeth, glaring fiercely at the man, seemingly ready to leap out of the water.

The pale-faced man's eyes narrowed at once, subconsciously stepping back a few paces.

Chapter 1155 - Sun Ren

Beneath the puddle on the table, the silhouette of an evil hound emerged, menacing and eerie, as if ready to leap out at any moment.

The pale-faced man was evidently someone from the supernatural realm. Although an insignificant figure, he had the keen perception expected in that world. He immediately felt his hair stand on end, as an inexplicable fear surged through him.

There was no mistake.

The shadow beneath the water seemed like an evil hound, but no matter how you looked at it, it was a vengeful ghost.

"Is there something wrong with this woman? No, no, she's fine. She's just an ordinary person. The problem is with that glass of water."

The pale-faced man glanced at the spilled glass.

He could be sure that someone had previously stored a supernatural entity inside this glass of water. Once spilled, the vengeful ghost would be released.

Realizing this, he didn't even dare to approach the table, instinctively retreating further away.

Danger, death, right at the doorstep.

Risking one's life for a gamble like this was not worth it.

"Why do you look so scared? Oh, I get it, you're going to die, and suddenly at that."

Xiong Wenwen employed his premonition ability.

In his foresight, this person approached the table but suddenly fell asleep and then died.

Died inexplicably.

The pale-faced man looked at Xiong Wenwen, then at the puddle on the table. Gritting his teeth, he turned and left without a word.

He thought the situation had become too complex and decided not to get further involved. As for how to explain things to Boss He, it no longer mattered; better than dying here.

"Ran away, ran away?" Xiong Wenwen was taken aback as he watched him leave swiftly.

"Seriously? Just like that? You ran, what about Daddy Xiong? Come on, stay and play, aren't you known for being shameless?"

He tried to call the person back.

The result was that the person walked away even faster.

Because he sensed the danger and was only in the Entertainment City for work, to make money, not to risk his life.

Xiong Wenwen shouted several times until the person disappeared from sight, unable to call him back.

Some people nearby watching were curious about the situation, finding it incredible.

"What a shitty place, one moment they're playing, the next they're not. No wonder Xiao Yang wanted to take out the boss here, it's disgusting. A cheater who can't handle losing? If it was me, I'd want to take him out too."

Xiong Wenwen couldn't help but curse.

Beside him, Jiang Yan blinked, looking at the puddle on the table, understanding what had happened: "It really is useful, directly scared him off."

As for what's happening here, Boss He was unaware at the moment.

He followed his assistant to a VIP room.

Pushing the door open.

Boss He immediately wore a somber expression and said, "Lok Sheng, Yang Jian came to Da'ao City today to settle accounts with me. Don't tell me you're unaware; this is getting serious, he doesn't plan to reconcile at all, he just wants my life. Aren't you going to find a way to deal with it?"

At this moment.

Sitting at a table, Lok Sheng put down his cards, seemingly having anticipated this, looked at Boss He, and smiled, "Boss He, this trouble was caused by you. It's because you were greedy and won billions from Yang Jian's company people, bringing him to Da'ao City. Now you're just realizing the fear?"

"I didn't even know Zhang Xiang and Wang Bin worked under Yang Jian. I hardly understand the inland affairs. When someone introduced big clients to my Entertainment City, of course, I was happy to make a profit." Boss He didn't feel he was wrong at all.

He's conducted such business more than once.

Lok Sheng spread his hands, "Now you know, don't you?"

"If it were just billions, Yang Jian wouldn't have come to Da'ao City. We would've had a chance at reconciliation. Was it you who suggested Yang Jian settle the debt with Shangtong Tower?" Boss He glared at him, feeling he was set up.

Now he had to take the blame for Lok Sheng's words.

The old and new debts piling up, Boss He understood that if he doesn't survive this hurdle today, he might lose his life here.

"Paying a debt with property is natural when the opponent holds a building in their name, isn't it?"

Lok Sheng said, "You should handle this mess since you created it. I remember you know a few people in the circle, right? Get them to deal with Yang Jian. You've done this quite a bit."

He knew Boss He's Entertainment City had some connections with ghost tamers. These ghost tamers secretly helped Boss He handle some troubles. Though they couldn't appear openly, they weren't something ordinary people could face.

"Yang Jian is a Headquarters Captain. Those I know might get eliminated upon showing up, and even die unjustly." Boss He said with pent-up anger.

Recently, he's learned quite a bit about the supernatural circle.

Ghost tamers from the civilian side facing those from Headquarters deserve death if they dare to cause trouble, with nowhere to file complaints.

Lok Sheng shook his head, "Since that's the case, I don't have any good solutions either. Boss He, you better wish yourself luck, or maybe try pleading with Yang Jian. If he spares you, there might be a turning point. Don't drag me into this mess, I'm a Headquarters member too. Technically, he's my superior. If anything happens, I can't do a thing."

"Lok Sheng, we've known each other a while, no need for politeness. Be straightforward—do you have a way to deal with Yang Jian? If you do, I can work with you. If you keep this attitude, I'll go plead with Yang Jian directly. I'll give up everything if it means life."

"If I lower my posture, maybe he won't kill me."

Boss He didn't want to delay further, sensing something must be happening at the Entertainment City. Yang Jian and his group must have already won a lot. If they truly win the eight billion, as per the gambling agreement, Yang Jian acts, then he's as good as dead.

He's seen the methods of the supernatural circle.

Killing someone is too easy, without even showing up.

"Boss He, there's no lack of methods, but it depends on how much you're willing to sacrifice. Once you choose, lives will be at risk, yours included. You can't change halfway; being indecisive will only lead to greater losses." Lok Sheng spoke nonchalantly, his eyes shifting slightly.

Seeing this, Boss He immediately said, "I'm not unwilling to take risks, I'm not someone lacking courage. But how can I trust you when you wash your hands clean, leaving me to die on either side?"

Frankly, he's regretting it now.

Getting involved in this mess truly is troubling.

"Boss He, let me be honest. Right now, no one in the country—or the world—dares to confidently claim victory against a Headquarters Captain. Facing Yang Jian, I might get eliminated in a face-off. Offending him is the stupidest choice, especially in today's supernatural circle. Other wealthy merchants consider it lucky not to give him money."

Lok Sheng became more earnest, putting away his cavalier air. Check for the latest updates on My Virtual Library Empire (

"Then why did you bring Yang Jian to Da'ao City? You're playing with fire." Boss He gritted his teeth.

Lok Sheng shook his head, "I'm conflicted too, but some things need doing. If possible, I wouldn't want to provoke him either. But saying this doesn't help now—you barely know the supernatural world. Alright, find a way to bring Yang Jian here; I'll handle the rest."

"You're willing to meet him?" Boss He asked.

"Can't hide forever. He'll find me eventually, hiding won't help." Lok Sheng replied.

Boss He had a stern expression, with eyes flickering momentarily.

After a while, he turned and left with his assistant.

He needed to think about whether to collaborate with this Lok Sheng or spend a fortune to seek reconciliation with Yang Jian; he needed to weigh his options.

Unfortunately, the information he obtained was limited, and he couldn't accurately gauge the risk Yang Jian posed.

Can it be handled, or is it indeed as Lok Sheng described, an overwhelming presence?

Seeing Boss He leave,

Lok Sheng's expression became somewhat complicated, feeling the same way as Boss He right now.

"I don't see Yang Jian coming here as a threat, but as an opportunity. He only brought Xiong Wenwen along. Xiong Wenwen, codenamed Spirit Child, only has premonition ability, no other means. As long as we separate him, we can trap Yang Jian in this room and make him disappear from the world forever."

At this moment, another player at the table spoke up.

His name is Sun Ren, a high school classmate of Yang Jian, one of the seven survivors of the No. 7 Middle School Door Knocking Ghost incident. Since then, he gradually entered the supernatural circle from a regular student, and after kidnapping Zhang Wei and obtaining a constrained fierce ghost from Yang Jian, he formally became a ghost handler in the supernatural circle.

But the price he paid was being wanted.

After becoming wanted, he did not dare to show up, as he would be hunted by the city authorities once he appeared.

Until Sun Ren arrived in Da'ao City.

The person in charge of Da'ao City, Lok Sheng, had an ambiguous attitude towards him, neither caring nor inquiring, and even occasionally having contact, which is why he stayed in this city.

"Sun Ren, earlier I very much agreed with your plan, and even assisted you on the side, but my attitude changed when Yang Jian arrived in Da'ao City."

Lok Sheng shook his head slightly, "I fear one room can't hold him."

"Why?"

"The latest intelligence reports that Yang Jian was involved in the Ghost Lake incident and successfully sealed the Ghost Lake. Don't say I didn't look out for you; this is the dossier, take a look yourself."

With that, he casually tossed the prepared dossier in front of Sun Ren.

Sun Ren, looking weary and icy, expressionlessly opened the dossier to browse through it.

As he read the dossier, his expression gradually changed, with a look of disbelief in his eyes.

"Transforming dozens of kilometers of terrain, forcefully sealing Ghost Lake, is already unimaginable in the supernatural circle. Though there are many with the Ghost Domain, they at most can affect a building, a street, but look at him."

Lok Sheng took a sip from a glass nearby.

"You're part of the supernatural circle, you should understand in your heart; for the supernatural influence to cover such a wide area, one would need to suppress the fierce ghost to an extreme degree to achieve it. If a normal ghost handler rashly uses the supernatural power, it risks the ghost reviving, yet after Yang Jian used such a degree of supernatural power, he still has the leisure to invite Boss He for tea today."

"Do you still think a single room can trap him? Even when facing fierce ghosts, Yang Jian can directly counter them, not to mention he still has the Coffin Nail."

Sun Ren coldly replied, "If Yang Jian doesn't disappear, I will never have a chance to rise again, not even daring to show my face. I'm fed up with this kind of life. So, if there's a chance, I'll take it. Lok Sheng, is it because of this dossier that you backed down? You weren't like this before."

Lok Sheng did not speak, only said, "Give it a try. I heard some rumors that Yang Jian's condition worsened after the Ghost Lake incident. Although I'm unsure within myself, with so many people interested in Yang Jian, I might as well play along. Besides, don't underestimate this Boss He."

"He runs such a big Entertainment City, and he still has some people in the supernatural circle. First, let this Boss He test the waters, and if things go south, we can still pull back."

"Then why not urge Boss He to act, instead of warning him about how dangerous Yang Jian is," Sun Ren asked.

Lok Sheng replied, "You can goad a fool, but for a smart person, it has the opposite effect. Boss He is a smart person; if you blindly provoke him, it will only firm up his resolve to withdraw."

"What if he refuses to act?" Sun Ren asked again.

Lok Sheng sighed and replied, "Then I will stop here. After all, I'm not decided on facing Yang Jian; it all depends on which way the situation turns. We just wait here for news."

"I see," Sun Ren nodded slightly, understanding.

"But I still want to ask you, why do you want to target Yang Jian when you don't even know him."

Lok Sheng laughed, drinking his wine, "Who said not knowing someone precludes wanting to target them? Boss He doesn't know Wang Bin, Zhang Xiang, but he still wants to trap them for money. That's how the world is, sometimes ordered, sometimes chaotic, sometimes dark..."

"It's just that Yang Jian is unlucky to encounter it, that's all."

Sun Ren's gaze shifted slightly; he remained silent, feeling there was something Lok Sheng hadn't disclosed.

But it didn't matter, as their opinions are at least aligned, for now.

And while they were conversing,

Boss He hadn't gotten far from that room when his assistant relayed the latest situation, informing him of what happened in the lobby earlier.

"The invited Zhang Zhi dared not act, fled outright, and now can't be contacted. Watching the surveillance video, nothing seems wrong; it seems Zhang Zhi suddenly sensed danger and was scared off." The assistant said softly.

Boss He's expression darkened even further upon hearing this news.

The assistant continued, "That Xiong Wenwen is indeed problematic; he can always precisely predict the outcome of bets, and now he has won at least a billion points. At this rate, he'll win tens of billions of points by the end of the night."

"Also, the young man named Zhang Wei, affiliated with Yang Jian, is suspicious too. He entered with a hundred points and now has over ten million points."

"Yang Jian himself isn't stirring, just wandering the lobby, seemingly aware we're watching him, doing nothing."

"..."

Listening to these reports, Boss He felt heavy-hearted as the situation deteriorated so much in just about half an hour.

In another half-hour, the Entertainment City would be on the brink of bankruptcy.

Then not only would the money be lost, but also lives.

"I understand," Boss He realized he had to do something.

Using force was definitely not an option now; Zhang Zhi from the same supernatural circle got scared off directly, which undoubtedly corroborated Lok Sheng's earlier words.

Yang Jian's weight far exceeded his estimation.

"See if there's room for reconciliation," Boss He thought silently, picking up the phone to start making contacts.

"Yue Lian, it's me. The Entertainment City is in trouble, a major issue. There's someone you might find very interesting; could you help me handle this person, name your price."

A woman's voice came over the phone, "I'm not interested in this issue, nor in your terms. Look for someone else; you have plenty of resources and beauties under you."

"He's Ghost Eye Yang Jian," Boss He mentioned the name.

"Ghost Eye Yang Jian from the supernatural circle?" The woman's tone changed, "A remarkable figure, indeed. I want to meet him."

"I'll give you a maximum of twenty minutes; I'll send you the location."

Boss He immediately hung up the phone and began dialing again, for he couldn't rely on a single person to stabilize Yang Jian; he needed other preparations.

Chapter 1156 - Familiar Face

Yang Jian, who was strolling inside the Entertainment City, stopped in front of a table, where Cou Ran'ao was sitting.

At the moment, several players were sitting around the table playing cards, and the stakes were very high.

A middle-aged man in a suit, who looked to be in his early forties, was losing quite badly. He was in a foul mood, took a swig of his drink, loosened his tie, and gritted his teeth before pushing all his chips forward.

The other players were not faring much better, winning less and losing more. But they couldn't help but glance over when they saw the man making such a desperate move, yet they remained composed and didn't join in his madness.

"Deal the cards," the man in the suit said.

The dealer didn't speak, simply made a hand gesture, and then dealt the cards.

Yang Jian looked on and calmly said, "You're set to lose this round. Betting so much, the dealer won't let you win."

The man in the suit heard the voice and immediately glanced at Yang Jian. He frowned, looking displeased.

The dealer quickly said, "Sir, please don't cause trouble here, or I'll have security escort you out. Our Entertainment City's reputation is guaranteed."

Yang Jian expressionlessly said, "Reputation? You're cheating right in front of them and still talk about reputation. You haven't even dealt all the cards yet. If you keep dealing, I guarantee the other two will win, and only this one will lose. You're giving yourself seven points and him five points."

The dealer's hand froze slightly.

But at that moment, security was already heading over.

Yang Jian glanced, and the approaching security guards immediately turned in another direction.

"What, afraid to deal?"

The dealer looked around, seeing no security approaching, he remained calm and continued dealing very steadily, "Sir, please keep quiet."

"Deal the cards, what are you standing there for?"

The man in the suit's expression turned slightly unpleasant, and he urged.

"Apologies."

The dealer, acting according to protocol, dealt the remaining two cards and revealed the point totals.

"Dealer six points, player reveal."

Six points?

This was completely different from what Yang Jian had said earlier.

The other players chuckled, thinking this person was just causing trouble, and they immediately dismissed it from their minds.

Yang Jian continued, "The points changed. He just swapped the cards, turning seven points into six points, and yours into four points—you still lose."

The man in the suit immediately opened his cards to find, indeed, just as Yang Jian said, he had four points.

But the dealer, still calm, collected all of the man's chips.

Yang Jian was causing a scene here, naturally the security department would take care of it. He was just doing his job at the table to ensure the smooth running of the game.

"He really got it right, this round I won."

A nearby player, having gotten eight points and won the round, wasn't happy at all, but instead looked at Yang Jian in surprise.

"Your cards were dealt first, you definitely won. The dealer couldn't swap your cards."

Yang Jian said, "Why else do all games have bets placed before dealing? If it was dealt first, not to mention such a play style, there'd be no poker. If you keep playing here, it's just a matter of time before you lose everything. Leave now."

With those words, he turned and left.

"Wait a minute, young man,"

A nearby player called out to him and quickly caught up, "Thank you for the warning. Your words opened my eyes, and I have nothing to repay you with, so take these chips as a token of thanks."

Saying this, he handed Yang Jian several chips.

He was very generous; each chip was worth a hundred thousand, and he gave Yang Jian a full five.

If they could be exchanged, it would be worth half a million.

"I'm not playing anymore either."

The other players also took their chips and exited the game.

They didn't bother with the dealer, knowing they couldn't afford to offend someone capable of running an Entertainment City. If there were issues here, it was better to leave quickly.

"Sir, your actions damage our Entertainment City's reputation. I hope you'll apologize for what you did."

The dealer immediately spoke, though it wasn't his place to handle this; looking around, with no security present, he had no choice but to speak up, or he could be blamed when word got out.

"Apologize? You help the Entertainment City cheat and steal money, and you want me to apologize? Say that again." Yang Jian glared at him with a cold stare.

"Sir, are you threatening me?"

The dealer kept his composure, "We have monitoring throughout the entire process, and I believe our legal department would be happy to send you a letter..."

Listening to his rambling, Yang Jian suddenly snatched a million-point chip from the hands of the player beside him and slammed it onto the table.

"Bang!"

The loud noise startled everyone around, and the dealer's voice came to an abrupt halt.

Yang Jian lifted his palm.

The chip was smashed into pieces, but among the debris, there was a very tiny chip. He pinched it and said, "Do you think I'm threatening you, or are you threatening me? Every million-point chip contains a chip, with a sensor under the table. Once placed, how much is bet is instantly known."

"I originally just wanted to give the boss a hard time, but it seems his people aren't much better. But this way, dealing with you people with no bottom line, I won't need to hold back."

With that, he flicked his wrist, and the chip in his hand instantly vanished.

In the next moment.

The dealer felt something flowing from his nose, touched it, and found his hands covered in blood. He was bleeding from the nose. Not only that, his head felt dizzy, and he wanted to sleep.

Am I injured?

The thought popped into his head, but immediately after, his body went limp and collapsed to the ground, closing his eyes and completely passing out.

The others around were immediately filled with suspicion and uncertainty.

Those who were hesitant earlier now completely believed it. This Daxing Entertainment City was cheating, and with chips containing sensors, there was no room for explanation anymore.
This copy comes from content on MVLOEMPYR.

The middle-aged man in a suit who lost badly just now looked very grim, feeling like a monkey being toyed with by this Entertainment City.

And at this moment.

Boss He, who had been paying attention to Yang Jian's movements, hurriedly arrived and immediately said, "Captain Yang, why be so particular with the employees? They're just doing their jobs. If there's any issue, Captain Yang can come to me. I believe I can provide a satisfactory answer, and I hope Captain Yang can give me a chance to sincerely apologize."

"No rush, it's not yet time for Boss He to appear. We still have time to play, your place is quite fun," Yang Jian glanced and said slowly.

Boss He looked serious, realizing that it seemed Yang Jian was not planning to accept his apology.

He stepped closer, lowered his voice and said, "Captain Yang, how about giving me a chance? I admit defeat in this gamble. If Captain Yang is willing to spare me, I'm willing to gift Captain Yang a hundred billion in cash from the company. This whole thing is a complete misunderstanding, I've just figured it out, Lok Sheng from Da'ao City and several mysterious ghost handlers had a collaboration to deal with Captain Yang, I've been used as a pawn."

"And now Lok Sheng is right inside the Entertainment City, I can take Captain Yang to confront them."

Yang Jian remained expressionless, unmoved, he didn't say a word but just turned and walked away.

Boss He stood there in a daze.

Evasion?

Yang Jian is actually avoiding me now?

No, no.

This Yang Jian has never regarded me as important; apologies, compensation, admissions of mistake—all are meaningless... even money holds no value to him, perhaps it's just a bigger number.

Boss He squeezed his hand tightly, feeling small and helpless for the first time.

If things continue like this, he's doomed.

"Captain Yang, please give me a chance." Boss He chased after him, gritting his teeth.

Yang Jian looked at Boss He blocking his path, ignored him and continued walking forward: "Want to survive? Words alone won't suffice, it depends on actions. You want to beg a chance from me? Fine, I'll give you one, I can let bygones be bygones."

"What do I need to do?" Boss He continued to ask, feeling inexplicably relieved.

Yang Jian said, "You mentioned Lok Sheng causing trouble behind the scenes, take him out and I'll believe you."

What?

Boss He was taken aback.

He didn't expect Yang Jian to be this straightforward, without raising any conditions, simply asking him to take out Lok Sheng.

"Captain Yang, Lok Sheng is the head of Da'ao City, that's, that's really impossible," Boss He said.

"So you think I'm easier to deal with?" Yang Jian glanced at him.

Boss He snapped awake.

Indeed.

Lok Sheng is merely Da'ao City's head, but Yang Jian is the captain from headquarters, with status higher than Lok Sheng's. On what basis did he think Yang Jian would be easier to deal with?

Just because Yang Jian is merely a young man in his early twenties?

He's witnessed Lok Sheng's eeriness and terror but hasn't truly experienced the ferocity of this Ghost Eye Yang Jian.

Realizing this.

Cold sweat broke out from Boss He's forehead, truly with an impulse to find a way to take out Lok Sheng, preserving his life and ending this ordeal.

But... his rationality told him this was impulsive and the cost too high.

Yang Jian, who was walking further ahead, suddenly halted his steps.

Because he saw a person, more accurately, a woman.

Yang Jian isn't one to stop walking upon seeing a woman but this woman's appearance was quite special, he seemed to have seen her somewhere, no, he hadn't seen this face in reality, only on a photo, in a painting.

It originated from a photo in the Ghost Cabinet, from the painting on Ghost Shadow.

A flawless, nearly eerie female likeness.

He stared at this woman, instinctively tense, as if she had stepped out from the ghost painting.

But the woman's attire dispelled his illusion.

The woman was wearing a dress and stilettos, sultry and yet innocent, extremely alluring.

"Someone who looks exactly like the woman in the ghost painting." Yang Jian instantly moved, disappearing from sight.

In the next moment, he appeared in front of this woman.

The surrounding lights flickered, supernatural power disrupted everything around.

A cold, rigid hand grabbed the woman's neck, lifting her whole body, with strength enough to crush that neck.

"Who are you?" Yang Jian's eyes emitted a faint red glow, his aura cold, dangerous, and frightening.

"Yuelian." Boss He exclaimed.

This woman was He Yuelian, his illegitimate daughter. Her identity was not particularly special, the only exception being her extraordinarily beautiful face.

Countless men have been utterly captivated by this face.

But he never expected that at the moment Yang Jian saw He Yuelian, he would act like this, even attempting to strangle her.

"It's fine if you don't speak, I'll take your memories." The shadow behind Yang Jian stirred, beginning an eerie writhing, swiftly infiltrating He Yuelian's body along the ground.

He Yuelian's face turned crimson, she tried to struggle, but her body had already lost all feeling, unable to resist.

"This person is the rumored Ghost Eye Yang Jian?" She endured the suffocation, making out the person in front of her.

Young, cold, numb, exuding an unprecedented sense of oppression.

In facing him, it was as if facing a ghost, no, even more terrifying than a ghost.

Ghost Shadow invading He Yuelian.

Yang Jian wanted to obtain her memories, to understand this woman's origin.

He needed to find out why this woman looked exactly like the woman in the ghost painting.

Chapter 1157 - Memory Fragments

"How could this happen?"

At this moment, Boss He was instantly in a panic upon seeing such a scene. Not only did bringing He Yuelian not have the desired effect, it instead angered Yang Jian the moment she appeared, making him take action immediately.

This matter was beyond his understanding.

Because Boss He could be sure that He Yuelian and Yang Jian did not know each other at all and had no connection, let alone any reason to offend him.

Not to mention, Yang Jian didn't even know that He Yuelian was his illegitimate daughter.

Yang Jian held He Yuelian by the neck with one hand, lifting her entire body off the ground. She struggled helplessly, her face flushed red, looking like a corpse hanging from a beam, able only to watch everything unfold with wide eyes.

The Ghost Shadow was quickly invading He Yuelian's body and retrieving her memory.

But strangely.

The memory Yang Jian retrieved after invading He Yuelian wasn't that of a normal living person. In He Yuelian's memory, he saw a dimness.

In the dimness, a lamp was lit.

It was an oil lamp, emitting a faint glow, barely illuminating a patch of darkness.

"The memory surprisingly only contains an oil lamp, with no other memories. No, that's not right. This should be a kind of supernatural protection. Someone left a safeguard on this woman to prevent anyone from invading her memory, or perhaps the issue lies within this woman herself." Yang Jian showed a slight change in expression.

His Ghost Shadow reading a normal person's memory never failed, but it was ineffective on this woman who looked identical to the ghost in the ghost painting.

A memory's oil lamp hindered further invasion by the Ghost Shadow.

"I don't believe that lamp can really block the Ghost Shadow." Yang Jian chose to continue the invasion.

The Ghost Shadow further invaded.

The dim oil lamp in the memory began to sway as if a cold wind had blown through the darkness, threatening to extinguish the lamp's glow. Moreover, as the Ghost Shadow continued its invasion, the wind around the oil lamp grew stronger.

The flame of the oil lamp flickered, and the surrounding darkness seemed to sway along with it.

This was not happening in reality but was occurring within the memory.

Yang Jian retrieved new memories.

Accompanied by the flickering flame, new clues appeared in his memory.

The surrounding darkness receded slightly, revealing a wall—weathered, old, like a decades-old residential building marked by the traces of time—upon which hung a painting, faintly discernible on the wall.

However, a certain intuition and experience told him that the painting hanging behind the yellowed dim light was the ghost painting.

Moreover, several painting frames seemed to faintly appear around the ghost painting.

But the illumination from the oil lamp was so limited that only a bit of content could be seen, with everything else shrouded in darkness and inaccessible.

"An old wall with several paintings hanging, one of which resembles the ghost painting... that place seems familiar, like the fifth floor of the Ghost Post Office from before. Why does the scene of the post office's fifth floor appear in this woman's memory?" The doubts in Yang Jian's heart were magnified.

The fragment of memory he accessed involved matters relating to the Ghost Post Office.

The Ghost Shadow continued to invade.

The oil lamp in the memory, finally extinguished under the gust of cold wind, seemed to break through some kind of barrier with its extinction.

A woman's memory immediately surfaced.

This was the memory of a normal woman—her birth, growth, education, life...

However, these memories were very ordinary, with no involvement in the supernatural world, nor anything special about her, except for her exceedingly beautiful face which charmed many men from childhood and captivated them as she grew.

The men who fell for He Yuelian would never have imagined that she looked exactly like a fierce ghost.

"Why is this?" Yang Jian frowned deeply after retrieving the memory.

There were bits of memory fragments, but they didn't achieve the desired result.

Could some of her memories have been hidden or erased?

"Yang Jian, you're overstepping. Put Miss He down. As someone from the headquarters, do you really want to strangle an ordinary person in public?" Suddenly, a low voice rang out.

Immediately, a few people strode towards them.

There were three people in total, and each exuded an eerie coldness, distinct from living people, likely individuals from the supernatural circle.

One of them was wearing a dealer's uniform, exactly the person—Zhang Zhi—whom Evil Hound had scared off earlier when reflected in Jiang Yan's water glass.

However, the one who spoke was another person.

That person's face was peculiar, as if it had somewhat melted, with wrinkled skin, a dull, waxy yellow complexion, making one feel particularly eerie and terrifying.

At this moment, Yang Jian withdrew his thoughts, slowly lowered He Yuelian, then turned to look at them: "Who are you?"

"My name is Zheng Yijing, I'm from Xiangjiang. Team Yang wouldn't know me."

This man named Zheng Yijing said, "We can sit down and talk slowly, but if you act rashly, that's your fault. You're in charge, handling supernatural events is your responsibility, but it doesn't mean you can indiscriminately deal with ordinary people, does it? So please let Miss He go."

Seeing these people appear, Boss He felt a slight relief in his heart.

He only knew a few people in the supernatural circle and rarely called them, especially Zheng Yijing.

But now there was no choice but to call them, fearing that many people might die if this matter isn't resolved today.

Fortunately, Zhang Zhi, who was scared away earlier, chose to show up and wasn't intimidated by this Ghost-eye Yang Jian.

Indeed, with more people, there's a bit of confidence.

However, at this moment, Zhang Zhi looked uneasy and tense. Although he was from the supernatural circle, he was comfortable handling ordinary people, attending to casinos, and dealing with newcomers in the supernatural circle, but if it came to confronting the rumored Ghost-eye Yang Jian, he didn't have the guts. He wanted to live a few more years and didn't want to die so soon.

"Zheng Yijing? Never heard of you." Yang Jian glanced over.

Zheng Yijing said, "Team Yang is busy day in and day out, naturally wouldn't pay attention to affairs in other cities, but while you may not know me, I know Team Yang. After all, many major events in the supernatural circle were caused by Team Yang, it's hard not to pay attention. But Miss He is about to be strangled, can Team Yang be gracious and let her go?"

"Don't worry, she won't die. I know my limits." Yang Jian didn't release He Yuelian, still choking her neck.

"I wonder where Miss He offended Team Yang." Zheng Yijing looked at He Yuelian, who was almost suffocating into unconsciousness, and couldn't help but ask again. Publicationcourtesyof

M|V|LE-MPYR.

Yang Jian said, "She has a face that shouldn't exist, this face shouldn't appear on a living person. But you're too insignificant to know my business, and I'm too lazy to explain to you. You all, who came out of nowhere as ghost tamers, are trying to stand up for Boss He?"

"No, no, no, Team Yang misunderstood. Boss He and I are friends. I came over today after hearing about some misunderstanding between him and Team Yang, intending to mediate and resolve any misunderstandings to maintain harmony. Team Yang is a reasonable person; I think Boss He must have inadvertently offended Team Yang."

"Team Yang, don't bicker with ordinary people. Let ordinary people's matters be resolved by ordinary people, isn't that the rule that people from headquarters don't interfere in ordinary affairs?"

This Zheng Yijing, with a face like a wax corpse, was speaking reconciliatory words with a pleasant tone.

No matter how you looked, it felt very incongruous.

It seems Yang Jian indeed has great deterrence, making them, as ghost tamers, dare not act presumptuously.

"So that's why Boss He conducts business so recklessly, with backing from the supernatural circle. An Entertainment City with cheating and traps, willing to do anything for money, doesn't even spare my people." Yang Jian said.

Boss He forced a slight smile and said, "Team Yang, it's truly a misunderstanding between us. I hope Team Yang can let bygones be bygones."

"The incident has occurred, it can't be as if it never happened. Besides, who do you think you are that I should give you face and resolve the misunderstanding? Bringing some random ghost tamers won't pressure or scare me. Believe me, I can kill all three of them right now."

Yang Jian's face was cold, showing not an ounce of goodwill to Boss He.

Hearing this, Zheng Yijing's expression slightly changed, while Zhang Zhi's pale face showed a hint of panic, and the last ghost tamer seemed unusual, glaring at Yang Jian with some anger, apparently displeased by his words.

Boss He was both angry and infuriated, but didn't dare to let it show, only holding it in.

When had he ever been treated like this?

Yang Jian, however, disregarded Boss He's feelings, and merely said, "Are you guys here to back him up today?"

"Things haven't worsened to such a degree, and there's no deep enmity between you and Boss He. You're meant for big things, this kind of issue isn't worth your attention. If Team Yang doesn't mind, I can give you a satisfactory resolution." Zheng Yijing said.

"From what you say, you're standing up for Boss He? Good, but your few people aren't enough. Call some more, maybe then." Yang Jian said.

At this point, Boss He suppressed his anger and said, "Team Yang, I've sincerely apologized to you. If you insist on holding onto this, then it's meaningless..."

Before he could finish, Zheng Yijing immediately interrupted and then said, "How about this, Team Yang? Today, I will gamble with you on Boss He's fortune and life. If I win, you'll act as if nothing happened before. If I lose, you won't have to say more. I will offer Boss He's fortune and life to you. What do you think?"

He didn't dare to turn against Yang Jian, for the risk of confronting Yang Jian was too high. So he retreated and sought a chance to win against Yang Jian.

"I want Boss He dead; he won't live past tonight. His fortune and life are already in my hands. Why should I gamble with you?" Yang Jian said calmly.

"Including her? You're quite interested in her, right?" Zheng Yijing pointed to the fainted He Yuelian.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and he casually tossed her out.

Zheng Yijing immediately caught her, and the fainted He Yuelian coughed a couple of times before regaining consciousness. She was still in shock, not quite understanding the situation.

"I have free time anyway, I'll play with you." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

"Thank you, Team Yang." Zheng Yijing slowly exhaled a breath, squeezing out a slight smile.

Chapter 1158 - Room Number 707

"That Yang Jian is a madman, and you actually expect me to PR a madman? I noticed his eyes just now; they no longer held the emotions of a living person."

He Yuelian rubbed the bruise on her neck and looked coldly at Boss He, feeling extremely upset. She had never faced such humiliation in her life.

Just now, she was almost strangled to death by Yang Jian, and no one was there to save her.

"He seems very interested in your appearance," Zheng Yijing spoke first.

He Yuelian said, "Everyone is interested in my appearance."

"No, you might not have heard what Yang Jian said just now. He said, you have a face that shouldn't exist. This face shouldn't belong to a living person. Think carefully about his words, and recall Yang Jian's reaction when he first saw you. It wasn't amazement or surprise, but direct action."

Zheng Yijing said, "A top figure in the supernatural circle wouldn't attack an ordinary person without reason, so I can conclude that Yang Jian has seen you before, or rather someone who looks exactly like you, and that person is very dangerous, possibly even Yang Jian's enemy."

"This is the only explanation for why he would act the moment he saw you—he wanted to strike first and eliminate you."

He Yuelian's eyes flickered, and being a smart person, she immediately understood: "So after taking action, he realized I'm not that person, which is why Yang Jian didn't kill me. He left me alive to figure out the reason behind it?"

"Yes, exactly." Zheng Yijing replied.

"Even if there are two people in this world who look similar, or even very close, someone as outstanding as Yuelian—it's almost impossible for someone identical to her to exist in this world. Even if such a person does exist, what are the odds that Yang Jian would run into them?"

Boss He had a cold expression as well, his mood was also terrible because his life was hanging in the balance, and this feeling was horrible.

Zheng Yijing said, "In the supernatural circle, anything is possible. Maybe it's not a coincidence for Yang Jian, but a coincidence for Miss He."

"What do you mean?" He Yuelian pressed, "Do you think there's something wrong with me?"

Zheng Yijing said, "Yang Jian could have easily killed you in that situation, but he didn't. Such restraint is unlike him. People in the supernatural circle are extremely cautious, eliminating any potential

unexpected situations. Your appearance was an unexpected incident for Yang Jian; killing you would better fit his character and style, yet he didn't."

"The only explanation is that he discovered some clue about you. Boss He, you watched Miss He grow up. If there's something wrong with her, you should know best. Did you have any contact with people from the supernatural circle in your earlier years? If so, please speak up. Keeping secrets at this time is like digging your own grave, and I won't be able to save you then."

After speaking, he looked at Boss He again.

Boss He did not hide anything and said directly, "Yuelian has no issues, but as for me..."

He hesitated for a moment and finally revealed a secret: "Everyone in Da'ao City knows I built my success from scratch, but no one knows that before I became wealthy, I met someone. I don't know who that person was, just that after a few exchanges, they wanted to make a deal with me."

"What kind of deal?" Zheng Yijing inquired.

Boss He said, "Rather than a deal, it was more like a message left behind. That person said they could make me rich for life, and in exchange, they required me to bear a daughter. One day, they would use my daughter to settle a debt."

"So you intentionally had an illegitimate daughter to pay the debt?" Zheng Yijing squinted his eyes and asked.

Boss He said, "No, it wasn't intentional; I just wasn't lucky. My wife bore two sons, but Yuelian's mother was the lucky one to have a daughter."

But before he could finish speaking, He Yuelian came over and said coldly, "So, from start to finish, I was just a tool? A tool for you to pay your debt."

Boss He was a bit angry and said, "Show some respect to me; I've never treated you as a tool."

"Respect? Have you ever respected me? Now I understand, your education and indulgence were because you were afraid inside, afraid of that person reappearing, right?" Anger flared on He Yuelian's beautiful face.

"He hasn't reappeared; maybe he's already dead. You don't need to worry too much."

Boss He said, "Plus, I don't think my success from scratch is due to that person; maybe it was just a joke. After all, life has been normal all these years without any incidents."

"Alright, let's set aside your family's private matters and the decades-old deal for now. We need to consider how to deal with Yang Jian now."

Zheng Yijing said, "We don't have much time. Yang Jian only gave us half an hour to make a decision."

"Aren't you planning to gamble with Yang Jian?" He Yuelian asked.

Boss He said, "That's just a tactic Zheng Yijing is using to stall for time. Gambling with Yang Jian is a sure loss; we can't outplay him."

"Yang Jian knows I'm not sincere about gambling with him, but he's overly confident, even arrogant. He believes we can't escape and can be killed at any time, so he wants to see what we can do in this half-hour," Zheng Yijing said slowly, touching his cold face.

"What Yang Jian cares about isn't us; he's concerned about whether anyone is fishing for him here in Da'ao City, trying to lure everyone out through us."

Boss He's face darkened slightly: "So, there's really no second option. We have only one choice, and that is to do everything in our power to eliminate Yang Jian. Only then will this be over; if he doesn't die, we eventually will."

"That's right, Boss He has finally figured it out. From the moment Yang Jian arrived in Da'ao City, the outcome was already determined." Zheng Yijing said.

Boss He couldn't help but snort: "Instead of kneeling and begging Yang Jian for mercy, we might as well fight back. Although he's a ghost handler, he's still human, and humans can die. I'm planning to team up with Lok Sheng, and with you all as well, we might have a fighting chance."

He quickly did some calculations in his mind.

Paying a heavy price to plead for mercy is not as good as giving nothing at all. Taking this opportunity, it would be better to kill Yang Jian once and for all.

Once he's dead, nothing else will matter.

Moreover, afterwards, the blame wouldn't fall on me, since the actions are done by those in the supernatural circle and have nothing to do with me.

"Taking down Yang Jian? That's a bit severe."

Zheng Yijing shook his head and said, "Captain level figures can't be treated as ordinary people, but since Lok Sheng intends to take action, it indicates he has a way to handle Yang Jian. We can go see him, but Boss He, you must think carefully, once this starts, there's no turning back."

"I've thought it through. This Yang Jian doesn't want me to live well, so I'll make sure he doesn't die well. There's no time to waste, let's contact them now." After Boss He finished speaking, he immediately turned and strode towards the VIP room where Lok Sheng was previously located.

Zheng Yijing's expression shifted slightly, feeling uncertain in his heart.

He also wasn't sure whether he should continue to get involved in this matter, but he could listen to Lok Sheng's plan. If the chances of success were high, then it might be worth a try.

Soon.

The group arrived at the VIP room.

Inside the room, Lok Sheng and a few others were still there.

"Boss He, it seems you've made up your mind. Welcome." Lok Sheng smiled, raised his glass slightly, and then looked at Zheng Yijing, Zhang Zhi, and the other two ghost handlers.

It seemed this was the extent of Boss He's resources.

Boss He said, "I agree with your plan and am willing to cooperate with you. But I want to know specifically how you plan to kill Yang Jian? What's the probability of us few killing a Captain level person?"

"Less than ten percent." Lok Sheng shrugged and said, "To be exact, there's not even a one percent chance; if we team up against Yang Jian, we'd be utterly wiped out."

"Are you playing with me?" Boss He couldn't help but get angry at this moment.

Lok Sheng said, "I'm not playing with you. Reality is this harsh. My abilities aren't even ranked at headquarters. Yang Jian is a Captain at the headquarters, and among the top Captains. How much of a success rate do you think I should claim?"

"If you put it that way, then I can only say sorry, I can't accompany you to your death." Boss He said.

"Going head-on, it's basically impossible for us to take down Yang Jian. But there is a way to make Yang Jian disappear from this world forever." At this moment Sun Ren, sitting beside, spoke up.

Then he slowly placed a room plaque on the table; the plaque was black, with the number 707 written on it.

"Room 707, a cursed plaque. As long as it's hung outside a room door, that room will become a paranormal room, and the people inside will never be able to get out." Sun Ren said.

Zheng Yijing's expression changed, "Is it really that terrifying?"

"Paranormal items are just that unreasonable. To leave, you'll have to remove the plaque, but those inside can't do it. Only someone from outside can help remove the plaque."

Sun Ren said, "I can use this item to trap Yang Jian forever, making him disappear along with Room 707 from this world."

"What if it doesn't trap him?" Help us out by reading on

Zheng Yijing said, "Don't tell me you're only betting on this one thing."

"I've prepared some methods, though I can't guarantee to kill Yang Jian, there's no problem leaving Yang Jian behind." At this moment, Lok Sheng spoke up, "If it weren't for him willing to help, I wouldn't have the confidence to act today."

"Alright, we'll gamble." Boss He gritted his teeth and immediately made a decision.

Decided to team up against Yang Jian.

After all, no matter what, he couldn't escape now.

"Yuelian, you go entertain Yang Jian, bring him here and say we want to have a bet with him here." Boss He said afterward.

He Yuelian touched the bruise on her face, "This is the last time. After this is over, I'll leave Da'ao City and never want to see you again."

"Suit yourself." Boss He responded forcefully.

He Yuelian then turned and left with her long, beautiful legs.

She also hoped Yang Jian would disappear.

After all, she was almost killed by Yang Jian earlier.

Women can hold grudges.

Chapter 1159 - Subverting Perception

He Yuelian adjusted her mindset at this moment and appeared in front of Yang Jian once again. Her demeanor was graceful, pure, yet charming, always able to attract a vast amount of attention wherever she went.

"Mister Yang, the gambling game is ready. Boss He sent me to invite you to the VIP room."

She lowered her gaze slightly, not daring to make eye contact with Yang Jian, fearing a recurrence of the earlier situation.

"You still dare to show up?"

Yang Jian looked at this woman calmly, "Isn't this the time when you should be fleeing? Or was I not ruthless enough earlier, not choking you to death instantly?"

"In front of Mister Yang, I probably don't have a chance to escape. If you really want to kill me, I can only accept my fate. However, I believe in Mister Yang's character; you're not the kind of villain who kills indiscriminately," He Yuelian said.

Yang Jian replied, "I'm not a villain, but I'm not a good person either. This time, I hope you all have the self-awareness and don't do anything foolish. Otherwise, you will regret it. Lead the way; I want to see what kind of gambling game you've arranged for me."

He Yuelian smiled slightly; she gestured a bit and then led the way in front.

On the way.

He Yuelian boldly inquired, "Mister Yang seems to have met me before and is very familiar with my appearance. Did you encounter someone who looked exactly like me before, or are you merely interested in me?"

"Don't probe into matters beyond your capability. Knowing too much is not a good thing for you; it will only accelerate your death," Yang Jian said coldly.

"Since Mister Yang is displeased, I won't ask anymore."

He Yuelian said, "I'm just curious about what on me is worth someone like Mister Yang paying so much attention to. Does it involve matters of the supernatural realm? If so, I'm willing to cooperate with Mister Yang to investigate."

"You're a very smart person. I've met a smart woman before too, but unfortunately, her ending wasn't very good," Yang Jian said.

"Did Mister Yang kill her?" He Yuelian asked with a smile, unafraid.

Yang Jian said, "For that woman, death was a relief. I helped her find relief. There are things more terrifying than death."

"Things more terrifying than death? What are they?" He Yuelian couldn't help but ask out of curiosity.

Yang Jian continued walking forward, "What is one plus one?"

"One plus one equals three," He Yuelian replied almost without thinking.

However, she immediately turned pale. One plus one equals two is something even children know. Why did she answer one plus one equals three?

Thinking carefully again.

Indeed, one plus one equals two.

"No, no, it should equal three....." He Yuelian was stunned at this moment.

A problem so simple and indisputable that she came up with two answers, and both felt entirely correct, as if it should naturally be so.

Being intelligent, He Yuelian immediately realized there might be something wrong with her perception.

Could it be.....

She recalled the moment earlier when Yang Jian had almost strangled her. Besides fear, she had felt an exceptionally chilling aura invade her body, thoroughly eroding everything about her.

But He Yuelian thought she was going to die.

Thinking about it carefully now, maybe she had already undergone some unknown change at that time.

"What did you do to me?" He Yuelian suddenly looked at Yang Jian, questioning in shock and fear.

"First answer what is one plus one," Yang Jian said coldly.

"One plus one equals three."

He Yuelian spoke, but just like before, her face changed as she spoke: "No, that's not right, it equals two, wait, it equals three..... no, it can't equal three, it equals two."

"What you think is right is merely what I want you to think is right. Now think again, are the things you're doing what I want you to do, or what you originally intended to do? Just like one plus one, is it really two, or is it three," Yang Jian said.

At this moment, He Yuelian was somewhat broken down. Her gaze trembled, looking towards Yang Jian with terror, fear, and a suffocating sense of despair.

"No, you can't do this, you're toying with my soul, altering my perception, turning me into someone else....."

She was trembling even as she spoke.

At this moment, He Yuelian finally understood just how terrifying Yang Jian was.

Perception can be overturned; memories can be altered.

"Don't worry, your perception remains normal," Yang Jian said.

Altering memories and reshaping perception was too easy for him. He merely left a slight backdoor within He Yuelian for easy control.

He Yuelian didn't believe Yang Jian's words; she thought there was definitely something wrong with her, just that the issue was very latent and hadn't been discovered yet.

However, Yang Jian chose not to continue wasting time with this woman.

Despite her beautiful yet terrifying face, Yang Jian now wanted to see how that Boss He and the ghost handler named Zheng Yijing planned to deal with him.

The VIP room arrived quickly.

After pushing open the door, there was a spacious and empty room with a large table, in front of which sat Boss He, Zheng Yijing, and a few other strangers he hadn't seen before.

"I wasted a little time, I hope Captain Yang won't mind. After all, trying to win against Captain Yang is a difficult task and requires serious preparation. I'm sure Captain Yang understands." Boss He stood up and said politely.

"But before the gambling begins, I want to introduce someone to Captain Yang first."

After speaking, he gestured to a young man in front of the table.

"This is the person in charge of Da'ao City, Lok Sheng."

Lok Sheng smiled and said, "Captain Yang, welcome to Da'ao City. I've long heard of your great name. I thought I'd never have the chance to meet you in this lifetime, but I'm fortunate to meet you here today. I hope you won't mind that I didn't come to greet you."

"Lok Sheng? Are you the one who suggested I hand over Shangtong Tower to Boss He to settle the debt? Not bad, very bold." Yang Jian nodded slightly.

"Boss He is also a businessman, not easy at all. Paying debts is justified, I was just stating a fair word, I hope Captain Yang is not really angry over this." Lok Sheng said.

Yang Jian nodded, "Well said, a bet is a bet, debts should be paid back. I hope today Boss He is prepared to lose and doesn't cheat."

"No matter how much I cheat, I wouldn't dare cheat in front of Captain Yang." Boss He said.

"Forget it, Zheng Yijing, what do you want to bet with me?" Yang Jian asked.

Zheng Yijing also said, "No rush, Captain Yang, please sit down first. Would you like something to drink?"

"Pour me a glass of water." Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

He Yuelian, acting the role of a servant, swayed her slender waist as she walked to the bar at the side, then poured a glass of boiled water and handed it over: "Mister Yang, your water."

Yang Jian took the glass and calmly placed it on his right side, then said, "My time is limited. If you're going to waste time here, I won't accompany you."

Note from the editor: Always check MV2LEMPYR for corrections.

"Captain Yang, please calm down. Before the gambling starts, I hope Captain Yang can meet someone, someone you're very familiar with." Lok Sheng said again at this moment.

"Oh, there's an old acquaintance of mine here?" Yang Jian said, "I'm curious, who could be in Da'ao City."

Lok Sheng smiled and gestured, "Mister Sun, you can come out now."

At this moment.

A young man with a cold breath, looking quite tired, about to twenty or so, walked in. As soon as he entered, his gaze locked on Yang Jian, and he greeted, "Yang Jian, long time no see, I wonder if you still remember me?"

"Sun Ren?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and he immediately recognized this person.

This was his high school classmate, Sun Ren.

But everyone knew that most of Yang Jian's high school classmates died in the Door Knocking Ghost incident, with only seven survivors.

"I thought after you became a ghost handler and joined headquarters, you wouldn't recognize me, but you still remember me." Sun Ren sneered coldly.

"You kidnapped Zhang Wei back then and demanded a ghost as ransom; I haven't settled that account with you yet. Aren't you afraid I'll kill you for showing up here?" Yang Jian said.

Sun Ren walked over and found a seat to sit down directly, "Old classmates meet and start threatening to kill, you're still so arrogant, not even catching up a little?"

"I have nothing to catch up with you about. Although we're classmates, I couldn't get along with you during school, no friendship at all, and during the Door Knocking Ghost incident, I saved you, but how did you repay me? Ungrateful dog." Yang Jian said coldly, "Now that you've become a ghost handler, you think you can defy me?"

"Yang Jian, watch your words." Sun Ren said angrily.

"If you want to die, just say so. I'll send you off." Yang Jian's ghostly eye suddenly opened.

The conference room was now illuminated with a crimson glow.

At this moment, Lok Sheng laughed heartily, "Captain Yang, you misunderstood. I called him over just to bring you along and take a look, no other intentions. I truly didn't know there was a misunderstanding between the two of you. But even if there is a misunderstanding, it's a thing of the past, I think as long as it's resolved, everything will be fine.."

"Only the dead hold no grudges." Yang Jian glanced around, "So, is the gambling starting now?"

"What gambling? We haven't started yet." Zheng Yijing was completely at a loss.

Yang Jian sneered, "Everyone here either has a grudge against me or a conflict, are you gathering to resolve misunderstandings or to join forces to take me down? You know in your hearts. But honestly, I am disappointed."

"Disappointed about what?" Sun Ren asked.

"I fished all day and only caught you few, how could I not be disappointed?" Yang Jian replied.

The room immediately fell silent.

Some people's eyelids were twitching, a foreboding feeling welling up in their hearts.

Chapter 1160 - The Arrival of the Cursed Room

Fishing?

A bad feeling welled up in their hearts. Although they had considered this issue before, hearing Yang Jian say it out loud still sent chills down their spines.

Indeed.

This Yang Jian had not acted for a long time, continuously pressuring Boss He to force them all out of hiding.

By this point, there was no turning back.

Yang Jian had already arrived, Sun Ren had made an appearance, and Lok Sheng had entered the scene... Retreating now would only be a death sentence, and taking action despite their fears might still give them a chance.

The few exchanged secret glances, seeing a resolute determination in each other's eyes.

"Team Yang, let's not be so confrontational. How about I act as a mediator and help resolve this issue? We're all ghost tamers here, surviving is already difficult. The malevolent spirits in these supernatural events are our true enemies. You know the current situation; survival is tough enough. Fighting amongst ourselves would be foolish."

Lok Sheng smiled and hurriedly tried to ease the tense atmosphere.

According to their previous plan, they intended to act together to forcibly delay Yang Jian for a few seconds, then swiftly retreat, hanging the 707 door number outside to trap him within.

However, they must not arouse the opponent's suspicion before acting.

For this plan to succeed, they needed to strike first.

But under current circumstances, success was absolutely impossible.

"Lok Sheng, you know what you're thinking. Don't think you can fool anyone. Saying those words here is insulting. Do you really think you're the only smart person in the world, and everyone else is an idiot?" Yang Jian said coldly as he looked at him.

"To say the least, you have a fugitive like Sun Ren sitting here, and not only do you not care, but you also want to talk to me about reconciliation? Are you brain-dead? Trying to reconcile as a person in charge with a fugitive?"

Lok Sheng's face turned grim immediately.

It was the first time someone had insulted him like this, especially as he was also a city's person in charge.

"Yang Jian, stop calling him a fugitive at every turn. What crime has Sun Ren committed?"

Sun Ren said with some resentment, "Kidnapping Zhang Wei? I never intended to harm him. I only used Zhang Wei once. If I really wanted to kill him, do you think Zhang Wei would still be alive?"

"If you were innocent, why appear in this setting instead of directly contacting me to explain? You are a ghost tamer now, surely you have means to find me, yet you didn't. You probably appeared this time to confront me, after first kidnapping Zhang Wei, then extorting a confined ghost from me, and finally becoming a ghost tamer to fight me. Do you still think you're in the right?" Yang Jian said expressionlessly.

"It was your wanted notice that left me no way out."

Sun Ren stared at him, saying, "We were classmates. You showed no mercy at all. I looked for you before and almost got killed by an evil spirit. Don't tell me you didn't know."

"Sneaking into other places without notice, you think that's reasonable?"

Yang Jian's gaze turned cold, "Forget it, I don't want to waste words with you. Since you showed up today, you must have been mentally prepared. Reasoning and explanations aren't important, the result is."

"Yes, the process isn't important; the result is." Sun Ren nodded coldly in agreement.

"Yang Jian, our gamble hasn't started yet. You wouldn't want to back out now, would you?" At this moment, a man named Zheng Yijing spoke up.

Yang Jian glanced at him, "I won't back out. Tell me, what do you want to bet on?"

Zheng Yijing said directly, "A regular bet is boring and doesn't suit someone of your stature, Team Yang. Since we're all in the supernatural circle, why not play with something from the supernatural circle?"

"A supernatural gamble, eh? Fine, but I'll only give you one chance." Yang Jian, confident, gestured, "How do you want to play?"

Zheng Yijing hadn't expected Yang Jian to agree so readily. His expression shifted slightly as he quickly considered his options.

Since the opponent hadn't overturned the table immediately, it was an opportunity for them.

If they seized this chance, they might indeed be able to topple Yang Jian.

Of course, if they failed, they would face Yang Jian's dreadful attack.

Sun Ren glanced at Zheng Yijing, signaling him with his eyes.

He felt it was time to bring out Room 707.

Zheng Yijing understood, immediately saying, "In the Daxing Entertainment City, there is a mysterious room, Room 707. It's said that no one who enters that room has ever come out. We'll use that room as the gamble. If you can enter and exit that room, we lose. Conversely, if you can't come out, then...."

Lok Sheng's expression flickered, watching Yang Jian intently.

Was this trap so obvious that Yang Jian would really agree?

Though hoping otherwise, in reality, he wished Yang Jian would agree to this gamble, as it would mean Yang Jian entering Room 707 without any cost to them.

"Looks like you've prepared well, a room people can't come out of alive? Interesting. I'll accept this gamble," Yang Jian said.

"Really?" Zheng Yijing himself couldn't believe Yang Jian would agree so easily.

But then Yang Jian added, "I accept the gamble, but since it's a gamble, it must be fair for both sides. I can risk entering Room 707, but what are you wagering against my life? Don't mention Boss He's life; it's not enough. Without enough stakes, you don't even have the qualification to continue playing with me."

"This...." Zheng Yijing was put in a difficult position.

Yang Jian's words were true—what did they have to wager against him?

Lok Sheng also frowned.

"If you win, Room 707 will be yours." Sun Ren spoke up at this point.

Yang Jian sneered, "The result would be the same if I killed you all."

Sun Ren's face turned dark and he fell silent.

"It doesn't matter if you don't have the stakes to gamble with me; just change the rules. We'll all enter Room 707 together, and only those who come out alive will be the winners."

With these words, their expressions changed instantly; rather, they hesitated internally.

They didn't dare enter the ominous Room 707.

That room truly housed an evil spirit, and being trapped inside would mean a gruesome death.

"No need to overthink it, it's settled. Where is room 707? I said, you'll only get one chance, there won't be a second." Yang Jian glanced at the others.

Zheng Yijing looked troubled, caught in a dilemma. He looked at Sun Ren, "He knows where room 707 is."

Sun Ren's eyes flickered uncertainly.

He wanted to kill Yang Jian, but lacked the courage for a mutual destruction; he was struggling and hesitating inside.

"Are you hesitating?"

Yang Jian mocked, "Makes sense, it fits your character. Cowardly and afraid of death. You wouldn't dare to risk your life with me unless you had no choice."

"Yang Jian, I know you're ruthless, but I'm not the same as before. You want to play, right? I'll play with you. Room 707 is right here." Sun Ren said coldly, slowly taking out an old doorplate.

It had the numbers 707 written in black.

"A doorplate?" Yang Jian squinted his eyes, looking at the doorplate.

It felt familiar.

Like he'd seen it somewhere before.

Right, isn't this the doorplate from those bizarre rooms in the Caesar Grand Hotel?

"How do you use it?" Yang Jian asked without showing emotion.

"Hang it behind the door, and this place will become the new deadly room 707." Sun Ren explained.

As soon as he finished speaking.

The doorplate in Sun Ren's hand immediately vanished and appeared in Yang Jian's hand.

"You..." Everyone tensed up, staring at him intently.

Lok Sheng was so startled that he stood up directly, instinctively ready to act.

Yang Jian casually tossed the item aside, "He Yuelian, right? Take this thing and hang it behind the door, let's start this gamble."

He Yuelian took the doorplate, somewhat shocked, a bit nervous, and a little scared.

She looked at the few people sitting before the table, afraid to act rashly.

"Boss He, I'll handle this." Boss He volunteered immediately.

Yang Jian didn't even look, responding coldly, "The moment you step outside, I'll kill you myself."

Boss He immediately halted, a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

"What are you standing there for, if you don't want to go, stay here," Yang Jian snapped.

"I, I'll go." He Yuelian snapped back to reality with a jolt, hastily taking the doorplate and walking out.

Everyone watched her leave, their hearts in their throats.

Should we stop her?

There's still time to act.

Once the doorplate is hung, it's all too late, not only trapping Yang Jian but also dooming ourselves here.

They quickly exchanged glances.

"You can stop her, but the moment you act, it means you're cheating, overturning the stakes of the gamble. And I won't give you a second chance." Yang Jian reminded.

"Can't act." My Vir*t@u!al Libra@ry E.m&pire@ (.M.|V|LE\$1@M%P\$Y%R+) t!h%an*k+s you for r&e-a^din.g at the so-urc+e.

After hearing that, everyone had the same thought in mind.

If they acted to stop He Yuelian, it meant Yang Jian would retaliate, making things worse.

Squeak!

He Yuelian walked out of the VIP room, and the door gently closed.

Soon, it was quiet outside.

But everyone's hearts were still caught in suspense.

Moments later.

There were some noises from behind the door, suggesting that He Yuelian was hanging the doorplate.

"I want to get out of here, I don't want to go crazy with you." At this moment, a man named Zhang Wei couldn't take the pressure any longer, shouted, and rushed madly towards the door.

He didn't want to die here.

So what if they trapped Yang Jian?

He would still die.

He came to make money, not to die.

Bang!

Yet in the next moment, Zhang Wei crashed heavily against the door.

The wooden door didn't move an inch, showing no sign of damage, and the outside was eerily silent.

Only echoes bounced around the empty room.

It seemed he was a step too late... room 707 had already arrived.