

Revival 131

Chapter 131: has a problem

“Four people, five sets of chopsticks, could we be so unlucky to encounter another supernatural event?”

Yang Jian’s uneasiness gradually evolved into an inexplicable worry.

He frowned and looked around the private room.

Everything seemed normal, just like any other time at a restaurant, nothing seemed amiss.

But, sometimes the appearance of supernatural events isn’t just about the surface.

The incident at Huanggang Village was proof of that.

It seemed calm on the surface, but underneath lay a great terror.

He wanted to ask the others to confirm the situation.

However, the words stopped at his lips.

If it really was a supernatural event, asking Zhang Wei and the others would be no use; they were just ordinary people and couldn’t solve anything.

If it wasn’t, then this would just be a farce, unnecessary.

But to be cautious, the best course of action would be to leave the restaurant.

“Right, Zhang Wei, weren’t you asking us to go sing at KTV? We’ve pretty much finished eating, let’s head out now,” Yang Jian abruptly said.

“Watch your words, Murong Erniu. What Zhang Wei? Call me my full name, Xuanyuan Tiedan.”

Zhang Wei said seriously, “And right now, Miao Xiaoshan has just arrived, and I have some things to discuss with Shangguan Yun. Let’s go to the KTV later.”

Miao Xiaoshan said, “I don’t mind, I already had dinner before coming. If you all want to go have fun, go ahead.”

“That’s not right. We’ve just met Big Cousin and naturally need to talk about some family matters. By the way, Big Cousin, what does the Shangguan Family do? Could it be that it’s a hidden super-rich family with wealth rivaling nations?” Zhang Wei said, “It’s a bit embarrassing, but the Xuanyuan Family has fallen on hard times; we just manage some billion-yuan construction projects.”

“My friend here, Murong Erniu, is different. He’s a powerhouse hiding in the city. You need to be careful how you speak with him. I give him a lot of face, and if by chance you anger him, with one transformation, he could wipe out your entire family.”

Shangguan Yun’s face darkened. It wasn’t his fault that his name contained a compound surname. Was it necessary to target him this way?

“You must have read too many novels, and besides, have I offended this classmate?”

Offended?

During our survivor’s class reunion, you’re showing off what kind of strength?

Zhang Wei glanced over, his look filled with contempt and dissatisfaction.

Yang Jian said, “Let’s save some topics for later. We’ve eaten enough; it’s time for us to go.”

"No rush, I want to have a conversation between strong individuals with Brother Shangguan," Zhang Wei said.

Zhao Lei also nodded and said, "Miao Xiaoshan, you continue eating. Zhang Wei and I will meet your cousin in a bit."

"How could I have a bunch of classmates like these, hardly any of them are normal," Miao Xiaoshan thought, feeling embarrassed. If his family knew about his classmates' behavior, they would surely be the butt of jokes.

"Wait a moment, don't you all feel that this restaurant, no, more precisely this private room, is a bit off?" Yang Jian voiced his concern.

"What's wrong with it? There's no problem at all," Zhao Lei said, puzzled.

At that moment, Zhang Wei suddenly stood up, "You're right; I also feel something is off. Let's leave now."

"Huh?"

Yang Jian froze for a moment; could Zhang Wei, with his carefree nature, also have noticed something abnormal about this private room?

"Let's go sing," Zhang Wei immediately said.

Then, unexpectedly decisive and swift, he settled the bill and left.

"We were having a good meal; why the sudden rush to leave? I haven't eaten my fill yet," Zhao Lei said on the way.

Zhang Wei said with a grave expression, "Because there's a problem with that restaurant."

"You noticed too? Seems I have to start looking at you differently. I thought you were good for nothing except playing video games," Yang Jian said, somewhat approvingly.

Zhang Wei said with surprise, "I didn't notice any problem. The food was delicious; I wanted to eat more."

"..."

"If you didn't notice anything, why the rush to leave?" Yang Jian asked.

"Wasn't it you who said that restaurant was sketchy? If you say it's sketchy, it must be sketchy." Zhang Wei said, "Since it's sketchy, let's just not eat there, it's just one meal wasted, no big deal. Anyway, this master will be going to work tomorrow, and from then on, there'll be plenty of money."

Miao Xiaoshan asked, "Yang Jian, what problem did you find just now?"

"Might have found a fly in the food."

Zhang Wei, looking at Shangguan Yun next to him, said.

Shangguan Yun, with a dark face, retorted, "Speak if you want to speak, why are you staring at me like there's nothing wrong?"

"Can't I just admire your handsome face?" Zhang Wei said.

"There were only the four of us in the private room at the beginning, but halfway through the meal, Miao Xiaoshan and Shangguan Yun came in, yet they didn't sit down. And I saw a fifth set of tableware on the table. Don't you think there's something off about that room? You must realize, aside from the waiter, there was no fifth person entering the room, but how could the waiter sit outside and eat?" Yang Jian said.

"Damn, I knew there was a chilling feeling in that room, I thought it was just the AC cranked up. Turns out that place is haunted." Zhang Wei almost jumped in fright.

"No way," Miao Xiaoshan covered her mouth, her eyes widening.

Yang Jian said, "We can't be sure it's a supernatural event, but we can't completely deny it either. I didn't mention it earlier because I was afraid you'd panic and make a mess, possibly triggering a supernatural event unwittingly,"

"Since nothing happened then, as long as nothing unexpected occurs, there should be no issue moving forward. We can just act like nothing happened and leave the restaurant."

"That's the safest course of action."

Haunted?

Cousin Shangguan Yun burst into laughter upon hearing this, "Looking at all your serious faces makes me laugh. How old are you all, and you still believe in such things? Just because there was an extra set of tableware, you think the hotel is haunted? Your imaginations are too rich; it's a shame not to write novels."

"Cousin, Yang Jian is looking out for us, and what if it's true? You shouldn't make fun of others," Miao Xiaoshan said.

"Sorry, I just couldn't help it. But you guys are quite amusing, so childlike. You're going out of state for school in a couple of days, and from then on, it's better to keep your distance from your classmates here. Just by looking at them, you can tell they don't study much, always daydreaming. How can they focus on their studies?"

Zhang Wei was displeased. He said, "What are you rambling about? What moves our classmates make is none of your business. If you don't like listening, then don't listen. By the way, didn't you tell your family about what happened at school the other time, Miao Xiaoshan?"

"I did, I told them, but they didn't believe it," Miao Xiaoshan said, obviously embarrassed.

"Right, with your cousin's intelligence, there are indeed some things that would be very difficult to explain to him."

Zhang Wei said, "We can't argue with idiots, otherwise they'll drag us down to their level and then beat us with experience."

Zhao Lei also snickered, "Shangguan Yun, it's better for you to believe some things. Do you think out of our entire class, forty-something students, why only the seven of us are still alive?"

"The facts don't lie."

"You're right that facts don't lie, but I trust science more," Shangguan Yun replied, displeased, "Stories about ghosts and goblins are just nonsense."

Yang Jian wasn't upset, he simply said, "It's okay, we agree to disagree. Supernatural events are indeed difficult to believe if not witnessed firsthand, and it's not so easy to change a worldview nurtured over decades. There's no need to argue over such a trifling matter, especially since today is our last gathering. There probably won't be any future class reunions, so let's just enjoy ourselves."

He didn't think Shangguan Yun was at fault.

This was the common way of thinking, very normal, since supernatural incidents were still only occurring on a small scale and hadn't reached a completely uncontrollable situation.

Belief in ghosts and spirits was still not mainstream, becoming just an urban legend and stories circulating within certain circles.

"Anyway, it's fine if nothing happened now. Oh, by the way, you mentioned earlier that you're going to study out of province, is that true?" He asked again.

Miao Xiaoshan nodded, “Yes, the school has been locked down, but I still need to study, right? I plan to go back to my hometown to continue my studies; the college entrance exam is only a few months away.”

“You’re actually thinking about going to college?” Zhang Wei’s eyes widened, “I can’t even dare to step into a school anymore, you’re really brave.”

“What else can I do if I don’t go to college?”

Miao Xiaoshan said helplessly, “My family doesn’t agree with that idea either.”

“Your family really values education; all educated people,” Zhang Wei gave a thumbs up.

While the group was chatting,

In the private room of the restaurant they had been in,

The waiter cleaned up the table, then turned off the lights and left the room.

The moment the door to the private room closed,

Through the slowly narrowing gap, one could vaguely see someone sitting bolt upright in the spot where the fifth set of tableware had been laid out, completely still, submerged in the dimness, their features indiscernible.

“Bang~!”

The door gently closed, yet suddenly, there came the sound of dishes being used from inside.

Chapter 132: The Intruder.

“Hello, hello, can you hear me?”

In the private KTV room, Zhang Wei picked up the microphone to do a sound check.

As the most active member, he naturally took on the role of the microphone hog.

The eerie situation from earlier in the room hadn’t been taken too seriously by everyone, since nothing had happened, so there was no fear. Besides, with the group together in a lively entertainment venue, the presence of many people had dissipated any fear of ghosts.

You simply do what you’ve got to do.

“Are you really okay now?” Yang Jian looked at Wang Shanshan beside him.

Since the beginning, she had spoken very little and had been following him around no matter where they were. Sometimes, during unintentional contact, he could feel the coolness of her skin.

The moment he sat down, Wang Shanshan leaned in close to him.

There was a kind of intimacy that resembled being deeply in love.

But from her emotionless face, that sentiment was nowhere to be seen.

“I’m fine, it’s always been like this,” said Wang Shanshan.

“I’m not talking about physical symptoms, but about changes in your spirit,” Yang Jian said.

Wang Shanshan looked at him with a hint of puzzlement; “Changes in my spirit? No, I feel very normal, more so than at any other time.”

That's not normal at all when you say it.

Yang Jian thought to himself.

He knew that the most terrifying influence of an Evil Ghost on a person wasn't physical, but mental. He could feel a great change in himself compared to the past, yet this change was so natural that it didn't feel abrupt.

"Yang Jian, can I always be with you in the future?" Suddenly, Wang Shanshan asked this.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's eyes widened, surprised: "What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know, I just want to be with you, I feel especially comfortable when I'm with you... When I'm not by your side, I feel something is wrong with my body, sometimes as if it's not under my control, and I've become a bit strange," Wang Shanshan said softly.

"Your words sound a bit strange to me."

Yang Jian said, "But I think it must be the thing affecting you, not your own will."

"But what does it matter?" Wan Shanshan said.

"Whether the body controls the mind or the mind has changed and affected the body, in any case, I am still me, I know what I'm doing... Do you really mind the current me?"

Yang Jian was stunned for a moment, not sure how to answer, but only said: "I don't mind this state of yours, but being with me does you no good, only harm. You should be more filial to your parents; they have given a lot for you and deserve to be treated well."

“Hmm.”

Wang Shanshan hummed softly and then lapsed into silence.

She remained cold as ever.

The influence of her identity as a Ghost Slave on her was gradually expanding. It had begun with her body, but now it had seeped into her state of mind.

And it was irreversible.

“Today, on this rare day of gathering, I, Zhang Wei, have a song to dedicate to all of you, to reminisce the glorious years of our three-year companionship,” Zhang Wei said, holding the microphone at that moment.

“Zhao Lei, it’s best you don’t let him sing,” Yang Jian said abruptly after recalling something.

“Why? Is his singing that bad?”

Yang Jian said, “It’s not exactly bad... it’s just that the method he used to learn singing was all wrong.”

This guy really liked to sing Cantonese songs, but because he wasn’t good at Cantonese, he used Mandarin transliterations.

As a result, although he learned to sing, his Cantonese pronunciation was inaccurate, making it sound weird.

In his own words, it was the “Zhang-style singing method.”

“Zhongsheng hou qi guijia die shenghao, in ta shen ming nei...” As an introductory tune began, Zhang Wei took the microphone and sang in a deep voice.

“Indeed, quite peculiar,” Zhao Lei felt a tingling sensation on his scalp.

Yang Jian was mentally prepared.

“By the way, I’ve been wanting to ask you about something, who exactly is this Ghost Master?” suddenly, Zhao Lei moved in closer and asked in a low voice; “Is it the same kind of person as the criminal investigator, Zhou Zheng? And how did you get us out of the school back then, are you a Ghost Master too?”

Hearing this question, Yang Jian raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Was Zhao Lei’s investigation into supernatural events starting to touch on the concept of a Ghost Master?

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It has to be said that, with determination, one can achieve some success, especially given that he was investigating as an ordinary student.

“If it’s inconvenient for you to talk about it, then never mind.”

Yang Jian shook his head and said, “It’s not that it’s inconvenient, it’s just that some things haven’t spread around. Knowing too much won’t do you any good. But since you’ve asked, it’s okay for me to tell you a bit. A ‘Ghost Slave’ is someone who controls an Evil Ghost. These people usually deal with supernatural events.”

“In the future, it’s better to stay away from these kinds of people... They are very dangerous.”

"Ghosts are not as simple as you imagine. The truth about the school is far more terrifying than anything you've encountered before. It is indeed luck that we're still alive."

"Dealing with Evil Ghosts?" Zhao Lei was listening intently when he suddenly asked, "Is there a way to become a 'Ghost Slave'?"

"Why would you want to become a 'Ghost Slave'?" Yang Jian looked at him curiously.

"Isn't it good to be alive?"

Zhao Lei said, "I've been having nightmares recently and feel like ghosts could be anywhere. I think if I were to become a 'Ghost Slave,' I could escape the shadow of this thing."

"You're wrong. Once you become a 'Ghost Slave,' you'll live in a nightmare for the rest of your life. Don't be curious to seek out such things... they're very painful," Yang Jian said.

"I think I can handle it,"

Yang Jian said, "It's not about whether you can handle it or not, but whether you can stay alive. Controlling an Evil Ghost is extremely risky. Do you have the confidence to survive supernatural events as an ordinary person? If not, I advise you to abandon such thoughts."

"I'll consider it. Do you know how to become a 'Ghost Slave'?" Zhao Lei pressed on.

"From what I see now, there's no method to become a 'Ghost Slave'; it's just an accident."

Yang Jian said, "These people are created by accident. With billions of people worldwide and the occurrence of supernatural events, although the chance of an accident is low, there are still some unlucky individuals who become 'Ghost Slaves' due to the huge population."

He was also very curious about how 'Ghost Slaves' came to be.

Humans cannot control terrifying ghosts, as they would simply be killed by the ghosts. Humans can only become 'Ghost Slaves' by controlling the kind of ghosts that haven't recovered and grown.

But those kinds of ghosts are impossible to find before they grow.

So, for now, it seems that it's only by accident and coincidence.

Even if the chance is one in a hundred thousand, in a city of a million people, there would still be about ten 'Ghost Slaves.'

But Yang Jian believed that with an increase in supernatural events, the number of 'Ghost Slaves' created by accident would also increase.

"Why is becoming a 'Ghost Slave' considered unlucky rather than lucky? They have acquired extraordinary powers, just like the protagonists in novels. In fact, I'm somewhat envious of you," Zhao Lei said.

"In novels, the protagonists gain power too easily, as if it's prearranged by fate. Of course, that's enviable. But the reality is, you have to pay with your life for such things, and there's still no guarantee of success. Even if you do get lucky and acquire it, you live every day on the edge of death and terror. The cost is too great," Yang Jian said.

He began to understand Zhao Lei's thinking.

Mysterious powers always attract some people.

But those people only see the benefits and never consider the consequences of such powers.

"Although you say that, if I ever get a chance, I will definitely become a 'Ghost Slave.' I don't want to die like the other students at the school, like ants. I want to live in a way that has value," Zhao Lei said, reaching for a beer on the table, opened it, and chugged it down.

"I can't say your choice is wrong, but I can't help you with that," Yang Jian said calmly.

"I know."

At this moment, Zhang Wei was still singing deeply, "..."

The lyrics made Yang Jian's scalp tingle.

"You're right, we shouldn't have let Zhang Wei keep singing," Zhao Lei agreed with his earlier statement.

But when Yang Jian looked at the seven bottles of beer on the table, he froze again.

He remembered that the KTV event was offering one beer per person.

Counting himself and including his cousin Shangguan Yun, there were only six people. So why were there seven bottles?

It's as if an extra non-existent person appeared out of nowhere.

"Previously at the restaurant, an extra pair of chopsticks turned up, now here's an extra beer. This is definitely not just a coincidence," Yang Jian's expression changed as he stood up abruptly.

One coincidence is enough.

If it happens twice, it means something has infiltrated their group.

And what's terrifying is that none of them are aware of it.

The keen awareness of a 'Ghost Slave' allowed him to realize this first.

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Chapter 133: Invisible

Yang Jian immediately realized the incorrectness in the number of people around him and recognized that his previous concerns had materialized into reality.

At first, he suspected that there was a problem with the restaurant.

So, for safety's sake, he didn't finish eating and asked Zhang Wei to pay the bill and leave.

After leaving, Yang Jian temporarily set this matter aside, thinking that if the restaurant really had paranormal incidents, it didn't concern him; it was Zhao Kaiming's headache to deal with—not him.

But now, the situation hadn't disappeared simply because they had left the restaurant.

Instead, it had followed him and the others to the KTV.

“Another supernatural incident?” Yang Jian was already able to confirm this in his heart.

Some entity had stayed by their side in a way that went unnoticed by all, and it had been following them the whole time.

It had followed the group earlier to the restaurant.

Now... it had appeared in the KTV.

“Could it be another ghost?” Yang Jian thought as he looked at the beer cans on the table.

He was not very panicked.

If there really was a ghost, and it hadn't started killing people after such a long time of following them, it meant that the ghost's Terror Level was very low. Otherwise, they wouldn't have remained unharmed.

With experience from past incidents,

Yang Jian knew that acting recklessly without understanding the situation could easily lead to someone's death.

Since everything was calm at the moment, he could temporarily tolerate the presence of this fifth person until it started killing.

"If there really is a ghost, who brought it here?" Yang Jian glanced at the few people in the private room.

There weren't many people.

But he could immediately rule out Miao Xiaoshan and her cousin Shangguan Yun.

Because they were the last to arrive at the restaurant, the bowls and chopsticks had already appeared on the table before they came, which meant the ghost definitely didn't follow them.

"Did the ghost come with either Zhang Wei or Zhao Lei, or did it come with me?"

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly: "But I am the least likely suspect. As a ghost controller with two ghosts under my command, even if there really was a ghost, it wouldn't choose me as its first target,"

"So, it's very likely that the ghost came with Zhang Wei or Zhao Lei."

Yang Jian looked again at Zhang Wei, who was singing, and Zhao Lei, who was silently drinking.

Zhang Wei had said that a few days ago, he was playing finger-guessing games in front of a mirror and won all night, leaving his face swollen from hitting himself.

Although the behavior was somewhat remarkable, if it was true, his suspicion was great.

But Zhao Lei was also very suspect.

He had been very interested in paranormal events recently, investigating all over the place, visiting sealed neighborhoods, and closed parks, which gave off a professional death-seeking vibe, so the chance of being haunted by a ghost existed.

“Now that I’ve determined that the supernatural incident was brought by either Zhang Wei or Zhao Lei, I can try to find that ghost, or at the very least, make sure whether it is still in this private room or not.”

Yang Jian looked at the not-so-large private room, feeling a chill at the thought that an unseen ghost was sitting somewhere with them.

The next moment.

A ghost eye on his forehead stretched open the flesh and slowly opened.

Then the scene seen by the ghost eye was transmitted into his mind.

It was a world engulfed in red light, with the entire private room appearing as if dyed in fresh blood, and even the people were enveloped in a faint red glow.

“What are you looking at?”

Suddenly, the very quiet Wang Shanshan raised her head and looked at Yang Jian.

To be precise, she was looking at the ghost eye on Yang Jian’s head.

"I'm checking if there's a possibility of an invisible person in this private room," Yang Jian replied, a bit surprised as he looked at Wang Shanshan.

Had she sensed his use of the ghost eye's ability immediately?

And... at the moment the ghost eye opened, it seemed as though there was an indistinct connection between him and Wang Shanshan sitting beside him.

This connection arose from the ghost eye mark on her wrist.

Through that mark, Yang Jian felt as though he could control her entirely.

Out of curiosity, he tried it.

Suddenly.

Wang Shanshan, who was next to him, abruptly stood up, a look of confusion and numbness on her face.

"What did I just do?"

Her expression flickered, and seeing herself suddenly standing up, she started to feel surprised and doubtful.

"You spaced out for a moment just now and didn't do anything," Yang Jian said calmly.

Indeed.

He could control Wang Shanshan directly, and even she didn't know what was happening, as if in some instant, something had forcibly taken over control of her body.

"Really? I indeed spaced out just now. Then what did you see?" Wang Shanshan asked.

"Nothing at all, everything is normal."

Yang Jian's ghostly eye didn't see that non-existent person in the private room.

But he felt it was strange.

Since even he couldn't see it, why didn't the service staff make a mistake when serving the drinks?

It must be that the service staff had counted the number of people in their group.

But how did he include a non-existent person in that count?

The service staff must be ordinary people and couldn't possibly have any special abilities.

"I'll step out for a moment."

Yang Jian felt the need to ask for clarification, and he immediately got up and left the private room.

Wang Shanshan also subconsciously wanted to follow him,

"Just sit here and keep an eye on things for me."

"Okay," Wang Shanshan nodded.

Yang Jian wasn't afraid that something might happen after he left; if anything was going to happen, it would have happened by now, not waited until this moment.

After making a round, he found the service staff of this place.

The server was a young man in his early twenties, wearing glasses, which made him look quite intellectual.

"Excuse me, how many people came to our private room just now? It seemed like you served us seven bottles of beer; did you make a mistake?" Yang Jian asked.

The server seemed puzzled, "No mistake, there were seven of you. How could I get it wrong?"

Upon hearing this response, Yang Jian immediately furrowed his brow.

Indeed.

The server had seen the ghost hidden among their group of people.

Yang Jian wanted to ask the server what that person looked like.

But the question stopped at the tip of his tongue.

It was a foolish question; the server didn't recognize any of them, how could he know which was human and which was a ghost. The looks were even more nonsensical.

Is it possible to describe someone's appearance precisely with words?

"Then may I ask, among those seven people, how many are women?" Yang Jian asked.

“Two, I guess. One with very fair skin, and the other looks quite cute. Why? Don’t you recognize those two beauties?” the server asked in confusion.

“No, they are my classmates. I was just asking casually,” Yang Jian replied. “I won’t disturb you any longer; you can get back to your work.”

“Alright, call me if you need anything,” said the server.

After getting his answers, Yang Jian had a rough idea in his mind.

From the outside, he could judge... the ghost was a man.

But the questions in his heart didn’t diminish.

Was the server able to see the ghost on his own, or did the ghost intentionally let him see it?

If it was the latter, Yang Jian wouldn’t need to bother any more, but if it was the former, then the server being able to see the ghost meant he met the conditions for seeing ghosts.

What could those be?

Chapter 134: Brother Ah Fei

“Bang~!”

Suddenly, the door of the KTV private room was kicked open.

“Who the hell is singing in here, it’s so awful, don’t you know Brother Ah Fei is right next door? Singing so badly and screaming like killing a pig, didn’t your parents teach you to have some decency in public?”

A young guy in his twenties swaggered in with a few of his pals; “What’s wrong with the post-2000 generation, no manners at all, if you can’t sing well, don’t sing, just roll back home and practice more.”

As soon as they entered.

Zhang Wei, Zhao Lei, and big cousin Shangguan Yun all looked at the group that had burst in.

“I told you your singing makes people’s scalp tingle, told you not to sing, but you wouldn’t listen. Now look, someone has come to complain,” Zhao Lei said.

“Definitely not my fault, they’re just jealous of me,” Zhang Wei insisted.

“Is it you kid who was singing?”

The youth known as Ah Fei cocked his head looking at him: “Kid, just now you shut down all of our brothers’ interest in singing, so what do you say we do now?”

Zhang Wei said, “How about I teach you to sing as an apology?”

“Damn, who needs you to teach us to sing, you have to compensate us for our loss, two hundred bucks a person, for the four of us, that’s a total of one thousand,” Ah Fei demanded.

“Shouldn’t four people be eight hundred, how is it a thousand?” Zhang Wei asked.

Ah Fei said, “I’m bad at math, what’s wrong with getting it wrong?”

Getting it wrong, you’re still so righteous?

“My friend, you’re clearly here to cause trouble and extort us, right? I would advise you not to do this, it’s illegal, and it could end with jail time.”

Big cousin Shangguan Yun stepped forward and said, "It's true he sang a little too loudly just now, a simple apology should be enough. Let's just pretend nothing happened, okay? We're all here to have fun, don't let a small matter spoil everyone's mood."

"What did you say? Who are you to talk here, buzz off."

A buddy of theirs shoved Shangguan Yun aside with an arrogant demeanor.

Ah Fei demanded, "So, are you paying or not?"

"If you'd kindly call me 'Dad', I'll reward you," Zhang Wei said. "Your dad is loaded with cash, if you want some, just become my son."

Shangguan Yun could tell things were about to go south after hearing him.

This kid must be sick in the head, clashing with a bunch of thugs, just apologize, admit a mistake lightly and it's all done.

"I am your grandfather," Ah Fei was instantly enraged and punched Shangguan Yun in the face.

"I..." Shangguan Yun felt a twinge in his nose, the world spinning around him.

Damn, Zhang Wei said the insult, why hit me?

"Dare to curse at us, beat this guy to death," Ah Fei shouted, and his three companions immediately surrounded Shangguan Yun.

Shangguan Yun was even more dazed.

“Stop, stop hitting, Big Cousin, are you okay?” Miao Xiaoshan immediately panicked.

“Brother Shangguan, how are you? Need help?” Zhang Wei said, “Show us any of your martial arts or special abilities, let’s see what you’ve got.”

“Where do I know any martial arts, hurry up and help,” Shangguan Yun shouted.

Zhang Wei said, “Really, you’re hopeless, always causing trouble for us. It’s just a fight, such a trivial matter, and you’re calling for help. Forget it, for Xiao Shan’s sake, today I’ll let you see what I can do.”

With those words, he put down the microphone, ready to lend a hand.

Seeing this, Zhao Lei had no choice but to join Zhang Wei. Otherwise, going at it alone would be too hard.

“Don’t move, I’m telling you, this has nothing to do with you guys. If anyone dares to step forward, I’ll kill them. I tell you, I’m very vicious,” Ah Fei suddenly turned around, pointing at Zhang Wei and Zhao Lei.

“...”

Turns out you’re also afraid of getting hit~!

But at this moment, Yang Jian, hearing the chaos, finished asking what was happening and walked over: “What are you doing? A bunch of guys hugging each other, making weird noises, pay some attention to the impact it causes in broad daylight.”

“Yang Jian, they’re bullying us, my big cousin has been hit by them,” Miao Xiaoshan said with tearful eyes as if she had found a pillar of support, carrying a tone of tattling to an adult.

“Everything was fine, how did it turn into a fight? You guys really make me worry. I only stepped away for a moment and you started fighting, couldn’t you have waited till I got back before fighting? Fighting is something I’m quite good at,” Yang Jian walked over and said.

“Kid, don’t stick your nose in our business,” one thug came over angrily pointing at him.

“What did you say? I didn’t catch that,” Yang Jian said.

“Are you deaf, I said mind your own business...” The thug wasn’t able to finish his sentence. His face went pale with fear as he stopped himself.

“Big, Big Brother, it’s you?”

The thug seemed to recognize Yang Jian.

“Oh, you know me?” Yang Jian asked.

“Big Brother, this, this is all a misunderstanding,” the thug instantly caved in, his face ashen as if he were about to kneel, looking utterly mournful.

Yang Jian suddenly remembered: “I think I’ve seen you guys before. Didn’t I ask to borrow a couple hundred bucks from you last time? I remember your neck seemed to be stuck in a hole in the wall. Is it better now?”

He remembered these were the hoodlums he encountered after escaping from his house that day. In order to quickly acclimatize to the Ghost Domain, he had used them for some rather inhuman experiments,

Although he didn’t harm their lives, he had left a unimaginable shadow of terror in their minds.

So much so that now, seeing him made their legs go weak.

“Forget it, I don’t want to ask too much. Tell them to stop, don’t fight anymore.” Yang Jian said.

This hoodlum hurriedly turned back and stopped them, saying to Brother Ah Fei “Brother Ah Fei, stop fighting. Someone’s coming.”

“Who’re you? Whoever it is, I’ll kill them. I kill people all the time,” Ah Fei turned back and roared.

“Brother, long time no see.”

Yang Jian looked at him and said, “You’ve been pretty arrogant lately. Not only do you fight, but you kill people frequently too. Impressive, you’re getting more capable. It seems the lesson from last time wasn’t enough for you. What do you think of this wall? Pretty hard to get out if you’re stuck, right?”

He pointed at the wall next to them.

Ah Fei, seeing Yang Jian, immediately chickened out, pleading with a sobbing tone, “Big, big brother, why is it you? You heard wrong, I wouldn’t dare kill anyone, I haven’t even killed a chicken.”

“You’re quite good at making excuses, so what are you doing here?” Yang Jian asked, sitting in front of him and patting his shoulder.

“We just came to hang out. When it was time to pay the bill, we didn’t have enough money, so we thought about getting some,” Ah Fei said cautiously.

Yang Jian said, “You really haven’t changed. Well, extorting is extorting but why did you have to beat him? Does he have a grudge against you?”

He then looked at Shangguan Yun, who had a bloody nose and a miserable appearance.

“These poor students have no money. This guy, dressed in brand names, definitely looks rich,” Ah Fei said.

Damn.

So that's why I was beaten up.

No wonder they didn't hit Zhang Wei.

It's the hatred for the rich.

But do you guys even know that this Zhang Wei is actually a rich second generation?

Shangguan Yun shouted angrily, "Don't let him off, beat these guys to death."

"Beating people is illegal, and you might end up in jail," Ah Fei said in haste.

"I'll take the rap for it," Shangguan Yun said.

"Well said."

Yang Jian said, "You've got spirit. You can't just get hit and not hit back. Just for what you just said, I'll support you. Take this. Whoever bullies you, count them, and kill them all."

He somehow pulled out a pistol and put it into Shangguan Yun's hand.

"What's this?" Shangguan Yun was taken aback.

"It's a pistol. Didn't you say you wanted to kill them?" Yang Jian said, "Zhang Wei, remember to call the police later. Turning yourself in might get you a lighter sentence. Don't worry, there won't be a death penalty."

"You, how do you have this?" Shangguan Yun asked Yang Jian, shocked.

Yang Jian replied, "It was given to me, but you can also buy them online, with free shipping."

"Cousin, don't do anything rash. It would be bad if you really caused a death." Miao Xiaoshan walked over in a panic, snatched the pistol away and handed it to Yang Jian, then glared at him, "Who resolves conflicts like you do? Aren't you afraid of making things worse?"

"I saw my cousin getting bullied and wanted to help. I meant well," Yang Jian said.

"Big brother, if you really mean well, just let us go this time. I didn't know you were friends. If I had known, I wouldn't have dared to bully them," Ah Fei pleaded.

He wasn't afraid of anyone in this world except for Yang Jian in front of him.

Being trapped in the Ghost Domain was the most terrifying thing he had experienced in his life.

Even now, he doubted whether Yang Jian in front of him was human or a ghost.

"Big cousin, you decide. You were the one being bullied. I want to get justice for you, but it's up to you to decide what to do." Yang Jian said, "If you want to kill them with one shot, you can use my gun."

"Yang Jian, no," Miao Xiaoshan exclaimed, hugging his arm and speaking indignantly, "Cousin, don't listen to his instigation."

"Let's, just let them apologize and admit their wrongs, and let it be," Shangguan Yun said, ultimately as an adult.

He had merely spoken in anger before, and after calming down a bit, he spoke reluctantly.

He didn't have the courage to really shoot and kill someone.

That was lifelong imprisonment waiting for him.

Chapter 135: The Person in the Mirror

“Xiao Shan, your cousin is kind of a wimp,” Yang Jian said as he sat down upon returning to the private room.

Even with providing backup for Shangguan Yun.

He dared not confront Ah Fei and his gang too harshly, just made them apologize and admit their wrongs before letting them go.

Yang Jian watched and thought that Shangguan Yun was being too merciful.

If it were him, he would have definitely made Ah Fei and his cronies leave behind something.

“And they let him come over here to look after you? I think you should suggest to your parents that they replace your cousin with me. How about that? I guarantee I’ll take such good care of you that you’ll end up pregnant—ah, sorry, my bad. I meant I’ll take exceptional care of you.”

Miao Xiaoshan’s face turned red, and she glared at him, “Stop talking nonsense. You already have Wang Shanshan, and you’re still flirting with me. If you keep this up, I’m going to ignore you.”

“What I have with her is just the bond of classmates, a moral support. She can’t compare to our six years of friendship,” Yang Jian said.

Wang Shanshan was pale, sitting quietly without moving a muscle, her face expressionless.

“I’m about to go study out of province, so you better stop harboring any thoughts about me.”

Miao Xiaoshan said, her cute cheeks flushing with color.

Zhang Wei, unable to watch any longer, knocked on the table and said sternly, "Miao Xiaoshan, please watch your language. The way you're speaking, it feels like you're tempting Yang Jian. He belongs to the group, not to you personally. It seems your ideological awareness needs improvement. Write a five-thousand-word self-critique and send it to me tomorrow."

"I don't want to talk to you," Miao Xiaoshan retorted with a roll of her eyes.

"Still not convinced, huh? Definitely feeling guilty. Yang Jian, I told you she has feelings for you. Otherwise, when I invited her to the get-together, she didn't reply, but as soon as I mentioned you were coming, she hurried over. Had I known she was so fickle, I never would have helped her cousin," Zhang Wei said.

Miao Xiaoshan retorted, "It's because your singing is just too unbearable."

"How could my singing be terrible? Look at my Adam's apple, it trembles when I sing. That's a talent only the God of Songs, Jacky Cheung, has."

Zhang Wei lifted his chin confidently, "Zhao Lei, how do you think my singing is?"

"It gives people goosebumps," Zhao Lei said.

"See, he's moved by my singing," Zhang Wei claimed.

Miao Xiaoshan retorted, "Ignoring you. I'm talking to Yang Jian. By the way, what were you doing when you went out earlier? Lucky you arrived in time, otherwise my cousin would have been in trouble."

"With all this fighting, I almost forgot. Actually, I stepped out to ask the waiter about something. Why did they serve seven beers for six people?" Yang Jian said leisurely, leaning on the couch.

"Is that strange?" asked Zhang Wei.

Miao Xiaoshan asked, "Isn't the promotion here 'one free beer per person'? Did the server make a mistake?"

Yang Jian shook his head, "No, the server said we didn't come in as six people but seven, so they served seven beers. In other words, there's an extra person among us."

"An extra person?"

Upon hearing this, everyone instantly froze.

"Earlier, at dinner, it was the same. There was an extra set of tableware on the table. At that time, it was me, Wang Shanshan, Zhang Wei, and Zhao Lei eating, four of us, but there were five sets of tableware."

Yang Jian continued, "I found it strange and was worried the restaurant had some paranormal activity going on, so I made you all leave early. But now it seems... the extra person didn't first show up at the restaurant but has been following us this whole time. If we're lucky, that person might even be in this private room right now."

With those words,

a chill ran down everyone's spine, eyes wide with a sudden, inexplicable fear.

Once again, they recalled the fear dictated by the school.

"Are you saying there's a ghost among us? Then what are we waiting for, let's get out of here," Zhao Lei exclaimed, standing up and instinctively ready to flee.

But Yang Jian stayed seated, "For now, let's not run. It's useless; where can you run to? Clearly, the ghost followed one of us. And it's uncertain whether the ghost will switch targets after our gathering. If you leave and nothing happens, that's good.

"But what if the ghost follows you home? Then it's going to get a lot more complicated."

Hearing that, Zhao Lei, who had been about to run away, froze in place.

If a ghost were to follow him home, what terrors might unfold? Just the thought was frightening.

“Why would a ghost appear out of nowhere?” Zhang Wei said, feeling uneasy.

Yang Jian laughed, “How would I know? Aren’t hauntings unpredictable? No warning, no reason. You’re just unlucky if you encounter one.”

“So, what do we do now?” Xiao Shan asked.

“We need to figure out who the ghost is following. Then the rest of us should leave to avoid getting involved. After that, I’ll try to deal with it,” Yang Jian said thoughtfully and seriously.

If he didn’t help, one of these people would surely die.

“Just for what you said, I have to call you ‘brother,’ Brother Tui,” Zhang Wei said, patting his thigh emotionally.

“Brother Tui.”

Zhao Lei also looked at him excitedly.

“Brother, Brother Tui,” Miao Xiaoshan also called out somewhat sheepishly.

In front of a fierce ghost, there was nothing that couldn’t be set aside.

Yang Jian spread his hands and said, "If I can't find that ghost, or if I'm powerless to deal with it, then I can only say sorry, as cruel as it is, but I have to tell you in advance to prepare yourselves mentally for what comes after."

"Brother Tui, don't talk like that, you must have a way, right?" Zhang Wei felt like he was about to cry.

"It's hard to be confident about resolving these kinds of things, by the way, where did big cousin go? He's missing," Yang Jian realized the big cousin was gone.

Miao Xiaoshan said, "Cousin went to the bathroom."

Indeed, Shangguan Yun was in the bathroom.

He was injured.

He took a punch to the nose, and now it was bleeding.

"This is just the worst luck, getting beaten up by a bunch of brats who've barely hit puberty," Shangguan Yun grumbled as he washed his face, feeling flames of anger inside.

But the way that Brother Ah Fei had shamelessly begged for mercy earlier made him unsure of how to get back at him.

Yang Jian had stuffed a gun in his hands, but he dared not use it.

Using a firearm to kill someone and not getting the death sentence would mean you had some serious clout, and he really didn't know what his little cousin's classmate was into, getting hold of guns and even seeming to have given that gang of thugs a tough time before, with several classmates treating him with great respect.

He was definitely a figure of bully-level prominence in the class.

“Is that kid thinking of making a move on my adorable little cousin?” Shangguan Yun wondered privately.

In front of the washbasin was a massive mirror, and as Shangguan Yun washed his face, he didn’t realize that in the reflection of the mirror, a figure appeared very strangely within it.

However, in the bathroom, besides him there was no one else.

It was as if this person existed only in the mirror, absent in reality. Or perhaps, this person was right beside you, only visible through the mirror.

The person in the mirror was gradually approaching Shangguan Yun, who was washing up, coming closer from a distance.

He wasn’t walking slowly, but the distance shown in the mirror was farther than one would expect—it was more than just the size of a bathroom.

Nevertheless, Shangguan Yun did not notice this detail; his nose bleed had started again, and he bent down to run water from the faucet, washing it off.

Soon.

The person arrived right in front of the mirror, their form growing from small to large, gradually filling nearly the entire mirror surface.

“Got water in my eyes,” Shangguan Yun blinked and fumbled to the side of the washbasin,

He remembered there were tissues placed next to it.

After fumbling a few times, he didn’t find them; it seemed the tissues had been moved and were not in their original spot.

But then he felt two tissues; it seemed some kind-hearted person had passed them to him.

“Thanks,” Shangguan Yun said.

The person didn’t respond.

Quickly.

Shangguan Yun dried off the water and opened his eyes, looking in the mirror.

However, his reflection in the mirror was somewhat pale, his eyes hollow, lacking in luster.

“Hm?” Shangguan Yun touched his face.

Did his complexion look that bad?

But as he raised his head, the nose bleed flowed again, and he quickly bent down again, dabbing at it with the two tissues.

But as Shangguan Yun dabbed at his nosebleed with his head down, his reflection in the mirror remained static, not following his movement; instead, the reflection strangely turned its head, watching Shangguan Yun.