

Revival 146

Chapter 146: begins with a battle.

Yang Jian's sudden appearance caught everyone in the conference room off guard.

Just now, they were discussing whether to eliminate this uncertain factor in Dachang City; as soon as they made a decision, the man himself showed up at their door.

Was it a coincidence, or was it deliberate?

"If you want to deal with me, I have no objections. After all, who doesn't have a few enemies when they're out and about? However, I'd like to ask why. It seems I haven't offended anyone present, have I?"

Yang Jian sat on the conference table, unfazed by the five or six guns pointed at him, showing no sign of fear on his face.

He was calm, so calm it appeared as if he didn't take the people in the room seriously.

"President Wang, as the president of the club, can you explain this to me? Just starting hostilities for no apparent reason, I'm afraid your men might die without understanding why, which would be a pity."

President Wang spoke gravely, "You don't have a feud with the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, but your appearance has blocked some people's paths. The situation in Dachang City needs to be controlled by certain people, not left in the hands of an anonymous student like you. Perhaps you haven't realized your own importance, but indeed, you pose a potential threat."

"Once you pass the assessment and become an international ghost manipulator, you will take over the public security of Dachang City. With your succession, the interest groups in Dachang City will see significant changes, and this is something many people don't want to see—your uncontrollable nature is just too great."

“Is that reason sufficient?”

Yang Jian looked at him, “A power struggle? It indeed fits the mindset of adults like you, doing anything for profit, with little regard for human life. So tell me, was it you who killed Yan Li and his family of four?”

“Yan Li’s death has nothing to do with the club. I am a man of principles. I would never lay a hand on a club member. Didn’t he die due to ghost resurgence?” President Wang replied, looking at him.

“Died due to ghost resurgence?”

Yang Jian sneered, “I’m talking about his entire family of four being dead. Are you pretending not to hear? Would ghost resurgence go after his family? I just came from Yan Li’s house. His wife and two children have been hanging from the chandelier, rotting for days.”

“Tell me, who did this?”

“I don’t know about that, and it’s none of your business. You should worry more about yourself. The club isn’t a place you can just come and go as you please. And I’m not afraid to tell you, just in the meeting we had, the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club has decided to eliminate you as an unfavorable factor, due to the losses we sustained because of the Huanggang Village incident.”

“Because of you, we lost four ghost manipulators, causing huge losses to the club and affecting many people’s interests. Don’t you think you owe us an explanation?” President Wang said sternly.

The number of ghost manipulators was already limited.

With the trip to Huangang Village, the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club lost four members, plus Zhang Han’s departure and Yan Li’s death, equated to an indirect loss of six people.

This blame had to be laid on Yang Jian.

President Wang needed his death to sustain the club's operation, and of course, there were other reasons, but this was just one of them.

"An explanation? Since your club wants an explanation, then fine, I will give you one."

Yang Jian picked up a roll of duct tape from the side table and threw it to President Wang.

"Here's your duct tape, take it."

"You're fucking asking for it, showing such arrogance here. President Wang, there's no need for you to pussyfoot around with him. If you don't make a move, I sure as hell will." Lei Hu, the bald hulk by his side, spoke with a hint of anger; "So what if he's a ghost manipulator? With five or six guns pointed at him, even a god would kneel. Does he really think he's invincible just because he has some abilities?"

"Can't kill a ghost, but can't we kill this guy? "

Yang Jian glanced at him, "Doesn't any of your men have a brain? Are matters of ghost manipulators really for ordinary people to meddle in? Is it because you think your life has been too long or that you find it lacking a bit of excitement?"

"Yang Jian, you're very clever. From the beginning, you've kept your abilities hidden. Even when Zhao Kaiming pulled up your ghost manipulator files, he only obtained some trivial details about your family background, and regarding the ghost you command, it was just two words: Ghost Eye. That's why your file has the moniker 'Ghost Eye Ghost Manipulator.'"

President Wang said, "After coming out of Huanggang Village, you must have met my brother. Though I don't know what deal you struck with him, you probably haven't had the chance to control a second ghost yet. The time since the resurgence of the fierce ghost isn't long enough."

"So, an ordinary person can handle you too."

“So what are we waiting for? Come on then, today either you kill me here, or I kill you.” Yang Jian sat in front of the conference table, propping his head up and staring at President Wang.

He didn’t care about the others there.

If they were not ghost manipulators, they were cannon fodder.

“You’re very confident, Yang Jian. What did you get from my brother?”

What President Wang feared wasn’t Yang Jian, but his brother.

Yang Jian replied, “Maybe I got nothing. What’s the matter? Scared? But don’t worry, even though I have a bit of rapport with Bruce Pi, I won’t show any mercy when it’s time to kill you. You can rest assured.”

President Wang’s eyes narrowed; he said nothing more but gestured to Lei Hu and the others.

Although these men were not ghost manipulators, they all had strong professional skills. Even a regular ghost manipulator would find them troublesome, unable to completely ignore the harm ordinary people could inflict.

Unless Yang Jian controlled a ghost that was an unsolvable entity.

But the probability of that was almost nonexistent.

“Do it~!”

Lei Hu gave a signal to the others, immediately chambering rounds, and took out a special weapon made of Gold from his waist.

“Wait, wait, your fight has nothing to do with us. Can you let us leave before you start fighting?” A man dressed in a suit, looking like a corporate president, spoke with some panic.

They were only shareholders, funding the operation of the club; they didn’t want to get involved in such a life-and-death struggle.

“What are you thinking? As adults, can’t you be less naive?”

Yang Jian said calmly, “Of course, when you cut grass, you must remove the roots. Weren’t these people just raising their hands in agreement? Since they raised their hands, they naturally have to bear the corresponding consequences. Killing someone must be avenged, this is only natural...”

“Bang~!”

Before he could finish speaking, immediately a gunshot rang out.

The bullet hit its mark without error, piercing straight through Yang Jian’s brow, leaving a hole behind.

Yet, there was no blood flowing out.

“I haven’t finished speaking, and you choose now to make your move; you really do pick your moments,” Yang Jian’s head slowly turned around, fixing his gaze on the person who fired the sneak shot.

His shadow swiftly flowed along the ground, seeping into the soles of his feet, and then rapidly fused into his body.

The shooter’s body trembled slightly, but then felt no other sensations of oddity, merely a sudden chill.

“Everyone, attack together. He’s a supernatural entity controller, abilities unknown, watch his eyes,” Lei Hu growled lowly, firing round after round at Yang Jian.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!”

A succession of gunfire merged into a deafening roar.

The specially made bullets could kill most ordinary supernatural entity controllers unless it's the likes of Ye Jun and Yan Li, those whose bodies were already dead.

“Let's take this opportunity to see just what Yang Jian's abilities are,” Wang Xiaoqiang stood by, not planning to take action.

Not understanding Yang Jian's abilities, rushing in was a very reckless thing to do.

The gunfire was fierce in its coming and quick in its leaving.

Soon, the air was filled with the scent of burning gunpowder, and several company presidents hid behind, not daring to approach, afraid of being accidentally injured. After all, these were real bullets, and a careless mistake could result in death.

However, the next moment.

Lei Hu and the others' pupils contracted, feeling shocked.

Right in front of them, Yang Jian was still sitting in his original position, not having moved an inch, and apart from some more bullet holes in his body, he looked no different from an unharmed person as he watched them.

“Ran out of bullets? One hundred thousand yuan a bullet, you really are willing to spend. Each person must have lost over a million, at least.”

“Impossible, how can you be unharmed?” Someone roared in shock.

The bullet holes on Yang Jian's body gradually disappeared, just like bullet holes in a shooting game that would be automatically refreshed by the system after a while, and soon all traces were wiped away.

He returned to his previous state.

"With your brains, it's very hard to explain to you, so it's better not to explain at all, since you're all people who are going to die anyway."

Yang Jian, still sitting in his seat, now raised his hand with a pistol as well, pointing it at one of the men: "Using other methods to kill you would seem too cruel on my part. Since you're willing to spend so much, I can't be stingy."

"I can afford a bullet that costs one hundred thousand yuan as well."

"No good."

The man being pointed at by the gun's color suddenly changed as he quickly performed the most standard and swiftest evasive maneuver.

With this maneuver, unless it was a veteran often handling guns, one would probably miss the vital points at most.

"Bang~!"

However, as soon as the gunshot sounded, the professional immediately crumpled to the ground with a thud, his brow shattered, blood spurting everywhere.

To the onlookers, his attempt at evasion seemed as futile as a frog's final leap before death.

Utterly useless.

Even somewhat comical, inducing the urge to laugh.

But in this situation, no one could bring themselves to laugh.

“Next.”

Yang Jian still remained sitting in place, his gun now pointing at a second person.

“Damn it.”

The man, having witnessed the previous scene, broke out in a cold sweat and, in a panic, immediately ducked under the conference table.

These special bullets lacked penetration, fine for hitting a person, but once obstructed by an object, their lethality was greatly reduced, not comparable to ordinary bullets in terms of penetrating power.

After all, they were not designed for killing people...

But just as he thought this, a gunshot rang out.

The man fell to the ground in response, the back of his head exploded, and blood sprayed out, splashing several nearby company presidents with blood, scaring them until their faces went pale and their bodies shook.

The situation seemed very dire indeed.

Chapter 147: The Ghost of Wang Xiaoqiang

“Bang~!”

“Bang~!”

Two gunshots rang out, separated by several seconds, indicating the firing pace wasn't fast.

But these two shots were extremely efficient.

In an instant, two skilled professionals lay fallen.

“With this level of skill, none of you will leave alive today,” Yang Jian looked at the two corpses on the ground, then pointed his gun at a third; “so if you have any tricks up your sleeve, use them quickly. Don't hold back, otherwise this will be the fate of the rest of you.”

At that moment, panic was evident on everyone's faces.

From what they had seen thus far, the abilities Yang Jian displayed were bizarre indeed.

Special weapons could not harm him, and his gunfire seemed unavoidable; even hiding under a table didn't prevent a bullet to the head.

“It's an illusion, everything you're seeing is an illusion. Don't get played, the person sitting before you is a fake, the real him is hidden elsewhere,” suddenly, at that moment, Wang Xiaoqiang spoke up sharply, alerting everyone.

It didn't matter to him whether they could capture Yang Jian or not.

If they could manage it, great; if not, they'd at least fulfill their role as cannon fodder, helping him figure out Yang Jian's true capabilities.

This was crucial.

Illusion?

With this information, Lei Hu swiftly pulled a smoke grenade from his waist, pulled the pin, and threw it to the ground.

The next moment.

Faint golden smoke filled the area.

“What is this stuff? Would someone kindly explain it to me?” Yang Jian, seated beside the table, seemed a bit unstable.

Like a distorted signal, there was a sense of him about to vanish.

“It’s just a special smoke grenade, containing components of gold, specially used to reveal those unseeable ghosts. It’s particularly useful in tight spaces like this. No wonder all those bullets didn’t faze you; we were deceived by an illusion. You really are a tough one,” Lei Hu said coldly, scanning the surroundings.

He wasn’t worried about leaking information; if it could help pinpoint Yang Jian’s position, that would be ideal.

“So that’s it, a rare piece of equipment. There’s no sale for it online; I wonder how much it costs. It must be expensive,” Yang Jian’s voice came from another place, not in front of the table.

“Over there~!” Lei Hu yelled.

The other two immediately shot two arrows from their hand crossbows.

“Thud! Thud!”

The sound of arrows embedding in the door could be heard, and a figure was pinned there, motionless, as if nailed down.

“Whoosh, whoosh~!”

Just to be safe, the two men shot out several more arrows until they were sure the figure was dead before cautiously approaching.

“Be careful.”

The two approached warily, weapons in hand.

But when they got close, they were shocked to find that the person pinned to the door wasn't Yang Jian at all but one of the club owners.

The club owner's head was pierced with two arrows, dead with one strike. His body also bore several wounds from arrows.

He had died a brutal death.

“But did you really think a smoke grenade would reveal me? You ordinary people are so greedy for money that you've all lost your minds. When did you start thinking you could kill a ghost controller?” Yang Jian's figure appeared behind them, a gun now in each hand, which he had picked up from the ground.

The cold metal of the guns pressed against the backs of the two men's heads.

The chilling touch made them tense up, sweating profusely.

“Yang, Yang Jian... we're just paid to do a job; please let us go. We give up this time, and we swear never to go against you again,” they raised their hands, begging for mercy.

“Sure,” Yang Jian said.

The two couldn't help but feel relieved.

Bang~!

The gunshot rang out, and two bodies were sent flying.

"I'm not in the mood in this life, I'll forgive you in the next one," Yang Jian said with a cold face.

Once in the Ghost Domain, none of the people here would be leaving.

His current control of the Ghost Domain could easily cover the entire conference hall. From the moment he entered the door, these people were already within his Ghost Domain.

Laughable, nobody has realized it even now.

It must be said that this ability is indeed unsolvable.

"Then, the next one." Yang Jian sought another target.

Seeing this scene.

Wang Xiaoqiang could no longer sit still.

If this continued, everyone would be killed by Yang Jian. His power was too overwhelming for ordinary people; in their eyes, just with this illusion, he could manipulate everyone.

Let alone fighting against him, even surviving from Yang Jian's hands was a tremendous challenge.

“Indeed, to deal with a ghost controller, another ghost controller must step up,” Wang Xiaoqiang said coldly as he walked into the smoke, heading straight for the source of the gunshots.

As he walked, he took off his expensive suit and also his shirt.

Wang Xiaoqiang, with his upper body bare,

what kind of body did he have? Greenish-black chunks of flesh, old skin covered with death spots, and pale, bloodless muscles.

Parts that did not seem to belong to a human body were forcibly sewn together with gold thread.

And although the stitched-up wounds were tightly closed, they never healed, as if pieces of different organisms had been cobbled together, making healing impossible.

An ordinary person would have long since died looking like this.

But Wang Xiaoqiang was not dead, on the contrary, he was still very much alive and showed no signs of a fierce ghost reviving.

To be exact, he was not a true ghost controller—he hadn’t subjugated any fierce ghost.

He was a product of the laboratory, a man-made being, and all of this was thanks to his biological older brother, Wang Xiaoming.

Also known as the internationally renowned Professor Bruce Pi.

As Wang Xiaoqiang approached Yang Jian.

Within the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian had an eerie feeling that his Ghost Domain was shrinking, as if it was being forcefully suppressed by something, and its range could not expand.

“Hm?”

Yang Jian looked towards Wang Xiaoqiang.

“I don’t care what ability you have, but since I’ve already made my move, I might not necessarily be able to kill you, but imprisoning you is not a problem,” Wang Xiaoming said with a cold face.

“Drip~!”

As he walked, a gruesome piece of flesh fell from his body to the ground.

He continued walking.

Another piece of flesh fell from Wang Xiaoming’s body.

The gold threads coming apart, a large chunk was already missing from his body, looking eerie and terrifying.

And as the flesh from his body fell to the ground.

Within the yet-to-disperse golden smoke, a vague humanoid silhouette suddenly appeared.

The person picked up the flesh from the ground and then slowly followed behind Wang Xiaoqiang.

Obviously.

The one following him could absolutely not be a human.

But a ghost.

A real ghost.

Chapter 148: Change of Position

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A ghost appeared?

The moment Wang Xiaoqiang made his move, Yang Jian immediately felt the change within the Ghost Domain.

Having an uninvited person materialize out of nowhere within his own territory, if he hadn't noticed, he wouldn't have deserved to survive this long.

“Unlike other ghost masters, this Wang Xiaoqiang can actually release a ghost directly from his body, as if he had forcibly hidden a ghost inside himself. This method of controlling Evil Ghosts is a bit different from other ghost masters.”

Yang Jian saw Wang Xiaoqiang approaching, the flesh on his body was falling off.

The falling flesh was not from a normal person but violently torn from someone else's body and stitched onto his own.

When dressed, this could not be discerned, but now that Wang Xiaoqiang had removed his clothes, the disgusting body hidden underneath his suit and shirt was revealed.

“This ghost... is very dangerous,” Yang Jian murmured.

However, shrouded in a golden haze, he couldn't see the ghost's appearance clearly but could sense a black human silhouette constantly following behind Wang Xiaoqiang in the smog.

"Yang Jian, to be honest, I abhor this body. If possible, I would rather not use the power of the Evil Ghost once until the moment I die, but what you did today was indeed too much," Wang Xiaoqiang said with a cold face.

"Overboard for killing you? Wasn't it you who fired the first shot? Even if we went to court, I would still be justified as self-defense," Yang Jian replied, his form slowly emerging from the side.

"Plus, how much do you know about my abilities? Even among ghost masters, there are varying levels of power, and unluckily for you, mine is quite special."

"Every person's power gained from controlling an Evil Ghost is very unique, you're not an exception," Wang Xiaoqiang said.

Yang Jian answered with a faint smile, "You're right, everyone who has gained extraordinary powers from controlling an Evil Ghost thinks they are special, but personally, I still feel that my abilities are a bit more unique than yours."

"Then what are we waiting for? Come on," Wang Xiaoqiang stared unyieldingly at Yang Jian.

He couldn't determine if the person in front of him was real or just an illusion of his own.

If it was an illusion created by the ghost, it would be impossible to distinguish on his own.

But there was one way to test it out.

That was to see from which direction the bullets flew when he fired his gun; that's where the real body would be.

Simple and effective.

Yang Jian glanced around and said, "Don't kid yourself that we're on equal footing. The fact is, our fight had already ended right from the start. You releasing that ghost from your body indeed makes me wary. So the smartest approach isn't to come into direct contact with the ghost in your body but to keep my distance... I can deal with you instead. Why would I bother facing a ghost that can't be killed?"

"You want to see my ability, right? Since you're about to die, I'll show you," he said.

No sooner had he finished speaking than a ghastly gash tore open on his forehead.

An eerie blood-red eye spun around within the flesh and then suddenly emerged, fixing Wang Xiaoqiang with a faint red glow.

"Ghost Eye..." Wang Xiaoqiang shuddered inwardly.

He only knew from Yang Jian's files that he had controlled a ghost's eye, but he knew nothing of its powers.

And as Yang Jian opened the Ghost Eye,

The scenery around them instantly transformed.

Somehow, the conference room was now enveloped in a red light, making everything look as though it was soaked in fresh blood, not just this room but also the world outside the window, which too glowed red, with no sun visible in the sky.

Only a crimson firmament stretched above.

"This isn't the conference room anymore?" Wang Xiaoqiang's pupils contracted sharply. He swiftly turned around to look.

Indeed.

The surrounding golden haze that had enshrouded everything was gone without a trace, the smoke grenade thrown on the ground by Lei Hu was nowhere to be found, and the bodies of those who had died earlier had also vanished.

“You’re quick-witted. This indeed is no longer the conference room we were in before. Since the location has changed, where do you think the ghost you released just now is?” Yang Jian asked.

“Impossible. How could you do such a thing, even banishing a ghost?” Wang Xiaoqiang stared at Yang Jian in shock.

He looked around, and the others appeared equally panicked.

It seemed they hadn’t anticipated such an abrupt change in their surroundings.

“Who said I banished the ghost? I merely moved you and me away. The ghost you released is still back in the conference room. Quite a unique ability, isn’t it? Not particularly ferocious, but very effective in preserving life. If used cleverly, it can have terrifying lethal potential,” Yang Jian explained.

“Especially against ordinary people.”

With that, he raised his gun towards the sky and fired.

“Bang~!”

A gunshot echoed as a shareholder of the club’s head burst open, falling down dead on the spot.

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He was shot by Yang Jian from an angle that was entirely impossible to be shot from.

However, in that instant, Wang Xiaoqiang immediately fired several shots in the direction from which the gunshots came.

The bullets' special trait was that they could not be affected by the power of Evil Ghosts; if the person in front of him was fake, then the direction from which the bullets came must be real.

The others also realized this, and Lei Hu roared, "Don't shoot at people, the people are fake, the real one is hiding there..."

However, before he could finish his sentence, the person next to him toppled like a stack of blocks, his body wobbling before collapsing into pieces on the ground, a head still wide-eyed with shock and disbelief. What, what was going on?

Confusion filled his mind, but beyond that confusion was even more fear and despair.

The next moment, a shadow slowly merged with the ground beneath Lei Hu's feet, gradually seeping into his body.

And all this was unknown to Lei Hu himself.

"Stop a second, Lei Hu."

Cold sweat beaded on Wang Xiaoqiang's forehead, and he gestured with his hand.

"It's useless, you're firing blindly without even knowing my location. Even if you're fishing in murky waters, it's impossible for you to pinpoint my exact location. You can't tell the real from the fake, so how could you discern the illusory from the real? Your eyes can deceive you, but do you think your ears can't?"

Yang Jian's voice came from another place.

Both men turned to look.

They saw him sitting on a lounge chair.

The chair was one from the garden outside.

In other words, they were no longer inside the building? They had moved outside?

“Dammit, what the hell are you?” Wang Xiaoqiang was angry now. “Unbeknownst to us, you’ve managed to change the location of every single one of us?”

He could hardly believe it.

Yet some experience told him that such an ability did exist among Evil Ghosts.

Ghost Domain!

An ability almost only found in A-level Evil Ghosts, considered by most to be an unsolvable power.

It didn’t matter whether it was the Ghost Domain or not, but the ghost he had summoned didn’t even have a chance to show itself before it was taken care of by the other; under such circumstances, there was no chance of winning. Anyone else would have met the same fate.

And moreover... Wang Xiaoqiang dared not let the ghost he had released stay outside for too long.

If too much time passed, he didn’t know whether the ghost would become uncontrollable.

“Enough talk, I’m a busy man. Kill him,” Yang Jian said.

“What?” Wang Xiaoqiang was momentarily stunned.

Then he suddenly realized something and turned to look.

Sometime unknown, Lei Hu beside him had already turned deathly pale, his eyes closed, standing there motionless like a dead man.

And his hand was already gripping his head.

Dammit, when had Lei Hu been controlled by Yang Jian?

"I really don't like to personally deal with necromancers like you, so the best method is to find someone else to do the job, lest I encounter any weird situations," Yang Jian said.

"Crack!"

A faint sound rang out, and Wang Xiaoqiang's head was removed by Lei Hu beside him as though it were a piece of a building block.

Wang Xiaoqiang, whose head had been removed, didn't die immediately; instead, he opened his eyes wide, staring at Yang Jian and realizing a horrifying reality.

This Yang Jian was definitely not just controlling a single ghost.

He must have been controlling at least two ghosts!

"Time to send you on your way."

Only after seeing his body hit the ground did Yang Jian walk over, and out of caution, he fired an additional shot at his head.

The skull split open.

However, what was strange was that he didn't see Wang Xiaoqiang's skull inside his head.

But having confirmed Wang Xiaoqiang was indeed dead, he didn't think much further on it.

Chapter 149: Interrogation

The actual time it took, before and after making a move, was less than five minutes.

Wang Xiaoqiang and the others with the capability to resist were all taken care of by Yang Jian.

If it hadn't been for Wang Xiaoqiang releasing the ghost within his body, forcing Yang Jian to momentarily reposition and take cover, their demise would have come even swifter.

The effects of the Ghost Domain were not significant on ghosts, but it was especially effective against people.

"All those who deserved to die are now dead, and now it's your turn. There's no need to hide under the table any longer, because in reality, this conference table doesn't exist," Yang Jian walked over.

His body passed through the conference table as he slowly approached.

The massive table gradually vanished, and when it was completely gone, four or five of Dachang City's well-known rich businessmen, wearing suits and leather shoes, were trembling and sprawled on the ground.

"You're all distinguished individuals, aren't you going to say something? It doesn't matter if you don't; sending you on your way will be just as easy," Yang Jian said, pointing a handgun at one of the businessmen.

"Please, don't shoot. We're just ordinary people. Killing us won't benefit you," the wealthy businessman stammered in haste.

Yang Jian said, "But it wouldn't do any harm either."

"Let me go, and I'll give you three billion. How about that?" Another businessman spoke up, his face full of pleading, attempting to use money to buy his life.

Yang Jian glanced at him, the red light around him flickered, and the businessman instantly disappeared from his spot, only to be buried ten meters underground the next instant.

"It's not about money anymore. No matter how much you have, you're still going to die. The richer you guys are, the more dangerous you become. Who knows if you'll put a price on my head once I let you go?"

The huge ransom failed to move him,

He could still distinguish which money could be taken and which could not. If he were recklessly greedy, his end would come sooner or later.

"Then, what do you want to do? Aside from a bit of money, we're useless. If you let us go, we won't do anything to you, right?" the previous businessman said with a mournful face.

Yang Jian said, "Don't put it like that. You're all quite powerful. You've even voted to kill people with a show of hands, more vicious than a ghost killing. But there are some things I didn't want to ask Wang Xiaoqiang. If anyone among you knows what I wish to learn, I might consider sparing one of you. After all, I'm not some demon who kills without blinking an eye; I still have a sliver of conscience."

"What do you want to ask?"

"Who killed Yan Li? Wang Xiaoqiang said earlier it wasn't the club's doing, and I do believe him to some extent. After all, Yan Li was a club member. No matter how ruthless he was, he wouldn't be foolish enough to kill his own people, ruining his own brand," Yang Jian inquired.

“I, I really don’t know. Although we’re shareholders, we only provide funds to maintain the club’s operations. Wang Xiaoqiang manages the actual affairs,” the businessman said, shaking.

Yang Jian said, “Just providing funds without managing is a waste of food; go join that other person.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the businessman in front of him suddenly disappeared.

The Ghost Domain directly sent him ten meters underground.

When the Ghost Domain was retracted,

The businessman immediately felt the soil from all sides pressuring him, nearly suffocating him.

He instinctively wanted to struggle, but it was futile.

He could only feel his life slowly being stripped away.

I’m going to die...

Regret surfaced in the businessman’s heart. How could he have been so damned foolish to agree to Wang Xiaoqiang’s plan to eliminate Yang Jian?

“Next,” Yang Jian uttered again.

“Stop, don’t ask anymore. I don’t know either. Let me go, and I’ll give you my company, worth tens of billions. What do you think?” another businessman begged tearfully to Yang Jian.

In the face of life and death, nothing is too precious to give up.

“What a joke. Do I look like someone fit to be a boss? Since you don’t know, then go join your little friends down there. Your company can be left to your son to inherit. Don’t worry, I won’t go after your family,”

Yang Jian patted his shoulder: “If there’s a next life, be more careful when you vote.”

“It’s not as simple as just raising your hand. If you’re not careful, it might indeed cost someone their life.”

“I won’t bother asking the rest of you, since I reckon even if I did, you all wouldn’t know anything. Let’s all leave together, it’s better to have company on the road.”

Yang Jian stood up, choosing not to continue the interrogation. He felt that staying in this club was somewhat risky.

Wang Xiaoqiang was dead, but his ghost was still wandering outside, and there was no guarantee that other ghost manipulators wouldn’t come to their aid. So, after dealing with these people, he had to slip away quickly.

“Wait, hold on, don’t kill me, I know something,” one of the men hurriedly said at this moment.

His name was Ma Youcai, a well-known businessman in Dachang City.

Yang Jian had seen him on the news before.

“You’re President Ma, right? Let’s hear it. What do you know? Don’t try to deceive me, otherwise, it would be unpleasant for me to make a visit to your home,” Yang Jian said.

Ma Youcai responded hastily, “Every word I say is true. Wang Xiaoming used to frequent a place in Dachang City called Rose Bar. I had someone look into it, and the owner is Wang Yue. He used to come to the club, and he must know something about Yan Li’s death.”

“You’re not just making up some excuse to fool me, are you?” Yang Jian eyed him with suspicion. “Don’t do anything foolish.”

“I swear I’m not lying to you. That Wang Yue is also a ghost manipulator; he’s a difficult man. There are quite a few entertainment venues in Dachang City that belong to Wang Yue. If the price is right, he’s willing to do anything,” Ma Youcai said.

“Really? Then I’ll go ask him about it. But before that, for safety’s sake, I should put you in a new body, President Ma. If I don’t find useful information, I will have you kill yourself,” Yang Jian stated, as the shadow at his feet slowly rose.

Before Ma Youcai could even react.

A head was taken by Ghost Shadow.

Ghost Shadow, holding the head, moved to the side of a beheaded corpse and swapped the two with each other.

A new body appeared.

At this moment, Ma Youcai’s eyes opened wide; he had not yet realized that he had been put into a new body.

He only felt a brief loss of consciousness, and then it was as if everything was restored.

“What happened to me?”

Ma Youcai struggled to his feet from the ground, looking at his hands, feeling entirely unfamiliar.

This body was not his own.

"I gave you a new body. If one day I feel that you've deceived me, this body will kill you by itself—a rather interesting idea, don't you think, your own body trying to kill you? I believe that nobody would be able to save you then," Yang Jian said, his smile tinged with a hint of eeriness and cold indifference as he pointed at his neck: "Take good care of it in the meantime, it would be a shame if the head fell off by accident."

Ma Youcai was shocked, subconsciously touching his neck.

The skin and flesh flipped open, revealing a hideous wound on his neck, instantly enveloping his body with a bone-chilling dread.

"I'm leaving."

Yang Jian gathered the weapons scattered on the ground, picked up a few pistols and some equipment as the spoils of this visit, and then prepared to leave.

"What about me? You're not going to kill me?"

The sole remaining alive boss looked at Yang Jian with a mix of horror and joy.

"I almost forgot about you. Thanks for reminding me."

Yang Jian fired a gun with a flick of his hand.

"Bang!"

A muffled sound rang out, and the man fell to the ground, his face still holding the joy of a narrow escape.

And just as Yang Jian had barely left.

The ghost that Wang Xiaoqiang released earlier was now slowly emerging from the building.

This ghost was not aimlessly wandering; it was heading straight for the location of Wang Xiaoqiang's body.

Chapter 150: Death and Resurrection

The time was still only afternoon.

The sky was not yet dim.

Everything in the manor could be seen clearly.

Especially since the ghost that Wang Xiaoqiang had released in the conference hall had come out, it was not that no one had seen this scene, aside from the service staff inside the building.

Outside the manor, beside a ground littered with corpses.

Barely clinging on to his half-spent life, Ma Youcai was touching his own neck which felt like it could split open at any moment; before he could recover from his astonishment and fear, the sight before his eyes turned his face instantly pale, and his whole body went limp.

A person, no, it could no longer be called a person.

The figure in front of him was now just a highly decomposed corpse, emitting a foul stench, with flesh that had rotted away almost completely, revealing the ghastly white of bone underneath.

And that face, the red of blood and flesh clung to a skeleton, even the eyeballs were gone.

Such a person, no matter where, would already be considered a corpse.

But it was still alive.

And it could still move.

Moreover, it was walking over from afar, heading this way.

“Ghost~!”

Ma Youcai was so frightened that he nearly fainted.

Although he knew that dealing with ghost tamers and Evil Ghosts was terrifying, seeing a ghost appear before his very eyes was enough to shatter a person’s sanity with fear.

Above his head, the sun shone brightly.

Under normal July weather conditions, one would only feel the heat of the sun, but at this moment, Ma Youcai felt only bone-chilling cold.

It was as if all the blood in his body had frozen at that moment.

The highly decomposed ghost now slowly walked up to the dead body of Wang Xiaoqiang and stopped.

“What does it want to do?” Ma Youcai, terrified, wanted to run away.

But his body did not respond; he simply couldn’t muster any strength.

Whether it was due to extreme fear or because Yang Jian had switched bodies with him previously, he didn’t know.

The ghost did not go after Ma Youcai to kill him; instead, it slowly squatted down, reached into the corpse of Wang Xiaoqiang, and methodically began to pull out the organs from the body.

Choosing to stuff them into its own body.

An empty skeleton began to gradually fill out.

Once the organs were emptied, the ghost then tore the flesh from the corpse and pasted it onto its own body.

The movements were crude but contained some sort of eerie power.

After stuffing the organs into the body, they began to come back to life; the heart started beating again, the intestines wriggled, and the skin immediately bonded to the rotten frame as if it had grown there, without falling off.

“Ugh~!”

Ma Youcai, witnessing such a horrific and disgusting scene, couldn’t help but feel nauseous and started vomiting beside him.

But no matter what happened around him,

The ghost’s actions did not stop.

In less than half an hour, the ghost’s body gradually took on some semblance of form.

Tattered flesh stuck to the body, with bones exposed in several places, but this didn’t seem to affect anything.

Finally, the ghost picked up Wang Xiaoqiang’s head from the ground.

Wang Xiaoqiang's head lacked a skull, and inside, it was like something soft and spongy; after picking it up, the ghost stretched open several slits, like an ordinary person putting on a headgear, and forcefully fitted it onto its own head.

At this moment.

A battered and incomplete Wang Xiaoqiang appeared in front of Ma Youcai.

His pallid face devoid of any blood color, his head crooked and twisted, his body ragged and torn, all parts of it seemed thrown together haphazardly.

However, the next moment.

The deceased Wang Xiaoqiang suddenly opened his eyes.

The ashy-gray eyes gradually regained a trace of life.

Although his body trembled slightly.

Wang Xiaoqiang had come back to life once more.

"Damn it, died again, did I? Just as I thought, that ghost dismembered my body and glued the parts back together. But my body's getting more and more battered," he mumbled, looking down at himself with a mix of shock and anger.

Who knows how many more times this body could be used.

Once it's no longer usable, I reckon that ghost will probably discard me.

“Is everyone else dead? This Yang Jian is really ruthless, he didn’t show any mercy and wiped out company bosses worth tens and billions just like that, hmm? President Ma, how are you still alive? Yang Jian didn’t kill you?” Wang Xiaoqiang tugged at the flesh on his neck.

He adjusted his head back into the right position.

“You, you’re still alive? Are you a human or a ghost?” Ma Youcai said, his terror laced with astonishment.

Even in such a state, Wang Xiaoqiang was able to come back to life.

“I told you, my ghost is quite unique. That Yang Jian is too sly; he chose to leave the conference hall right after I released the ghost, effectively eluding its grasp.”

Wang Xiaoqiang’s gaze flickered as he stood up: “But him thinking I’m dead and leaving the place makes sense, what’s strange is that he spared you.”

“What did you give up to save your life from him? You wouldn’t mind telling me, would you, President Ma?”

Ma Youcai stammered, “I, I didn’t say much, I just told him I was willing to give him the company. Yang Jian didn’t believe me. He, he swapped my head with Lei Hu’s body. Look...”

He pointed at himself.

An athletic and towering body topped with a middle-aged balding head.

No matter how you looked at it, it was mismatched.

“That’s the ability of his second ghost. You’re lucky that he covets your capital, so he spared your life; but he’s also imposed limitations on your body. If I’m not mistaken, if he can attach your head, he can just as easily take it off again. From now on, you’ll never be able to escape his control.”

“Unless you die.”

At this point, Wang Xiaoqiang narrowed his eyes and sent out a few messages on his phone.

“With so many shareholders and people dead, the club is likely to be dissolved after this chaos. Without Yang Jian’s death, the club won’t be able to stand its ground in Dachang City. The man is too dangerous. He hasn’t been a ghost master for long, yet he’s already found a way to control the second ghost. Could my brother have deliberately kept it from me? Why did I not receive news of him going to the lab?”

“What exactly happened at the entrance to Huanggang Village that day? Could it be related to this?”

Wang Xiaoqiang pondered, but regardless of what had happened, today’s events were far from over.

And the sole survivor, Ma Youcai, did not reveal the truth to Wang Xiaoqiang, he didn’t speak about Wang Yue’s matter.

Because by now he understood, his life was in Yang Jian’s hands; if he told Wang Xiaoqiang the truth and Yang Jian came to know about it, his death would be certain.

For the sake of his life, he had to keep the matter secret.

“These ghost masters are monsters, why didn’t I realize it before?” Ma Youcai was still shaking inside, gripped by fear.

The sight of Wang Xiaoqiang, who had returned from death and hid a ghost inside his body, that Yang Jian who could easily displace human heads, causing people to vanish, and the yet-to-show-his-abilities Wang Yue... none of these people were actually people.

They were all Evil Ghosts wearing human skins.

They kill without even blinking an eye.

“President Ma, given the injuries you’ve suffered today, shouldn’t you seek revenge? As long as that Yang Jian lives, you’ll be under his control for life. Kill him, and you’ll be safe,” said Wang Xiaoqiang, looking at him again.

“I, I don’t want to get involved in such matters anymore,” Ma Youcai said, trembling.

Wang Xiaoqiang said, “I’m not asking you to get involved, just fund the club with ten billion. There’ll be an outcome to this. For you, President Ma, ten billion is a lot, but it’s not like you can’t afford it. Initially, I wanted the other shareholders to share some of the burden, but as you’ve seen, Yang Jian has already killed the rest, and a whole pile of inheritance issues will arise, which likely means they won’t be able to continue funding the club.”

“As the only surviving shareholder, you have a heavy responsibility, President Ma.”

“I, I’ll try my best,” Ma Youcai didn’t refuse, but he also didn’t make a clear commitment.

Wang Xiaoqiang said, “I’ll give President Ma three days to raise the funds. It’s a good time for me to make some preparations too.”

After finishing, he patted his shoulder as if entrusting him with a great task, then got up and left.

Upon turning around,

Wang Xiaoqiang’s face turned ashen with a barely containable killing intent surging in his heart.

He was alive because the ghost inside him hadn’t abandoned him yet and was still willing to stay in his body. In fact, he had been killed by Yang Jian once already.

Though he’s called Xiaoqiang (which implies resilience).

He's not unkillable and dying a few more times might eventually lead to an accident where he can't be resurrected.