

Revival 386

Chapter 386 - The Lingering Curse

After the Hungry Ghost incident, there were not many urban residents left in Dachang City. Most of those who survived the true terror of supernatural events chose to move away from the city, despite being unaware that Dachang City had become one of the safest cities in the world.

However, this desolate street situation would not last for long, as supernatural events had occurred not only here but all over the world.

Other cities were not in better shape, and the situation abroad was possibly even more dire.

Eight-thirty in the morning.

A sapphire blue luxury city SUV drove in from outside the city center, with unobstructed passage all the way. The streets were as empty as the first day of the Lunar New Year, with only a few cars in sight, and the occasional special service vehicle patrolling to ensure the city's security.

"The population of Dachang City is thinning out. Last time, I couldn't even get a takeaway. If this continues, how are we going to sell our properties? It's already been a month without a single house sold."

In the front passenger seat, Jiang Yan was dressed in a smart black business suit, looking stunning and attractive. Her straight, slender legs encased in silk stockings were particularly alluring beneath the hip-hugging skirt.

At the age of twenty-five, she perfectly embodied a woman's sensuality and beauty.

Despite her complaints, she was actually more than satisfied with her current situation and her eyes were fixed on the young man beside her.

Yang Jian leaned his head against the car window, his sharp and somewhat sinister gaze fixed on the road ahead, driving in a nonchalant manner. Even though he was dressed in a suit, he gave off the impression of a wild beast prowling through a dangerous jungle, making anyone he set his sights on feel a pricking unease. Barely twenty years old, he lacked the youthfulness and vitality of his peers.

This was a temperament formed after multiple brushes with supernatural events and life-threatening situations.

Steel forest, ghosts lurking – how can one survive without becoming a beast?

"Did you get in touch with everyone I asked you to inform yesterday?"

Yang Jian's voice was deep and indifferent, as if devoid of any emotional fluctuations.

"Don't worry, I contacted them again this morning. They assured me they would come, some might already be waiting at the company's entrance," Jiang Yan replied in a coquettish tone, not the slightest bit intimidated by Yang Jian.

After all, a beast can fight, but it can also protect.

Jiang Yan was one of those protected by Yang Jian.

"Yang Jian, there are still some outstanding issues with the handover of Shangtong Tower. Yesterday, Zhang Liqin and I couldn't come to an agreement with them. Do you think we should sort this out first?" A gentle female voice sounded from the back seat.

Clutching a stack of documents, Zhang Liqin was busy organizing them. She, too, was dressed in business attire but appeared more conservative than Jiang Yan. Nevertheless, she exuded the charm of a mature woman, full of femininity.

"What's the problem?" Yang Jian asked.

"Several companies, because of contracts they signed previously with Shangtong Tower, are refusing to move out before their contracts expire, presumably looking to demand substantial compensation," Zhang Liqin explained. "Yesterday, Jiang Yan and I negotiated with their representatives. They were somewhat rude. We offered conditions in line with the market, but they avoided the subject and even..."

"Even what?" Yang Jian casually inquired.

Jiang Yan snorted, "They wanted us to join them for drinks, that old lecher was ogling my legs the entire time."

Zhang Liqin smiled awkwardly, "But don't be mad, Yang Jian, this is quite common in the workplace. We just didn't want to cause a fuss, otherwise, it could have been resolved."

"Let's go teach them a lesson, they deserve a good thrashing," Jiang Yan suggested with eager anticipation, clutching Yang Jian's arm.

Yang Jian, however, remained calm, "They are just a few small-time figures, not worth mentioning. We'll get them out by standard procedures later."

"Not going to teach them a lesson?" Jiang Yan asked.

"That depends on if they know their place. It's better not to resort to violence if we can avoid it, lest others say I bully people. After all, I'm in charge of Dachang City now. Is there anyone in this city who dares to go against me?" Yang Jian said with a slight smile.

A few company CEOs, though not particularly influential in Dachang City, were no ordinary people. Yet in Yang Jian's eyes, they seemed like children playing house, there to be bullied at will.

Zhang Liqin secretly clicked her tongue but did not doubt for a second that this young man was boasting.

"Hmph, they're getting off easy," Jiang Yan said, not quite satisfied.

She knew the extent of Yang Jian's power. With just one command from him, the whole city would revolve around him; every department would cooperate with his actions, and he could even apply for various armed support from higher authorities.

Of course, he had such authority, but Yang Jian barely made use of these powers.

He was different from others; power did not interest him too much. After all, as someone who controlled ghosts, he could die any day. What he sought was survival and protection.

The car stopped.

At a bustling street corner in the city center, a 45-meter tall building stood before them.

Yang Jian stepped out of the car. Excited, Jiang Yan followed, stepping out in her high heels and affectionately linking her arm with his in a very intimate manner.

"Why are you holding onto me as we walk?" Yang Jian asked, a bit surprised.

"Don't worry about it. Let's go, we'll take a look at the company," Jiang Yan said cheerfully, continuing to hold onto his arm.

Zhang Liqin, as if she hadn't seen anything, simply followed with a stack of contract documents in her arms.

The moment they entered the first floor of the building.

In the rest area, Yang Jian immediately saw that Wang Shanshan's family had already been waiting here early.

Wang Shanshan's father, Wang Bing, a man in his forties, currently sat in the chairs of the rest area with a face full of worry, smoking a cigarette. The cigarette pack in his hand was already filled with a pile of cigarette butts.

"Uncle Wang, good morning," Yang Jian greeted politely as he walked over.

Wang Bing jerked his head up, immediately stubbed out his cigarette, and came up somewhat agitatedly, "Yang Jian, no, President Yang, hello."

Looking at the young man before him, in less than half a year, he had gone from a high school senior who had just dropped out to a figure who held sway over Dachang City, Wang Bing couldn't help but feel moved; while he had gone from a career manager with an annual salary of several million to an unemployed middle-aged man.

This stark contrast was something he found hard to adjust to.

"Uncle Wang, you're too polite, please just call me Yang Jian. I feel somewhat apologetic for having Uncle Wang and his family come so early in the morning," Yang Jian said, still very courteous.

After all, in the beginning when he became a Ghost Master, this Wang Bing had given him some help.

"Hello Auntie," Yang Jian nodded to Uncle Wang's mother.

Wang Haiyan smiled awkwardly, feeling quite embarrassed in front of Yang Jian, not knowing how to react.

"Actually, we came so early because there was something we wanted to ask you about. We heard from Jiang Yan that you were away on a business trip, so it got put off until now," Wang Bing said, somewhat sheepishly.

Yang Jian glanced at Wang Shanshan, who sat on a bench with a straight posture and a pale complexion that did not resemble the living.

"Is it about Wang Shanshan?"

Since he had saved Wang Shanshan from school, his classmate had been acting abnormal.

After all, becoming a Ghost Slave as a living person was a change whose effects Yang Jian did not know, and it required long-term observation.

Of course, Yang Jian would try his best to take care of it to the end; he did not want to see his hard-won high school classmates turning out like this.

"You have sharp eyes, Yang Jian, it is indeed about Shanshan," Wang Bing sighed, then waved his hand, "Shanshan, come here, let Yang Jian take a look at you."

Wang Shanshan turned her head toward Yang Jian with an indifferent expression.

That look in her eyes sent a shiver through Yang Jian's heart, as it seemed to carry not a trace of emotion, just like the ghosts he had seen before.

"Some strange change is happening to Wang Shanshan," Yang Jian immediately realized in his mind.

As Wang Shanshan approached, the temperature around seemed to drop, and a cold chill pervaded the air.

Yang Jian glanced at Jiang Yan next to him.

Jiang Yan immediately let go of Yang Jian's arm and silently retreated to the back, as no one understood his gaze better than her.

Yang Jian took a step forward.

The Headless Ghost Shadow beneath his feet spread over Wang Shanshan, enveloping her within it.

However, the next moment, Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow suddenly retreated; he opened his eyes wide, revealing a hint of surprise.

When his Headless Ghost Shadow invaded Wang Shanshan's body, he had felt a formed infant within her womb.

Ghost Infant.

There was no mistake, it was the Ghost Infant that had been conceived during the Hungry Ghost incident.

Impossible.

The Hungry Ghost had been restrained, the ghostly power had dissipated, and the Ghost Infant, whether formed or not, should have vanished without the Hungry Ghost's power.

Why was there one still inside Wang Shanshan's belly?

And it looked like it had been some time already, not a sudden occurrence.

"Uncle Wang, do you know about this?" Yang Jian pointed at Wang Shanshan's abdomen.

Wang Bing nodded with a worried frown, "We know, but at first, we didn't think it was that ghostly thing since the issue seemed to be resolved." He looked at Yang Jian.

Yang Jian's mouth twitched. Was this doubting me?

With the way I am, it's questionable whether I'll have descendants at all, maintaining a normal body is already quite good.

"But that thing is growing too fast; that's how we realized something was wrong," Wang Bing added, "So we wanted to see if you could resolve it?"

Yang Jian said, "This matter is somewhat special; let's go upstairs to discuss it, this isn't the place to talk. Don't worry, Wang Shanshan will be fine, this isn't anything too troublesome."

He had removed a Ghost Infant from Zhang Liqin's body before and gained experience; this kind of residual curse was no longer a difficult problem.

Hearing Yang Jian say this, the wrinkles in Wang Bing's forehead relaxed slightly, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

Chapter 387 - Gestating the Abnormality

Shangtong Tower, the forty-fifth floor on the top.

This used to be the office of that foreigner Paul from Shangtong Technology Co., Ltd., but now the office belongs to Yang Jian.

Standing here, one could look down at the entire Dachang City, and if Yang Jian were to use the Ghost Domain here, he estimated that the most populous area in the city center could be within the range of his Ghost Domain.

In other words, Yang Jian only needed to stand here to carry out rescue operations across almost the entire city center, without even taking a step.

Therefore, when Yang Jian requested this place as his office from Zang Hua, it was not purely out of self-interest; there were actually work-related reasons as well.

At the moment, Yang Jian stood in front of a floor-to-ceiling window, gazing into the distance at Dachang City as he held a phone call with headquarters; "How is the Hungry Ghost that we're holding doing? I need a current status report on that thing. There's already a sign of curse resurrection in Dachang City. I hope this is just a special case; otherwise, we could very well see a repeat of the Hungry Ghost incident."

He hadn't rushed to retrieve the Ghost Infant from Wang Shanshan's stomach; instead, he first made a call to headquarters to understand the situation.

Yang Jian was worried that some people might want to study the Hungry Ghost and unwittingly release it, as there was immense value in it; he was greatly tempted himself and didn't believe that others wouldn't take action.

And the world was full of people who thought they had everything under control but actually had a penchant for courting death.

"Okay, all right, I'll immediately consult with the higher-ups about the situation; please hold on for a moment," the operator Liu Xiaoyu hurriedly replied, displaying an unusual work attitude.

"As soon as possible," Yang Jian put down the phone.

Five minutes later, Liu Xiaoyu had already found the results and immediately said, "I've consulted with the higher-ups. The Hungry Ghost that was transported from Dachang City is currently under strict surveillance and there is no record of it ever being opened. Although several authoritative experts from the laboratories have applied to conduct research, they were all rejected by headquarters."

"I see. Double-check on your end. If there are other issues, notify me; if not, leave it for now," Yang Jian hung up the phone.

"Yang Jian, how does it look?" Wang Bing, who was sitting on the sofa, asked anxiously.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted as he said, "There's no problem from above. No leaks from the source. That leaves only one possibility: Wang Shanshan's situation is a special case."

"Special case, what does that mean?" Wang Bing didn't understand.

Yang Jian said, "Supernatural phenomena are inherently difficult to explain in the first place—mysterious, bizarre, terrifying. When such phenomena interact with people, ghost manipulators, and other beings, it's uncertain whether they might produce some unique circumstances. Wang Shanshan herself is special, moreover, she got involved in the Hungry Ghost incident. Although the incident is over, it's unknown whether the collision of curses could give rise to new entities."

"This isn't an ordinary Ghost Infant; if it were, Wang Shanshan wouldn't be alive right now. It's been over two months since the Hungry Ghost incident ended. According to the birth rate of a first-stage Ghost Infant, it wouldn't take this long."

He wasn't in a hurry to remove the Ghost Infant; rather, he wanted to understand the reason behind this first.

The sole remaining Ghost Infant had been in Wang Shanshan's stomach for so long; it wouldn't hurt to wait another ten-plus minutes.

"Then quickly remove it, that ghostly thing will kill people," Wang Haiyan said urgently, her face filled with anxiety.

"I know, but I need to check the situation first, to ascertain the condition of the Ghost Infant," Yang Jian said, opening his Ghost Eye at this moment.

To remove the Ghost Infant or to determine the situation, he couldn't do without the ability of the Ghost Eye.

Just then, the office door opened, and a loud voice rang out, "Brother Tui is here, not a minute early or late, right on the dot at nine o'clock, more punctual than going to school, who else could do this but me, Brother Wei? Eh, you're all here, hey everyone, did you have breakfast? I just saw a nearby baozi shop that looked really delicious..."

"You, this little rascal, are always fussing about," Zhang Xiang entered, slapping Zhang Wei on the back of the head.

Yang Jian said, "Uncle Zhang, Brother Wei, please take a seat for now. Let me deal with the thing inside Wang Shanshan's body first, then we can talk."

"What happened to Wang Shanshan again?" Zhang Wei leaned in, sizing her up, "She didn't get pregnant, did she?"

"You know about that? Haven't seen you in a while, and you've gotten smarter," Yang Jian looked at him with some surprise and doubt.

Zhang Wei sneered, "The parents are here, what else could it be but pregnancy? Whose is it? Don't tell me it's yours."

Yang Jian said, "It's not mine."

"Then whose is it?"

"Damn ghosts."

Zhang Wei's eyes widened, "Does Wan Shanshan have such extreme tastes?"

Yang Jian glanced at him and said earnestly, "If you keep talking like this, you'll certainly get beaten up outside; believe me, I wouldn't lie to you."

"You little rascal, come here!" Zhang Xiang was livid, and he pulled over Zhang Wei, "Brother Tui is handling a special situation, what are you messing around for? I should've just left you at the construction site to haul bricks."

After getting a hold of Zhang Wei, he apologized to Wang Bing and Wang Haiyan.

At this moment, Yang Jian's ghost eye emitted a faint red glow, which formed a line that looked towards the lower abdomen of Wang Shanshan.

Through the clothes and flesh, Yang Jian saw something shaped like an infant hidden deep within the body.

It lay curled up motionless, just like a real fetus within a pregnant woman, seeming very peaceful. However, it seemed to be influenced by Yang Jian's ghost eye as the ghost infant inside Wang Shanshan's belly slowly opened its eyes.

Those eyes were completely different from the ghost shadows he had encountered before; they were a sinister crimson red, just like his ghost eyes.

Moreover, through the contact of the ghost eye, he sensed a familiar connection between them.

This sensation was like having another pair of ghost eyes for Yang Jian, and through the presence of the ghost infant, he could sense the existence of another body.

"Brother Tui, can you really see what's inside Wan Shanshan's stomach by staring at her like that?" Zhang Wei asked curiously again.

"With proper control, it can achieve an X-ray effect, although it's not particularly useful; it's a minor ability I developed when bored," Yang Jian casually replied.

Through his observation, he could confirm that the ghost infant in Wang Shanshan wasn't a curse left by the Hungry Ghost. To be precise, it was a curse left by him.

That's right,

Yang Jian remembered that he had once died and been resurrected, and Wang Shanshan had been affected and had died for several days before he resurrected her.

The ghost infant must have been conceived in her body at that time.

But as the Hungry Ghost was restrained and the source of the curse was cut off, the ghost infant that should have disappeared from Wang Shanshan's body somehow survived in a new way due to his curse.

The current ghost infant was no longer related to the Hungry Ghost.

It was the curse that Yang Jian left in Wang Shanshan's body that prolonged the life of this last ghost infant.

In other words, this last ghost infant had become his ghost slave.

"If this ghost infant could really be under my control, that would be incredible," Yang Jian was frightened by this conjecture at the moment.

He had experienced the terror of ghost infants from the first to the fourth stage.

Especially after reaching the fourth stage, they could devour ghosts and become part of one's own body, possessing immense potential for growth.

If Yang Jian captured this ghost infant and managed to control it, the role it could play in the future as he nurtured it was unimaginable.

After all, once this thing grew to the fourth stage, it would be more terrifying than a real ghost.

"I can't rush this; I need to think it over carefully."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and instead of planning to extract the ghost infant immediately, he said, "I can solve Wan Shanshan's problem, but it's not convenient right now. After the meeting this afternoon, come to my place, and I'll take that thing out."

"Great, that's wonderful, thank you, Yang Jian," Wang Bing said gratefully.

"You don't need to thank me. I am now duty-bound to solve the supernatural cases in Dachang City. Wan Shanshan's situation is a remnant of a previous incident, and it's only right that I see it through to the end. We can't let the signs of that incident reemerge, or else if the problem grows, it won't be as easy to resolve as last time," Yang Jian said.

"But there's no need to worry these next few days; the thing is very stable and it's not harming Wang Shanshan's body. Even after it's taken out, there won't be any effect. The way it parasitizes is very special; it's almost as if... she's really pregnant."

Chapter 388 - Shangtong Conference

After discussing Wang Shanshan's situation, Yang Jian felt it was okay to put aside the curse left by the Hungry Ghost for the time being, since there was no urgent need to resolve it. The Ghost Infant was very special, a freak born out of supernatural events, and would require dedicated time to study.

Today, Yang Jian had called everyone to a meeting mainly for another matter.

A little past nine, Zhang Han arrived, and with the key members all present, Yang Jian spoke directly.

"Actually, the reason I called everyone over is to see if we can unite to start a company."

"Start a company? Brother Tui, you're not short of money. Why bother starting a company? It's so draining. Isn't it better to just comfortably lie at home and collect money?" At that moment, Zhang Wei found the idea of Yang Jian starting a company quite strange.

After all, given Yang Jian's current identity, status, and the resources he had at his disposal, there was no need for him to engage in such strenuous and thankless effort.

Besides, how much could starting a company earn?

One mission for Yang Jian could surpass the annual income of a company.

"Don't be so quick to interrupt, kid. Listen to Brother Tui's analysis," Zhang Xianggu waved his hand to quiet Zhang Wei.

Yang Jian said, "The true purpose of starting a company, of course, isn't about making money. With the sudden emergence of global supernatural events, the role of money will continually diminish in the future. In fact, some of you may have already noticed, the soaring gold prices, inflating costs of goods, whether it's real estate or finance, they are all showing signs of collapsing..."

Of course, he didn't know these details; they're what Jiang Yan usually compiled. Her five million still tied up in the stock market couldn't be retrieved, just earlier she was bemoaning her poverty to him in the car.

"That's correct, I've been paying attention to that lately," Zhang Xianggu nodded in agreement, his company had specialist analysts who had already sensed the brewing global financial turmoil.

"However, this kind of major global upheaval is quite insignificant to us. After all, it's part of the natural order, beyond anyone's ability to change. So, what we need to focus on is how to deal with it all."

Yang Jian said, "Simply put, it's about survival and safety."

Wang Bing, who was listening with interest, asked, "What exactly do you plan to do?"

"I haven't figured it out yet, but I believe no matter what the future holds, relying on individual strength isn't enough. Therefore, I think that starting a company to unite everyone's strength and prepare in advance is the best strategy. After all, we all survived the Hungry Ghost incident, and with that experience, I think we can bypass a lot of redundant talk."

Yang Jian glanced at everyone as he spoke.

If it were people who hadn't experienced supernatural events, he'd have to explain what ghosts are, what terror is... Only to end up with no one believing him.

"You make a good point, I'm the first one to support this plan," said Zhang Xiang, making up his mind quickly: "I might not have other skills, but I have money when it's needed, and I have people when they're needed."

Wang Bing pondered for a moment and said, "Actually, during this period, I've been paying attention to special incidents around the world online and took into account the worst-case scenarios. When I had nothing to do, I drafted a few documents. I was intending to find a time to discuss it with you, Yang Jian, but got delayed due to Shanshan's issue. Haiyan, take out the folder from the bag."

Wang Haiyan hurriedly opened her bag and took out a stack of documents.

"Take a look, Yang Jian," Wang Bing handed them over.

"Uncle Wang's capabilities are impressive. Truly worthy of a professional manager, you haven't been idle at home," Yang Jian said with a smile.

Such a business talent wouldn't have to worry about unemployment. Just a document swaying an investor, and he could rapidly rise again to become a manager or president-level figure. Moreover, it seemed that Wang Bing had long set his sights on Yang Jian, who possessed vast resources; otherwise, he wouldn't have carried the documents with him this time.

After taking the documents and skimming through them.

"Resource Material Reserve Plan."

"Business Security Zone Plan."

"Survival Base Construction Planning."

After a quick look, Yang Jian said, "Uncle Wang, your ideas are somewhat extreme, considering the collapse of society."

A plan was merely one part; of course, Wang Bing also had the eloquence to persuade investors. He said earnestly, "Considering the frequent supernatural events and global economic instability, there is a considerable chance a financial crisis sweeping across the globe will emerge. This crisis will devastate industries such as real estate, energy, food, transportation, and others."

"Without the need to consider war, disasters, diseases, and such, the massive wave of unemployment and current supply chain relationships of human society are sufficient to destroy everything as it is,

because the more intricate the social structure, the more easily it crumbles. A problem in any link could lead to catastrophic disaster. Perhaps my words seem alarmist, as though predicting the end of the world, hard for people to believe."

"But don't forget, all this is predicated on the supernatural events not being fully resolved."

"Fear is a catalyst, especially when it spreads globally. Take the Hungry Ghost incident as an example, although I don't know much, the fear of impending death: how many can withstand it? Therefore, I believe it's necessary to consider the worst and prepare the best."

"We should act now while the market is still in a healthy state; otherwise, there might come a time when you can't even spend your money no matter how much you have. By then, it would be too late."

Wang Bing talked eloquently, moving from global economics to social conditions, then to personal survival, gradually extrapolating those unlikely events to each individual, instilling a vague sense of crisis in everyone.

Such eloquence could move any wealthy businessman.

The prerequisite being their belief in the existence of supernatural events.

Zhang Xiang clapped and said, "What a brilliant analysis. Hearing it makes me impatient to invest in your project. What do you think, Brother Tui?"

All of this still depended on Yang Jian as the leader.

He was the keystone among these people, and it had nothing to do with age – he had the ability to solve everything.

"The plan is good, but the scope is too small. Uncle Wang, when you wrote this proposal, you were probably only thinking of roping in Uncle Zhang and me as investors," Yang Jian said.

Wang Bing commented, "Currently, only Yang Jian and President Zhang have that sort of substantial capital."

Yang Jian shook his head, "That won't do. Us sticking together for warmth is dangerous. In a violent storm, it is easy for a small boat to capsize, so we need to find a way to grow this business. Ideally, we should bring in more influential investors. After all, there are many things we few can't accomplish, and I am not cut out for managing a company."

Zhang Xianggu thought it made sense as well, "I can host a cocktail party and gather everyone we can contact. They might be interested, though it's uncertain who will attend. After all, everyone knows there's been trouble here, and many have fled to other places."

"Who is the richest person in Dachang City?" Yang Jian suddenly asked.

Zhang Xianggu pondered for a moment, "It should be you, considering you dared to sell an apartment for a billion."

"..."

Yang Jian continued, "I meant before the incident."

"That would be Ma Youcai. The guy owns his own public company and has extensive connections. But after all the chaos in Dachang City, he's finished. His net worth has plummeted. It's a miracle his company hasn't gone bankrupt," Zhang Xiangui said, understanding what Yang Jian was getting at.

If they could win over the former richest man of Dachang City, what was there to worry about?

"Can you contact him?" Yang Jian felt the name sounded somewhat familiar.

"Of course, we've dined together before, and his company was constructed by my firm," Zhang Xiangui replied.

Yang Jian said, "Get him back to Dachang City as soon as possible. It would be best if he could meet with me."

"He probably didn't leave Dachang City. Let's call him out for a meal. I'll invite everyone I can reach," Zhang Xiangui said.

"That would be ideal."

Yang Jian said, "But let's not rush this matter. Here's the transfer agreement for Shangtong Tower. I'm planning to divide it into several shares and give them to you all."

At those words, everyone else was momentarily stunned.

Jiang Yan couldn't help but interject, "Why would you just give away a perfectly good building?"

After all the hard work of building her empire, she couldn't believe the emperor was contemplating ruining it.

"It's just a small security measure. After all, no one can guarantee they won't encounter problems in the future. Having some assets in hand can provide a bit of peace of mind. Even if I die, at least my family and others can take care of one another," Yang Jian explained.

Zhang Han, who had been silent until now, understood.

Following the supernatural incident, nobody could guarantee their future safety, but in case of death, relatives and family could inherit their share of the legacy and receive some income from Shangtong Tower. It wouldn't be a lot, but it wouldn't be too meager either – enough to ensure a comfortable life, especially with others watching over, so the benefit wasn't likely to be swallowed up.

"Why are you suddenly so generous? Weren't you always stingy with money?" Zhang Han looked up at him.

Yang Jian replied, "Of course I am frugal when it comes to making money, but now it's time to spend. We can't be too stingy. Besides, I prefer to be prepared for every eventuality. I need to leave some options open. Why, don't you want it?"

"Of course I do. Why wouldn't I? My wife just had a baby not long ago, and the child is not even a year old. Who knows what the future holds. It's good to leave something behind for the next generation," Zhang Han said. "I just fear you'll be too reluctant to part with it."

"How about you, Uncle Wang?" Yang Jian asked.

Wang Bing gave an awkward smile, "How could I accept this? After all, you're simply giving it to us, and I truly feel quite undeserving..."

"Then it's settled," Yang Jian declared.

"I, I, I, I also want it." Jiang Yan, looking on the verge of tears, quickly grabbed Yang Jian's arm, fearing he might give everything away without leaving her anything.

Yang Jian glanced at her and said, "Don't worry, you'll have a share."

Relieved by his assurance, Jiang Yan's almost tearful demeanor eased somewhat.

After some discussion, Yang Jian confirmed the new shareholders of Shangtong Tower.

Zhang Han, Wang Bing, Jiang Yan, Zhang Wei, and himself.

Even Zhang Liqin had a small share.

Chapter 389 - Compensation

"One, two, three... from now on, these eight floors are mine."

Jiang Yan was brimming with excitement as she moved up and down in the Shangtong Tower, finally finding the eight-story office building labeled in her name. At this moment, she surveyed her territory like a wealthy landlord inspecting their property.

As expected, clinging to Yang Jian's coattails paid off.

Brother Tui truly lived up to his name.

However, once her excitement subsided, Jiang Yan suddenly turned around with a dubious expression and said, "I do get why Yang Jian would give me several floors. After all, I've been with him for so long, and even if I haven't made any major contributions, I've put in the hard work. But why do you get a share? He actually gave you two floors."

Eyeing Zhang Liqin from top to bottom, Jiang Yan expressed her confusion and disbelief.

Zhang Liqin's eyes flitted nervously as she stroked her hair beside her ear, stammering, "Maybe Yang Jian did it because I'm one of the first employees, sort of a pre-emptive reward. Now that he's so wealthy, this is nothing to him."

"Really? But as far as I know, that guy would never be so generous without a reason. There must be something else behind it," Jiang Yan didn't buy the excuse.

"I really don't know anything else," Zhang Liqin said, putting on an innocent face.

Of course, even though she said this, she was quite aware of the reason - she was being kept... But it was a rather pleasant feeling, and she was quite pleased with herself.

Jiang Yan withdrew her gaze, "Never mind, let's not talk about it. Your share isn't as much as mine anyway. Work hard from now on. If you do anything underhanded, change sides, or get distracted, you won't last long. We can only survive thanks to Yang Jian's protection, especially after the Hungry Ghost incident. You know very well what I mean."

"Of course, I understand. How could I be anything but loyal? I'd be grateful if he doesn't fire me," Zhang Liqin quickly said, "Don't worry, I'll work hard and won't let him down."

"That's right," Jiang Yan nodded in satisfaction.

Without even getting Yang Jian's approval, she still acted like a bossy housekeeper, already beginning to admonish the staff.

"Isn't that Miss Jiang, Miss Zhang? You're here at the company so early. Didn't our boss say yesterday that we won't move out until the contract is over?" At that moment, a middle-aged man in a suit approached them enthusiastically, seemingly just arriving at the company.

"So you two ladies might as well not waste your time. Besides, some decisions you can't make on your own, it'd be better if your boss came to discuss this," he said.

Upon seeing this man, Jiang Yan's pretty face immediately darkened, and she spoke with icy firmness, "Our boss said, this is the final notice for today. If you want to settle this peacefully, have your company head go upstairs to discuss compensation. If you keep dragging your feet, our boss will file a complaint tomorrow."

"File a complaint? Don't talk big without substance. What could you possibly report us for? We haven't broken any laws," the manager identified as Zheng said.

Jiang Yan thought for a moment and said, "Oh right, what did Yang Jian say just now? I've forgotten."

"If they still refuse to leave, Yang Jian said to accuse them of disrupting Dachang City's safety, hindering his personal work... and if necessary, handle it as a special incident," Zhang Liqin recalled.

"Heard that? You have until the end of today to get your boss to our office to discuss compensation. Don't blame us for driving you out if you miss today," Jiang Yan said with a humph, not paying any attention to the manager, and turned away with a flip of her hair.

Zhang Liqin also spoke with a stern face, "Manager Zheng, I hope you won't cause trouble like yesterday. It's better for everyone if we resolve this through proper channels. If you keep up the attitude from yesterday, I can't guarantee what will happen."

With Yang Jian backing her, she was confident enough to deliver this warning before she too departed.

Manager Zheng watched the two women leave, his gaze flickering uncertainly. He was no fool; of course, he knew that the new owner of Shangtong Tower must be someone significant, otherwise, after being sealed off, it wouldn't have been transferred to private hands so quickly.

But as an employee, it wasn't his place to worry about these issues.

After some thought, he still decided to call and notify his boss.

During this time, Jiang Yan had done more than just inspect her territory. She had informed the heads of the remaining companies in the building to vacate and gave them a one-day deadline.

Meanwhile, in the top-floor office.

Yang Jian, Wang Bing, Zhang Xiang, and Zhang Han had been discussing for several hours before they finally settled most matters.

"That's all for the company's affairs for now. I'll be going to J City in a few days. I don't have the time or ability to manage things here, so I'll just hold the president's title. I'll be relying on Uncle Wang and Zhang Wei from now on. As the manager and vice president, you two pretty much can decide everything for the company," he said.

"Are you sure it's okay to leave the company in Zhang Wei's hands?" Zhang Xiang said, puffing on his cigarette with a furrowed brow and a curious expression.

Zhang Wei sneered, "Dad, it seems like you don't trust my abilities. Once the company is up and running, I'll show you what a business prodigy looks like."

Zhang Xiang wanted to scold him again, but considering Zhang Wei's stay at the company was good for him, regardless of the future development, it would at least shape the kid and spare Zhang Xiang from worrying. Besides, with Wang Bing managing and Yang Jian's support, the company wouldn't collapse.

Anyway, it wasn't like he was expecting profits.

At that moment, Zhang Han looked puzzled, "Yang Jian, you're going to J City? I haven't heard you mention it before."

"After the Dachang City incident, I have to go to J City for some training and awards, which I've delayed due to other matters," Yang Jian explained, "I have to make the trip, or the headquarters won't be comfortable with me being in charge of this city. After all, I still have to follow protocol."

"How long will you be gone?" Zhang Han inquired.

"At least a week, any longer and it's hard to say," Yang Jian replied.

"Who will deal with the supernatural events in Dachang City while you're away?" Zhang Han asked.

Yang Jian thought for a moment and answered, "There definitely won't be any supernatural events for the next month or so, you can rest assured. During my absence, I'll trouble you to keep an eye on things. Call me if there's any problem; I'll come back."

"Well, okay then," Zhang Han hesitated briefly but agreed.

After all, his own family was saved by Yang Jian; he couldn't refuse to help.

During the conversation, he saw Jiang Yan and Zhang Liqin, who had left earlier, rushing back in.

"Yang Jian, there's trouble. The business owners from the companies downstairs have arrived."

Yang Jian glanced at them and said, "Isn't their arrival a good thing? It saves me the trouble of having to seek them out one by one. I'm nearly done here, let them come in."

Before he had even finished speaking.

"Bang~!"

The wooden door of the office was forcefully pushed open.

What had been a quiet company abruptly filled with a large crowd, at least thirty-four people.

Yang Jian and the others immediately frowned.

"Which one of you is the boss here?" A fat, bald man in a black suit looked around and asked.

"I am. Are you the people in charge of the companies downstairs?"

Yang Jian slightly raised his head to look at them, "I've heard from my secretary that you're unwilling to move due to compensation issues. If that's the case, you can discuss it with me. I'm quite reasonable when handling matters."

You're reasonable?

Jiang Yan standing by couldn't help but turn her face away in embarrassment.

"You're the boss here? You look so young; are you really in charge?" A man in a white shirt asked.

"Who might you be?" Yang Jian asked unhurriedly.

Jiang Yan whispered, "His name is Su, and the bald guy next to him is Liu Chi."

"What kind of question is that, Boss Su? If I weren't in charge, would I even speak up?" Yang Jian said with a smile.

That Boss Su replied, "We signed a five-year contract with Shangtong Tower, and it hasn't even been one year yet. Now you're forcing our companies to move. The penalties for breach of contract and the losses our companies will suffer are not small amounts. I've estimated that if you truly intend to force us out within a day, it should be at least this much."

He held up two fingers.

"Twenty million?" Yang Jian said.

"Twenty million is pocket change these days. It's two billion. My company's losses are even greater; I want three billion," the bald man named Liu Chi held up three fingers.

Yang Jian looked around and asked, "What about the other bosses?"

"Our company also demands one billion in compensation," another boss said.

"That doesn't comply with the rules," Yang Jian said, slightly shaking his head. "Your contracts might all be legitimate, and the compensation for breach of contract may be real, but according to proper procedure, you should seek compensation from the previous Shangtong Technology Co., Ltd. After all, I haven't taken over the debts of that company. The reason I'm even discussing compensation with you is because I don't want a minor issue to affect my work and company plans. It's better for everyone if I give you a little money to resolve this."

He internally marveled at the feeling of being able to throw around large sums of money.

He continued, "But the figures you're suggesting don't seem like compensation negotiation; it sounds more like extortion."

"Since you're not being polite, I won't be either. Today, pack up and skedaddle, or prepare to go to jail—the choice is yours."

Having said that, his gaze gradually turned colder.

"What did you say? Trying to scare me?"

Liu Chi said angrily, "I was a boss before you were probably still in diapers. If worse comes to worst, we'll go to court. I'm not afraid of you. I can drag this out for half a year, a year, and see how your company gets by."

"That's right, we won't leave without compensation."

"It's all clearly written in black and white; we're not afraid of going to court. You think you can get us to leave without paying a penny; dream on!"

The crowd behind them started clamoring, and the scene seemed to get out of control.

"I don't understand such business matters either. Do incidents like this happen often?" Yang Jian ignored the rabble and turned to ask.

Zhang Xiangü nodded, "It's very common; debt disputes are always a hassle. I've encountered many such incidents, but most are resolved swiftly with a bit of money, just like you're doing. If it goes to court, dragging on for half a year or a year can be very troublesome."

Yang Jian nodded. He waved his hand and said, "Jiang Yan, call Zang Hua. Tell him I'm being extorted for a huge sum, seven or eight billion, and ask him to handle it."

"Brother Tui, hold on, I might be able to resolve this. Let me try," Zhang Wei suddenly said at that moment.

"You? I always feel something might go wrong. Don't force it if it's not possible," Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei confidently said, "Don't worry, there won't be any issues. It's not our style to just call someone each time there's trouble. Just watch."

After finishing, he straightened his clothes, huffed, and stood up.

Chapter 390 - Zhang Wei's Face

Zhang Wei felt that the moment to make a stand had come.

He could no longer remain silent; today, he had to let everyone know that there was nothing he couldn't do, besides dealing with those damn supernatural things.

So, Zhang Wei stood up.

"Gentlemen, by making a scene like this, you're only hurting yourselves. Brother Tui doesn't hold back when he gets going, and it's easy for a simple economic dispute to turn into a criminal case. You might just end up seeing your family in the newspaper tomorrow. So give me, Zhang Wei, some face, and let's forget this whole thing ever happened. Pack up your stuff and get out of here right away,"

he said with utmost seriousness and sincerity.

Then, in front of the crowd, he lifted his shirt.

A small, delicate fruit knife gleamed into view.

"Heh," Liu Chi chuckled coldly beside him, "You're still wet behind the ears, yet you dare act like you're in the underworld? Do you really think we came unprepared?"

After speaking, he gave a signal.

Several of his underlings next to him lifted their shirts as well—cleavers, baseball bats, and the like all made their appearance, obviously prepared for trouble.

Damn, they came this well-prepared?

Zhang Wei's eyes widened slightly, then he said in a deep voice, "Originally, I wanted to solve this peacefully, but now it seems I can't keep hiding my identity."

Having said that, he silently pulled out a heavy golden pistol from his pocket.

A gun?

Liu Chi's eyelid twitched, and he involuntarily took a few steps back.

"Zhang Wei, come back. Let Yang Jian handle this matter," Zhang Xiang felt this kid definitely couldn't handle these people.

Because he noticed that these people didn't look like they were from a legitimate company. Shangdong Technology Co., Ltd. was a foreign force hidden in the local area, and anybody that could start a company here probably had a dirty background and was definitely involved with something illegal.

"Dad, just relax, it'll be over soon," Zhang Wei turned back and made an OK gesture.

He didn't believe these guys would dare to make a scene with a gun out in the open.

But the reality was often different from what one hoped for.

"Damn it, you dare to scare me? You think just by showing a gun you can make us leave? I don't have time to waste with you brats. If I don't get the money today, I'll tear this office apart. You really think we're pushovers? Have the guts to fire that damn gun,"

Upon seeing the gun in Zhang Wei's hand, Liu Chi felt as if he had caught onto something, so he became even more outrageous. He lifted his leg and landed a kick towards Zhang Wei.

No matter if the thing in his hand was real or fake.

Making a big deal out of this situation certainly wouldn't hurt him.

And without making it big, how could he demand compensation?

"Damn, you despicable guy, attacking me from behind," Zhang Wei staggered and almost fell over, immediately cursing loudly.

As someone who had never won a fight, today, he took a fall once again.

But Yang Jian, who never lost a fight, stood up with a cold face: "It seems in Boss Liu's eyes, money is more important than life, huh?"

"What do you want to do?" Liu Chi said, "We're not done here until the compensation is settled. Don't think I don't know what that kid has in his hand. Do you believe I'll call the police and get your company shut down..."

But before he could finish speaking, Yang Jian lifted his leg and kicked hard into his belly, swollen with fat. Because the force was too fierce, his foot seemed to have sunk into the fat.

Thud~!

Liu Chi screamed miserably and was actually sent flying, crashing through the wooden door behind him and rolling out into the corridor outside.

Damn.

Boss Su and the other employees, as well as the subordinates, were so frightened they nearly jumped up.

Is this guy even human?

A single kick sent a man flying.

"Wow..." Liu Chi curled up on the ground like a pig, vomiting various contents from his stomach along with streaks of blood, his face instantly turning a deep purple-red, contorted with excruciating pain.

"Still have the strength to vomit, it seems your belly fat isn't entirely useless," Yang Jian commented coolly, then turned his glare towards the other bosses.

They sweated profusely, feeling as if they were being targeted by a wild beast and dared not move a muscle.

"Well kicked, that bald old man deserved it for leering at my beautiful legs before, serves him right," Jiang Yan shouted excitedly, but then quickly added, "Yang Jian, be careful."

"Fuck, you dare to lay a hand on our boss, you're seeking death," shouted a few daring souls as they charged forward.

Without even turning his head, as if he had a pair of invisible eyes watching his surroundings, Yang Jian raised his hand and in no hesitation pressed a cold gun against the forehead of the man in the lead, "Take one more step and you're dead."

The few men were instantly frozen with fear.

"Please, boss, calm down. What you're doing is illegal," stammered Boss Su next to him.

He actually dared to pull out a gun.

Yang Jian glanced at him and nonchalantly produced a gun license, "Extortion and attacking the person in charge of Dachang City, do you know I could kill you right now? Would you bosses prefer to settle privately or go through the legal process? If we settle privately, you'll compensate me according to the prices you initially quoted for my mental anguish and the medical expenses for my staff: two billion for you, and one billion for him. The one lying on the ground is a bit more complicated."

"You, you're robbing us."

Boss Su's eyes widened with shock and fear, as he realized he might have crossed a formidable figure.

"Then let's go through the process. Considering the amount you've tried to extort and subsequent crimes, I'm guessing at the very least life imprisonment without the possibility of parole, and once that happens I won't be in charge. Zang Hua and his team should be here within ten minutes to take over. You bosses better think it over," he said.

"Oh, and you guys behind should also advise your bosses, since you were involved too. Once Captain Zang arrives, none of you will get away. You'll all be on the news."

After saying this, Yang Jian turned around to sit back on the sofa.

"It's over."

Some of the bosses were so scared they slumped to the ground, pale and with a complete loss of composure.

"Boss, this has nothing to do with us. We were just called to make up the numbers. Please let us go," the other employees cried, nearly in tears.

Who would have thought they'd unwittingly become involved in such a serious matter?

Yang Jian glanced over, "You can leave after cleaning up the mess at the back. But those who were about to start a fight, stay."

"Thank you, boss." The others immediately breathed a sigh of relief and hurried out like they were fleeing, cleaning up the mess thoroughly before making their escape.

Zhang Wei sighed and said, "I just asked you to give me some face earlier. See, this is what happens when you don't."

"These poor kids," Zhang Han gave a twitch of the mouth, already used to such scenes.

Originally, a group from the club tried to extort and blackmail Yang Jian, only to be wiped out by him. Now, in the circle of spirit controllers, there were very few who dared to offend him directly. After all, this guy was so ruthless he even dared to kill Wang Xiaoqiang, who was Professor Wang's own brother.