

## Revival 67

Chapter 67: You're overthinking it.

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Each person faced with the same situation has different choices.

Jiang Yan chose not to distance herself from Yang Jian, even after learning about his identity as a ghost tamer, but instead, she decided to bet her chips on him.

Only those who have been through hell understand the beauty of the human world.

Only those who have encountered fierce ghosts realize the happiness of being alive.

In this world with no sense of security, even if Yang Jian turned into an Evil Ghost, Jiang Yan was willing to seek shelter.

“It went up again, how did you know Gold would continue to rise? I've been following the gold prices too, but I think it has peaked and is likely to fall next. Indeed, after a brief rapid rise, the trend slowed and started to decline. Entering with ten million at this time is very risky.”

Jiang Yan, sitting in front of the computer in a thin nightgown, seemingly indifferent to the occasional slips of “spring scenery” she showed, watched the gold price trends on her laptop with excitement.

Today, when the market opened, the price of Gold first fell, then surged upward.

Yang Jian was incredibly lucky to have invested ten million at that time.

“I don't understand the stock market. I just know that the price of Gold will definitely keep rising, and I just want to make some pocket money,” said Yang Jian.

Jiang Yan asked with some excitement, “Do you have insider information?”

“No,” Yang Jian said, “it’s all guesswork.”

Of course, his moves weren’t solely based on guesses, but rather on the fact that Gold is no longer just a currency; it’s a national strategic resource, a necessity, a consumable.

A price hike was inevitable.

When Jiang Yan heard this, she became even more convinced that Yang Jian knew something others didn’t. Otherwise, how could he guess so accurately?

After all, he was a ghost tamer, someone whom Captain Liu would salute upon meeting, not just a simple security guard.

Thinking this, she couldn’t help but follow Yang Jian’s lead in speculating on Gold, throwing her several hundred thousand in savings into the mix and choosing the option with the highest risk and reward: gold leverage. She aimed to earn the most with the least amount of capital.

Of course, the risk was also significant.

“Since you’re sure Gold will rise, I plan to make a big profit through the riskiest type of trade, and I’ve also invested money. If we lose it, you can’t blame me,” Jiang Yan said.

“Do as you please, as long as you buy Gold, I don’t care about the rest,” Yang Jian said, trusting his judgment.

“Got it, leave it to me,” Jiang Yan said, beginning to get excited.

She didn’t pay attention to how she would speculate.

Yang Jian spent most of his free time browsing the international ghost tamer website.

That special website was constructed by various countries and allowed only international ghost tamers to access it.

Not for any other reason, but to learn a bit more about related knowledge.

However, Yang Jian did not see any news about the fierce ghost that passed by yesterday on the website.

“Such a big incident couldn’t have gone unnoticed by the countries... It seems they are intentionally hiding it and don’t want to make a big deal out of it.”

He shook his head, feeling some disappointment.

The cooperation between countries was not tight. No wonder international ghost tamers were also divided into regions.

Seemingly united, they were in fact each looking out for themselves.

In the past three days, Yang Jian rarely left the house, staying inside Jiang Yan’s apartment.

Jiang Yan was very diligent. According to her, the initial ten million had already turned into over twenty million. Now, watching those figures every day made her so excited she could hardly sleep, as if the money were her own.

But this morning, Yang Jian received a phone call.

It was from Zhang Wei, saying that something serious had come up and he needed to see Yang Jian to set up a meeting.

Thinking it over, Yang Jian felt it was better to go and check it out.

“I need to step out for a bit.”

“Where are you going?”

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“Walk around the neighborhood,” Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan asked anxiously, “So, will you come back tonight?”

“Of course.”

Having said that, Yang Jian left the house.

Driving through the noisy city, it was hard to imagine that supernatural incidents happened frequently around the world, and Dachang City had experienced several. But the vast majority of people seemed to be oblivious, going about their daily lives without any impact on their own.

“Sometimes, ignorance is bliss.”

Yang Jian rolled down the car window, watching the comings and goings on the sidewalk, and sighed to himself.

Soon, he arrived at the pedestrian street he had agreed to meet Zhang Wei at.

Zhang Wei had arrived early, now standing in the crowd, seemingly having an argument with someone—it looked like it was escalating into a quarrel.

"I'm not standing here arguing with you to prove I'm better than anyone else, nor to show off how tough I am," Zhang Wei pointed to the ground, his tone firm and powerful, "but to let everyone here know, whatever I've lost, I must take back with my own hands..."

"Zhang Wei, what are you yelling about? Why did you call me over early in the morning? What's the matter?" Yang Jian called out.

Hearing someone shouting for him, Zhang Wei looked up, saw Yang Jian, and immediately smiled with relief, "Yang Jian, I'm over here. Excuse me, everyone, please make way. Let's put today's matter aside for now."

He then pointed at someone and said, "It's not that I'm afraid of you, or trying to escape. It's just that I don't want my friend to see my cruel side. Consider yourself lucky today."

"Who are you fighting with? It looked like it was about to turn physical. What happened?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Wei snorted, "Some middle school kid had a terrible attitude, daring to cut in front of me in the ice cream line. I was just teaching him what adult ruthlessness is all about."

"..."

"Forget it, let's not talk about it. Come on, let's sit down in that café over there. I actually have something to discuss with you," Zhang Wei said.

After the two sat down in the café.

"What have you been up to lately? Are you still working at that mall? I went there yesterday. I heard there was a murder case, and it's completely sealed off now. The boss is called Tang'an, right?" Zhang Wei asked.

"How do you know so much about it?" Yang Jian asked, surprised.

“That mall was built by my dad. I asked him about it before. Come on, tell me straight—isn’t that place haunted?” Zhang Wei said.

“You guessed right; it was indeed haunted,” Yang Jian said.

“Damn, I knew it! Places that suddenly get locked down and put under martial law are almost always haunted. The school was like that, that residential area was like that, and now the mall is the same... I’m feeling like this Earth is no longer fit to live on. If there was a chance to migrate to Mars, I’d sign up first,” Zhang Wei said, shivering in shock.

“However, there’s no problem now. The situation there has been settled. By the way, what did you want to talk to me about?” Yang Jian asked.

“Actually, I wanted to ask you about something,” Zhang Wei said.

“What is it?” Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei furrowed his brows deeply, a serious expression on his face, and said in a low voice, “Last night, while I was playing ‘Chick Dinner’ on the computer, a supernatural event occurred. I think it might be haunted, possibly linked to some horrible curse similar to those stories on your forum.”

“Can you be more specific?” Yang Jian asked.

“It must have been the final circle. I survived until the end... The top-right corner showed that there was no one left, but suddenly I died mysteriously, and the screen showed ‘Chicken Dinner Failed.’

“If it happened just once, it could be explained away, but it happened three times in a row. Do you think there might be a ghost playing the game? I got so scared I couldn’t sleep all night, and now I can hardly keep my eyes open, which is why I wanted to buy some ice cream for a pick-me-up,” Zhang Wei asked earnestly.

Yang Jian said seriously, "I don't think you've encountered a ghost, but instead, you've come across...a cheat."

"No way,"

Zhang Wei looked at Yang Jian in surprise, "Is it really a cheat? Could it possibly be a ghost?"

"You're overthinking it. There's absolutely no chance. It was a cheat; you got killed by the cheat three times," Yang Jian said.

"So that's it... I thought I had run into a ghost," Zhang Wei fell into deep silence.