

Revival 68

Chapter 68: Yan Li's Text Message

Yang Jian looked at Zhang Wei as if he were looking at someone with a feeble mind.

Play a game, get killed by technology, suspect it's a ghost encounter, and be so scared that you can't sleep all night.

You really are something.

"Is that the main reason you wanted to see me?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhang Wei scratched his head and said, "There's something else. Remember after the incident at the school was over, only a few of us were lucky enough to survive?"

"That's true. What about it? Has something happened to the others?" Yang Jian asked.

The matter with Wang Shanshan had just settled down not long ago. If anything had happened to the others, that would be dreadfully unlucky.

"It's not exactly an accident. Zhao Lei suggested we get together sometime. Some of our classmates were severely affected by the incident; they plan to transfer and continue their studies elsewhere, probably not in this city," said Zhang Wei.

"They're transferring and leaving Dachang City?" Yang Jian pondered.

He thought it was a natural reaction.

With the severity of the ghost incident at the university, it's likely that not many survivors would have the courage to stay in the city.

But... Does leaving Dachang City for another place really solve anything?

Not necessarily.

Paranormal incidents are not unique to one area; they are a global phenomenon.

"Going to another place might be good; perhaps they won't be so unlucky there," said Yang Jian.

He didn't explain the reason, as he couldn't be sure whether leaving Dachang City would be better than staying.

"However, I'm not planning to continue with school. I'm an average student, and even if I study, the chances of getting into college are slim," said Zhang Wei.

Yang Jian asked, "So what do you plan to do?"

"Of course, I'm going to join my dad's construction company without much ambition. Dachang City's suburbs are still developing, and I plan to work on the construction site moving bricks... By the way, do you want to move there too? Although it's a bit remote, the transport is convenient; it's about a fifteen-minute trip from there to the city center. I can ask my dad to give you an apartment," said Zhang Wei seriously for a change.

Yang Jian thought for a while and said, "I'll visit your construction site one of these days. If necessary, I'll consider buying a place there to settle down."

Mom is coming back from a business trip soon, and I can't go back to the rental.

Now that I have some money, I might as well look for a place to call home.

Even though paranormal events are happening frequently, life must go on. You can't just sit around waiting to die.

“That’s settled then. I’ll save a few choice apartments for you,” said Zhang Wei excitedly.

If Yang Jian moved there, he would immediately relocate as well.

“Thank you,” Yang Jian said.

Zhang Wei said, “No need to thank me, it’s nothing. By the way, have you eaten before you came? How about we have lunch together?”

Yang Jian was about to agree when one of his phones rang.

A message popped up on the phone: We’ve been targeted. Protect the box.

“It’s Yan Li.”

Yang Jian’s expression instantly became serious, and he sent a message back: “What’s going on?”

“Not too sure. I only know that someone hired people to snatch the box. The news of our capturing the Evil Ghost has leaked. It might be the club members... or it could be some civilian organizations. This circle is complicated, and the waters run deep. I don’t have much experience with these matters and can’t discern their origins.”

“Dare to rob something from a ghost controller? Are they not afraid of dying?” Yang Jian sent another message.

Yan Li replied, “They know what I am capable of, and they probably guess that my limit is near. My ability to control ghosts is not very effective against people, so they don’t take me into consideration. But they probably don’t know about you because you’ve joined the international ghost controllers, and no one can access your records.”

Yang Jian considered for a moment and then sent, “Do you... need help?”

“Not for now, but I’m worried that someone might be heading your way. If you can take care of it smoothly, it would be best if you could come and help me afterward. If I die, this deal won’t be completed, and the buyer has already been arranged,” Yan Li sent another message, followed by a set of coordinates.

“This is more complicated than I thought,” Yang Jian murmured, frowning at the message on his phone.

A seemingly ordinary trade had attracted the attention of certain people and forces.

They had even reached the point of taking direct action.

“This is absolutely insane. They don’t even consider controllers of ghosts; these people are audaciously bold,” Yang Jian thought uncomfortably.

But soon enough, he understood.

There were only two things most people went crazy for, power and money.

They were after the ghost in the box.

It was undoubtedly for profit.

“The price of a ghost far exceeds a hundred million, otherwise people wouldn’t risk danger and oppose a ghost manipulator.”

“What sounds nice is called a ghost manipulator, someone who controls Evil Ghosts, but put bluntly... it’s a ghost.”

“Yang Jian, what’s wrong? You seem a bit pale. Tell me what’s going on, maybe there’s something I can help with,” Zhang Wei asked.

Yang Jian shook his head and said, "There's some trouble coming my way; I can't stay for lunch. I have to go. Notify me when you're getting together some other day, and if I'm free, I'll definitely come by."

Having said that, he got up and prepared to leave.

But just as he stood up, he saw six or seven men in suits, looking aggressive, stride into the coffee shop and immediately start driving people out and closing the doors.

Their actions were like flowing water, very practiced.

They even hung up a 'temporarily closed' sign on the door.

"Yang Jian, you better run. These people are here for you. Looks like a kidnapping or extortion. Your second-generation rich identity has been exposed; now you're in danger," Zhang Wei suddenly spoke up, his voice quite loud.

"Huh?"

Zhang Wei was stunned for a moment, not quite grasping the situation, and thinking what Yang Jian said sounded strange.

The next moment, several men rushed over.

"Damn it, call the police to save me, I'm getting out of here," Zhang Wei yelled, as he turned to run.

"Stop, don't run," someone shouted at Zhang Wei.

However, the middle-aged leader glanced over and said, "Never mind him; he's not Yang Jian. You're the one... Don't play these little tricks. I have your information right here."

After saying that, he threw a few photos onto the table.

They were taken in front of a shopping mall.

Of him, Yan Li, Jiang Yan, Captain Liu, and others.

“Who are you guys?” Yang Jian put down his cellphone and glanced at them.

The middle-aged man sat down and said, “My name is Wu Feng, I’m a business manager of a certain company. Here’s my business card. It’s a pleasure to meet you... Yang Jian.”

Yang Jian took the business card and looked at it.

Aside from a name and a phone number, there was nothing else.

It seemed like they were intentionally hiding their information.

“Do you want something from me?”

Although Yang Jian had a clear idea of these people’s intentions, he still pretended ignorance.

Wu Feng looked around the coffee shop.

His subordinates had already booked the place out, clearing out all the irrelevant staff like the waiters.

Seeing this, he then said, “First of all, congratulations are in order. You’ve become a new ghost manipulator in Dachang City. Hard to imagine that just before, you were a high school senior. You’re very special, a precious talent. Would you like to work at my company? I can offer you a salary of a hundred thousand a month.”

“Sure, but you’ll have to pay three months’ salary in advance,” Yang Jian nodded.

Huh?

This time it was Wu Feng who was taken aback.

His offer had only been a probe, to test this Yang Jian’s understanding of ghost manipulators and gauge how smart and mature he was. He hadn’t actually been planning to recruit him.

“What’s wrong? You offer me a job at your company with such a high salary, and you’re hesitant to pay an advance? Just by that I can tell you’re scammers,” Yang Jian said with some disdain.

Wu Feng smiled and said, “If you really are willing to work at my company, I can pay you an advance on your salary for a whole year.”

It would be a great bargain if he could actually sway a ghost manipulator with such an amount.

Could it be that Yang Jian hadn’t seen much money before? That he was moved just by a few hundred thousand?

It seemed he was just a student with little social experience.