

Revival 71

Chapter 71: Countdown

“...”

I thought I had encountered a terrifying supernatural event.

When everyone saw that it was just a person walking out, they felt as uncomfortable as if they had swallowed a fly.

“With that expression on your faces, I know you’re disappointed. It turned out to be a person coming out, not a ghost.”

Yang Jian walked out of the room with a hint of a smile on his face.

“Who are you?” Hao Shaowen’s expression darkened slightly as he immediately asked.

He didn’t let his guard down because of Yang Jian. Anyone coming out of the room at this time must be problematic since he had made sure earlier that Yan Li was the only person in the rented house.

Yang Jian glanced around, then said, “Earlier, I overheard someone outside trying to kidnap my family member, planning to use them as leverage to extort and rob me. I didn’t mishear that, did I? Yes, I’m talking to you, the tallest one.”

His gaze fell on Hao Shaowen.

“I’m asking you a question, kid. Don’t pretend you didn’t hear it,” Hao Shaowen said, signaling to the people beside him.

Two adult men with unfriendly expressions started walking towards Yang Jian.

It seemed they were ready to take action.

However, something strange happened.

These two adult men acted as if they didn't see Yang Jian in front of them at all; they brushed past him and continued walking into the room.

"I'm curious. Knowing that the world has supernatural events, that fierce ghosts roam and that there are Ghost Tamers who exist between the living and the dead, why do some people still dare to provoke our kind? Friend, would you mind explaining?" Yang Jian smoothly closed the door.

Just like that, the two adult men disappeared silently into the room.

There was no further noise.

"Hm? I think I've seen your photo... Aren't you that newcomer, Yang Jian?" Suddenly, Hao Shaowen remembered the information from that file.

Wasn't this the person in front of him the new Ghost Tamer who had had contact with Yan Li?

Yang Jian said, "You only remember now; your memory really isn't that good. But getting back to the previous question, why do this?"

"Isn't that obvious? For money," Hao Shaowen sneered. "Before the world knew of supernatural events, people dared to rob and kill for money. Let alone now. Do you know how lucrative our line of work is? We would dare to confront even real ghosts if the money were right. Not to mention the likes of you Ghost Tamers."

"One million might be a bit low for your life, but ten million for someone to commit suicide—there are plenty in this world who would do it. Don't underestimate the temptation of money."

“You’re still in your senior year of high school, aren’t you? The cruelty of society is beyond your imagination. Most normal people will never come into contact with the dark side of the world, so don’t blame me for being heartless. Blame Yan Li for not being capable enough to keep hold of this huge profit. Of course, you’re not capable either, and coming here today was the most foolish thing you could have done.”

Yang Jian frowned, looking at Yan Li, who was nailed to the ground and covered in blood. Honestly, it made him uncomfortable.

Especially now that these people had set their sights on him.

“Are you challenging me?”

He withdrew his gaze, and a slit appeared on the back of his hand, revealing a blood-red eye.

“I’m not challenging you, I’m telling you a fact, kid. I’ve set my sights on that box today, and neither of you will leave here without it.”

Hao Shaowen pulled out a baton from his waist and flicked it casually, the baton extended.

“Made out of gold?” Yang Jian caught a glimpse.

Hao Shaowen said, “It’s specially made to deal with you Ghost Tamers; only this can truly hurt you half-ghosts.”

“Gold is just not affected by the power of fierce ghosts. To think you can completely restrain a Ghost Tamer, aren’t you being a bit too naive?”

Yang Jian said with some amusement, “Did you really think that just because you’ve dealt with Yan Li, you could do the same to others? What do you take Ghost Tamers for?”

“It seems that the one who doesn’t understand the cruelty of this world isn’t me, it’s you.”

“You don’t dare to deal with supernatural events for money; you only dare to rely on your numbers and use ugly methods to rob and extort those who barely managed to tame fierce ghosts. You lot... are even worse than beasts.”

Hao Shaowen said with disdain, “This is the business we run, lecturing us on conscience? Naive. Take action, subdue this guy first.”

His talk was just a delay tactic.

His men were already quietly preparing themselves behind him.

The sound dropped.

In the hands of nearly everyone, a delicate hand crossbow appeared.

And at almost the same time, all the hand crossbows fired specially made bolts, each connected to a golden thread.

The golden thread was also special, extremely tough and with the characteristics of gold.

Once hit, the golden thread could even restrain a ghost, wrapping it tightly. This was part of combat strategies researched abroad, originally used by some international special forces to deal with fierce ghosts. However, once it became known, they discovered it was particularly effective against ghost masters, but not so much against the ghosts themselves. Hence, people like them had learned this method.

“Whoosh~!”

The arrows flew and pierced straight into Yang Jian’s body.

The barbed arrows buried into his flesh, causing the trailing golden threads to instantly tense.

With six or seven arrows nailed into him, and all pulled taut, Yang Jian collapsed to the ground in an instant.

“You dare to come here with such meager skills, truly seeking death.”

Hao Shaowen walked over with a cold face, his cudgel striking Yang Jian’s back of the head.

The strength was surprisingly tremendous, without any hesitation.

Immediately, Yang Jian’s skull was forcibly split open, fresh blood gushed out incessantly, and after a slight convulsion, his body was bereft of breath.

“Dead?” Hao Shaowen was stunned for a moment.

Yan Li was so tough, how come Yang Jian died with just a single strike?

“No, something is wrong, this isn’t Yang Jian.”

Then, his eyes flashed as he saw that the person lying on the ground was in fact one of his subordinates who had vanished after entering the room earlier.

“When did this happen, what exactly occurred?”

“Clap clap~!”

Unbeknownst to them, Yang Jian was sitting on the sofa. He clapped his hands and laughed, “Bravo, that was spectacular. The operation just now was smooth as flowing water, first pretending to buy time for the preparations of your subordinates, then a perfect strike followed by immediate suppression, truly commendable for an experienced professional. Now I’ve seen how you deal with ghost masters.”

“Hmm, I’ve taken note. I will be more cautious in the future.”

“Was it your doing?” Hao Shaowen’s expression was extremely unpleasant.

Yang Jian’s ghostly abilities seemed troublesome.

Was it an illusion?

Or could he alter a person’s thinking?

Perhaps he could find a substitute?

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There was too little information to guess.

“Right now, I don’t want to tell you. My time is limited, three minutes... You only have three minutes. I have a few questions to ask you. Answer well, and you can live. Answer poorly... sorry, you can still live, but in hell. Also, don’t try to stall for time. When time is up, I’ll make the choice for you automatically.”

Yang Jian’s countenance had also turned cold; he had seen the viciousness of these people’s actions.

They killed a man in less than ten seconds.

If it were him without prior precaution, he would have been done for too.

No wonder Yan Li fell into their hands.

The flaw in his Ghost Blood was too significant, powerful against ghosts but seemingly useless against humans.

However, in this world, one has to deal with not only ghosts but also humans.

“Now the countdown begins, the first question... who sent you? Hmm, that’s not the right way to ask; makes it seem like there’s someone behind the scenes. Let’s say it like this, whose money are you earning with this job?”

With that, he took out his phone, placed it on the coffee table, and a three-minute countdown displayed.

This was the life countdown Yang Jian set for these people.