

Revival 72

Chapter 72: Competition

“You think that just because you ask me, I’ll tell you? I won’t divulge client information; that’s a rule of our profession,” Hao Shaowen said.

“Rules can be changed,” Yang Jian uttered.

“Those who break the rules, their end is very miserable,” Hao Shaowen remarked.

Yang Jian pointed to the countdown on his phone, “Then how can you be sure that falling into my hands won’t be miserable? It’s fine if you don’t want to talk, I can ask someone else.”

His gaze shifted to the others.

“Do you know who sent you to deal with Yan Li and me? Whoever speaks up, I’ll let you go, but there’s only one spot available, so I hope you cherish it.”

However, the men in suits were like mutes, not saying a word.

“We have all signed confidentiality agreements. Don’t waste your time trying to get any words out of us... Your ability is quite special, but since you have become a Ghost Domain master, you must know your life won’t be long. How about this, I’ll give up on this deal, and we can both pretend nothing ever happened, okay?”

Hao Shaowen’s expression grew grave; he had an inkling that Yang Jian was troublesome.

Moreover, he was crafty, like a little wolf cub, seemingly harmless like a dog, but if you actually dealt with him, he’d bite a chunk out of you.

Yang Jian looked at him strangely and said, "You come to my door, beat up my business partner like this, pose him like Jesus nailed to the ground, and then try to kidnap my family, extort my possessions... After all the trouble to meet face to face, you start with random shooting and binding, and now you tell me to pretend like nothing happened?"

"Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"It's fine if you don't want to talk about the first question, Yan Li and I will find out about it ourselves. But before that, I want you all to understand something again."

"Who's really in charge here,"

After he finished speaking, he glanced at the living room lights,

"Zzzt~!"

A faint sound of electricity came, and the bright white lights had suddenly changed color without anyone noticing.

They turned a pale red.

The red light illuminated, casting a red glow over the entire living room, as if a light technician in a bar had purposefully set it that way.

However, it wasn't just the living room that the red glow covered; when Hao Shaowen glanced out of the window by chance, he saw that the entire world outside was awash with red.

The surrounding silence conveyed an eerie sense of foreboding.

"So, who shall we start with?" Yang Jian slowly stood up from the couch, his eyes surveying these people.

At that moment, Yan Li, who was nailed to the ground and saw the world engulfed in red light, his complexion changed.

Ghost Domain.

He hadn't expected Yang Jian to actually use the Ghost Domain; it seemed he was serious now.

"Hao Shaowen, you're better off cooperating with Yang Jian, or else the consequences will be very grim. He's not like me at all, his ghosts... they are unsolvable," Yan Li interjected.

It seemed like he was advising, but it was actually to help Yang Jian achieve his goals better.

One playing the good cop, the other the bad cop made a perfect match.

Whether one could escape from the Ghost Domain all depended on Yang Jian's mood, and it was not something ordinary people could deal with.

Unsolvable ghosts?

Hao Shaowen scoffed, "In my eyes, there's no ability that's insurmountable, as long as you're still human, there's a way to deal with you."

As he spoke, he suddenly revealed a pistol in his hand.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Three consecutive shots aimed at Yang Jian's forehead and chest.

At such close range, a miss was impossible.

“Thud~!”

The next moment, Yang Jian, who had just stood up, immediately fell to the ground as blood rapidly pooled around him.

Dead?

Hao Shaowen’s gaze sharpened, and he was not overly excited.

But before he could check, the red light flickered subtly.

He discovered that the twitching, bleeding body on the ground had turned into one of his subordinates.

Yang Jian had vanished again.

“Boss, what... what’s going on? Why is Zhao Gang the one dead? Wasn’t he just...” one subordinate was startled, hurriedly glancing at his companions.

The one beside him had, at some point, been replaced by Yang Jian.

Yang Jian gave him a grin.

Seemingly innocent and harmless, yet it carried an eerie terror.

“You’re the first one,” Yang Jian said as he suddenly grabbed the man’s neck and pushed him forward.

Bang~!

Hao Shaowen fired behind him without hesitation.

Yang Jian fell to the ground once again.

But while lying there, the corpse morphed once more into another subordinate.

In just a brief moment, three people had died by his own hands.

Hao Shaowen's face was expressionless, still as indifferent as ever, "Come out, if you dare, come out."

"Ding-dong~!"

The next moment, a bullet fell from the ceiling, landing on his head.

The bullet was golden and translucent, not made of brass but rather specially crafted from gold.

"A golden bullet? You've prepared thoroughly, but unfortunately, today's your unlucky day because you're dealing with me," Yang Jian slowly emerged from the adjacent bedroom.

His expression was eerily calm, with a strange twist of eeriness.

Hao Shaowen immediately raised his gun.

But at this moment, he stopped, the trigger not pulled.

"Why aren't you shooting? You still have three bullets in your gun, just enough for the three minions you have left— one bullet per person. You could ascend to god quickly. Need me to give you a little incentive?" Yang Jian revealed a smile.

"An illusion? You're not real, your true form is hidden in this room. The ability to induce illusions is quite tricky to deal with, but it's not impossible to counter."

Hao Shaowen's face took on an ugly cast, "Your ability is strong, but it has flaws."

"As long as I don't act rashly, no one will get hurt, and you can only kill indirectly."

"How can you be so sure your guess is correct? What if I deceived you?"

At this moment, the two subordinates by his side were completely panicked; "Boss, look, what's happening to him?"

The subordinate that Yang Jian had pushed was now half-embedded into the wall, merged with it as if one, but this integration was obviously forced. The man twitched all over, blood frothing from his mouth, his eyes rolling back, looking like he would die soon.

Hao Shaowen's pupils shrank.

This... was not an illusion.

"Sorry, I might have gone a bit overboard, but I swear I just pushed him lightly, just once, and yet he's about to die. Who would've thought," Yang Jian sighed, looking at the man who had stopped breathing, "Humans are so fragile. I'll be more careful next time."

"Now, back to our previous topic. I'll ask you one more time, who exactly did you make this deal with?"

"Big, big brother, we're just workers, we really don't know who took the job, only the boss knows," one subordinate caved in, his face full of fear—this person was far more terrifying than Yan Li.

He killed as easily as if he were eating or drinking.

It was as if he were toying with lab mice.

“As expected, the root of it all is with you, which is also why I didn’t kill you right from the start. Apart from wanting to see for myself how you handle ghost possessors, I wanted to know what I’m after even more,” Yang Jian said as if everything made sense.

“Friend, at this point, don’t you think you should say something?”

Immediately after, he turned his gaze to Hao Shaowen.

“Even if you don’t tell me, don’t forget, besides you, Wu Feng also knows about this. I didn’t ask him before because I was in a hurry, but if you’re willing to die, then I won’t waste my time. After all, you’re busy too, rushing off to be reincarnated.”

“...”

Although Hao Shaowen was ruthless, the situation he found himself in was somewhat difficult to extricate himself from.

Yang Jian’s ability indeed felt...unanswerable.

He probably should take back what he said earlier.

Compared to a person, Yang Jian acted more like a ghost.

Unpredictable, indecipherable, uncounterable.

“I just manage the assignments. We don’t care who hires us, but I can tell you, the employer is someone from Yan Li’s club; that person gave me the info,” Hao Shaowen took a deep breath and said.

Not giving him some information would mean he might not leave this place alive today.

The club?

Upon hearing this, Yan Li was immediately taken aback.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, "So the people from the club are ghost possessors, which means someone has set their sights on Yan Li?"

"No, although most of the club's members are ghost possessors, there are also some top local businessmen. They sometimes hire ghost possessors at high prices to handle supernatural incidents or even employ them as bodyguards. But those who can afford the price and are interested in ghosts are not many," Hao Shaowen said.

"How much are you getting paid for this job?"

Hao Shaowen said, "Fifty million USD."

"Indeed, not a small amount," Yang Jian's eyelid twitched.

The price of a ghost was only one hundred million, yet hiring Hao Shaowen was quoted at fifty million USD. Calculating the exchange rate, the difference was more than threefold.

It seemed... Yen Li had been undercharged.

Perhaps there was some sort of middleman involved.

"What's the experiment about? A way for ghost possessors to avoid death from the revival of fierce ghosts."

Yang Jian continued to inquire, "You have one minute left, no, forty seconds. Whoever of you three answers, that person goes. Remember, I'm in charge now, you have no choice."

His time in the Ghost Domain was almost up.

It was time to fully resolve this matter.