

Revival 76

Chapter 76: The Rules of the Club

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All set!

Yang Jian quickly finished his work.

He had called every number in the address book, without missing a single one.

Now, it was time to wait.

The spread of this curse wasn't immediate; when the Door Knocking Ghost would visit depended on its mood... after all, it was quite busy.

“I'm done here; how are things on your end?”

Yang Jian picked up his phone to call Yan Li, while simultaneously cleaning up the files and records on his computer.

“I've made the necessary contacts; we can go for the club deal now. Where are you? Do you need me to pick you up?” Yan Li immediately replied.

“No need, I have a car. Just send me the location.”

“All right.”

Once the location arrived, Yang Jian immediately drove there.

The location was in the suburbs of the city.

A bit remote.

But that was normal; such a gathering place for dangerous elements indeed wasn't suitable for the busy downtown area.

On the way, Yang Jian contacted the operator Liu Xiaoyu.

"Do you know anything about the Ghost Tamer's Club in Dachang City?"

Liu Xiaoyu, who just answered the call, paused at Yang Jian's question before replying, "A civilian club? We don't handle information about that here, and I'm not clear on it."

"Okay, that's fine then," said Yang Jian.

Since Liu Xiaoyu was unaware, there was no need to continue the call.

"Wait a minute, don't hang up just yet. I have a piece of news to inform you about. The matter concerning Zhou Zheng in Dachang City has been settled, and in the coming days, a Ghost Tamer will be dispatched to replace Zhou Zheng's duties in Dachang City. You might want to get in touch with him; it might be better for some matters if you were to ask him directly," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"A new Ghost Tamer?" Yang Jian's eyes flickered, "I'll make contact if I have the time."

"Good, I'll send you some information," said Liu Xiaoyu.

"That's all then. Bye."

After driving for about fifteen minutes, Yang Jian arrived at a manor in the suburbs and stopped in front.

The location indicated it was here.

“Yang Jian, over here.” Yan Li called out, waving from the roadside.

“Is this the club’s place? It seems quite upscale,” Yang Jian said, looking up.

“It’s funded by a local wealthy businessman. If you join the club and are lucky, you might even get financing from a businessman. When I first joined the club, a businessman sponsored me with ten million,” Yan Li explained.

“Sounds like some dirty deal,” Yang Jian remarked.

“It’s not that severe. Those local rich folks have more money than places to spend it. Aside from consuming and showing off their wealth, now with the supernatural incidents, they naturally want to spend money to save their lives. Taking their money, to put it nicely, we’re looking out for them, but to be blunt, if anything actually happens, we’re nothing more than their bodyguards,” Yan Li said.

“Come on, I’ll take you to the club to have a look.”

The manor had a pleasant environment, with gardens, fountains, lawns... and many Chinese-style buildings. It was clear that the person who designed this manor had good taste.

“Mister Yan, welcome,” greeted two receptionists with smiles as they approached a hall.

Yang Jian glanced at the two receptionists.

Not to appreciate their long legs, but rather because he felt something abnormal about them... the professional smiles that slipped out were too stiff, like ones from a dead person.

“No, not a dead person.”

Yang Jian sensed their breathing and aura, but this aura was somewhat cold.

In a word, abnormal.

“The person has been arranged to meet on the fifth floor,” Yan Li said.

“Are there any risks?” Yang Jian asked.

Yan Li laughed, “Why would there be any risk? This is a club, and you can rest assured that the transactions here are safe,”

“Better be cautious anyway. The leak of your information was likely from this club. Otherwise, how could ordinary people have traced it back to you?” Yang Jian remarked.

“That’s a good point,”

While conversing, they took the elevator to the fifth floor.

They pushed open the door.

It was a lavishly decorated hall.

But as soon as Yang Jian and Yan Li walked in, the few people inside immediately turned their heads to look at them in unison.

Yan Li?

They recognized him almost instantly, but they clearly paused when they saw Yang Jian.

“Haha, Yan Li, you’ve come at the perfect time. We were just talking about you. Not bad, you’ve made a fortune in a few days and actually succeeded in capturing a ghost,” a middle-aged man laughed as he stood up from the sofa and approached them.

“But it’s quite dangerous for you to do such a thing alone. Why didn’t you invite us to help?”

“It’s good to make money together,” he continued.

Yan Li found this person distasteful, replying, “Zhang Han, we have yet to settle our last account, and here you are talking.”

It seemed he had suffered a loss at Zhang Han’s hands before.

“Heh, you still remember that little thing; I thought you had forgotten. We all have fates intertwined. Why do we need to separate things so clearly? And who’s this young fellow? He’s not your new recruit, is he?” Zhang Han squinted slightly as he assessed Yang Jian.

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“His name is Yang Jian, he’s the new ghost handler here to discuss a business deal with me,” Yan Li said. “I hope everyone could give me some face and not make it difficult for others.”

“What do you mean by making it difficult?” Zhang Han laughed heartily. “Of course, we welcome new members, but the rules for joining can’t be changed.”

Yan Li didn’t speak, simply ignoring Zhang Han and walking off to the side with Yang Jian.

“Wait here for a moment, I’ll go call them out.”

“No problem,” Yang Jian nodded.

“Be careful. Some of these people are not normal. If there’s any trouble, just bear with it for now. We don’t want to have dealings with them,” Yan Li said.

Yang Jian responded, “I’ll try.”

After Yan Li finished speaking, he left through another passage.

But as soon as he left,

The few who were sitting here once again turned their attention to Yang Jian.

“New guy? Looks pretty green, how old is he? Old enough to be an adult?”

“Seems like he might still be a student. It’s a pity for someone so young to have become a ghost handler.”

“Should we play around a bit? We’re idle anyway.”

“Of course, lest he becomes like Yan Li when he first came here, thinking he’s above everyone because he has some ability. Let’s teach him a lesson first, make him smarten up. That way, he’ll be more grounded. We also need to show him how things work here and the rules for newcomers.”

Two people were sitting in front of the bar, drinking.

One, holding a glass, walked over with a big grin on his face.

“Friend, let me introduce myself. My name is Ye Jun, a member of this club and, like you, a ghost handler,” Ye Jun said, staggering over with a smile.

“Yang Jian.”

Yang Jian shook his hand politely.

But the moment they shook hands, Yang Jian felt Ye Jun’s hand was icy cold, like that of a dead person.

At the same time, a slit opened in his palm, and a ghost eye almost uncontrollably appeared.

A faint red light emanated from his palm.

A pitch-black handprint appeared on his palm,

“Don’t shake his hand, that’s Ghost Hand Ye Jun. His hand can cast curses. Ah, you’re so careless. It’s really thoughtless. With that thing on you, you’ll turn into a puddle of mush within three days, and that’s just from one handprint. If he gives you a few more, you won’t live a minute,” Zhang Han said, shaking his head and sighing.

“Your situation is very bad now. Hurry and let Ye Jun help you remove it. He’s the only one who can,” Zhang Han added.

Yang Jian looked at the dark handprint in his hand.

“What does this mean?” he asked.

Ye Jun casually took a seat and then said, “Your name’s Yang Jian, right? It’s impolite to come here, not greet anyone, and not know the rules. But let’s let it slide since we’re generous people. We won’t bother with a newcomer like you. To put it bluntly, we’re going to take fifty percent of the profits from your deal today. But rest assured, it’s just this one time, not a second time.”

“Of course, I’m not the only one getting the money. Members of the club will get their share, and once you join, you’ll also get the same cut from the newcomers after they complete their first deal.”

Yang Jian looked at the handprint in his hand and said, "Is there such a rule? Mister Yan didn't tell me about this."

"Of course he wouldn't tell you," Ye Jun shook his head, swirling the drink in his glass. "He had a rough time when he was new here, after all. Youthful impulsiveness, you know."

"So, the newcomers should learn from the mistakes of those before them, don't you think?"

Yang Jian shook his head and said, "Wrong."

"Hmm?"

"I only know that you just tried to kill me, so..."

Yang Jian, who had been calm moments ago, suddenly sprang into action, taking out a gun from nowhere and pointing it directly at Ye Jun's head.

"A specialized gun? Friend, calm down," Ye Jun said, startled.

But as he recognized the golden handgun, he realized the situation was serious.

This type of gun was designed specifically for ghost handlers.

"Bang~!"

The next moment, Yang Jian fired.

A gold bullet went straight into his forehead.

“Bang~! Bang~!”

Second shot, third shot... they followed

“Damn!”

Zhang Han was so frightened that he quickly backed away several steps.

The other people at the bar were also stunned.

What’s going on?

Why start shooting? What’s this all about?

After emptying his gun, Ye Jun’s head was shattered, no blood spraying, only dark brown, foul-smelling corpse fluid splattered, immediately filling the air with the stench of rot.

As the gunshots stopped,

Ye Jun was motionless, his head a mushy mess collapsed on the adjacent sofa.

“These are my rules, Yang Jian’s rules. Now, does anyone else want to talk to me about rules?”

Yang Jian placed the gun on the coffee table in front of him, coldly sweeping his gaze over everyone present.