

Revival 77

Chapter 77: Actually, I Am a Good Person

The gunshot ceased.

The hall fell silent as well.

Yang Jian sat on the sofa, his calm demeanor revealing a few traces of eerie indifference as he scanned the people of the club. Beside him lay the corpse of Ye Jun, with putrid bodily fluids oozing from the wound, gradually spreading around,

The head of the corpse had been smashed, and a handgun's specialized bullets were all emptied.

From the start of the action to the end, the process took no more than ten seconds.

Clean and decisive.

It was also extremely ruthless; there was simply no time for Ye Jun to communicate.

"Now, does anyone else wish to discuss rules with me, esteemed seniors?"

Yang Jian spoke very seriously, "By the way, I should mention that I've always wanted to be a good person and I hope you seniors can give me a chance to be one. As for what just happened, I can say I'm sorry and hope there are no misunderstandings about me, because I am essentially not bad. A moment of impulsiveness, I believe you can all understand, right?"

"Kids, they're not mature, who doesn't make mistakes?"

"..."

You shoot someone dead without blinking and say you want to be a good person?

There's a limit to talking nonsense, okay? And then you apologize.

You kill someone and then apologize, what kind of apology is that?

The other few fell into an immediate frown, remaining silent.

This newbie was too brutal, taking action after barely two sentences and firing without a hint of hesitation; didn't he know that Ye Jun was also a Ghost Hand?

Under the same status, you should at least show some restraint, yet he was so brash.

But, it was clear that this newbie named Yang Jian was not easy to provoke, although they had objections, none stepped forward to be the leader.

Moreover... Ye Jun might not necessarily be dead yet.

If he was dead, then the Evil Ghost would come out, and that wasn't good news.

Suddenly.

After lying on the ground for a brief moment, Ye Jun's corpse twitched.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian immediately noticed it.

Was he not quite dead yet, or was the Evil Ghost about to resurrect?

After a few more convulsions, Ye Jun's corpse's movements grew more violent, his limbs twisted into a grotesque position on the ground, and the foul stench of decay along with the bodily fluids continued to spread unchecked.

His body had decayed to such a degree in just a short moment.

Given the state of decay, he should have died more than ten days ago. It was difficult to imagine that such a corpse had just been drinking and chatting at the bar, living like a regular person.

"If Ye Jun is really dead, now we have a mess on our hands. How will you all deal with it?" Zhang Han began to feel uneasy.

If a Ghost Hand died out of the blue and a ghost got loose, it would be a disaster.

Even if so many Ghost Hands could deal with it, who would want to use their power?

Yang Jian glanced at him, looking at the struggling, twisting body of Ye Jun, with no trace of fear on his face.

Not afraid of living, why be afraid if he's dead?

...although a Ghost Hand after death is even more vicious.

"Still thrashing about? I want to see if you can keep floundering once I've broken your limbs."

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed as he casually flicked his hand, and the extendable baton in his hand shot out.

It was also Hao Shaowen's weapon of choice, a custom-made one.

Without leaving any room for mercy, he raised his hand and delivered a blow with the stick onto Ye Jun's struggling, writhing corpse.

The enormous force released, the corpse was immediately struck down to the ground with a stick, one of the arms presented itself broken in front of him, the slightly rotten flesh and blood splattered everywhere from the impact.

"Move, keep moving." Yang Jian struck blow after blow with the stick.

The corpse, whether because of his beating or some intrinsic reason, twisted and struggled frantically on the ground.

Surrounding him, blood and flesh flew, the stench of decay hit you in the face, almost making you vomit.

"Even in death you can't find peace, I really want to see what kind of ghost is hiding inside your corpse," Yang Jian said, panting and continuing to beat with the stick.

His face bore a ferociousness combined with a strange indifference, making him look like an Evil Ghost that had climbed out of hell.

One look was enough to instill fear.

He was not only a ruthless man but also a madman.

The others exchanged glances.

They inwardly rejoiced, glad that it was Ye Jun who had gone seeking trouble with this Yang Jian. Fortunately, it wasn't one of them; otherwise, they'd be the ones lying on the ground getting beaten.

Too cruel.

You're still just a kid.

At that moment, within a private room on the second floor.

A young man witnessing the scene furrowed his brows: "This newcomer called Yang Jian, unrestrained and heartlessly brutal... just arrived and he's smashing up the place, he should be killed."

"Don't touch him, he's already made his mark, and someone from above is watching. Acting rashly will bring trouble, even for you," said a person next to him, shadowy faced, wrapped up tight, indistinguishable as male or female.

"All the more reason to kill him. If he becomes influential, will there be any room for us to survive? We need to kill the chicken to scare the monkey, or else with more newcomers joining, wouldn't that throw everything into chaos? Are we still running this club or not?"

"Right now, he's the one killing the chicken, and we're the monkeys. Holding the ground here requires strength. This Yang Jian may seem reckless, but actually, he's figured out the rules," the shadowy person spoke: "What kind of person is the most terrifying?"

"The one who doesn't follow the rules is the most terrifying. Without rules, there's no restraint. The difference between a ghost controller and the ghosts is not the level of terror, but rather that ghost controllers are subject to all sorts of intangible constraints. Though they command Evil Ghosts, they are still human at heart, whereas he..."

He glanced at Yang Jian whipping the corpse below.

"He's more like a ghost himself, and you know nothing about his abilities."

The young man said, "No matter how tough he is, in the end, he's just controlling a ghost..."

At that moment.

After a while of beating, Yang Jian stopped to catch his breath, panting heavily.

Just as he was about to continue,

Ye Jun, who was supposed to be dead, suddenly grabbed Yang Jian's foot with his nearly crippled hand and suddenly spoke, "Big, big brother, stop hitting, can't you? Show some face, please? I'm a ghost after all, aren't you afraid of ghosts?"

"Huh? You're not dead?" Yang Jian was taken aback.

"I was on the verge of taking my last breath," Ye Jun said.

Yang Jian looked at the grotesquely disfigured corpse: "Tough indeed; smashed your head, the body turned out like this and you still have consciousness. I thought the ghost inside you was about to come out, got me a little excited."

"Since you're not dead, good, let's continue discussing the rules here."

"..." Ye Jun felt like he wanted to die.

He triggered a powerful ghost for no reason and offended this madman.

His Ghost Hand Seal, this guy didn't even bother asking, showing no sign of fear whatsoever.

Threats, to this Yang Jian, had no effect at all.

"Can we not talk?" Ye Jun said.

"If you don't want to talk, it's my turn. I'll continue explaining my rules to you, don't worry, I'm a good person, I won't bully you," Yang Jian said, looking at the stick in his hand in earnest.