

Revival 78

Chapter 78: Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club

Yang Jian felt somewhat disappointed.

Why couldn't this Ye Jun be killed no matter what?

It was a bit similar to Yan Li.

However...

Looking at the grotesquely deformed Ye Jun, whose rottenness was constantly emitting a foul smell and his corpse fluids flowing everywhere, it was evident that his condition was even worse than Yan Li's.

This was another Ghost Master who was about to die due to the revival of an Evil Ghost.

"I wonder, how exactly does one kill a Ghost Master? It seems that weapons made of Gold can only injure, but not kill," Yang Jian squatted in front of this grotesquely deformed corpse, poking at the rotten flesh with a baton.

His skull was cracked open, his limbs were fractured, and his entire face was twisted and deformed.

His internal organs were almost completely rotten, turning black and stinking.

Under such circumstances, Ye Jun could still speak and live. It had to be said that this was a medical miracle.

He might as well apply for some award.

"You... can't kill me, my ghost is very special," Ye Jun said after a moment of silence.

"Yang Jian, that's enough for now. This is the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, and you're not the only Ghost Master here. You'd better keep yourself in check," said the man who was previously drinking with Ye Jun, frowning as he walked over.

Seeing him, Yang Jian suddenly grinned, "Just now, I suddenly realized why you so-called seniors are extorting newcomers like me."

"Because you're all about to die... right?"

"Already so severe that using your abilities a few more times could kill you through the Evil Ghost's revival, so you stay in the club, waiting for newcomers, let them deal with supernatural events during trades, and then gang up on them to extort and blacken. That way, you can make money sitting here without wasting any abilities."

"That's a pretty good idea, huh? Did Yan Li suffer because of you guys?"

The man's face stiffened.

This was the club's unspoken rule; although everyone knew it, nobody had been as blunt as Yang Jian.

"Since you're aware, you should comply. It's true you're a newcomer and you have some time before the Evil Ghost's revival, but you will die too. As long as you follow the rules, when new members arrive, you can enjoy the same treatment. Let's put Ye Jun's matter aside for now, but the 50% commission still stands."

"Unless, of course, you can take out all the Ghost Masters here in one go," the man said with a menacing look.

Yang Jian glanced around, "Are you provoking me again?"

“You can take my words as a provocation,” the man said.

The man named Zhang Han, standing far away, spoke, “Newcomer, I sincerely advise you to obey the rules here. The Ghost Masters in the club are not just a few of us. There are more powerful individuals who haven’t shown up today. The waters of this circle run very deep, and I’m not sure how much you really know about Ghost Masters, Evil Ghosts, and other matters.”

“But you should know, you’re just a newcomer.”

“Stop jabbering so much nonsense, just come at me if you want to fight,” Yang Jian said with a hint of savagery on his face, his eyes flickering with an eerie red glow as he looked at these people.

“It doesn’t matter if I can’t beat you; as long as I can drag it out until your Evil Ghosts revive, I still win.”

He could use his Ghost Domain for over five minutes, but exceeding the limit would increase the chances of a revival. Once that limit was reached, he would die.

But he was even more certain that these people wouldn’t last five minutes.

Threats don’t work, huh?

This ruthless, hotheaded lunatic.

Everyone felt a heavy sense of dread.

If it really came to a war of attrition, their chances of dying due to an Evil Ghost’s revival were significant.

“What’s wrong, no one talking now?” Yang Jian said with a bit of mockery: “Scared? Or is it that you don’t want to fight desperately?”

Damn.

Isn't this guy stating the obvious?

If they were willing to fight to the death, they would be out handling supernatural events, not sitting around here drinking and bullying newcomers.

"If you're not going to fight, then stop the bullshit; piss off and play by yourself," Yang Jian said, kicking Ye Jun's corpse aside.

...

"This guy is really arrogant," the man said, his face looking especially ugly as he watched Ye Jun being kicked away like trash.

He almost wanted to rush at Yang Jian and start a fight.

But, he held back.

Fighting to the death with a newcomer was just not worth it.

"Clap! Clap! Clap!"

Applause erupted as a young man, dressed in casual attire and clearly hailing from a wealthy family, approached with a round of applause. He wore a faint smile on his face, but his eyes always carried an abnormal chill.

"What a thrilling competition. Are you Yang Jian, the newcomer introduced by Yan Li? You are indeed remarkable, and I must say, I'm a bit impressed."

Yang Jian cocked his head to look at the man: "And who are you? Another one to talk rules with me?"

“No, no, no, you’ve got it wrong. I’m simply the director of this club. Let me introduce myself; my name is Wang Xiaoqiang. You can call me Xiaoqiang,” said the young man who claimed to be Wang Xiaoqiang.

“You can’t be serious with that casual name?” Yang Jian said.

Wang Xiaoqiang cracked a smile: “There’s absolutely no deception intended. My name really is Wang Xiaoqiang, and this is my club’s business card.”

With that, he handed over a golden business card.

This club must be loaded; even their business cards are made of pure gold.

“Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, Director, Wang Xiaoqiang.”

“Although there was a bit of unpleasantness between the two friends just now, there is a saying that smiling faces resolve deep-seated grudges. Everyone here is a unique talent, and it’s not worth getting upset over such trivial matters. I hope both of you can lay this to rest and consider today’s incident as if it never happened, alright?” Wang Xiaoqiang said.

Yang Jian looked at him: “You’re quite sly, aren’t you? Only now do you come to mediate, but I didn’t see you stepping in to sort things out when I was being bullied.”

Wang Xiaoqiang’s smile stiffened a bit.

“Here, take it back.”

Yang Jian tossed the gold business card back at him.

“You deal with things unfairly, and your management skills aren’t up to scratch. I don’t see your club lasting very long. I was initially a bit interested in this Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, but now I’ve lost all interest in this den of iniquity.”

It was simple; these people were too short-sighted.

They only cared about their immediate interests, forgetting what they truly needed to do.

Sitting around here, drinking, chatting, bullying newcomers, they didn't think about how to survive or solve the crisis of the Evil Ghosts reawakening.

That's why this club wouldn't amount to much.

Wang Xiaoqiang stared at the business card on the ground, his smile slowly vanishing.

"The original intention of establishing this club was to bring together private Ghost Controllers, to develop and grow collectively, to make money together, face troubles together, and help one another. The founding principle was quite noble, so please don't misunderstand. Personal frictions and misunderstandings shouldn't taint the reputation of the entire club," he said.

"Are you saying that no one in the club is allowed to say a bad word?" Yang Jian asked.

"Our club isn't that overbearing," Wang Xiaoqiang earnestly stated.

"Since you're not overbearing, you wouldn't mind stepping aside now, would you? I'm about to do business here," Yang Jian said, gesturing behind him.

Hmm?

Wang Xiaoqiang turned around to look.

He saw Yan Li arriving with a few men in suits, looking like figures from the financial sector.

Leading them was a middle-aged woman in a white lab coat, stern-faced, efficient, and experienced, with what appeared to be accountants and financial personnel following her.

“Miss Sun, this is Yang Jian. He has what you need,” Yan Li said as he walked over.

“Hello, Mister Yang, my name is Sun Lihong, and I’m the primary person responsible for this private acquisition project,” the middle-aged woman, Sun Lihong, introduced herself.

“Yang Jian,” he introduced himself as well.

Yan Li glanced at the writhing corpse of Ye Jun on the side and his expression slightly changed: “Has something happened here since I left?”

“Nothing much. Our friend Ye Jun drank too much and tripped over his own feet, taking a fall. Seems like he wasn’t well-nourished enough, poor health probably caused the accident. He looks a bit scary lying there, and I didn’t dare to help him up, afraid of being accused of foul play,” Yang Jian explained.

“That’s really quite careless. Did anyone call an ambulance?” Yan Li asked.

“It doesn’t seem serious, just some broken skin. A band-aid should do the trick, no need for an ambulance,” Yang Jian replied.

“Well, that’s a relief,” Yan Li sighed.

“ ... ”

Miss Sun Lihong looked at the firearms on the coffee table and the flesh-stained baton.

No matter how you looked at it, this didn’t seem like someone had just suffered a fall.

And moreover... to have not died in such circumstances.

Ghost Controllers truly were a bunch of Evil Ghosts; being around these people for even a minute longer felt spine-chilling.

Though her heart was filled with disgust and fear, she did not let any of it show on her face.