

## Revival 81

### Chapter 81: The New Ghost Dominator

Yang Jian drove back to Jiang Yan's bachelor apartment.

As soon as he entered, he saw Jiang Yan impatiently saying, "Over twenty million, that's over twenty million, and you spent it all in one go? What on earth did you buy? That's the money I worked so hard to earn these past days."

"I didn't buy much, just a sleeping bag. I'm planning to go to a farm stay in a few days, so I was making some preparations in advance," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan almost choked with anger, "A sleeping bag for over twenty million?"

"To be exact, twenty million even. The few extra millions were spent on some other things, which should arrive tomorrow," Yang Jian said.

"Were you... possibly scammed?"

Yang Jian thought for a moment and said, "I also feel that might be the case. I'm beginning to regret it deeply now, as if I've been duped."

"And you know you've been scammed, yet you don't report it? Refund, return the goods," Jiang Yan said.

"Maybe the product's quality is good, truly worth the money. And... that money is mine, how I use it doesn't seem to have much to do with you, does it? I will pay you a salary for working for me... You did a good job with the stock trading earlier, how much is left in the card now?" Yang Jian asked.

"Less than five million," Jiang Yan said.

“How much exactly?”

“One million three hundred thousand,” Jiang Yan said with a strange expression.

“I did business for so many days, and I never thought the money I worked so hard to earn would be gone in a flash,” Yang Jian’s mouth twitched.

It was the money he had prepared for his mother’s retirement.

Now it was all invested.

All together, it was less than three million.

It seemed that after this was over, he would have to look for other ways to make money.

However, with his capabilities, making money was fast.

“Keep one million with you, the extra thirty thousand is your salary. Transfer it to your own account,” Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan pouted and said, “I made you over ten million, and you only give me thirty thousand in commission? Stingy.”

“Now you’re making me unhappy. Without my information and capital, you couldn’t even earn thirty thousand, and don’t forget, your life was saved by me. If you want to make a big score, it just so happens I have a project worth two to three hundred million here, do you want to talk about it?” Yang Jian said.

“Ah?”

Jiang Yan was initially stunned, then said with some embarrassment, “Can we not talk about it?”

“What do you think?” Yang Jian looked at her and said.

“Then I’ll take a shower. You better not fall asleep by yourself again,” Jiang Yan said with a flushed face.

Yang Jian didn’t speak, he just brushed off Jiang Yan and went to take over the bed and sleep.

Heh.

Women, so easy to deceive.

“Oh, by the way, Yang Jian, have you seen my makeup box?”

Suddenly, Jiang Yan’s head popped out from the bathroom and shouted.

“I gave it away,” Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan reacted in surprise, “Ah, you gave it away? Who did you give my makeup box to? Your girlfriend, or your mistress?”

“I gave it to a man. Don’t ask any more questions. You can buy another one another day,” Yang Jian said.

The box he gave to Yan Li during the day was a fake.

It was a counterfeit he had spent a fortune to create.

The real box that imprisoned that ghost was still in his possession.

He wouldn't be naive enough to hand over such an important item after a few words. Since Yan Li was already prepared to die, it would be better to keep the hope of survival for himself.

As for that sum of money... Yang Jian would compensate it to Yan Li's family later.

However, just as he was about to sleep, his cell phone suddenly rang.

It was Zhou Zheng's satellite positioning phone.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian answered the call with curiosity.

"Yang Jian, open the door, I'm outside your door," a young man's voice came through, with a hint of aloofness.

Yang Jian frowned, "Who are you?"

"The new Ghost Tamer of Dachang City, Zhao Kaiming." As soon as he said that, the call ended, and there was a knock on the door.

A new Ghost Tamer?

Yang Jian's expression shifted. Indeed, he had heard from Liu Xiaoyu that a new Ghost Tamer would be coming to Dachang City, but he hadn't expected the new Ghost Tamer to actively seek him out.

After hesitating for a moment, he still opened the door.

A young and somewhat chilly young man, holding the satellite positioning phone, stood outside the door.

"You're Yang Jian? Dachang City's temp? My name is Zhao Kaiming, and strictly speaking, I'm your superior." This self-proclaimed Zhao Kaiming, the Ghost Tamer, walked straight in and began to speak.

Temp~!

Since when did he have such a fear-inducing nickname?

“Is this where you live?”

After Zhao Kaiming entered, he glanced around, frowning when he saw the pile of fast food on the table and the women’s clothing hanging on the wall.

“As a ghost tamer, even a temp worker shouldn’t fall so low.”

Yang Jian commented displeasedly, “Do you speak to me in a lecturing tone to scold me? Remember, I haven’t joined the headquarters yet. Even if I do, we’ll be equals, not subordinates—I don’t answer to you.”

“You still dare to talk back?”

Zhao Kaiming’s face turned cold, and he suddenly slapped Yang Jian across the face.

“Did you come here to fight me? But I advise you not to act rashly, or else, today... someone will die.”

Yang Jian caught his wrist, his eyes emitting a faint red glow, and a crimson eye on the back of his hand tore through the flesh to reveal itself.

“Ghost Eye... Yang Jian.”

Zhao Kaiming suddenly laughed, retracting his hand, “I’ve read your file, but your abilities are very vague; it seems you are intentionally hiding them. I want to know what the capabilities of your fierce ghost are—this will facilitate my work going forward.”

“Even if I told you, would you believe me?” Yang Jian said, “And what does your work have to do with me?”

“I need an assistant, and you are a promising talent,” Zhao Kaiming said bluntly.

Yang Jian said, “Is this how you recruit people?”

“I’m not recruiting, I’m drafting—it’s an order,” Zhao Kaiming stated.

“What if I refuse?”

Yang Jian found Zhao Kaiming’s assertiveness and his patronizing attitude very off-putting.

This man was a stark contrast in personality to the previous Zhou Zheng.

“You shouldn’t refuse. By becoming my assistant, you’ll be in charge of Dachang City’s public order after I’m reassigned—it’s to your benefit,” Zhao Kaiming said.

Yang Jian said, “Whether or not I join the International Ghost Tamers Organization, and when I do, is my own decision. You don’t need to worry about it. Besides, I wonder how long you can maintain control over the entire Dachang City.”

Zhao Kaiming laughed; “Don’t worry, as long as I’m here, there won’t be chaos. Since you’re unwilling to agree to my request, I won’t force you. But as for the incident in Huanggang Village three days from now, are you really confident you’ll come back alive?”

Huanggang Village?

That was exactly where he was headed.

Yang Jian’s expression changed slightly; “How do you know about this?”

"I'm in charge of the public order of the entire Dachang City. I have the authority to use any available force in any region—uncovering that bit of information was a piece of cake. If you agree to be my assistant, I can give you a file on Huanggang Village, which would be very helpful for your upcoming mission," Zhao Kaiming proposed.

"Not interested," Yang Jian replied.

Being his assistant would only mean being a sacrificial pawn, charging into battle for him, a sure way to die faster. He wouldn't do such a foolhardy thing.

"Then... good luck," Zhao Kaiming said, and immediately turned to leave.

"Yang Jian, who were you talking to?"

At this moment, Jiang Yan came out after her shower, wrapped in a bath towel, her cheeks flushed, looking curiously as she asked.

Zhao Kaiming paused in his step, swiftly drew his handgun from his waist, and pressed it directly against the forehead of the newly emerged Jiang Yan: "Eavesdropping on ghost tamer secrets? You do realize I have the authority to execute you on the spot?"

Jiang Yan froze, staring at the stranger in uniform pointing a gun at her head, her face instantly filled with fear, and her eyes brimming with panic.

What, what's going on?

Terrified, she was at a loss, with nothing but the cold muzzle of the gun pressing against her head in focus.

"You can try, Zhao Kaiming."

Yang Jian's voice was exceptionally deep as he too aimed a golden pistol at Zhao Kaiming's head.

"I'm enforcing the law, and you're rebelling. Do you dare to shoot at me?"

As Zhao Kaiming flipped off the safety, he gave Yang Jian a chilling look.

Yang Jian declared, "I've only heard of the living enforcing the law, never of the dead being able to do so. If you die, I'll take over your role, and it'll be up to me to decide who's rebelling and who's enforcing the law."

"Even if you shoot, I can kill her first," Zhao Kaiming stated.

"If you can kill her, I can kill you," Yang Jian returned.

"I don't believe you have the guts to kill a ghost tamer with just a handgun," Zhao Kaiming countered.

"I don't need you to believe—I just need you to know I will shoot," Yang Jian responded, keeping his gaze fixed on him.

Zhao Kaiming's eyes narrowed, his finger resting motionless on the trigger.

The two men were at a standoff for roughly ten seconds.

Suddenly, Zhao Kaiming withdrew his handgun and burst out laughing: "If you come back alive, I'll treat you to hotpot."

After saying this, he walked out and quickly left the apartment.

As soon as Zhao Kaiming left,

Jiang Yan's body seemed to weaken by half, and she collapsed to the floor.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian slowly lowered the empty gun in his hand, his expression extremely solemn.