

Revival 82

Chapter 82:

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“Who was that person pointing a gun at me just now?”

Yang Jian sprawled on the bed as usual, Jiang Yan didn't seem quite as scared anymore, just sitting next to him, still a bit shaken.

“He's a new ghost controller transferred to Dachang City, the person in charge here, specialized in handling supernatural incidents. This has nothing to do with you,” Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan said, “How can it have nothing to do with me when he just, just now nearly shot me dead.”

As she spoke, she became a little agitated.

“He wouldn't dare to shoot. That was a performance for me to see. From the moment he entered to the moment he left, it was impossible for him not to know there was someone taking a shower in the bathroom. Pointing a gun at your head wasn't a threat to you, but a threat to me... This person is tough to deal with, a tricky figure, and will be my enemy in the future,” Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan said, somewhat scared, “It's so dangerous here, should we consider moving out?”

“Where can we move to? The entire Dachang City is under Zhao Kaiming's jurisdiction. Unless you move to another city, you can leave if you want, but I won't,” Yang Jian stated with certainty.

“Considering his introduction today, I'll surely find a way to kill this guy in the future and take over his position. But there's a catch...”

He did not continue speaking.

The precondition to joining the headquarters is to find a way to delay the resurrection of fierce ghosts. Otherwise, joining now with his current state would be a suicidal move.

Yang Jian clearly remembered how Zhou Zheng had died.

“So, you won’t be in danger, will you?” Jiang Yan asked.

“Not sure,” Yang Jian said, “It’s late, I am going to sleep. You’d better stay away from me.”

“Oh.”

The brief conversation ended.

The next day, at noon.

Yang Jian received a delivery, the stuff he had ordered online arrived.

He frowned as he organized his equipment and looked at the parchment spread out on the table.

“I’m heading to the village tomorrow. Zhao Kaiming’s appearance casts a shadow in my heart... it seems very dangerous there.”

“But the hope of survival makes me take the risk. I can only gamble and complete the deal with Sun Lihong. Yet another thought has surfaced in my mind.”

“Should I trust people... or should I trust this piece of human skin that directed me to escape from school?”

“After hesitating for a while, I decided to conduct the trade with the headless ghost sealed in the gold box and this piece of human skin... If that trade succeeds, I could find a way to survive.”

“That would be to control a second ghost and extend the resurrection of the fierce ghost.”

Seeing the words that appeared on it, Yang Jian sneered, “I can only treat you as a last resort. Right now, I won’t believe a single punctuation mark on you.”

He hoped to see some reminder on the parchment, but was disappointed.

The thing stubbornly fulfilled its duty as a notebook.

After loading the bullets, Yang Jian folded up the parchment and put it away.

Just as he slipped it into his pocket, another line of text appeared on the parchment: “The trade has failed again...”

Yang Jian tested the gun in his hand, thirty special bullets in total, ten in a magazine – it had cost him a whopping three million to purchase.

A shot worth a hundred thousand yuan made his mouth twitch with pain.

“The deterrence of this thing is greater than its practical use,” he thought to himself.

Time flew by, and three days later.

In the morning, early.

Yang Jian drove his Benz, earned from Master Luo, on a scarcely populated highway.

The navigation on his phone pointed directly to Huanggang Village.

He had researched online before, finding the village to have some history, traceable back to the last dynasty. It used to be a tourist spot, but failed due to various transportation and economic reasons.

As for the supernatural events there.

To be honest, Yang Jian hadn't been able to find a shred of information about them.

There might be archives, but they were beyond his reach.

Nevertheless, he didn't believe the archives to be of much use at the moment, as no one had resolved the supernatural incidents, which meant there was little useful information to be had.

"After I get there, I'll stop at the entrance to the village. You'll drive the car back by yourself. Unless I call you to pick me up, don't make any calls to me. I don't want to get killed by a phone call while I'm dealing with a supernatural incident," Yang Jian instructed coldly as he drove.

"Don't worry, I won't do that," Jiang Yan quickly assured.

"That would be best."

The two remained silent in the car for quite a while.

As the car turned off the main road onto a smaller path and drove for another fifteen minutes, a somewhat remote village appeared at the foot of the distant mountains.

He checked the navigation on his phone.

That was the village he was looking for, right ahead.

At the entrance, Yang Jian hit the brakes and stopped.

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He didn't turn off the engine, he just tossed the car keys to Jiang Yan beside him.

“If I don't come back within a month, then I'm definitely dead. Keep the car and use it for yourself. Once I've taken some things from the trunk, you should leave. After you leave, don't get curious and come back here to investigate. I can't predict what will happen here in the future, so, from now on, stay far away from this place.”

After saying this, he got out of the car.

In fact, there wasn't much, just a specially made body bag that weighed dozens of pounds, some emergency food supplies, and a few changes of clothes.

He was here for work, not really on a vacation.

“Beep, beep beep~!”

Suddenly, the roaring sound of sports cars came from behind him as no fewer than five luxury cars drove up the remote path.

Normally, such a scene was rare on such a secluded road.

“Yang Jian, I thought you wouldn't dare to come alone. Didn't expect you'd actually come by yourself to resolve this supernatural incident?”

A sports car stopped, and its window rolled down. Ye Jun, who had previously cracked his head open, looked at him with a mix of coldness and hostility.

“I don’t want to talk to brainless people.”

Yang Jian glanced and knew that the few ghost tamers from Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club had also arrived.

He guessed they must have been watching his car on the road; otherwise, they wouldn’t have followed so quickly.

“What did you say? I haven’t settled the score with you for last time’s incident. Do you think it can be left unresolved just like that?”

Ye Jun felt an impulse to get out of the car and fight.

Yang Jian said, “What can’t a dying man let go of? Didn’t Wang Xiaoqiang say, ‘A smile dispels accumulated grudges, and laughter ends disputes’? You are an adult; think before you act, don’t be so impulsive. It was just a few shots. Did they make your head bloom? In this life, who doesn’t get shot? If that’s the case, I might as well compensate you for your medical expenses later.”

Ye Jun’s face looked exceptionally ugly. Just as he was about to explode in anger, Zhang Han, who was behind him, opened the car door and said, “Ye Jun, are you leaving or not? What are you doing stopping in the middle of the road? Let’s go into the village first, whatever needs to be said can wait until later.”

“Yang Jian, you don’t need to be so arrogant. After this supernatural incident is resolved, our club will complete that trade on your behalf. We will never tell you how to survive.”

Ye Jun sneered, “To be honest, I should thank you. Without you, we wouldn’t have known about this critical piece of information.”

“Perhaps Wang Xiaoqiang from the club already knew, but just didn’t tell you. I’m an outsider and I was able to get wind of it, so how could he, the president of the club, have no clue? Don’t be so naive as to count money for others after being sold out,” Yang Jian said.

“See you in the village,” Ye Jun said, his eyes flickering as if he was pondering something.

The cars started, and the five vehicles, one after another, turned into the village road, quickly disappearing from sight.

“Five cars? That means five ghost tamers. They really are rich, each driving a luxury car. Seems like they’ve been enjoying their time as ghost tamers... But for me, they’re just cannon fodder. The more, the better. I’m just worried there won’t be enough people to resolve this supernatural event,” Yang Jian said, his eyes carrying a hint of eerie coldness.

After taking his items, he shut the trunk and then said, “Jiang Yan, let’s go.”

The car turned around, Jiang Yan sitting in the driver’s seat with a somber look on her face said, “You’re not really going to run into trouble, are you?”

“Facing a fierce ghost, no one can guarantee their own safety. I’m no exception,” Yang Jian replied as he shouldered his stuff, ready to walk away.

“You shouldn’t have any problems. I believe in you,” Jiang Yan said.

“You believe in me? I don’t even have confidence in myself,” Yang Jian waved his hand, “I’m going.”

Without lingering, this was not a tearful farewell.

He shouldered his items and walked down the path toward the village.

Not long after he left, Jiang Yan drove away from the place without choosing to stay long.

After all, this place... was haunted.

“Are there really ghosts here? It looks pretty normal to me,” Yang Jian mused as he walked, furrowing his brow.

Beside the road were vegetable gardens and fields.

By the look of their growth, it seemed they were regularly tended.

On the road, flocks of poultry raised by who knows which household freely wandered about. The houses showed no signs of decay, no desolate scenes.

All signs indicated this was a perfectly normal village.

It was just a bit quiet.

But that was normal too since these days, many rural areas are left with only the elderly and children, with young people going out to work.

And in the village.

Five luxury cars were parked by the road.

Five or six people got out of the cars, standing together and curiously observing the village.

“Does this place look like a village haunted by ghosts? I don’t think so,” said Zhang Han, puzzled, “There’s no scary atmosphere at all; it feels like we’re here on a trip.”

“But according to the information provided by Sun Lihong, this village is haunted, so there must be something unnatural. Not all ghosts cause indiscriminate killings. Some more subdued ghosts don’t

cause much harm... These types of ghosts are usually classified at a lower level and are not on our list to deal with," Ye Jun said.

Another person chimed in, "Potential harm doesn't equate to scariness. Since the information says there are supernatural events here, then there must be ghosts in this village."

"Spewing nonsense to trick us here would serve no purpose. If you're scared, it's still not too late to leave."

"We agreed before, we'd join forces and solve this supernatural event, then negotiate terms with Sun Lihong. I don't have much time left and don't want to keep waiting for death," someone said, as they all discussed.

As they had resolved to come, they had no intention of backing down.