

Revival 30

Chapter 30: Profiteer

“Isn’t that ghost coming?” Yang Jian stayed at home all night and didn’t sleep. His eyes were bloodshot as he looked in the direction of the door wearily.

The door wasn’t closed because he wanted to see the ghost appear at the first moment.

But things weren’t as perfect as he had imagined.

“I can’t stay here waiting forever for the ghost to appear. If that ghost has already left and doesn’t intend on coming back, then I’m just wasting my time. Time is very precious to me now,” Yang Jian rubbed his bloodshot eyes to clear his mind and relax.

He would definitely go crazy if he continued to be so tense the entire night.

“If I can’t find this ghost in a short time, I have to fulfill two plans,” Yang Jian stood up from the sofa. He took a shower and packed up his things, preparing to leave.

He had two plans. One was to find a way to survive if he could.

The second... ... If he was really going to die, he needed to earn some money for his parents to retire in the future.

Carrying a schoolbag, Yang Jian walked out of the old residential building.

Looking up at the scorching sun, he felt a little dizzy.

“But ghosts don’t seem to be afraid of the Sun,” Yang Jian touched the back of his hand, but he didn’t feel any abnormal reaction from the eyeball.

In other words, ghosts could appear even during the day.

According to folklore, ghosts had only ever appeared at night, but now it seemed that this theory had been overturned.

It could only be said that the brightness during the day could give people a sense of security and make them feel less afraid.

“Boss, do you take old phones?” Yang Jian came to a small shop on the street that repaired phones.

The phone shop owner glanced at him and said, “I don’t take old phones, only new smartphones that have been produced in the past two years.”

Yang Jian sat down and said, “The phone in my hand is not for sale. What I want to sell are these.”

He took out the phones that Zhang Wei, Wang Shanshan, Zhao Lei and the others did not want from his schoolbag.

“So many? Where did you steal them from?” The boss was stunned for a moment. He looked at the smartphones of various models and looked at Yang Jian suspiciously.

“My friends just don’t want them anymore, so they gave them to me. Besides, even if I stole them, where can I get such new models? Boss, give me an evaluation. If it’s suitable, I’ll sell them all to you,” Yang Jian said.

The boss looked at the phones, They were indeed good stuff since they were quite new. The market price for each was about two to three thousand while the expensive ones could even reach seven to eight thousand.

“This is not valuable, I can only give you three hundred.”

"This one is not bad. I'll take it for one thousand. I'll take this one for a thousand and three..." The boss evaluated.

At this moment, one of the phones on the counter suddenly rang.

Yang Jian took a look and saw that the caller ID read: Dad.

God knows which classmate's dad this was.

"The owner called, right?" The boss smiled and said, "If he comes looking for the phone, I'll be in trouble. I can only take this phone for 500 Yuan."

After saying that, he planned to turn off the phone.

Yang Jian picked up the phone and answered the call. "It's not the owner. It's a friend's father. Hello."

A middle-aged man's voice came from the other end of the phone. "Is this Yang Jian?"

"Yes, it's me. Who are you?" Yang Jian asked.

"As expected, Shanshan's phone is with you. I'm Wang Shanshan's father, Wang Bin. I have some matters I want to ask about from you. Is it convenient on your side? I'd like to meet up with you," Wang Bin Said.

"Oh, Uncle Wang. I'm a little busy these few days. It's not very convenient for me," Yang Jian said.

Wang Bin said, "It won't take up too much of your time. Where are you? I'll drive over to pick you up."

"Uncle Wang, if you have something to say, just say it. I really have something to do and I won't be able to leave for quite some time," Yang Jian said.

Wang Bin was silent for a moment before saying, "It's about my daughter, Shanshan. Do you know what happened to her at school that day?"

"Didn't Wang Shanshan tell you that the school was haunted?" Yang Jian asked.

The school was haunted?

On the other end of the phone, Wang Bin was stunned.

There was such a ridiculous thing these days?

"The school is haunted? You're high school students, yet you still believe in this?" He asked with some doubt.

"I didn't believe in it before, but now I do," Yang Jian said. "What happened to Wang Shanshan? Did she encounter a ghost again?"

Wang Bin said, "Maybe she's just being too sensitive, plus she's timid so she's frightened. She keeps feeling that something is looking for her and following her... and Shanshan said that you could help her."

"Something is following her?" Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly. He thought for a moment, "Is it a baby?"

A baby?

Wang Bin recalled the palm prints in the bathroom. Weren't they the palm prints of a baby?

"Do you think my house is haunted?" Wang Bin said, "I'm asking you seriously. Please don't use something like a ghost to brush me off. Shanshan's situation is not good. I hope you can tell me the truth about what you know. Of course, I won't treat you badly in return."

He was a successful person in his career. How could he believe in the nonsense of ghosts?

Yang Jian pondered.

From Wang Bin's tone and attitude on the phone, it could be deduced that Wang Shanshan had indeed met a ghost.

It was very likely that it was the ghost baby that had escaped from the school.

But it didn't make sense.

Although the ghost baby wasn't as scary as the door-knocking old man, Wang Shanshan was just an ordinary person. If she had really met the baby, she shouldn't be alive now.

After all, a ghost wouldn't negotiate with its victims when it killed.

"Hello, can you hear me?" Hearing that Yang Jian was silent, Wang Bin asked.

Yang Jian came back to his senses and said, "I can solve Wang Shanshan's matter, but it's very troublesome. I almost could not leave the school alive after saving your daughter for free last time. But this time, I don't intend to do you a favor, and I won't help you for free, so Uncle Wang... Name a price. How much do you plan to pay me to solve this problem for you?"

Wang Bin was stunned for a moment, but he quickly reacted and immediately said, "If Shanshan can return to normal, I can give you 20,000 Yuan as a reward in private. Of course, if you can't help my daughter, you won't get a single cent."

He didn't expect this student called Yang Jian to be so familiar with society's ways that he would ask for money before doing things.

Wang Bin's tone immediately became much more distant.

“Twenty thousand? I thought you would say two hundred thousand. Twenty thousand is too little. This matter is very dangerous. It is not as simple as you think. If I don’t do something, not only Wang Shanshan, but your entire family may die. After all, that thing has no concern of mercy when it kills,” Yang Jian said.

If he wanted to deal with the ghost baby, he would have to use the ghost power, and that would speed up the revival of the malicious ghost.

In other words, he was risking his life to help.

If he sacrificed himself to illuminate others, he would be a candle.

Yang Jian was not a candle, and he needed to earn some labor fees. Besides, Wang Shanshan’s family was rich, but he was truly very poor.

“50,000, how about it?” Wang Bin replied.

“It seems that Uncle Wang is still unclear about the market quotation of such matters. Solving a similar case overseas would cost at least five million US dollars to start, but I’m a very reasonable person. For the sake of her being my classmate, 500,000,” Yang Jian said seriously.

“F*ck, five hundred thousand. You must be crazy about money. How can you still have the face to say that it’s for the sake of a classmate?” Even Wang Bin, who had a good temper, could not help but fly into a rage when he heard the price.

Yang Jian did not get angry and smiled instead, “Uncle Wang, you don’t have to be angry. With your family’s condition, five hundred thousand might be a little painful, but it’s not a sum that you can’t take out. After all, just your family house itself is worth at least four million. Alright, let’s end the call here. Uncle Wang, you’d better think it through before replying. It’s best to be quick. Because if it’s too late, either Wang Shanshan dies or I die. I won’t be living for long but I still have my mother to take care of. I’m using my life to earn your money and I don’t have it easy either. If it’s too late, even if you want to find someone to help then, it won’t be something that can be solved with money. Also, don’t call this number in the future. Call my other phone. Calling that phone is free.”

After saying that, he gave Zhou Zheng's satellite positioning phone number to Wang Bin and hung up the phone.

"Friend, for all these phones of yours, I can give you five thousand Yuan," The boss said at this time.

Five thousand Yuan?

Yang Jian put down the phone and frowned. "So little? Boss, you must be joking."

"Your phones are all worthless. For example, this latest fruit phone is fake," The boss said. "If you don't believe me, I'll show you."

After saying that, he really took apart the phone. It was indeed a fake.

Fake?

This profiteer was bullsh*tting.

How could he not know whether Zhang Wei's phone was real or fake?

Yang Jian's face darkened. "Boss, you didn't secretly switch the phone when I was on the phone just now, right?"

"How could I do such a thing with my honest business? Your phone is obviously a fake. If you don't want to sell it, you can take it back. I won't accept the other phones either," The boss looked indifferent and immediately changed his attitude. He waved his hand and chased Yang Jian away.

Yang Jian stood up and grabbed the boss' lapel, his bloodshot eyes gave off a faint red light and a strange coldness, "Do you have a death wish, you profiteer? If you want to die, just say it. I'll grant you your wish. To think you dare to lie to me."

The boss looked into Yang Jian's eyes and was shocked.

Was this the gaze a person could have?

Cold without a trace of emotion and gave off a terrifying eeriness.