

Revival 41

Chapter 41 The Recurrence of the Stench of Death

Yang Jian woke up early the next day.

Ever since becoming a ghost controller, with the ghost eye added to his body, he had gradually noticed some changes in himself.

The most obvious trait was that he found himself needing less and less sleep, yet he didn't feel tired.

"Only slept for six hours?"

As Yang Jian washed his face, he looked at his reflection in the mirror.

He didn't look haggard, on the contrary, he exuded an aloof demeanor that seemed to warn others to stay away, and even he found himself somewhat unrecognizable.

He glanced at the red paper talisman on the back of his hand.

A night had passed, and he hadn't felt the torment of the ghost eye's resurrection; instead, he had slept soundly.

But on the red paper, there was now an inconspicuous crack.

"Is this red paper just a temporary solution, not a cure? Or is it because it's just a fragment and not whole?" Yang Jian shifted his gaze and couldn't help rubbing his head.

"It seems that solving my current half-dead state isn't going to be as easy as I thought."

Indeed.

A global catastrophe, paranormal events were occurring all over the world.

All the ghost controllers hadn't found a way to survive, so how could he come up with one on his own?

The red paper's ability to suppress the resurgence of malevolent ghosts was just a fluke he stumbled upon.

"Wait, hold on."

Yang Jian suddenly remembered the parchment.

He took out the parchment he carried with him from his pocket and unfolded it to look.

On the parchment was written:

Today, I woke up very early, and I gradually realized that my body was starting to be affected by the ghost eye. This influence is happening subtly because I've been finding that I need less and less sleep these past few days... At this rate, I estimate it won't be long before I can go without sleep day and night.

It's said that ghosts don't need to sleep; perhaps that's true.

"When I got you from Fang Jing, he said that you knew how a ghost controller could survive. I don't think he lied to me, so you must hold key clues." Yang Jian stared at the parchment: "If you're willing to tell me, I might reconsider your existence."

Words began to appear on the parchment: I really want to survive, I am gradually experiencing the pain of being a ghost controller, the oppression of death, the worry of ghost resurgence, and the changes in my own body.... This isn't what I should be suffering at my age, and today I couldn't help but once again question that strange piece of human skin, but I didn't get the answer I wanted... The human skin didn't tell me anything useful.

Or perhaps, it contains some secret, but it simply refuses to talk.

What exactly is it hiding?

Seeing the words on the parchment, Yang Jian's face went through a series of changes.

In the past, he had felt that this parchment had its own consciousness, but ever since leaving the school, it had lost the ability to guide him.

If it hadn't been for this parchment's guidance in that old man's Ghost Domain, he wouldn't have been able to leave alive.

"Since you refuse to reveal any information to me, you're useless. It would be better to burn you, so I don't have to carry a piece of human skin around. It's creepy." Yang Jian finished washing up and threw the cursed thing onto the gas stove.

He lit the flame.

However, under the gas stove fire, the parchment didn't react at all.

The fire couldn't destroy it.

"Yang Jian, what are you burning? Are you cooking noodles?" Liu Qiang smelled gas and ran out of the room.

Yang Jian, looking at the still intact parchment, slightly curved the corners of his mouth: "Didn't burn anything, just checking to see if the stove works."

"If you're cooking noodles, I have some sausages here," Liu Qiang said.

“I have some too.”

“Indeed, I should bury this thing where no one will ever find it,” Yang Jian slightly furrowed his brows.

If he was going to die, he definitely couldn’t leave behind such a bizarre object.

Just as he was about to put the human skin paper away.

Suddenly, another line of text emerged: I can no longer get any useful information from this parchment. Thinking about the future, I plan to dispose of it so that no one else can find it. But I’m thinking, if I could use this parchment to catch a ghost, maybe I could get an answer I want.

“Catch a ghost? You’re trying to trick me into getting killed,” Yang Jian said.

Yang Jian glanced at it and did not believe the nonsense written on it. He simply took it and planned to find a place to bury it in a couple of days.

Two hours later.

The shopping mall opened its doors.

Although still closed for business, Yang Jian and Liu Qiang had to work.

At eight-thirty, they started their patrol.

“By the way, wasn’t the elevator shut down yesterday? How come it’s open again?” Yang Jian stood on the escalator and suddenly remembered that the two of them had turned off the lights and the elevator before going back to rest last night.

Logically speaking, the elevator shouldn’t be open so early in the morning.

“Elder Sister Li has the keys to this place. Look, the doors of the mall are already open. I heard that the boss might come back today; maybe Elder Sister Li already prepared ahead of time. Why do you always care about such matters?” Liu Qiang wondered somewhat puzzledly.

“It’s nothing, just asking,” Yang Jian said.

Today, indeed, all the lights in the mall were on, which was a bit unlike the usual dark and dreary atmosphere.

After completing a round of patrol, Yang Jian didn’t notice anything unusual.

Everything was normal.

But it was this very normalcy that made Yang Jian feel uneasy.

If even he could not find the problem, then there should not be any possibility of supernatural events in the mall, but why then had people disappeared?

And Yang Jian always had the feeling that something was off somewhere in the mall.

But he couldn’t quite put his finger on it.

However, around ten o’clock.

A few luxury cars stopped in front of the mall.

A group of people got out of the cars.

Leading them was a middle-aged man in a suit who was somewhat short.

“The boss is here, be careful. The mall’s been closed recently, and the boss’s temper hasn’t been great,” Liu Qiang whispered a word of caution.

This short middle-aged man, surnamed Tang and named Tang’an, was the owner of the shopping mall. He had been in real estate before and had switched to opening this mall in recent years.

“Master Luo, this is my shopping mall. Please take a look and see what’s wrong with it. People have been disappearing every couple of days recently. Master Luo, watch the steps...”

Boss Tang wore a fawning smile, leading a slick-looking man in his fifties.

Three or five followers trailed behind them.

This man named Master Luo suddenly gestured and said, “We can’t enter through the main door, let’s go through another. Does your mall have another door?”

“Yes, yes, there’s a delivery door,” Boss Tang replied hastily.

“Then let’s enter the mall through there to take a look,” Master Luo said.

Yang Jian, standing at the entrance, watched this scene, and the corners of his mouth twitched slightly.

This was the hallmark behavior of a charlatan.

All smoke and mirrors, deceiving people.

Everyone used the main entrance, the customers as well. But for this so-called master, it wasn’t allowed? Even if there were ghosts, he should have noticed them during his patrols.

Unless this Master Luo was also a ghost controller, and even more skilled than himself.

But looking at his slick and spirited appearance, it was clear that he wasn't a ghost controller.

"You guys stay here and make sure no one else comes in. If anything happens, I'll call for you," Elder Sister Li said, hurrying over then leading a few female colleagues to go greet the boss.

Master Luo entered the mall through the side door, leading Boss Tang, the manager, Elder Sister Li, and a bunch of people around the mall, looking left and right, then nodding with a look that suggested he had everything figured out. It wasn't clear what he had understood.

Or perhaps he had already thought of a script in his mind.

Yang Jian wasn't interested. Although he knew that Master Luo was a charlatan, he did not expose him.

If there really were no supernatural events, then this charlatan could just take the one million for himself. Anyway, it wouldn't be his problem.

"Hmm?"

However, at that moment, Yang Jian's nose twitched, and he smelled a faint stench of decay again.

"That smell has appeared again. This time it seems... very close, because the smell is stronger than before."

He turned and continued his patrol inside the mall, which was still quiet, and nothing had happened.