

Revival 49

Chapter 49: The Truth about the Shopping Mall

“The surveillance room can store footage for up to fifteen days, and I’m now pulling up the last seven days’ worth,” Liu Qiang said as he operated the system and brought up older footage. “By the way, why are you checking the old surveillance?”

Yang Jian replied, “Looking for a few people, to see what has happened to them these days.”

“Huh, that’s strange. Who is this person? She doesn’t seem to be from the company. The mall has been closed for the past few days, right? How did she get in?” Suddenly, Liu Qiang let out a soft exclamation.

A middle-aged woman in a dress appeared on the surveillance screen.

“You don’t know her?” Yang Jian asked Liu Qiang cautiously, making casual conversation.

Liu Qiang said, “Don’t know her, but she seems familiar. I just can’t place where I’ve seen her before.”

Yang Jian didn’t recognize the middle-aged woman on the screen either, considering he had been here only two days and had merely met the previous staff.

“Just keep an eye on this person to see what she’s up to in the mall.”

He had a vague sense that the middle-aged woman in the surveillance footage was the ghost.

But the evidence suggested that Liu Qiang right beside him was the ghost.

If this ghost could change its identity, then everything would make sense, but conjecture was useless without video evidence from the surveillance.

He continued watching the surveillance video.

The middle-aged woman in the footage moved in a slightly odd manner. She rode the elevator to the second floor but then paused at the stairwell for a long time, standing there motionless like a puppet.

“Fast forward a bit,” instructed Yang Jian.

The footage fast-forwarded.

The middle-aged woman stood at the stairwell for a full half-hour before suddenly moving.

She made her way to the second floor.

At the moment, at a checkout counter on the second floor, the figure of the cashier, Wei Xiaohong, appeared.

It seemed she was on duty.

But at that moment, Wei Xiaohong was feeling a bit tired and stood up to stretch her limbs.

The middle-aged woman walked slowly toward Wei Xiaohong and headed straight for her.

Just then, Wei Xiaohong was turning her waist with her back to the middle-aged woman and didn't notice someone was approaching her.

Until the middle-aged woman silently reached behind Wei Xiaohong.

“Slow it down a bit,” Yang Jian said again.

The playback speed returned to normal.

At this point in the video, the unfamiliar middle-aged woman paused behind Wei Xiaohong for about two or three seconds, then suddenly reached out and grabbed Wei Xiaohong's head.

Wei Xiaohong didn't know what was happening; her body just trembled slightly.

An inconceivable scene unfolded... Wei Xiaohong's head was removed by the middle-aged woman as effortlessly as if it were a plastic doll's, taken off from the neck.

There were no screams, no blood; everything was eerily calm.

Wei Xiaohong's headless body stood rigidly, motionless, as if life had departed.

"How, how is this possible?" Liu Qiang was shocked at this moment.

Jiang Yan, who had been secretly watching the footage, also jumped from fright but kept her hand over her mouth to stifle her screams.

Yang Jian remained composed, his expression unchanged, as he continued to observe the situation on the monitor.

After taking Wei Xiaohong's head, the strange middle-aged woman then removed her own head and placed Wei Xiaohong's head on her shoulders.

Now, the strange middle-aged woman had become Wei Xiaohong.

Then, after a little while, Wei Xiaohong moved.

As if nothing unusual had happened, she carried the head of the strange woman and her own body away from the second floor.

The ease with which she moved the body suggested she was far from ordinary.

“Five days ago, Wei Xiaohong became a ghost...” Yang Jian’s expression turned serious.

Now he understood why Wei Xiaohong’s head was so decomposed—if her head had been switched by a ghost five days earlier, then the timing did indeed match up.

“Continue, keep an eye on this Wei Xiaohong.”

“Okay, will do,” said Liu Qiang, now sounding a bit nervous.

The surveillance footage was still playing, and he quickly pulled up Wuei Xiaohong’s video.

Four days ago, in the video, Wuei Xiaohong went to work as usual, greeted colleagues, ate food... There was no way to tell she was a ghost. She looked just like an ordinary person, even chatting and laughing with her colleagues.

However, that afternoon, four days ago.

Elder Sister Li, a bit bored, invited a few female colleagues to try on clothes, including Wuei Xiaohong among them.

The four of them arrived at a clothing store on the fifth floor.

Since the store was closed, there was no one inside, and all the clothes were on the racks, free for them to try on.

At the moment, Elder Sister Li was holding a dress up to the mirror to see if it suited her.

But at that moment.

Wuei Xiaohong's behavior suddenly became bizarre. She slowly walked up behind Elder Sister Li, reaching her hand toward her head.

Just then, Elder Sister Li suddenly turned her head around, holding clothes and apparently saying something to Wuei Xiaohong.

There was no sound in the surveillance footage, but that was unimportant.

Yang Jian clearly saw Wuei Xiaohong's movements pause.

Because at that moment, Elder Sister Li had turned around, no longer facing away from Wuei Xiaohong.

But this stroke of luck didn't last long, Elder Sister Li had no idea that Wuei Xiaohong had become a ghost at that point, and continued to treat her as a regular female colleague.

Soon, Elder Sister Li found another piece of clothing and continued to stand in front of the mirror.

It was then that Wuei Xiaohong moved again.

Just as the strange woman had done to her before, Wuei Xiaohong reached from behind and held Elder Sister Li's head, only this time accompanied by a rigid shudder of her body.

The eerie scene played out once again.

Elder Sister Li's head was removed.

"No, that's not right. If Elder Sister Li's head was taken off, she couldn't possibly appear in front of me again," Yang Jian furrowed his brow.

Because there could only be one ghost.

It couldn't be both Wuei Xiaohong and Elder Sister Li.

However, in the next scene, he was puzzled again.

He saw that after removing Elder Sister Li's head in the surveillance video, Wuei Xiaohong also removed her own head.

They switched heads with each other.

After standing still for a moment, they both instantly returned to normal, trying on clothes as they had before.

Yang Jian's heart skipped a beat, realizing this situation wasn't as simple as he thought. His gaze quickly scanned the monitor screens on the surveillance console.

He started a rapid search throughout the mall.

Finally, he saw someone standing at the doorway of a storage room on the fifth floor of the mall.

The person was facing away from the camera, making it impossible to see their face clearly.

"Pull up the video from this camera," said Yang Jian.

Liu Qiang opened the surveillance footage from that camera.

Ten minutes earlier.

Boss Tang, Master Luo, Manager Li, Elder Sister Li, and others took refuge in the storage room under the leadership of Yan Li.

At the same time, at the elevator entrance, the security passage door, in front of various stores... one by one, people with sluggish movements emerged, surrounding Yan Li and his group.

After they hid inside, those who had surrounded them blocked the door of the storage room until, a long time later, something happened, and the crowd gradually dispersed, disappearing somewhere on the fifth floor of the mall.

Seeing this, Yang Jian's heart trembled, and he took a deep breath.

The ghosts weren't just one... but a group.

All those with swapped heads were either ghosts or controlled by ghosts.

At this moment, he saw around Liu Qiang's neck.

A slim red cut encircled his neck.

He was one of them...