

Revival 52

Chapter 52 Lying Down

I thought the storeroom was temporarily safe.

No one had expected that a ghost had been following them all along.

If it wasn't for Yang Jian's warning, they would still be unaware of it, and the consequences are obvious.

None of these people would want to get out alive, including that necromancer... Yan Li.

A necromancer possesses the power of fierce ghosts, but they are not omnipotent, and reckless use of ghostly power will only lead to a quicker death.

Yang Jian now saw the young man named Yan Li.

His complexion was not good, pale with the pallor and weakness of excessive blood loss.

But what concerned Yang Jian more was what kind of ghost was hiding inside Yan Li's body? Was his body reaching its limits, and how long until the fierce ghost would revive?

"You... are you human?"

Unlike the others, Yan Li didn't panic, but instead, he stopped immediately after running out of the storeroom, looking at Yang Jian with a very solemn expression.

He wasn't sure whether the security guard in front of him was human or a ghost.

Yang Jian said, "I should count as human, I heard you say your name is Yan Li? Are you a necromancer?"

Yan Li's pupils contracted slightly, "Are you too?"

"I am, sort of."

Yang Jian thought for a moment, it was better to bluff first, he couldn't tell others he was just a student.

That would be too undignified, and besides, wasn't that operator Liu Xiaoyu trying to recruit him into the organization?

Yan Li sized Yang Jian up again, seeing him in a security uniform, he looked the part, and upon noticing the standard-issue satellite locator on his chest, he believed him.

"My name is Yang Jian, and just so you know, Zhou Zheng is dead. He was sacrificed a few days ago in the college incident." Yang Jian said calmly.

Yan Li replied, "I see, thanks for your help just now. How did you manage to fend off the attack of so many fierce ghosts? Even for a necromancer, it's quite a passive situation under these circumstances. I initially thought the disappearances in the mall were due to a ghost of only a C danger level. Now, it seems I have seriously underestimated the situation."

"If I had known it would be like this, I wouldn't have been greedy for this money."

A look of regret appeared on his face, annoyed by his own actions.

"What are you relying on to have survived so long under the attack of these fierce ghosts?"

Yang Jian did not reveal his ability but instead asked him.

Yan Li didn't hide it either, he lowered his head, looking at his blood-stained hands, "People in the industry call me Ghost Blood Yan Li. My hands are smeared with ghost blood, which can restrict the

abilities of other ghosts. I once collaborated with others and successfully captured a ghost. But I can't leave my ghost blood out for too long, otherwise, spirits will emerge from within the blood..."

"Wait, you said you collaborated with someone and successfully captured a ghost?"

Yang Jian's eyes sharpened, showing a look of surprise, "What method did you use?"

Could ghosts also be captured?

"A very simple and crude method. I used ghost blood to restrict the ghost's movements, and as long as it's confined in a box made of pure gold within a short time and sealed well enough, the ghost won't be able to escape."

Yan Li continued, "This is a method used all over the world, don't you know it as a necromancer?"

"I am an intern, not yet an official employee," Yang Jian said.

He did remember a paper he had read on a website before.

It was written by a Professor Bruce Pi.

The gist of the paper was that the power of ghosts can affect any material, but not gold. The professor was trying to analyze scientifically and rigorously a method to restrain ghosts.

If the paper was useful, it means that boxes or containers made of gold could indeed trap and capture ghosts.

But that's all, still unable to kill or eliminate them.

"Help, save me."

However, at this moment, a terrified cry for help interrupted the conversation between the two.

Now Yang Jian saw that the ghosts with exchanged heads had surrounded them from all sides, blocking every passage.

Unless they jumped directly from the fifth floor, there was no way out.

But jumping from the fifth floor was suicide.

Boss Tang, Manager Li, Master Luo, and a group of others were crying out as they came running back, unable to escape,

“What exactly do you have that lets you face so many ghost attacks without fear?”

Yan Li was also becoming panicked, “If we continue like this, even if you are a necromancer, you will still die here. Using the power of a fierce ghost too much will kill you, you must know that.”

“Of course I know.”

Yang Jian said calmly, “You must have already used a lot of the fierce ghost’s power, even the Ghost Blood on your hand is somewhat out of control. Your limit must be near, did you buy your coffin in advance?”

“I’m fully aware of what you’re talking about, but sometimes, to survive, there’s no other choice,” Yan Li gritted his teeth.

“Sometimes there definitely is no choice, but your first thought when facing a ghost is to rely on your own ghostly power. That’ll only lead to a quicker death. I’m different. I rely on my brain. Only when the brain doesn’t work do I resort to the power of ghosts. But now is not the time for chitchat. I can’t let this boss just die like this.” Yang Jian pointed at his head and flashed a slight smile.

After finishing his words, he walked towards a group of ghosts not far away.

Yan Li's expression changed abruptly. Even he did not dare to face so many ghosts at once. How could this young exorcist have such courage?

And seeing others surrounded by ghosts, he had already decided not to save these people, thinking only about how to leave this place.

Money isn't worth losing one's life over.

Suddenly,

Yan Li saw Yang Jian walk over and trip them with his foot.

Accompanied by several strange cries, three or four people were tripped over by him.

Are you trying to save people or harm them?

Yan Li was stunned,

"If you don't want to die, just lie down quietly on the ground and don't move. That way, the ghosts won't attack you, and you'll be able to live and get out. If you run around, you'll only die faster," Yang Jian, holding onto Boss Tang's collar, told him in a low shout.

Boss Tang was already so frightened that he was at a loss. The group of ghosts had already approached.

He had no choice.

Right then, he tightly closed his eyes, choosing to believe in Yang Jian's words and lay down on the ground, motionless.

Lying on the ground meant that one's back would always face the ground, which could perfectly avoid an attack from any direction by any of the ghosts.

"Anyone else who doesn't want to die, do the same. Lie down, don't move," Yang Jian said again.

Some listened and lay down, but many others thought Yang Jian's words were nonsense. To them, lying down was equivalent to waiting for death on the spot, so they continued to run in terror, trying to escape.

"Hey, that's the fifth floor, don't jump, you'll die," Yang Jian called out to someone.

Next to Master Luo, a colleague was so scared that he cried and screamed uncontrollably and actually climbed over the railing and jumped down from the fifth floor.

Brave soul.

Yang Jian sighed inwardly.

If he hadn't jumped, he might have lived, but that jump surely sealed his fate.

The person who jumped was doomed, and those who ran didn't fare much better.

Soon, the few who tried to flee found every route blocked.

The ghosts closing in from all sides were getting closer and closer... until finally, they were surrounded.

"Aaah~!" Screams rang out amidst the group of ghosts.

Swiftly, six or seven putrid arms reached out.

The screams stopped abruptly.

Several living heads were forcibly removed.

A Ghost General placed its own head onto the necks of several people, then placed their heads on its own neck.

New ghosts were born.

However, after all this was done, everything around fell silent again.

All of the ghosts... stopped moving.

The remaining people lying on the ground indeed weren't attacked and all survived.

"How is this possible?"

Yan Li was shocked; he too had laid down but now was looking at Yang Jian as if seeing a ghost.

Yang Jian, however, hadn't laid down. He was just standing there, leaning against the railing, not turning his back to any of the ghosts.

"How about that, didn't deceive you, did I?"

Yang Jian spoke, "Congratulations, you've survived. Now, if you don't mind, let's settle the service fee. I must say up front, my fee is quite expensive."

Why would he risk his life to save these detestable rich people?

Obviously for the money.

Did you really think Yang Jian loved them?