

Revival 53

Chapter 53: Shameful Escape

The dimly lit mall was engulfed in silence.

The sound of the elevators had ceased, and the footsteps that had come from all directions before had also stopped.

Even the cries for help had vanished without a trace.

But the quiet mall was far from deserted.

A foul stench permeated every inch of space, and on the fifth floor of the mall stood one after another ghastly pale figure, their bodies beginning to decay, blocking the passageways as though forbidding anyone to pass.

These people must have been dead for quite some time, yet just moments ago, these very dead had emerged from every corner of the mall.

To call them people was hardly accurate; a more fitting description would be a horde of ghosts.

Boss Tang's entire body was tensed, his eyes shut tight, not daring to open them to such a horrifying sight before him.

He kept chanting "Amitābha" in his mind, hoping the Bodhisattva would bless him, so that the ghosts wouldn't harm him and that he would burn more incense and worship more gods after he left this place.

After a while, Boss Tang noticed that there was no movement around him.

And he was still alive, unharmed.

The reason he had survived, of course, was not due to his prayers with closed eyes but because Yang Jian had saved him.

“Boss Tang, stop playing dead, hurry up and open your eyes,” Yang Jian said. “Don’t ignore what I just said as if it were the wind passing by your ears. You’re only temporarily safe. Whether you can leave this place or not is still uncertain. If you’re willing to settle my service fee, I can guarantee that each one of you will leave here alive.”

Only then did Boss Tang carefully open his eyes. He looked around, and when he saw the decaying corpses still standing nearby, his heart gave a frightful squeeze.

“Over here, Boss Tang, what are you looking at?” said Yang Jian, standing to one side.

Seeing Yang Jian—a living person—Boss Tang let out a sigh of relief: “Can you really guarantee that I will leave here alive?”

“Are you doubting my professional skills, Boss Tang? Don’t forget who saved you just now. Right, don’t get up; just lie there on the ground. You’re safe for now,” Yang Jian told him.

Yan Li also said, “Don’t be fooled by his young age. He is an international ghost hunter assigned to the Asia division, an official national operative. His word can be trusted. Besides, no one else here can guarantee your survival. You saw what happened before; the current situation is beyond my capabilities.”

“So, I suggest letting Yang Jian protect you on your way out. Of course, if you’re stingy with your money, then forget I said anything.”

Yan Li, playing the good guy, smoothly handed the business opportunity over to Yang Jian.

After all, he didn’t have the ability to earn it.

“How about it? Think it over; I won’t give you too much time. In ten minutes at most, I’m leaving,” Yang Jian checked the time on his phone and said.

He wouldn't wait until dark.

This place was pitch black at night, as if entering the Ghost Domain, making it twice as dangerous.

Boss Tang asked cautiously, "So, brother, how much do you want for your service fee? Is five million enough?"

After all, whether paying Yan Li or this young fellow, it would be better to foster a connection and make a friend, especially since the other is an international ghost hunter with status.

Although five million hurt, it was nothing compared to his own life.

"Fine, five million it is," Yang Jian's eyes lit up.

Indeed, by giving Boss Tang a fright first, he could drive the price up. If he had directly approached Boss Tang about this matter before, not only would he have been disbelieved, but the price wouldn't have gone up, either.

"However, I insist on payment first, service afterward. That's my way of doing business. If that's fine with you, we can start the payment process now," Yang Jian said.

"No, no problem," Boss Tang immediately agreed.

To him, a mall owner capable of opening such a large establishment, five million was indeed an amount he could produce at once.

"You, yes, you, don't play dumb; Manager Li, I'm talking to you. Boss Tang is offering five million to buy his safety and leave; what's your price? Don't assume I'll take you out for free. If you can't come up with the money, I'll leave you behind," Yang Jian continued.

Manager Li's face instantly changed as he looked at Yang Jian with a plea, "I... I can't come up with five million. I only have five hundred thousand... Where would a mere manager get so much money?"

"I can see deceit in your eyes, but I am a kind-hearted person. You insulted me earlier, but why would I hold a grudge against you, right? So please, open your online banking. If you have less than five hundred thousand, I'll accept that sum, but if you have more, sorry, I'll either use all of it for my service fee or you can lie here and wait for rescue."

"I am fair in business and will not make things difficult for you, nor will I bear petty grudges. You can rest assured, Manager," Yang Jian assured.

Yang Jian looked at him seriously and said,

"Ah?" Manager Li was dumbfounded.

"Don't stall for time. If I don't receive the money, I'll just take Boss Tang and leave," said Yang Jian.

"Here, take it, isn't giving it to you enough?" Manager Li was on the verge of tears as he handed his phone to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian opened his mobile banking app to check the deposit and couldn't help but click his tongue, "Manager Li, you do have a lot of money, more than 1.8 million. Are all you rich people's bank accounts this flush? Poor me can't understand, but now it's mine. Do me a favor and transfer it, will you?"

He then handed the phone back to Manager Li.

"A profiteer, he's a profiteer, raising the price on the spot, it's nothing but extortion," Manager Li thought ruefully, wanting to curse the security guard but not daring to utter a word.

But he had no choice but to pay.

It seemed that all the money he had quietly skimmed from the mall for so long now ended up lining the pockets of this little security guard.

The money is gone, but more can be earned; if life is gone, everything is gone.

In the end, he paid the money.

Having collected the payment, Yang Jian then turned his gaze to Master Luo. With a hint of gratitude, he approached the trembling Master Luo, grabbed his hand, and said, "Master, I really owe you one today. Your idea to close the ceremony was truly brilliant—not only did it successfully kill your own disciples, but also quite a few of the mall's employees."

"Even you nearly escaped death. To lead oneself to such an extent is indeed rare to see."

"In light of your splendid performance in locking that door earlier, I've decided to take extra special care of you..."

Yang Jian gave the Master Luo a thumbs-up.

Had it not been for his act of locking the door, none of this would have happened, everyone could have left, and there was no need for so many people to die.

"I, I..." Master Luo had a bizarre expression on his face, unsure whether he was more afraid or angry.

In the end, after struggling for a long time, he spoke resentfully, "I only have a bit over 3 million on me, that's all I have. The rest is in the safe at home. I'll give it all to you, just take me out of here, please. I apologize for what happened before, okay?"

"Master, what are you talking about? Am I the type of person who gets greedy at the sight of money? Boss Tang has already offered 5 million. As a Feng Shui master, you do business with no capital and must have quite a fortune. Let's make it an auspicious figure, 8 million, and I'll take you out of here. It doesn't matter if you don't have the money on you right now, using valuables as collateral works just as well," Yang Jian said.

Master Luo, trembling, eventually transferred over 3 million to Yang Jian, and along with a watch, a piece of jade pendant, a luxury car key, and a few other peculiar items, he barely managed to scrape together the demanded sum.

“Over 10 million now, I guess I’m one of those detestable rich folks too,” Yang Jian remarked as he looked at the balance notification on his phone message, feeling a bit surprised.

If it weren’t for becoming a spirit manipulator, he would never have been able to earn this amount of money in his entire life through study and work, not even over decades.

Yet, becoming a spirit manipulator allowed him to earn so much in just one day.

No wonder spirit manipulators abroad operate as mercenaries, taking on bounties—because such a high-risk, high-reward method is indeed very attractive.

“Young man, when are you going to take us out of here?” Boss Tang asked in a bit of a hurry.

Yang Jian put away his phone and said, “Right now.”

He went into that storeroom and retrieved the main gate key from Elder Sister Li’s corpse.

“Follow me, but remember what I said before, do not stand up. Lie on your back.”

“How can we walk lying on our backs?” Manager Li asked.

Yang Jian replied, “Ever seen a caterpillar? It’s pretty much just like that, similar to backstroke swimming. Easy.”

“What? You want us, a bunch of grown men, to slide along using our feet to push like little kids? You’re obviously mocking us. Why can you walk upright with no issue?” Manager Li said indignantly.

Yang Jian responded, “I am an international spirit manipulator with the ability to deal with fierce spirits—do you have that? If you think the motion is embarrassing, that’s fine, but if you stand up and die, I’m not responsible.”

“ ... ”

After a moment of silence, Manager Li began to push himself along the ground with his feet rapidly, gliding along the ground like a caterpillar.

“Like this?”

“Exactly, you’re doing it very well—gliding fast and steady. Good job,” Yang Jian nodded.