

Revival 63

Chapter 63: Departure

Yang Jian and Yan Li cooperated successfully in containing and imprisoning the ghost that had been wandering around the mall.

Although the ghost's level of horror was only classified as Class C, it was more difficult to deal with than expected. They had to discern the ghost's pattern of movement, find its real body, and possess the means and methods to restrain it... Moreover, the slightest carelessness could lead to a gruesome death.

Especially when the ghost tried to take over Yan Li's arm, Yang Jian broke out in a cold sweat.

If he hadn't been prepared and reacted in time, they both would have died just a step later.

"Are you still busy? I thought you had already left."

As Yang Jian walked out of the mall, he saw several staff members outside.

He approached them and said, "Duty calls, how can I neglect it? May I ask how the situation is inside now?"

Yang Jian said, "The incident this time has been resolved smoothly, there won't be any special occurrences in this mall anymore."

Yang Jian's expression tightened slightly, "Regarding the missing people, we've found one, as for the rest, you know..."

He gestured towards Jiang Yan.

Jiang Yan, disheveled and looking somewhat haggard, but now that she had walked out with Yang Jian, her eyes betrayed a joy of having survived a calamity.

Yang Jian said, "There's no danger inside anymore... at least that's what I think. I must take care of some things now and can't stay any longer. If you need any help or assistance with the investigation, you can call me."

"Alright, thank you for your hard work. I'll take over from here."

Yang Jian nodded, left his phone number, and then left.

"Where are you going?" Jiang Yan hurriedly followed him.

"Big Sister, why are you following me? You've come out of the mall; if you're alright now, you should hurry home. Your family must be worried about you after you've been missing for days, stop clinging to me," Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan said with a hint of grievance, "Don't talk like that, I've already agreed to be your girlfriend, you can't just leave me behind and ignore me."

"Big Sister, you want to take advantage of me? Who made you my girlfriend?" Yang Jian's eyelid twitched.

"Didn't we agree on this in the restroom earlier? And stop calling me Big Sister, I'm still very young," Jiang Yan said.

Yang Jian looked at her and said, "How old are you this year?"

"25, no, actually 24, 25 is my nominal age. How about that, I'm still young, right?" Jiang Yan said, then tilted her head up slightly with pride, as if to say becoming his girlfriend would be doing him a favor.

"I'm sorry to say, but I'm eighteen this year, nineteen at most in nominal terms."

Yang Jian said, "So just accept that you are the Big Sister. Not calling you 'Auntie' is already being courteous, and I do think I'm quite polite, don't you think, Big Sister Jiang?"

"..."

Jiang Yan's scalp tingled, feeling no sense of accomplishment in this age comparison. She had presumed that Yang Jian was around twenty-five or twenty-six, no wonder he called her Big Sister from the start.

Indeed, in front of him, she was the Big Sister.

"Young man, I can't thank you enough for today, I truly owe you one," said Boss Tang, seeing Yang Jian about to leave, he hurried over and grabbed his hand, displaying immense gratitude.

Yang Jian smiled and said, "I was just doing my job for the pay, Boss, you're making too much of it."

"Nonsense, you saved my life today. Here's my card. If there's anything you need help with next time, don't hesitate to ask," Boss Tang said as he stuffed a business card into Yang Jian's hand.

"Hey, Tang'an, the business here is not finished yet; you need to come with us for a bit," a staff member called out.

"Coming, coming, sorry, brother, I'll be there in a moment after a few words," Boss Tang apologized and then added, "Young man, I hope to have your care in the future, I'm Tang'an. When you have time, come visit my company. It's nearby; next time, I'll treat you to a meal."

Yang Jian felt a bit touched by this.

Boss Tang really lived up to being a businessman, knowing how to build relationships.

His vision was much longer than others.

No wonder he was the boss, and that Mr. Li could only be a manager.

“Okay, I’ll visit Boss Tang when I have time,” Yang Jian said, taking the card, thinking that an extra contact might be useful in the future.

At the very least, Boss Tang was someone with money, and borrowing some from him in a pinch would probably be welcome.

“But now, where should I go next?” Yang Jian arrived at a crossroads, feeling suddenly lost.

Go home?

Don’t joke, his house was haunted, and even if he was bold, he wouldn’t dare stay there.

It could be deadly.

“It looks like I’ll need to find a place to stay temporarily, then wait for Yan Li to find a buyer before dealing with the trade. But before that... I must solder this thing shut, melt it completely,” he thought.

Yang Jian took out a box wrapped in golden foil.

It wasn’t foil, it was gold leaf.

Although the box was small, it was unexpectedly heavy, weighing several kilograms.

But who could have imagined that this box, made of pure gold, contained a ghost?

“Where are you going? Don’t you have a car? Why don’t you drive?” Jiang Yan still followed him and suddenly asked.

"I'm just a loser, how would I have a car? I don't even have a bicycle," Yang Jian said. "Why are you following me anyway, Big Sister Jiang?"

Jiang Yan squinted her eyes and said with a smile, "You didn't have a car before, but you do now, don't you? Have you forgotten the eight million you earned from Master Luo? He didn't have enough cash, so he gave you a car as collateral, along with some jade and watches. I saw it all clearly in the security room."

"Now that you mention it, I remember that I did earn a car."

Yang Jian felt in his pocket and found a bunch of random items, indeed there was a car key.

He pressed it.

Among a row of cars parked by the roadside, the lights of a rugged SUV lit up.

"You made a fortune, that's an imported car worth nearly five million. Master Luo really took a big loss," Jiang Yan's eyes lit up as she immediately recognized it.

Yang Jian said, "I'd rather sell the car for cash, otherwise I'll have to return it to Master Luo eventually."

"Let's go, the car hasn't been transferred to your name yet; you can't sell it."

Jiang Yan took the initiative to walk up to Yang Jian and took his arm, pulling him forward.

"Big Sister, we're not that close, are we?" asked Yang Jian.

"The fact that you saved me alone is enough. Plus, do you want to come to my place for a meal? My apartment is just nearby," Jiang Yan said cheerfully.

“Why do I get the feeling you’re looking at me kind of strangely? It’s less like you want to have a meal and more like you want to devour me. But if you’re willing to let me stay for a while, I’ll go. However, I want to make it clear beforehand that I won’t be paying any rent or for meals,” Yang Jian said.

“Alright, I agree. Let’s hurry up,” Jiang Yan seemed to have latched onto Yang Jian, her enthusiasm flaring up all of a sudden.

She was different from young girls; she was a career woman, a company accountant.

The instincts of her profession and her femininity made Jiang Yan very clear about what kind of boyfriend she needed, and after the supernatural event, she felt that only by getting close to Yang Jian did she have a future to talk about.

Otherwise, if she experienced another supernatural event, Jiang Yan did not believe she would survive.

The world had changed.

Jiang Yan clung tightly to Yang Jian’s arm; she didn’t believe that after spending time together, he wouldn’t develop feelings for her.

Soon.

Yang Jian was driving a rugged SUV on the road.

On the passenger side, Jiang Yan leaned against the window with a slight smile on her lips.

Through the glass, she could see Yang Jian driving.

“Although he’s a bit younger, what does it matter?” Jiang Yan mused to herself.

However, the next moment.

Suddenly, Yang Jian's hand shot up, grabbing Jiang Yan's neck with a force so strong it almost left her gasping for air.

"Cough, cough, what are you doing?" Jiang Yan struggled instinctively.

The driving Yang Jian turned to look at her, "I left out one thing... did the ghost in the mall have a head or not? If not, then all is well. But if it did, where would the ghost's head be?"

"I, how would I know? Can't you be a little gentler?" Jiang Yan said.

"Sorry, I'm a bit paranoid. I have to double check," Yang Jian said; "I don't want to be blindsided by that ghost at the last minute."

He slightly relaxed his grip, his palm carefully feeling her neck.

To check once more if she had her head switched.

"Couldn't you have told me beforehand next time? I would have cooperated with you," Jiang Yan complained a little.

But she dared not resist Yang Jian's verification.

Because he was the only one who could deal with ghosts, and when it came to supernatural events, she would cooperate unconditionally, not wanting any trouble.

Yang Jian felt her neck and double-checked, finding nothing but smooth, delicate skin with no sign of a head swap,

Meaning that during the time he was away from the security room, Jiang Yan had no issues.

“It’s not you... perhaps I’m just overly suspicious,” Yang Jian said.

Jiang Yan pouted, “Can you not be so rough?”