

Revival 66

Chapter 66: I Want to Live

“Gone?”

Yang Jian had been standing by the window for a long time.

Only after the murky Ghost Domain had completely disappeared did his tense body begin to relax.

“Lucky it was just passing through, otherwise I’d have had to slip away. Nobody can touch a ghost of that level without dying. But from what I saw before, although the ghost wasn’t contained or imprisoned, it seemed to be somewhat restricted. Otherwise, its hands wouldn’t have deliberately crossed through each other... It must be that the ghost master has figured out that ghost’s method of killing.”

“The candelabrum forged from gold nailed the ghost’s hands together, thereby restricting some of its abilities.”

“But, what about the candles stuck in that candelabrum?”

Yang Jian furrowed his brow: “The candles and the candelabrum are one and the same, both man-made, and they were even lit... It seems to have a repressive effect on the ghost? Or is it a marker, leading the ghost in a certain direction?”

“It seems there are still many secrets in the world of ghost masters, and I believe some effective methods of dealing with ghosts have been discovered.”

“Is it that my level isn’t high enough to know, or is it... an intentional technology blockade by various countries?”

“Even in the face of such a global catastrophe, must people still fight and oppose each other?”

Yang Jian thought for a while.

He felt that to survive, one absolutely could not become a free and undisciplined ghost master.

Yan Li's path was wrong.

To survive, one must find a way to climb up, to elevate one's own status and position... even power. Only then could he learn more secrets, more information.

He didn't want to wait for death in the dark.

With that thought, Yang Jian looked again at the human skin paper pressed under the golden box on the table.

It seemed to know all the secrets...

But it required a great sacrifice; this thing wouldn't easily reveal anything of great importance.

After pondering for a moment, Yang Jian knew clearly what he had to do next.

He glanced at Jiang Yan; "Don't look at me with that orphaned-face. There was just a ghost passing by outside, it's fine now. Did you bring my egg-fried rice? I want to eat and then sleep."

"It's in the bag," Jiang Yan replied nervously and with a bit of a stutter.

"Thanks."

Yang Jian carried on as if nothing had happened, eating and drinking as usual. His mental resilience had already surpassed that of ordinary people.

Now, he felt that even if a pile of corpses were laid out in front of him, he would still be able to eat.

Was he a freak?

Jiang Yan, seeing Yang Jian enjoying his meal, also realized that she really was safe. She breathed a sigh of relief and then whispered softly, "I'm going to take a shower. If something happens, remember to rush in to save me. I'll be very obedient."

"Don't worry, if something really happens, I'll cover your cremation costs," Yang Jian continued eating.

"..." Jiang Yan.

Yang Jian dared not promise to save her; if he really encountered a ghost of too high a Terror Level, he would run away without looking back.

At most, out of consideration for their association, he would come back to collect the body after the ghost had gone.

"It'll be fine, I will definitely survive," Jiang Yan reassured herself while taking a shower and gently slapping her cheeks to boost her spirits.

"I've come out of that terrifying marketplace, what else can trouble me? It's not like I've never seen ghosts before. As long as Yang Jian is here, I'm not scared. He can deal with that thing. Although he doesn't say it, I believe him."

"But first, I need to become his girlfriend, only then will he protect me... Worst case scenario, I'll settle for being the other woman."

Even though it was planned, Jiang Yan felt her face blush at the thought of actually doing it.

Forcing herself to seduce an eighteen-year-old young man felt like skirting the edge of the law.

But thankfully, she was a woman; it would be much scarier if it were the other way around.

After showering,

Jiang Yan stood in front of the mirror, drying her hair and dressing up slightly.

Her reflection was fair and ruddy, her delicate face carried a hint of frivolous charm, and her mature figure, wrapped in a bath towel, could stoke any man's fire.

As a beauty who had been pursued by many since college,

Jiang Yan was very confident in her looks and figure.

But she was a smart woman and would not be blinded by fleeting college romance. In her view, a woman's love and marriage were an investment.

If one wanted to reap the greatest benefits, nothing could earn more than investing in a stock with potential.

And Yang Jian before her was the man best suited for her.

"I'm coming out, have you been anxiously waiting?" she said with a hint of seduction, her cheeks slightly red as she walked out of the bathroom.

But there was no response from inside the house.

With a bit of confusion, Jiang Yan walked over and saw the empty meal box on the table.

Then she looked upstairs.

She found that Yang Jian had already gone to bed.

“Not even waiting for me,” Jiang Yan mumbled to herself. Dressed in just a bathrobe, she went upstairs.

Seeing Yang Jian sprawling across the bed in the shape of the character “big,” taking up the entire bed, made her roll her eyes.

His emotional intelligence was really low.

“Yang Jian, are you asleep?” Jiang Yan took the initiative to place her head beside him and snuggle into his arms, whispering softly.

“No,” Yang Jian opened his eyes.

Jiang Yan smiled and said, “I knew you weren’t asleep. Have you been waiting for me? Are you hungry now?”

“I’m not hungry right now; I’ve eaten already,” Yang Jian replied.

Jiang Yan, wrapping her arms around his neck, said, “What’s so tasty about a meal? Haven’t you heard that beauty can be a feast?”

“Stop moving around, I’m not feeling well right now,” Yang Jian’s forehead broke out in a cold sweat.

The side effects of controlling the Evil Ghost emerged again.

His body began to become paralyzed on the bed; he could no longer move but could only feel the unrest and agitation of the ghostly eye hidden inside his body.

“Are you feeling unwell anywhere? You wouldn’t mind if I take a look, right?”

Jiang Yan said seductively as she kissed Yang Jian’s face, “Does that make you feel a bit better?”

But no sooner had she finished kissing him than a slit opened on Yang Jian’s face, and a crimson eye peered out, fixing her with a somewhat eerie gaze.

“Ah~!”

Jiang Yan was startled and nearly jumped out of the bed.

“I told you not to move around so much.”

Yang Jian spoke calmly; “I can’t control the ghost inside my body right now. If it decides to do something to you, there’s nothing I can do about it.”

“How, how can this be?” Jiang Yan covered her mouth, shocked.

Yang Jian said, “The reason I can deal with fierce ghosts is that I became one myself. Otherwise, what do you think gives our kind the ability to deal with fierce ghosts? Intelligence, or guts? Or perhaps you believe this world truly has special abilities, Taoist magic, or spells?”

“Gaining the power of fierce ghosts comes at a cost; this is just one of them.”

“Getting too close to me is no good for you. I came here just wanting to stay for a few days, and once my business is settled, I’ll naturally leave. I won’t affect your life or work.”

Jiang Yan’s expression fluctuated; she had not expected this to be the real Yang Jian.

“Then, will you help me in the future?” Hesitating for a long while, she wanted to leave but ultimately did not step down from the bed.

Yang Jian responded directly, "No, I don't have the right or the duty to save you. Not just you, the same goes for everyone else. The incident at the shopping mall was just your good luck, happening upon me when I was dealing with a paranormal event for money."

"But I... I don't want to die; I want to live, to live well." Jiang Yan cautiously curled up in Yang Jian's arms.

"Ghosts will appear again in the future, right?"

"Hmm, paranormal events will become more and more frequent."

Yang Jian didn't hide it; "Eventually, people all over the world will know, it's just that most people are still in the dark now. No one knows when they'll die;

it could be a phone call, a knock on the door, or in one's sleep."

"If I sleep with you, will you help me?"

Jiang Yan dared not lift her head to look at the eye.

"No," Yang Jian said bluntly.

Jiang Yan asked, "Then what would it take for you to help me?"

"You need to be useful to me, to help me handle some matters, assist in some work, just like how you helped me watch the surveillance at the mall. I'll protect you, keep you from being killed; it's an equal exchange." Yang Jian glanced at her slightly, "Saving people without a reason will only lead to one's own death."

"Then I can be your personal assistant. I'm an accountant; I know a lot of things."

“Finance, do you know that, especially stock trading?” asked Yang Jian.

“Yes, I have experience with trading from when I was an intern,” said Jiang Yan.

“What about managing big clients?”

“Yes, I have some quality client resources. If you want to do business related to the paranormal, I can also help you.”

“And translation?”

“My English translation is not a problem.”

“Didn’t expect you to be a career elite?” said Yang Jian, somewhat surprised.

He had to admit that this woman was indeed capable, exceeding his expectations.

Of course, he did not rule out the possibility that she was exaggerating.

“If you don’t feel like going to work for the time being, you can work for me. I do indeed have some tasks that need doing. Besides your salary, I would provide you with appropriate protection,” Yang Jian stated earnestly.

He could try to build some base of operations.

After all, if he became a ghost controller in the future, he could not possibly fight alone.

“Really?”

Jiang Yan looked up, somewhat excited.

It seemed that Yang Jian wasn't as fearsome as she thought.

"Just trying it out, as I don't have experience in this area," said Yang Jian, "It's late; I'm going to sleep."

The paralyzed feeling in his body began to fade.

This time, it was much better than the last.

It seems the red paper was still having an effect.

But mental exhaustion made him fall asleep quickly.

Jiang Yan looked at Yang Jian, not knowing what to think, and after a while, she too slowly leaned into his arms and fell asleep.

Meanwhile, as Yang Jian slept,

Master Luo, who had just finished recording his statement, along with a surviving disciple and a driver who hadn't entered the mall, were finally able to leave.

"Damn, today must've been cursed, dealing with feng shui for over a decade only to really encounter a ghost today. Didn't make a penny and even lost money big time. Moreover, I can't return for a month and need to report in every day," Master Luo cursed in frustration.

"Let's go. Let's find a hotel to sleep in."

On the way, the driver suddenly asked, "Hey, what's with the scar on your neck?"

The disciple of Master Luo touched his neck.

It was as though he could feel the skin peeling back to expose the flesh underneath.

He said calmly, "It's nothing, probably just scratched it by accident."

"Oh."

The driver didn't inquire further and went to drive the car.

But as the driver turned away, the light in the man's eyes slowly faded away, becoming hollow and numb, and his face had turned a lifeless shade of pale without a trace of color.