

Revival 75

Chapter 75: Man-made

The owner of the mobile phone shop was named Wuei Qun.

He admitted to being an unscrupulous businessman who, through repairing phones, had swindled numerous novices using petty industry tricks.

But Wuei Qun had seldom done such things recently.

If you asked him why, it wasn't because he had developed hemorrhoids or constipation from sitting too long, but because a mysterious melody constantly echoed in his mind.

This melody could only be heard by him; no one else could hear it.

That afternoon.

As Wuei Qun was repairing a customer's phone, he suddenly furrowed his brow and said, "Right, Xiao Zheng, do you hear any sound?"

The apprentice at his side, Xiao Zheng, asked curiously, "Boss, what sound? I don't hear anything."

"How can you not hear it? It's that very familiar melody," Wuei Qun said.

"Boss, is it that problem you have that's acting up again? You should see a doctor," the apprentice Xiao Zheng said.

"I've seen a doctor," Wuei Qun said. "The doctor says there's nothing wrong; it's a psychological barrier, doesn't affect health. The doctor told me to let it go, maintain a happy mood, eat what I should eat, drink what I should drink, buy what I like, and be good to myself."

“Listen, there’s that sound again.”

Wuei Qun closed his eyes, listened intently, and then hummed softly, “Hmm... hmm-hmm.....dong, dong, dong-dong, roughly that melody.”

“Boss, I still don’t hear anything,” said his apprentice Xiao Zheng, still looking clueless.

“As night falls and coolness envelopes, opulence turns to frost...” someone sang as they approached.

Wuei Qun abruptly said, “Listen, the melody is getting clearer.”

“Boss, that’s someone singing, a customer has come,” Xiao Zheng said.

“Want to listen to a song?”

Yang Jian suddenly sat in front of the counter, placing a mobile phone down that was playing a song called “Cool Cool.”

“Yes, right, that’s the melody, exactly, hey, how did you know?”

Wuei Qun became curious but when he opened his eyes and saw Yang Jian, he was instantly frightened, jumped up, and danced backward.

“Nice to see you again,” Yang Jian said with a smile.

Wuei Qun fell to his knees with a sob, “Big brother, I was wrong.”

“You did nothing wrong,” Yang Jian said.

"No, I did, I am guilty," Wuei Qun persisted.

"You are not guilty," Yang Jian said.

"I am scum," Wuei Qun said.

"No, I am the scum," Yang Jian said. "I shouldn't have hurt you, I am repenting right now."

"No, no, no, I am the scum, you are right to teach me a lesson," Wuei Qun protested.

"Well, since you say so, then I won't argue with you, you indeed are scum," Yang Jian said.

"..."

Yang Jian continued, "I'm not here to trouble you, boss. We had such a pleasant cooperation last time, and I believe it will be the same this time. I have a mobile phone here. Would you help me crack it? I just need the contact list inside."

He took out the mobile phone left by Hao Shaowen.

"Quick, take it away, the phone, everything to you, just don't hurt me," Wuei Qun said in panic, waving his hands frantically and hastily refusing as he saw him take out the phone.

It seemed the lesson from last time had been too profound for him.

"Can you crack this password in an hour?" Yang Jian asked.

The apprentice Xiao Zheng said, "It depends on the phone model."

"What about this model?" Yang Jian tossed the phone to him.

"This phone is encrypted, but I can extract data from the storage, though it requires disassembling the phone, and afterwards, the phone might not work," Xiao Zheng said.

"It doesn't matter; the phone is not important. I just want the contacts inside. How long will it take?" Yang Jian asked.

"About half an hour," Xiao Zheng replied.

"Good, done in half an hour and I'll give you a thousand," Yang Jian said.

"No problem," Xiao Zheng replied.

"Boss, come out of hiding. I have a question for you," Yang Jian knocked on the counter and said.

"Big, big brother, what do you want to know?" Wuei Qun asked cautiously.

"Is there a way to dial someone's number without hearing another ringtone?" Yang Jian asked.

"You can transfer the phone number to a computer, dial from the computer, then remotely operate it," Wuei Qun suggested fearfully.

"Good idea, boss. You're clearly a professional. It seems I came to the right person. Do you have a computer here? Let me use it," Yang Jian said.

Wuei Qun didn't dare refuse, and quickly said, "I have a computer at home. I can upload data from here to my home computer and remotely help you with it."

"Let's do that, then. It will be trouble for you later. By the way, no one's home, right?" Yang Jian asked again.

"No, no one's home. It's a rental house; I live alone," Wuei Qun said.

"That's good."

Before long, the phone was cracked, and the contact list appeared on the computer screen next to Xiao Zheng.

"Boss, should I upload it?"

"Upload it, of course," Wuei Qun said. Although he didn't know what Yang Jian was planning, he didn't dare refuse.

This kind of person, no matter what strange request they have, just agree first and see what happens. Make him happy, and coax him to leave.

"You don't mind if I operate it, do you?" Yang Jian walked into the shop.

"Not at all, not at all. You can do whatever you want," Wuei Qun quickly said, signaling Xiao Zheng.

Xiao Zheng pointed to a software on the screen and said, "Just click here, and the call will go through, this side is for changing the number."

"Good, there's no sound audible from this side, right?" Yang Jian said.

"There's no collision of sound here, so it's inaudible," replied Xiao Zheng.

"Good, leave me for a moment, and come back in after I'm done," instructed Yang Jian.

Xiao Zheng was taken aback for a moment.

But before he could react, he was quickly dragged away by his boss Wuei Qun.

“Big brother, we won’t disturb you then, you go ahead, go ahead.” Wuei Qun was eager to keep his distance.

Yang Jian paid no attention to the two men but entered the forum again, only to find that it had been shut down. It seemed that the conversation he had with Liu Xiaoyu last time had had an effect; the state had already taken note of this curse-spreading post.

But no matter.

He had already saved the audio file on his phone.

He still knew how to simply copy and upload.

In no time, the audio file had transferred to another computer.

The next moment.

The first call was dialed.

Although Yang Jian could not hear the sound, as soon as the software showed that the call was connected, he opened the audio file.

“Thump, thump-thump~!”

A heavy, oppressive knocking sound echoed in a room within the apartment building nearby.

The sound was not loud; no one heard it.

Only the person at the other end of the call heard it.

Yang Jian clicked two or three times, replaying the sound before hanging up the phone and continuing with the next.

The repetitive simple task required no particular skill.

But who would think that this was a terror curse being spread by human hands?

As the list of calls continued.

Certain people in Dachang City began to receive the strange calls initiated by Yang Jian.

The head of a company was in a meeting, but his personal phone rang at that moment.

“Hello, Hao Shaowen, what’s up?” the company head answered the call.

However, there were no sounds of speech from the other end of the line, a quiet so unnerving that only a bizarre noise made its way through the phone into his ear.

“Thump, thump-thump~!”

It sounded like a knock on the door, but heavy and oppressive, as if it were pounding on his heart, almost making it hard to breathe.

The sound rang out two or three times before hanging up.

“Hm?”

The company head was puzzled, failing to see the point of Hao Shaowen making this call.

Forget it, no matter.

The boss hung up the phone and continued with the meeting.

A swimming club.

A bald strong man was backstroking in the pool.

Suddenly, a lackey came with a phone in hand: "Boss, your phone is ringing."

"Give it to me."

The bald strong man spat out some water and took the phone: "Hello, Hao Shaowen, I heard you took on a big job recently, think you can handle it, need any help from the brothers? Just say the word if you need anything, I won't even frown, and of course, we can negotiate the price."

"Thump, thump-thump~!"

But what responded to him wasn't Hao Shaohua, but a strange knocking sound.

"Hm?"

The bald man seemed taken aback, but then quickly realized something was wrong, promptly turned off the phone, and said: "Throw away the phone, don't use it again, also go check if Hao Shaowen is dead or not."

"Yes, boss," the subordinate acknowledged.

“He... he didn’t run into a ghost, did he?” The bald man furrowed his brows, starting to seem gravely concerned.

Despite his caution, the knocking sound still arose.

The intangible curse had already descended upon him.

No one could guard against this targeted human transmission.

And within a luxurious villa.

A young man with a net worth to envy had just finished playing golf and was sitting down, taking a sip of water to rest when the phone beside him rang.

“Hao Shaowen?”

The young man answered the call: “Hello, how’s the progress with the job? Was it a success?”

“Thump, thump-thump~!” The sound of knocking came through,

The young man’s complexion dramatically changed.

There was no voice of Hao Shaowen on the phone, and the knocking sound was so bizarre, it definitely did not sound like a person knocking, but like... a ghost.

“This is...”

The young man’s face took on a serious expression as he pondered for a moment before suddenly becoming ferocious. He crushed the phone in his hand: “Is this the Grade A fierce ghost that was recently filed... codenamed, Ghost Door Knocker?”

“Is this a man-made event, or an accident?”