

Revival 98

Chapter 98: A Phone Call

Stifling, suffocating.

It gave one the feeling of being unable to catch their breath.

The body bag wasn't completely sealed; some gaps were left to allow air circulation since Yang Jian still needed to breathe. Although he didn't know if he could suffocate after becoming a ghost controller, it was still better not to try such things recklessly.

Staying inside the body bag was uncomfortable.

But for the sake of his own life, he had to bear it.

Now, who knew how many ghosts were out there. Three ghost controllers had already died, and the ghosts inside them must have been released. Besides them, there were the Sick Ghost, the Vicious Ghost, the Headless Ghost Shadow... and then there were Zhang Yiming and Zhang Han.

This Huanggang Village had become a gathering place for malevolent spirits.

It was unrealistic to expect to survive in such a place, where analyzing movement patterns and murder methods was no longer effective.

The Terror Level was too high, surpassing his capabilities.

Yang Jian was sweating profusely inside the body bag, surrounded by darkness with only the sound of his own heavy breathing. Outside, it was eerily silent, not a single noise to be heard.

At this moment, he actually preferred it to be quiet outside.

If there were any sounds, they definitely wouldn't be human.

So, he lay there quietly in the body bag, waiting.

Waiting for some kind of turning point to arrive.

If the release of the Headless Ghost Shadow he executed earlier was useful, then the turning point would surely come.

On the contrary, if the situation hadn't improved but had become worse, Yang Jian might have to die trapped here.

He turned on his phone and glanced at the time.

It was ten twenty.

This wasn't nighttime, but morning time, and indeed, it should still be daytime in this village.

But if one were to go outside for a look, they would find the village enveloped in darkness.

No starlight, no lights, not even the sound of dogs barking.

There was a creepy, deathly stillness all around.

One couldn't feel the slightest trace of the living; anyone staying here would be petrified, let alone knowing for sure that there were real malevolent spirits in this village.

"Don't let me down, Headless Ghost Shadow. You're worth at least a billion. If releasing you doesn't have an effect, only heaven knows how big my loss would be."

About the act of personally releasing the Headless Ghost Shadow a moment ago.

Yang Jian didn't feel regret, just a painful pinch.

A billion had just flown away.

Moreover, without the cooperation of Yan Li, there probably wouldn't be another opportunity to detain it.

Perhaps because he was hiding in the body bag.

From ten twenty until half past one, for over three hours, Yang Jian remained unscathed.

He hadn't heard any noise from outside, nor had he been attacked by any malevolent spirits.

He survived unharmed.

The twenty million yuan body bag was not wasted.

It seems that even the power of malevolent spirits couldn't affect Gold; Professor Bruce Pi is truly a good man to have publicized such research results.

If there was nowhere to even hide, that would be the true despair.

But this kind of evasion couldn't last a lifetime.

Although Yang Jian had prepared some dry food and water in the body bag, it could only last a few days at most. If there was still no turning point during this time, then he would have to leave the body bag and take a risk.

The seemingly uneventful peace gradually relaxed him.

After confirming he'd be safe in the body bag, Yang Jian wasn't so tense anymore.

He thought for a moment and decided to call Liu Xiaoyu again.

The satellite positioning phone was still usable; the signal hadn't been cut off.

The call connected quickly.

"Hello, is that you, Yang Jian?"

Liu Xiaoyu picked up the phone immediately.

"I'm Yang Jian. I'm trapped in Huanggang Village. There's something wrong with the Huanggang Village incident file you gave me. Someone deliberately edited the report of the first ghost controller, Feng Quan. I suspect that the Huanggang Village incident involves other issues," said Yang Jian.

Liu Xiaoyu was shocked and responded, "That's impossible. The file was taken directly from the archives. To make cuts to the file isn't something just anyone can do; only a few people have that level of access. Are you suggesting that there might be someone inside the ghost controller department causing mischief?"

"Dachang City's Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, the manager Sun Lihong, possessing the means to control the second malevolent spirit and extending the resurrection of the spirits... What do you think these omissions from the file suggest?" Yang Jian asked in a hushed tone.

Liu Xiaoyu stopped writing with her pencil and didn't continue taking notes, "This, I find it hard to believe."

Yang Jian continued, "You may not say it, but you've already realized, to some extent, that there's a national shadow behind this. Only with state involvement can such power be wielded. I think this

incident was orchestrated intentionally, using the method to control the second ghost as a bargaining chip to have ghost controllers deal with the supernatural events in Huanggang Village.”

“Because we are civilian ghost controllers, we’re an uncontrolled looming threat. Hence, the company wants to use this method to have us actively resolve supernatural occurrences. Of course, there might be other personal motives... After all, even if we fail and die, it doesn’t matter to them. Ghost controllers would eventually die due to spirit resurrections, increasing the number of supernatural events. Rather than dying due to spirit resurrection and increasing the number of events, it’s better to let us perish in big, isolated incidents. After all, whether it’s one or two spirits, the block remains the same.”

“This seems like a case of making the best out of waste... The Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club must be acting like an intermediary.”

“I’m certain, this is not the first case of its kind in the country.”

“I really don’t know about this, but I can investigate it for you. If there are omissions in the file, I’ll take responsibility for you,” Liu Xiaoyu said earnestly.

Yang Jian replied, “No, I’m not a national ghost controller; you don’t need to take responsibility for me. I’m making this call just to confirm the facts. If I end up dying later, at least I’ll die with some understanding.”

Liu Xiaoyu felt a chill in her heart as she listened to Yang Jian’s tone, which surely meant that the situation on the other end must be extremely urgent.

But faced with such a question, she simply could not answer.

Because Liu Xiaoyu truly had no idea about the matter.

At this time, Captain Zhao Jianguo came over, patted Liu Xiaoyu on the shoulder, and said, “I’ll talk to him. You just focus on taking notes.”

“Okay, okay, Captain.”

Hesitating for a moment, Liu Xiaoyu stepped aside.

“Hello, is this Yang Jian? This is Zhao Jianguo speaking.”

“Hello, Captain Zhao,” said Yang Jian.

Captain Zhao Jianguo said, “I’m already clear about the general situation, and your previous conjecture indeed has a lot of validity. But the different departments within the International Ghost Handlers coordinate with each other. I don’t know exactly what the other departments have done, but I can stake my life on the guarantee that our primary purpose has always been to resolve supernatural events.”

“Any personal grudges or questions of interest cease to exist here. We would not treat you differently just because you’re not yet an International Ghost Handler. I can assure you of that.”

“Furthermore, you have resolved a supernatural event for Dachang City in the past, and there is a record of it here. You have also been credited for that. Once you join the International Ghost Handlers, you will understand. If there is anything else you need assistance with, just say the word and I, Zhao Jianguo, will do my utmost to help you. But I hope you won’t doubt us based on mere speculation.”

Yang Jian responded, “I do need assistance with one thing. I want the real person in charge of that company to meet with me outside Huanggang Village. Given your capabilities, you should be able to manage this through an agent named Sun Lihong—tracing it back should definitely be possible.”

“No, it has to be possible.”

“Of course, if I die here, then all of this would be irrelevant. But if I’m alive and don’t get to meet that person in charge, then they will bear all the consequences.”

Captain Zhao’s expression turned solemn in an instant. “Yang Jian, stay calm. We will do our best to investigate this thoroughly on our end.”

“There are no ‘do our best.’ It is a must. Also, just to remind you, Captain Zhao—do you have any idea that with this phone call, I could kill all the members of your department of International Ghost Handlers?” Yang Jian’s voice was eerily calm.

“So, you can consider this... a threat.”

“Goodbye.”

Beep beep~!

The call was disconnected.

Inside the switchboard room, there was silence, as the other operators nearby all widened their eyes, watching Captain Zhao with immense fear.

A phone call that could kill everyone here?

If that were true, the consequences would be unimaginable.

“Zhao Jianguo, this Ghost Handler’s mental state has serious issues. He’s begun harboring thoughts of revenge against society. I do not advise further contact. Also, for the sake of the bigger picture, the department operations should be temporarily halted, all communication stopped, and the report should be made now. If our review and approval are given, we must act immediately...” said another officer, who seemed to be of the same rank, grimly.

“Bang~!”

Before he could finish, Zhao Jianguo slammed the desk fiercely, his face looking particularly grim as he growled, “No, the department absolutely cannot shut down; the losses would be immeasurable.”

“Then cut off that Ghost Handler’s communication and remove him from our system,” the officer suggested.

“That’s even less acceptable. You just said Yang Jian is unstable. What if your actions provoke him, who will take responsibility for the consequences? And do you really think that blocking a mobile phone’s communication is going to work? What if he finds another way to call in? Do you want to see a ghost call incident replayed here?” Zhao Jianguo said, glaring back at him.

“But what I really want to know right now is who the hell tampered with the archives. Do they understand that editing archives like this can cost people their lives?”

At this moment, Zhao Jianguo was extremely angry.

His side had worked hard to recruit a Ghost Handler and had just established some trust when this mess happened.

If word got out, all the Ghost Handlers at the headquarters would undoubtedly become suspicious.

If that happened, the camaraderie would be shaken, and the Asian division might struggle to keep operating.

“When a nation is in crisis, there are always some pests who thrive in chaos. If it weren’t for international disputes, I’d personally take care of those people,” Zhao Jianguo fumed with anger.

“Liu Xiaoyu, you continue to handle Yang Jian. Use every means you can think of to stabilize him. I’m going to investigate this company to see what’s really behind them. Within three days, I want that company’s person in charge to be outside Huanggang Village.”

“Yes, Captain,” Liu Xiaoyu immediately responded.

Captain Zhao kicked the door open and stormed out, seething with anger. His rank might not be high in the International Ghost Handlers, but it was a different story domestically.

However, Yang Jian, lying inside the body bag, was completely calm and had not lost his sanity.

His phone call was only to ensure that the subsequent transaction proceeded normally and to see who precisely was the person in charge of that company.

Of course, all this was predicated on his surviving and getting out of there alive.

If he died, it would all be moot.

But as he was lying there, he might as well make arrangements for what was to come, to save himself the trouble later.

“Making that call must have put Zhao Jianguo on edge. But it’s none of my business. Time to sleep,” Yang Jian closed his eyes, letting himself rest and conserve energy.

However, at eighteen hundred hours, clear footsteps could be heard from outside the body bag.

They grew nearer, coming from the direction of the village and gradually approaching.

“Hm?”

Yang Jian, who was resting with his eyes closed, suddenly opened them and became highly alert.

Was the ghost finally making its appearance?

Could these footsteps belong to the Headless Ghost Shadow he had released, the Sick Ghost that had been driven off, or the Vicious Ghost he dreaded the most—the one that could easily kill a Ghost Handler?

The footsteps drew closer.

Yang Jian was on high alert, almost unable to resist the urge to unzip the body bag, open his ghostly eye, and take a look outside.