

Revival 83

Chapter 83: Weak Cough

Huanggang Village?

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as he surveyed the rural village along the road leading into it.

The entirety of Huanggang Village had a semi-new, semi-old feel to it.

The houses at the front were newly built rural villas that were quite pleasing to the eye, but the houses at the back of the village were very ancient. Not only were there earthen houses, but there were even wooden houses dating back more than a hundred years. Some of these wooden houses were inhabited by the elderly, while others were abandoned, with their windows fallen out and doors half-open, shrouded in darkness, not even penetrated by sunlight.

It carried a sense of eeriness.

But this was not surprising.

Every rural area was like this, but thinking about the presence of a real ghost here was quite unsettling.

"Hey, Liu Xiaoyu?" Yang Jian decided to ask for information first and dialed his satellite-located phone.

"Yang Jian, you're timing couldn't be better. I still have something to tell you about last time. It's about the new spirit exorcist from Dachang City, Zhao Kaiming. There are some issues with his mental assessment; he's probably difficult to get along with. You'd best be careful, and if necessary, try not to get into a conflict with him. After all, you'll be comrades in the future."

Liu Xiaoyu said this while holding a file about Zhao Kaiming.

"It's too late to talk about this now, Zhao Kaiming has already started bullying me, and I'm not in a position to be his comrade," said Yang Jian; "I'm in a place called Huanggang Village on the outskirts of Dachang City. I've heard that there have been supernatural events here. Do you have any archives about this place on your end?"

"I'll try my best to help you, but I don't have the rights to do so. I can only ask a colleague to see if they can find something for you," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"Who has the right to do so?" Yang Jian asked.

Liu Xiaoyu replied, "Of course, it's you. Once you become the person in charge of Dachang City, you'll have the right to look through the archives. Not just the archives of other supernatural events, but even the files of other spirit exorcists are open for your review."

"Then do your best to help me find it, and as soon as you do, send it to me. Also, I want to join the headquarters once this is over. Can you arrange that on your end?" Yang Jian said.

Although joining headquarters meant dealing with dangerous supernatural incidents, if he could find a way to control a second ghost and extend the resurgence of the fierce ghost, then he could choose to join.

The privileges of being in charge were great, and it also provided a lot of convenience.

It was worth the effort.

When Liu Xiaoyu heard that Yang Jian wanted to join headquarters, she excitedly said, "As long as you agree, I can quickly arrange for someone to meet with you for a brief training and mental assessment before you take office. It will probably take... within a week."

"Great, but I want to replace Zhao Kaiming and become the person in charge of Dachang City," Yang Jian said.

"I, I can't make that happen, that has to be decided by the higher-ups," Liu Xiaoyu replied.

Yang Jian said, "What if Dachang City doesn't have a person in charge?"

"If Dachang City has no person in charge, of course, we'd prioritize a local," Liu Xiaoyu said, but she quickly realized something and exclaimed in shock, "Don't do anything foolish. Although I don't know what conflict you've had with Zhao Kaiming, it isn't a reason for you two to fight each other. Right now, the overall situation must take precedence."

"Rest assured, I will indeed consider the bigger picture. Remember to help me check the archives. This supernatural event is also your responsibility. I am currently offering my services for free. You have an obligation to assist me," Yang Jian said.

"You're right, I will do my best to assist you. Addressing the supernatural events is indeed the current priority," Liu Xiaoyu agreed.

"Good, we'll talk next time. And... don't call me unless it's necessary. I'm already in Huanggang Village and could encounter a ghost at any moment," Yang Jian said, and immediately hung up the phone.

At that moment, Liu Xiaoyu frowned and promptly reported the matter to her team leader Zhao Jianguo.

Hearing this, Zhao Jianguo laughed and said, "What's the problem? Once Yang Jian passes the assessment and becomes a spirit exorcist, just transfer Zhao Kaiming elsewhere. Dachang City would certainly benefit from having Yang Jian in charge of security, being a local and all. Your main task now is to assist him in resolving the supernatural incident in Huanggang Village. I'll take care of the specific archives."

"If he can solve two supernatural events on his own, granting him a special exception is no big deal."

Hearing this, Liu Xiaoyu felt relieved.

"Survive and everything can be dealt with, but if not, nothing else matters."

Yang Jian looked at the satellite-located phone in his hand, and the tragic scene of Zhou Zheng's death before flashed through his mind.

Could that be his own future fate?

He entered the village.

He saw Zhang Han, Ye Jun, and a few others from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club standing there with rather solemn expressions as if they had discovered something. They hardly noticed his arrival, sparing him only a casual glance.

Yang Jian looked over.

His gaze hardened.

But he saw in front of a building, the door wide open with wreaths placed alongside. Villagers in mourning clothes were kneeling in front of a bright red coffin, burning paper money and wailing.

Clearly, someone in the village had died, and a funeral was underway.

Yang Jian glanced at the portrait in front of the coffin... It was a handsome man dressed in a suit.

"What bad luck, why does someone have to die and have a funeral now of all times? Isn't this just causing us trouble?" not far away, Zhang Han, a middle-aged man, frowned and smoked, clearly not in the best of moods.

Upon entering the village, a black lacquered coffin was placed in the main hall, with villagers clad in hemp and filial piety, wailing and sobbing—it was indeed an ominous sign.

"Just to be safe, this coffin should be burned right away. Who knows if the corpse inside will start wandering around at night," someone suggested.

Ye Jun looked at him and said, "Who's going to burn it? If you say something like that in front of the villagers, you're definitely going to infuriate them. By then, let alone solving a supernatural incident, whether you can even stay in this village is questionable. Plus... if it's just a normal corpse, it doesn't even matter. How could we be the kind of people who haven't seen our fair share of corpses?"

"Don't make a fuss over nothing," he added. "It's just a person who died. Dead people aren't to be feared; it's the ghosts in this village that are truly frightening."

"However, we still know nothing about the current situation in this village. I suggest we all investigate a bit first. It's best to ask the villagers if there's anything abnormal. With our abilities, even if we did encounter a ghost, it's unlikely we'd die on the spot. When something happens, we can all tackle it together; even if there are really ghosts, we can handle them," someone else proposed.

"The village isn't too big nor too small. Moving as a group is a bit slow. Let's split up into pairs and scope things out first."

"Alright, let's do that."

The members of the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club discussed it and all agreed that they should join forces to investigate first before deciding on their next move.

Yang Jian wasn't one of them and was naturally left out.

He glanced at the coffin in the ancestral hall, took out another phone, and snapped a photo. He photographed the portrait on it and sent it back to Liu Xiaoyu, asking him to find out who the deceased was, what the cause of death was, and if there were any suspicious aspects.

Supernatural incidents were not without their traces.

If the cause of death was strange, it was very likely that ghosts were involved, and from the manner of death, one could guess the method by which the ghost killed.

This was very important.

Yang Jian noticed that besides him, the others in the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club hadn't thought of doing this, perhaps out of complacency due to their numbers.

"I should take a walk around the village first to see what's going on, and then find a place to stay," he thought to himself.

Right away,

he shouldered his luggage and began to weave through the village, familiarizing himself with the layout, the roads, and meanwhile watching for any peculiar places.

"Yang Jian, you don't mind if I say a few words, do you?" Just then, Zhang Han from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club caught up, having shaken off the others, and spoke up.

Yang Jian turned to look at him with some curiosity, "Zhang Han? What is it?"

Zhang Han smiled and said, "Your ability to solve this supernatural incident alone is obviously insufficient. How about this? Let's lend a hand and cooperate together, what do you say?"

"You're part of the club, why don't you find someone from the club to cooperate with? Why come to me?" Yang Jian continued walking and speaking.

"I'm looking for the most capable person to cooperate with. To be honest, they can't really compare to you. I think our chances of success are the highest if we work together," Zhang Han said sincerely.

Yang Jian responded, "It's too early to be saying that now. There are only rumors of supernatural events here. I'm not sure if there really is a ghost. Perhaps the ghost has already left Huanggang Village. After all, a ghost's location can change."

"If there really is a ghost, then come talk to me about cooperation."

Zhang Han gave a sheepish smile, "That's true."

"Cough, cough, cough."

While Yang Jian and Zhang Han were chatting, a sudden cough sounded from behind, almost as if it was right up against them, weak and feeble, as if someone was in the advanced stages of illness.

"Who's there?"

Zhang Han instantly broke out into a cold sweat with alarm, turning around only to find no one there.

He looked in the direction of the sound, only to see an old wooden house.

This wooden house had been abandoned; most of the tiles on the roof had collapsed, half of the door had disappeared, and it was dark and damp inside—a place even the domestic poultry and stray dogs would refuse to shelter in.

"Could our luck be this bad?" muttered Zhang Han.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, and he walked over with determined strides, kicking open the door of the wooden house.

"Bang~!"

The door of the wooden house broke apart due to decay and fell to the ground, revealing everything inside.

Besides the weeds, there was nothing else.

"No one?" Yang Jian's expression grew graver.

"Is it... a ghost?" asked Zhang Han.

Yang Jian answered, "I don't know. I don't feel any danger. It might be an old person who just coughed while passing by. After all, there are many paths in this village, and it's normal for people to pass through. Overreacting will only scare oneself. Don't follow me anymore. If there really is a ghost here, come and notify me then. After that, I will consider whether to join forces with you."

He had never intended to take on the ghost alone, he had deliberately released news to draw the club's people in, hoping to enact the proverbial 'mantises stalk the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind.'

So in fact, he had no plans to charge to the forefront.

"Since you say so, I won't insist. Good luck then," Zhang Han felt that the area wasn't safe and left in a hurry.