

Revival 86

Chapter 86:

The knocking sound from the box had stopped.

And it never sounded again.

To Yang Jian, there were only two possibilities, either the ghost had gotten tired of knocking... which of course was impossible.

The second possibility was that the Headless Ghost inside the box had been released.

As for a third possibility... Yang Jian simply couldn't think of one.

At that moment, tranquility once again returned to the dark room.

There was no knocking, no footsteps.

No sound at all.

The difference this time was that the quiet lasted for a much longer period, far exceeding any before.

Moreover... the coughing had never sounded again from beginning to end.

He didn't know if this was an important clue.

"The ghost has stopped moving... The Headless Ghost also seems not to have appeared, why is everything so strange."

Yang Jian had previously prepared himself to die here, but now.

He felt that he might still have a chance to save himself.

Because the paralysis was almost over.

The restlessness of the ghostly eye inside his body began to subside, and his body gradually regained sensation.

As long as Yang Jian could move again, he wouldn't fear even if he truly faced the Headless Ghost.

Perhaps the ghost had realized that Yang Jian was about to move again, or maybe it was because some time had come.

Footsteps sounded once more.

The ghost began to move away from the direction of the wardrobe, gradually retreating back to the doorway of the room, then exiting the room and slowly descending the stairs, step by step, the clear footsteps echoing throughout the stairwell... It was leaving.

Almost the instant it descended the stairs.

Yang Jian regained control.

He immediately took over his body, bouncing up from the bed, and his hand reached along the wall to instantly turn on the room's lights.

The light flashed on, dispelling the darkness.

Everything around him was clearly visible now.

Yang Jian immediately looked toward the wardrobe.

At this moment, the wardrobe was open, a gold box lay on the ground, but it was deformed, with a dent in the middle that nearly split the box open.

But the durability of the gold, and the fact that Yan Li hadn't skimped when making the box,

meant that it ultimately did not break open.

"Phew~!"

Seeing this, Yang Jian let out a slight sigh of relief.

The best scenario had occurred, the box had not opened, and the Headless Ghost inside had not escaped. As for the box being deformed, that didn't matter; gold was just a container, it had no shape requirements.

But what was strange... was that there was a piece of human skin covering the top of the box.

That was the skin paper he had brought from the school.

Although puzzled in his heart, now was not the time to think about it.

Yang Jian quickly packed up his things, hid his luggage, and then grabbed his weapon and immediately rushed out.

"This is a crisis for me, but it's also an opportunity... at least the ghost had appeared, even if I don't deal with it, I at least need to know its identity, its location, and what it looks like..."

“If I let it go just like that, I might never find such a good opportunity again.”

Despite feeling fear and unease,

he still followed the departing ghost out, after all, he had come to Huanggang Village for a chance to fight for his own survival, if he was afraid of death, he wouldn't have come here.

The front door on the first floor was tightly closed.

But footsteps leaving could be heard from outside the door.

Clearly, the ghost had left Liu Genrong's house and started to head elsewhere.

“Chase!”

Yang Jian opened the main door and immediately chased after it, a ghostly eye on his forehead burst through his skin and emerged, the crimson eye granting him a peculiar vision.

A world bathed in red light.

No longer dark.

The view of the ghostly eye could penetrate darkness and the illusory nature of the Ghost Domain. Although it was rather useless without the Ghost Domain, it was still a special ability.

“It's up ahead.”

Yang Jian gave chase, utilizing the ghostly eye to try and discern the appearance of the ghost.

But a turn blocked his line of sight, the footsteps echoing from within the alley.

“Using the Ghost Domain, I could catch up to the ghost instantly... but to activate the Ghost Domain without any knowledge of the ghost would clearly be very foolish.”

Although he was very curious to know the true face of this ghost,

the consequences that Ghost Domain brought forth made Yang Jian suppress his impulsive urge.

After all, rushing in did not guarantee capture.

He continued the pursuit.

The sound of footsteps ahead was getting closer and closer to him.

He was about to see who it was around the next corner.

However, the next moment,

as Yang Jian turned the corner, the scene that unfolded before him made him freeze.

The person in front of him was not a ghost at all, but Zhang Han, a member of the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club, who had come to Huanggang Village with him during the day.

“Yang Jian? How could it be you?”

Zhang Han was obviously shocked to see him, even more surprised than if he had seen a ghost, and took the initiative to speak.

“That’s exactly what I want to say. I followed the footsteps of a ghost here, and the person I see after turning the corner is you. Are you really Zhang Han?” Yang Jian furrowed his brows, holding a golden handgun in his hand.

The bullet had already been chambered.

Not to kill a ghost, but out of instinct for self-defense.

Zhang Han said somewhat frantically, “Of course, I am Zhang Han, and you are the one with a problem, okay? I was also following those footsteps. I thought you were the ghost; luckily, I recognized you in time. It gave me quite a scare.”

Hearing him say this,

Yang Jian’s heart chilled: “Have we been played? Or could it be that there is more than one ghost here... The one you were following isn’t the same one I encountered.”

“I’m not very sure, but the footsteps indeed disappeared around here,” said Zhang Han, his expression sobering.

“Tap, tap, tap~!”

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps was heard coming from nearby alley.

“Bang~!”

The next moment, almost without thinking, an eye grew out on Yang Jian’s head, and he raised the gun toward the direction of the noise and fired a shot.

“Ah~!”

A cry of pain rang out. His ghost eye saw a person collapse in agony onto the ground, with blood flowing out of them.

“Yang Jian, why are you shooting wildly, you hit someone,” cried Zhang Han in alarm.

Yang Jian frowned and said, “The villagers have all gone to sleep by now, and not even the dogs are barking this late at night. Who knows if those sudden footsteps weren’t from a ghost? I shot first and asked questions later.”

“It’s a good thing you saw me first. Otherwise, you surely would have shot me,” said Zhang Han, still a bit scared.

Only then did he notice that Yang Jian had been holding a handgun all this time.

“That person seems to be from the club; you should recognize him. But I’m not sure whether my shot just now killed him,” Yang Jian said.

A moment later,

inside a small villa that the members of the club had temporarily rented,

a man with a pale face, clutching his wound and bleeding, was being bandaged up by Zhang Han at his side.

Besides the few of them, other ghost tamers were also present.

The ghostly disturbance at night seemed to have alarmed everyone.

“Ouyang Tian, there’s something very bad I have to tell you.” Zhang Han, with a look of understanding and a touch of sorrow, said: “I suspect Yang Jian aimed intentionally at your position.”

Yang Jian glanced over: "Bullshit; I clearly aimed at his head. How can you blame me?"

"Nevertheless, this is indeed my fault. Ouyang Tian, I owe you an apology; I'm sorry."

Having said this, he revealed a genuine and apologetic expression.

Ouyang Tian's cold face was filled with rage: "You shot me, and you think it's all settled with just an apology?"

"I have already apologized. What else do you want? Should we call the police and have me arrested?"

Yang Jian said, "It's late at night, the village is haunted; you're wandering around the village without even a light. It's normal for an accident like this to happen."

"Take a shot at me, and we'll call it even. What do you think?" Ouyang Tian's face turned steel-cold as he too pulled out a handgun and aimed it at him.

Yang Jian said, "Even if we do that, where does the cycle of vengeance end? Besides, I'm still a child; can't you let it slide just a bit?"

"Let your mother," Ouyang Tian didn't hesitate and fired.

He aimed at Yang Jian's head.

But contrary to expectations, Yang Jian's head twisted just in time, dodging the bullet.

"Now, are we even?" Yang Jian's forehead ghost eye stared at him.

"I'll say we are even when I decide we are," Ouyang Tian attempted to shoot again.

But at that moment, Yang Jian too pointed his gun at Ouyang Tian's head: "One shot for another, that's fair. If you want to continue, I can play this game all night long, and we'll see who dies first."

"Enough, enough, let's call it quits. Ouyang Tian, we're square now that you've taken your shot. If we keep this up, it's going to turn into a real fight. There's still a ghost in this village; isn't infighting right now akin to asking for death? Besides, no harm's done, and any injury can be healed once we control other ghosts,"

Zhang Han hurriedly pulled back Ouyang Tian and played the peacemaker.