

Revival 87

Chapter 87: The Dead Necromancer

Yang Jian and this Ouyang Tian didn't end up fighting after all.

It wasn't that Ouyang Tian could swallow his anger, but if they really started fighting, neither would gain any advantage.

Yang Jian was a newcomer, and it would take some time before the fierce ghost revived, but he didn't have the capital to keep fighting with him.

This anger had to be swallowed. If he couldn't bear it, it meant death.

"If you don't want to continue fighting, then let's call it quits... pfft~! Haha." Yang Jian, who had been serious before, couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Ouyang Tian's expression grew even uglier, "Try laughing one more time?"

Yang Jian said, "Sorry, sorry, I'm not laughing at you. I just remembered something very delightful."

Ouyang Tian didn't believe his flippant excuse for a second.

"However, not only have I apologized to you for just now, I also gave you a chance to shoot at me."

Yang Jian's smile faded slightly, and his eyes narrowed a bit, "You could have blown my head off with that shot, but you didn't do it... I can't be blamed for that, and given the situation back then with the fierce ghost lurking around, it was perfectly reasonable for me to shoot when I heard the footsteps. It wasn't deliberate against you."

"It's just that your guard was too weak, or maybe you were reluctant to use your own ghost's power, that's why you got shot."

"Otherwise, how could someone with my novice marksmanship possibly hit you."

Zhang Han added from the side, "Yang Jian is right about this. The situation was indeed dangerous at that time. I was also chasing that ghost, but when we got to the corner of the alley, the footsteps of the ghost disappeared, and we almost ended up fighting each other. Later, your footsteps suddenly appeared from the side."

"Under these circumstances, a normal person would strike first. There's no reason to let the fierce ghost start killing."

"Zhang Han, Ouyang Tian, Yang Jian, you three almost all went chasing after the traces of that fierce ghost, but ended up colliding at a fork in the road, and nearly started fighting. Don't you think the ghost did this on purpose to incite infighting among us?"

Suddenly, at this moment, Ye Jun spoke up with a solemn face.

Although he also harbored hatred for Yang Jian, now was indeed not the time to act rashly.

A misstep could give the fierce ghost the opportunity it needed to kill someone.

"It's possible," Zhang Han nodded.

Yang Jian calmly said, "It's not possible. I think the real purpose of that ghost is not to kill people, at least not to kill us. Its real goal is to release the ghosts within our bodies. As ghost controllers who are fused with ghosts, there's only one way to release the ghost inside us."

"To kill us."

"That should be the goal of the ghost in Huanggang Village."

“Do you have any evidence?” asked Ye Jun.

Yang Jian said, “No, this is my speculation.”

Of course, he did have evidence—it was during those hours he lay paralyzed in bed when the ghost entered without killing him first but went straight to open the Gold box that contained the Headless Ghost.

So the evidence was solid.

“This isn’t child’s play, don’t spout baseless claims. A single careless word could get someone killed,” Ouyang Tian said with a dark expression.

In fact, the physical damage from Yang Jian’s bullet was negligible to him; it was the blow to his dignity that stung.

“If you have any better theories, feel free to voice them. But before that, I want to ask... How many ghost controllers from the Xiaoqiang Entertainment Club have arrived?” Yang Jian asked.

“Six in total, five ghost controllers. What do you need this for?” answered Zhang Han.

Yang Jian said, “Nothing, I just want to know where the other two controllers are now. The village heard gunshots, did those two not hear them? Or did they hear, yet couldn’t make it in time?”

Upon hearing this, the faces of Zhang Han, Ye Jun, and Ouyang Tian changed dramatically.

“That’s not good, He Sheng and Zhang Yiming, those two...” Zhang Han suddenly stood up.

“Let’s go check on them.”

As soon as they realized the situation, they didn't hesitate and immediately left to check on He Sheng and Zhang Yiming.

Previously, to investigate the supernatural events in Huanggang Village, they planned to split into pairs and investigate separately, hoping to speed up the process and save time.

But they hadn't expected the ghost to be so aggressive.

It was only the first night, and the malevolent spirit had already appeared.

"It's right here."

Soon, they arrived in front of a residential building, which had also been rented temporarily.

But at the moment, the lights in the room were on full blast, and the cries of a woman on the brink of collapse could be heard from inside.

"Why is there another woman? When we were at the club, I didn't see any female spirit mediums," Yang Jian said as he slowly approached, furrowing his brows.

"She's He Sheng's mistress, kept on the side."

Zhang Han said, "She's just one of many women he keeps; this one He Sheng values the most. He even spent five million to get her husband to divorce her. He thought this supernatural event wouldn't be a problem, so he brought her along."

"He really thinks it's a holiday, bringing a woman along," Yang Jian shook his head.

However, that spirit medium called He Sheng was truly ruthless.

Ordinary people getting dragged into this kind of situation could only end one way, and that was death.

The woman was at best his disposable accessory, her life and death didn't concern him at all.

Of course, when they went upstairs, they saw a body lying in the living room on the second floor.

To be exact, it was the outline of a body.

The corpse was wrapped tightly in a layer of gold foil, like a cocoon, next to a man in his thirties who was smoking somberly, looking very silent.

"Zhang Yiming, where's He Sheng?" Ye Jun came over and asked.

Zhang Yiming spoke in a low voice, "He's dead, that's his body on the ground."

What?

At his words, the others' faces changed drastically in an instant.

He's dead?

A spirit medium has died just like that?

How could this be possible? Even a toad would struggle before death.

Could it be that He Sheng was even less worthy than a toad?

He died on the first day coming to Huanggang Village?

Without even a chance to struggle.

"How did he die?" Ye Jun pressed on.

Zhang Yiming took a deep drag of his cigarette, "Not sure. By the time I got here, he was already dead. To be safe, I wrapped his body in gold foil, afraid the ghost inside him might get out... But that's just wishful thinking on my part. I think the ghost that was inside him is no longer in the body."

"This is a photo of him right before he died. I took several shots, worried it might cause confusion among you," he said.

After speaking, he handed over a smartphone.

There were several photos of He Sheng after his death on the phone.

In the pictures, He Sheng lay on the ground, his body rigid, mouth gaping open so wide his lips seemed like they would split, his chest ripped apart by something, blood everywhere, extremely horrendous.

"Before the incident, He Sheng was upstairs fooling around with a woman. I was on night watch. I heard footsteps nearby, so I chased after them for a bit. But then I realized those footsteps were a deliberate attempt to draw me away because soon after, I heard screams coming from inside the house, from this woman," Zhang Yiming gestured towards the shivering woman crouched in a corner, hair disheveled, clothes disarrayed.

Judging by her figure and face, she was unquestionably a beauty, but now her face was full of fear, and it seemed like she had already mentally collapsed, not knowing what terror she had witnessed before.

"Can you get anything out of her?" Zhang Han walked over.

"Don't waste your time, this woman is probably scared out of her wits; you won't get anything out of her," Zhang Yiming said as he smoked, worry etched on his face.

“The ghost of Huanggang Village isn’t targeting people, it’s targeting the spirit mediums... no, more precisely, it’s targeting the ghosts within us. The task this time feels extremely unusual, not as simple as an ordinary supernatural event. I suggest... we abandon the mission,” he said.

“Let’s leave Huanggang Village.”