

Revival 88

Chapter 88: Code Name Sick Ghost

The lack of transparency in the information, coupled with the death of a ghost hunter on the first day of entering Huanggang Village.

had cast a shadow over everyone's heart.

It is common for ghost hunters to die at the hands of malevolent ghosts, but to die silently in the grasp of an unknown Ghost Hand.

this revealed information was very unusual.

Not to mention anything else, let's just look at the simplest outcome.

The terror of the ghosts here was obviously greater than any of the ghost hunters present, otherwise He Sheng wouldn't have died so easily.

Zhang Yiming's words silenced the rest of the group.

"The things you've figured out coincide with what Yang Jian said before. He also mentioned that the sinister ghosts in Huanggang Village aren't targeting people, but the ghosts within us," said Zhang Han as he softly took a breath.

Zhang Yiming was a rather steady and intelligent person.

Words from Yang Jian's mouth lacked credibility, but coming from Zhang Yiming, they were different.

And indeed, the facts were right before their eyes: He Sheng had died, but the woman in his room had not.

The conclusion was obvious; the ghost had spared an ordinary person and chose the ghost hunter He Sheng, which was why the woman had survived.

“Oh, is that so? Yang Jian said the same thing?”

Zhang Yiming slightly raised his head, “I heard from you guys before that Yang Jian was a crazy kid with messed up thinking. Now I have to take back my previous impression of him.”

He had deduced this key piece of information from He Sheng’s death.

If Yang Jian could know this before him, didn’t it imply that Yang Jian’s abilities were above his own?

If he were truly a crazy kid with deranged thinking, how could he possibly know this?

“He did say that, but we didn’t believe him at the time. But now that you’ve said the same thing, we can’t help but believe it,” Zhang Han spoke.

Yang Jian, who had come along to investigate the situation, heard this, shrugged his shoulders, and said, “You adults should talk. It’s better for a kid like me to stay far away, especially since someone just wanted to play a shooting game with me. I was so scared, I almost wet my pants.”

“Yang Jian, stop talking nonsense,” Ouyang Tian snapped, still angry.

Zhang Yiming, smoking a cigarette, said, “I suggest we leave this place. What do you think, Yang Jian? A ghost that targets other ghosts is beyond our league. This mission is not as simple as we imagined. The company must have had a specific purpose in giving this mission to us if they offered the method to control the second malevolent spirit as payment.”

“Great benefits always come with great risks, and it seems there was no mistake in that,” he added.

Yang Jian grinned, "Do you have any option to retreat? If you don't control the second ghost to prolong the malevolent spirits' revival, how long do you think you can live?"

His words struck at their weakest point.

The reason they had come here was that they had anticipated the dangers and were betting everything on this one chance.

Though withdrawing now seemed wise,

it also meant losing the hope to live on.

"Better to die from the malevolent spirits' revival than to die at the hands of this ghost. Just because you're not afraid of dying, Yang Jian, doesn't mean others aren't. We don't want to die here meaninglessly," Ye Jun retorted.

"It doesn't matter," Yang Jian said. "Since you want to leave, then go. Continue to drink and chat in the club, bully the newbies... and then wait for death. Just remember to prepare a decent Cinerary Casket for yourself and choose a good grave plot. I wonder if anyone would dare to pay respects at our graves after we die."

"You..." Ye Jun was furious but couldn't find the words to argue back.

Yang Jian's rough words were not without reason; going back meant waiting for death.

"Fortune favors the bold. Staying here to solve this supernatural problem and completing the trade does indeed give us a chance to survive, and with more people, our odds of success are higher. However, the ghosts here have started to make their move, so we must make a decision as soon as possible."

Zhang Yiming put out his cigarette, "So, are we leaving or staying? Make a stance. I recommend leaving."

"I recommend that as well," said Ye Jun.

Zhang Han hesitated, "I think with so many of us here, if we work together, there's still a chance. It's inevitable to get hurt in the early stages when we don't understand the ghost. I suggest we stay."

"I also suggest we stay," Yang Jian said with a smile. "I wonder if my vote counts, seeing as I'm an outsider."

"What about you, Ouyang Tian?"

Zhang Yiming looked at him and said, "Huh, are you injured? Your pant leg is dripping blood?"

Ouyang Tian's complexion looked somewhat unpleasant, "No, it's nothing, just a minor injury."

A minor injury?

Bro, your bird is gone, and you still call this a minor injury?

Yang Jian felt some admiration for this Ouyang Tian, able to bend and stretch, truly a great man.

"I think we should still stay and fight it out. Everyone's time before the ghost revives isn't much, and how much longer can you live if you leave here? Solving this paranormal incident and finding a way to delay the ghost's revival is the only thing we can do now." Although Ouyang Tian held a grudge against Yang Jian, he didn't harbor one against his own life.

"As long as it's not an unsolvable dead end, even the slightest hope is worth trying for."

"Gambler's mentality, huh?"

Zhang Yiming lit another cigarette upon seeing this.

He pondered in his mind that the chances of surviving this incident were indeed not high.

But even if there was an abyss ahead, they had to cross it, because, indeed, there was no way back.

“Since all three of you agree to stay, then... let’s try it.”

“Based on the previous situation, we can conclude key information: this ghost is targeting spirit tamers like us, so separating again would be very foolish. From now on, we must stay together, eating, drinking, going to the toilet, sleeping, everything together, even if there are grievances between us, we must put them aside temporarily.”

“A bunch of guys doing this can easily lead to accidents,” Yang Jian said with some concern.

Zhang Yiming exhaled smoke and said, “It’s a critical time now. You all need to be clear in your minds that this ghost is a being that can silently kill a ghost tamer.”

“Okay, but you’ve missed a point. There might be more than one ghost here now.”

Yang Jian pointed at the body of the man called He Sheng on the ground.

“You’re right, the ghost that was with He Sheng probably escaped; it’s possible that there are two ghosts in the village,” Zhang Yiming said.

“How much do you know about He Sheng’s ghost?” Yang Jian asked.

“Not clear. He rarely hung around the club, and he used to be a bodyguard for a boss. He almost never used the power of the ghost in front of us, so we can’t make a judgment,” Zhang Han shook his head.

Yang Jian smiled and said, “Now it’s interesting; there’s an unknown ghost added to the mix.”

“But never mind. As long as he didn’t die because of the ghost’s revival, that ghost shouldn’t be too terrifying. The urgent task now is to find the ghost from Huanggang Village. I have given that ghost a nickname, ‘Sick Ghost’, That weak coughing sound, you all must have heard it, right?”

No one objected.

“This is the map of Huanggang Village. Although it’s hand-drawn, it should be understandable.”

At that moment, Yang Jian took out a piece of paper, unfolded it, and revealed a hand-drawn map, composed of lines and squares, very simple.

“When did you draw this?” Zhang Han asked in surprise.

Yang Jian answered in confusion, “Didn’t you guys draw one? How are you going to catch ghosts if you can’t even recognize the roads?”

“No, we didn’t,” he came back somewhat embarrassed.

The others couldn’t help but twitch at the corners of their mouths.

They hadn’t thought that far.

“The lines are roads, the squares are buildings. Here, here, and here are where we just chased the footsteps to.”

Yang Jian pointed to the map and said, “And between these three points is this building where the footsteps also disappeared.”

“You all should be clear about this house, right?”

Zhang Yiming's hand trembled, and the cigarette ash fell, "The house at the village entrance where they're holding a funeral? There's even a coffin in the main hall of that house."

"Exactly, the house serving as the funeral home, where we appeared was just behind that house; if you go around to the front, you can see that coffin," Yang Jian pointed out.

"Damn it, I knew something was off. The first day we entered the village, we ran into a funeral, and a coffin just sitting there in the main hall, clearly not normal," Zhang Han couldn't help but curse.

"Go over there and confront it?"

"Do we even need to say it?" Ye Jun said, "With so many of us putting our strength together, even Jesus would have to kneel."