

Revival 89

Chapter 89: The Second Person Who Disappeared.

“

The night in the countryside was exceptionally quiet.

There weren't many people in the village to begin with, and given it was late at night, the elderly of the village had surely gone to bed early, so the whole village seemed as if it had entered another world when darkness fell.

It was quiet to the point of being oppressive, even frightening.

But at the entrance of the village.

One house was somewhat out of the ordinary.

The front door of the home was open, with lights on inside.

In the center of the main hall, a crimson-lacquered coffin was neatly placed, and in front of the coffin burned two almost completely melted white candles. The flickering candlelight cast strange, shifting shadows on the surrounding walls, creating an eerie, unexplainable fear.

On the table in front of the coffin was a portrait of a young man that seemed clouded in a thick fog in the night, rendering it unclear, revealing only the silhouette in the photo.

It gave off an odd feeling.

“Where have all the villagers gone? Normally, someone would be keeping vigil over the night for a funeral.”

A group of people approached from not too far away, stopping in front of this house,

Through the open door, they could clearly see everything inside.

“This village has always been strange, with a ghost wandering unchecked at night, and yet these villagers seem to live here as if nothing is amiss,” Zhang Yiming said gravely, “I felt it was too normal here during the day.”

“Indeed, the normalcy of this village is peculiar,” Zhang Han nodded.

It was the very normalcy that created a sense of deceit, leading them to even doubt the existence of ghosts here.

But the events of the night had proven this point, that there truly was a ghost in this village.

A village with a ghost in it was abnormal in itself.

Normal people, upon learning of a real ghost in the village, would have moved away long ago, and not continue living there, the same goes for even the most homebound elderly.

“Let’s not worry about the village for now; we should focus on the trouble at hand instead. If that ghost really is in this house, it’ll be easy, take it down, and everything is solved,” Ye Jun said from the side.

“Don’t be too optimistic. People have died already, including a ghost marshal. The next one to die might be you, or me,” replied Ouyang Tian with a solemn face.

Zhang Yiming spoke up, “It’s true we can’t afford optimism, but we can’t just do nothing... Having made our resolution, let’s go in and see.”

Everyone’s heart tightened, their eyes involuntarily resting on the coffin in the hall.

Yang Jian remained silent, trailing at the back.

It was better for him to keep a low profile at this time.

Soon.

The group, with caution, entered the house.

It might have been an illusion, but upon entry, the temperature seemed to drop instantly, enveloped by a chilly breath, making everyone uncomfortable.

“This coffin might have something evil about it, let’s not touch it yet to avoid any unpredictable incidents. Let’s search the other rooms first. If we don’t find anything, we can come back here... This place isn’t so big that we could get killed by the ghost without any reaction. If anything happens, shout right away; everyone will rush to help,” Zhang Yiming whispered.

They still weren’t sure if the ghost was in the house.

If it was, they had to find a way to lure it out.

“That’s fine, but we can’t spread out too much; we need to maintain a certain distance,” Ye Jun agreed with a nod.

Yang Jian stared at the coffin for a long while before slowly averting his gaze.

“Zhang Yiming is right; the placement of this coffin here is indeed suspicious. Anyone with a brain would know that, so leaving it alone for now is the safest option. At least we’re safe for now and can wait until we’re sure the surroundings are secure before we proceed.”

With that thought in mind, he started searching the house as the others dispersed.

Now was the time to keep a low profile but not to slack off.

They must work together.

The house had three floors, with three or four rooms on each level; the layout wasn't complicated. A few people could do a round in less than two minutes.

But just as they turned away and left the main hall temporarily,

In the dim and intermittent candlelight in front of the coffin, the portrait underwent a subtle change.

The man's face in the portrait, half-concealed by darkness, appeared rotten, his lips curling into a cold, eerie smile... At the same time, the candlelight at the side rapidly dimmed, as if the flames were suppressed by something, losing the power to burn and starting to go out.

The light in the hall began to fade; darkness from the outside crept in steadily.

But none of the ghost marshals noticed this change.

"Found anything?"

Zhang Han came out of a room and asked Yang Jian in a low voice on the corridor.

Behind Yang Jian, a ghostly eye emerged on the back of his head, ensuring no blind spots within his field of vision.

"Nothing. We found neither the ghost nor the people keeping vigil. If I'm not wrong, there should be nobody in the house... Where did those people we saw during the day go? Zhang Yiming was right; there's something off about this village. He didn't dare to bet any further, which is why he proposed evacuation earlier."

He also emerged from a room, having confirmed there was nothing abnormal.

It seemed like excessive caution was just scaring themselves.

“Let’s go downstairs and gather. We’re ready to check out that coffin. If there’s no one in the house, then it’s very likely that what lies inside that coffin is not a body, but... a ghost.”

“^

However, just as Yang Jian was about to turn around and go back downstairs.

Suddenly.

“Cough, cough cough.”

A feeble and impotent cough, as if from someone gravely ill, suddenly came from the room behind him.

In an instant, a chill ran down Yang Jian’s spine, breaking out in a cold sweat.

Impossible.

He had just searched that room thoroughly and there was no ghost. How could there be a coughing sound?

“Yang Jian~!”

Zhang Han abruptly turned his head, his face twisting into a ferocious snarl, his body behaving oddly, as if his joints were twisting, breaking.

He was on the verge of using the power of a vengeful ghost.

“I’ll go.”

Without another word, Yang Jian spun around and dashed over, kicking the half-closed door open with one foot.

The gloomy room didn’t affect his vision.

The ghost eye on his forehead allowed him to see everything in the room clearly, as if it were bathed in a red halo.

However...

The room was empty, no signs of a ghost.

There was no coughing sound either.

“Gone.” Yang Jian felt a shiver in his heart.

“Damn it, have we been played?” Zhang Han was both shocked and angry.

The ghost had just been by their side.

Within arm’s reach.

“If it was really a ghost, it couldn’t possibly vanish into thin air, unless...” Yang Jian felt every muscle in his body tensing up.

Unless the ghost possessed Ghost Domain.

Only in that way could the Sick Ghost, known by this code name, possibly appear anywhere in the village.

“Step, step step~!”

Suddenly.

In the dark hallway, footsteps descending the stairs suddenly echoed again.

“In the hallway.” Zhang Han with his ferocious face rushed over.

Now was not the time to beat a retreat; when it was time to charge, they must charge. Fear of death only leads to dying faster.

Zhang Han, one step ahead of Yang Jian, charged into the hallway.

The house with only three floors didn’t have a long staircase.

In almost no time at all, Zhang Han caught up with the descending footsteps.

“Impossible.”

An echo of voices in unison resonated through the stairs, with a sort of inexplicable shock.

The figures they ran into were not ghosts, but Zhang Yiming and the others.

They had been downstairs investigating when suddenly they heard a strange set of footsteps heading upstairs. They prepared to rush up to clarify what was happening, only to encounter Zhang Han.

The scene from earlier in the village replayed itself.

“Everyone, hold back, it’s one of us.” Zhang Yiming was the first to react and shouted a warning.

“This has happened again, we were all lured here by the footsteps.” Yang Jian also arrived, his face changed color, and suddenly he noticed something: “Wait, where did Ouyang Tian, the one without a bird, go?”

Ouyang Tian?

Everyone looked around, shivering in unison.

Gone.

Ouyang Tian was missing.

“Back.” Zhang Yiming roared and immediately turned to dash down the stairs.

The others also realized the seriousness of the situation.

After all, He Sheng had died inexplicably before.

But at this moment.

The candlelight in the ancestral hall had already been extinguished earlier, plunging the surroundings into oppressive dimness.

All the portraits on the offering table, shrouded in darkness, underwent a peculiar transformation... looking somewhat like Ouyang Tian.