

Revival 90

Chapter 90: The Frightened Ghost Master

The realization that Ouyang Tian might have met with disaster caused everyone to immediately leave the corridor and return to the lobby.

The vermillion coffin was still intact, lying there as before.

Only now, the candlelight before the coffin had been extinguished. Even though the ceiling lights were still shining down, the village's lights seemed as though covered with a thick layer of dust, somewhat yellowed and dim, casting a gloomy shadow that was oppressive.

However, near this coffin, a body sat propped against the wall, twisted like a pretzel into a position that seemed impossible to achieve.

Blood flowed from the body, staining the surrounding area red.

Although it was barely recognizable as human, one could tell from the clothing and certain features.

This was... Ouyang Tian.

"D-dead?" Zhang Yiming's voice trembled.

They were all in the same building, not even ten meters apart.

A ghost master of such stature had died so easily before their eyes, without even a chance to struggle, leaving behind only a gruesomely disfigured corpse.

"The ghost that was inside his body is gone as well."

Ye Jun, who had been relatively close to Ouyang Tian, remained silent for a while before speaking up.

“It’s evident. If the ghost that was inside him were still there, he wouldn’t have died so easily.”

Zhang Yiming said, “The difference is too great. The terror level of this ghost must be at least an A. To kill a ghost master just like that, as if slaughtering a chicken.”

“No, it’s easier than killing a chicken. At least a chicken can squawk a couple of times, but this...”

Fear or a bitter smile—it was hard to tell which—inhabit his face.

But everyone could feel Zhang Yiming’s suppressed, helpless emotion.

Of course, the others were feeling similarly.

After all, a fellow ghost master had died silently before their eyes, and anyone would have been overwhelmed by the pressure of such a death.

“Does being alone mean certain death?” Yang Jian frowned deeply.

“In this way, it’s utterly impossible to know this ghost’s methods of killing or patterns of movement... it somewhat hints at silencing its victims. But something’s not right. It makes sense for the ghost to target ghost masters who are alone, but then why would it deliberately draw us all out here?”

“Those footsteps seemed to intentionally bring us together. Earlier, while I was sleeping, the ghost didn’t attack me; instead, it deliberately lured me out, and afterward, I ran into Zhang Han and Ouyang Tian.”

“Just now upstairs, it was the same scenario. Footsteps appeared, and I, along with Zhang Han, ran into Zhang Yiming and the others.”

Yang Jian was pondering at this moment, analyzing based on the few clues he had.

“So, does this mean the ghost is both trying to bring us together and attack ghost masters who are alone?”

“No, that doesn’t make sense. Ghost actions are usually straightforward with a strong purpose—they wouldn’t exhibit two contradictory behaviors unless... there are two different ghosts in this village.”

“One ghost gathers us while another separates us?”

Thus, the Sick Ghost who coughed and the ghost that killed He Sheng and Ouyang Tian were definitely not the same entity.

Having come to this conclusion, Yang Jian couldn’t help but suck in a breath of cold air.

Such profound terror!

“Yang Jian, what are you thinking about? Stop thinking; we need to leave,” Zhang Han reminded him.

At that moment, Yang Jian regained his senses, only to abruptly see that Ouyang Tian’s body had already been wrapped up and placed to the side.

They were heading out, leaving the place behind.

“What are you doing?”

Zhang Yiming turned his head and said, “Under these terrible circumstances, staying here is certain death. I decided to stay before because we had the advantage in numbers, but now... With two ghost masters already dead, and their deaths so bizarre and mysterious, staying is not a wise decision. It’s time to abandon this mission.”

“After we get back, I’m going to settle the score with that company. They must know something.”

After speaking, he handed a set of car keys to Yang Jian.

“This is Ouyang Tian’s car key. I saw that you didn’t drive into the village earlier, so you can temporarily use this car. It’s a way for us to help each other. If you decide to leave with us, you’re welcome to join,” he said.

Yang Jian took the car keys, furrowing his brows as he looked at them.

Cowards could never achieve great things.

It seemed they preferred to sit in the club waiting for death.

He had no intention of leaving; he decided to stay.

“Aren’t you planning to go?”

Zhang Han, seeing that Yang Jian made no move, spoke up, “Don’t hesitate anymore, let’s leave this place together. You will die if you stay here.”

Yang Jian said, “For us ghost masters at the very bottom, without the support of corporations or the state, with low social status, not to mention any power, our access to information is limited. The methods of controlling fierce ghosts might already be circulating at a certain level, it’s just that we are kept in the dark, not knowing. The incident in Huanggang Village is an opportunity.”

“If we seize this opportunity, we can turn our fates around. As long as we control a second ghost and extend the resurrection time of the violent ghost, all the stalemates will be broken. You guys go ahead.”

The others cast a deep glance at Yang Jian.

He knew that this guy was prepared to risk his life.

However, they did not have the slightest inclination to mock such behavior; on the contrary, they admired it a bit.

Because they were waiting for death upon returning, while Yang Jian was fighting for survival in a hopeless situation.

The ones who should be laughed at were themselves.

“Then... be careful on your own,” Zhang Yiming didn’t say much. He and Ye Jun turned and left.

Zhang Han hesitated for a moment.

He wanted to leave this place, but after what Yang Jian had said, he too wanted to stay and give it a try.

In the end, fear overcame courage, and with gritted teeth, he also turned and left.

Two people had already died; he couldn’t afford to gamble.

“It’s good to test them. If this ghost really has the Ghost Domain, then these people won’t be able to leave the village. If they can... then I can leave whenever I want,” Yang Jian slightly narrowed his eyes, his mind clearly had its calculations.

They were afraid of death, and so was Yang Jian.

But he had a huge advantage: once the Ghost Domain was used, even the Door Knocking Ghost couldn’t keep him.

It was precisely because of this skill to escape that he dared to take the risk.

“They’ve left, so now the person who’s alone... is me.”

Yang Jian immediately shifted his gaze and began to consider the current situation.

“If it’s the same as before, then I should be the next target for the violent ghost’s attack. However, Ouyang Tian has just died, and after attacking a ghost master, the ghost will have to wait before it can kill again. After all, even the hanged need to catch their breath. So, during this time, let’s take a look at this thing.”

He then looked toward the coffin placed in the middle of the hall.

He had started to piece together some clues in his mind.

To give up now would be too hard to bear.

Taking a deep breath and facing the dim light, Yang Jian walked up to the vermilion-painted coffin.

The coffin seemed newly made, with a strong smell of paint that was somewhat irritating.

But was it really a human corpse that it contained?

The next moment.

Yang Jian placed his hand on top of the coffin lid.

He was ready to open the coffin.