

Revival 91

Chapter 91: The Open Coffin

Three sports cars set off in succession, following the country road towards Dachang City.

There were five people when they arrived.

But now, there were only three left on the return trip.

Less than a day had passed.

No, to be precise, from encountering the ghost to leaving, it all happened in less than an hour.

This must be the fastest retreat for a group of ghost handlers.

“Zhang Yiming, don’t you think it’s inappropriate for us to just leave like this?” Inside the car, the few were linked by call, and Zhang Han hesitated.

Ye Jun, who was driving the lead car, scoffed coldly: “Then you go back and save him. I’ve been annoyed by this Yang Jian for a while, but given the circumstances, I’ve been holding back, not stooping to his level. You saw how terrifying that ghost was. We hadn’t even seen its face before two of us died, and He Sheng and Ouyang Tian lost the ghosts inside them.”

“How many ghosts are there in Huanggang Village now, can you figure that out for me?”

Zhang Han said, “That’s not what I mean. What I mean is, he seemed to have discovered something. Although Yang Jian is a bit arrogant, he isn’t brainless. He dared to fire a gun in the club, and he was the first to charge forward the moment the ghost appeared, showing he’s quite brave. Moreover, after entering the village, he even drew a map; it’s obvious he’s got a sharp mind.”

“Why would someone like that risk staying in this haunted village?”

“What are you suggesting?” asked Zhang Yiming while driving and smoking.

“Maybe he already has some idea in mind. If he really succeeds in resolving the supernatural event of Huanggang Village, I think we’ll regret leaving here today,” said Zhang Han.

Zhang Yiming fell silent for a moment before speaking: “Since we’ve decided to leave, let’s not think too much. Go back, take a shower, and get some early rest. We’re not coming back to Huanggang Village ever again.”

“You’re right. We’ve already left. Are we supposed to turn around now?”

Ye Jun let out a light snort, but just as he finished speaking, his expression changed drastically.

“Something’s not right, stop the car.”

What followed was the sound of tires screeching to a halt, the friction against the ground producing thick smoke.

Ye Jun, driving the car at the forefront, braked abruptly.

“Damn~!”

Zhang Han cursed and hurriedly braked, nearly crashing into the car ahead.

“What’s going on?” asked Zhang Yiming.

“Get out of the car and see for yourself,” said Ye Jun, his face looking rather grim.

The three of them got out of the car.

Under the illumination of their headlights, the road ahead was clearly visible.

Following the road straight ahead... a village appeared before them. At the entrance of the village stood a sign that read: Huanggang Village.

“Huanggang Village? Are you kidding me? We just left the village, followed the road straight, and now we’ve turned back around?”

Zhang Han’s eyes bulged, and then he couldn’t help but burst into curses: “It must be a ghost targeting us. It won’t let us leave. I knew it wasn’t going to be simple. I had a feeling earlier it wouldn’t be easy to leave.”

“As expected, it’s easy to enter this village but hard to leave.”

“Should we try turning around?”

Ye Jun looked at the sign for Huanggang Village and said in a grave voice.

Zhang Yiming shook his head: “It’s useless to think about driving out of the village. We’ve seen ghost walls before. As far as I know, there are usually only two scenarios in which we can leave,”

“One is if the ghost leaves and gives up on killing us.”

“The second is if we imprison the ghost and resolve the supernatural event.”

Ye Jun said, “So you mean we can only go back to the village now?”

Zhang Yiming took a deep puff of his cigarette: “The ghost is in the village. Given that we can’t leave, we might stand a chance on its turf. Outside... to put it bluntly, dying would be in vain.”

“Who’s there?”

Suddenly, the lights behind them flickered as if something had walked past the headlights, blocking the light and casting a tall shadow across the field.

Ye Jun was startled and immediately turned around. At this moment, his body was drenched.

Drops of foul smelling corpse water continuously seeped out, quickly forming a small puddle on the ground.

Almost instinctively, he summoned the strength of a fierce ghost.

“Did you see clearly?”

When Zhang Yiming and Zhang Han turned their heads back, there was no one there.

Carefully, Ye Jun looked around the side but found only the oppressive darkness of the fields. There was no one.

“I didn’t see anyone. I just saw a shadow flash by up ahead, like someone passed by the side of the car lights... Under these circumstances, do you still think it was a living person?”

Zhang Yiming walked over, looked down, and surveyed the area around the headlights.

“You’re not mistaken, someone did pass by here just now, look at these footprints.”

Ye Jun and Zhang Han gathered to look.

Clear footprints appeared in front of the car, but they vanished into the fields and could no longer be seen. The prints were muddy, with clear shoe patterns. The mud, however, was mixed with some black powder that seemed familiar, as if they had seen it somewhere before.

"Paper ash, this black powder is paper ash." Zhang Yiming felt it and then smelled it.

Paper ash?

Zhang Han said in shock: "Wasn't there an iron basin in front of that spirit hall? During the day, the villagers were burning paper money, and when we were there earlier, wasn't that basin full of paper ash?"

"So, does that mean the ghost really came out of that house?" Ye Jun felt a chill down his spine.

Zhang Yiming crushed his cigarette underfoot. "That's right, judging by the current situation, that ghost was indeed in the ancestral hall. Now... it's gone because it has set its sights on us, right beside us, and very close."

"The ghost chose to follow us, so is Yang Jian, who stayed in the ancestral hall after we left, already dead?" Zhang Han exclaimed in shock.

"Not sure, he might be dead, or he might still be alive, but the chances of survival are slim, especially since He Sheng and Ouyang Tian are already dead," Zhang Yiming said.

His gaze constantly scoured the surroundings for any movement, not daring to let his guard down for a moment.

The ghost had indeed followed them just now; this much was certain.

Therefore, the matter at hand wasn't whether Yang Jian was alive or dead, but whether the three of them could survive.

At that moment, within Huanggang Village.

Yang Jian was, of course, not dead.

He had found a crowbar and was currently trying to pry open the coffin lid.

“It’s so heavy... as if it’s been nailed shut, and there’s not a single nail to be seen around the coffin.”

After prying for a while without success, Yang Jian hung all his weight on the crowbar, barely managing to crack open a slit.

Yes, just a slit.

His “Ghost Eye” ignored the darkness, barely making out a bit of the situation inside the coffin through that crack.

A pair of somewhat blackened dead palms, with ten fingers like steel nails, held the coffin lid tightly from the inside, sealing what could have been easily opened.

Was this the reason it wouldn’t open?

Yang Jian’s pupils contracted.

Just as he tried to get a clearer view, the coffin trembled, the crowbar slipped, and it flew out instantly, landing on the ground.

“Bang~!”

The coffin lid made a loud noise as it immediately closed up, perfectly sealed without a gap.

“There’s definitely... a ghost lying in this coffin.”

Yang Jian took a slight breath and, looking at the crowbar on the ground, he didn't continue trying to open it.

Knowing the result was enough.

As for whether he should open the coffin all the way, that wasn't important.

"If the ghost is in the coffin, does that mean as long as I guard this coffin and prevent the ghost from coming out, I can avoid being killed?" Yang Jian didn't leave because of fear; instead, he stared at the coffin, falling into thought.

It was a bold guess.

If the guess was wrong, it would be like delivering himself as an easy prey, expertly courting death.

But if the estimate was correct, Yang Jian could at least ensure his safety as long as the coffin lid wasn't opened.

And once the judgment was successful...

He was only a step away from confining the ghost.

After thinking for a moment, Yang Jian decided to take the risk and try it.

If he didn't stay here to guard, he wouldn't know when the ghost might appear, which would be even more disadvantageous to him.

There were no cameras in the countryside; if there were, he wouldn't have had to come in person.

Right away,

he went straight back to old Liu Genrong's house, carried his luggage out, including the body bag, that gold box, human skin paper... then returned to the ancestral hall.

Without further thought, he tossed his luggage aside and sat next to the coffin, watching every move it made.

He was staking his life to verify a fact.

At this moment, the ghost was inside the coffin, and he was outside of it.

Barely three meters apart.

While Yang Jian stayed awake, keeping an eye on the coffin, three sports cars also stopped in the middle of the road at the village entrance.

Zhang Yiming, Ye Jun, and Zhang Han sat back-to-back, each on high alert for everything around them.

A ghost had appeared near them before, so they dared not drive anymore, nor wander around carelessly, because they couldn't be sure if the ghost was still nearby.

"Slap~!"

Zhang Han suddenly slapped himself.

"Can't stand it, want to sleep?" Ye Jun asked.

Zhang Han said, "No, it's mosquitoes. Got a bite on my face."

"..."

Zhang Yiming said, "There are about two hours left until dawn. If we can't confirm whether the ghost is still around, then we'll wait for daylight, at least we'll have better visibility."

"I'm kind of hoping Yang Jian is here. His eyes seem to be able to see ghosts, so he wouldn't be as blind as us in the dark." Zhang Han slapped himself again, killing another mosquito.

"This is so annoying. We are exorcists, but to be played like this, to lose two people and still not even see the ghost's face after all this time... And not even given the chance to use the power of a fierce ghost," Ye Jun felt frustrated.

It was like being at the club when Yang Jian shot and shattered his head.

Being hit without the ability to hit back.

"This is the difference between ghosts," Zhang Yiming said, drawing on his cigarette.