

Revival 92

Chapter 92: The Changing Portrait

Day had finally broken.

Yang Jian hadn't slept for the latter half of the night, just sitting there in the hall of mourning.

Although not tired, staying on edge for such a long period and staring constantly at the coffin in front of him—truth be told, even someone made of iron would find it unbearable.

Fortunately, he wasn't quite a complete person at the moment.

So Yang Jian chose not to rest.

Besides, at times like these, even if one is exhausted, they must endure.

"The coffin was silent all night, and I wasn't attacked by a vicious ghost throughout... So, it seems my previous guess should be correct," Yang Jian's eyes were bloodshot and red. Even without using Ghost Eyes, his own eyes seemed almost to turn into Ghost Eyes.

Risking his life last night, he could confirm that the ghost and this coffin were directly connected.

And it wasn't just one ghost; both ghosts in the village were related to the coffin.

There was still one doubt that remained unresolved, though.

Why did the ghost named Sick Ghost deliberately lure all the ghost manipulators out last night, gathering them together?

What was the purpose behind it?

“There’s too little information to analyze anything substantial, but now that it’s certain the real ghost is inside the coffin, I can consider a way to imprison it,” he glanced at the body bag beside him.

The item bought for twenty million should not disappoint.

There had been no action before because it was uncertain whether there truly was a ghost inside the coffin.

If a mistake was made, and the ghost was still outside, wouldn’t that be signing one’s own death warrant?

At this thought, Yang Jian stood up. He stretched his limbs, bringing sensation back to his somewhat sore and numb body.

He was preparing to try and imprison the ghost inside the coffin.

Although lacking confidence and assurance,

he had no choice but to grit his teeth and proceed.

Approaching the coffin in the mourning hall once again, he was ready to forcibly use Ghost Domain to open the coffin.

But at this moment, five or six villagers clad in hemp and filial attire suddenly appeared outside the door.

These villagers were stunned upon seeing Yang Jian.

“Who are you? Why are you here?”

An old man said, "Get out, get out now! This isn't a place for you city folk to mess around. Causing trouble in the mourning hall, I'll break your legs if you're not careful."

"..."

Yang Jian looked at the arriving elders, momentarily taken aback.

You've got a ghost in this coffin, and you dare to burn paper and keep watch?

Could this be true love?

"This, dear elders, please listen to my explanation," Yang Jian hurriedly began, to avoid being driven out.

"No excuses, get out."

The old man was irritable, dragging Yang Jian towards the exit.

Yang Jian immediately said, "Please calm down, elder. I can't keep hiding it now. In truth, the deceased was my brother. I called him 'Bro', and I'm his younger sibling. A few days ago, I received word of his passing, and I was filled with mixed emotions... No, that's wrong, I was gripped by sadness. So I drove through the night to your village to pay my respects."

"Last night, I was so eager to think of my brother that I sat here to keep vigil and accompany him. I hope the elders can understand."

"But the man who died was an only child," interjected an auntie enjoying the drama.

"..."

Can't you just not argue at this point? It's not easy for me to come up with lies on the spot.

Yang Jian coughed twice and said, "I forgot to mention, we are brothers indeed, but from different fathers and mothers. Although there's no blood relation, our bond is as deep as the ocean, our friendship greater than the sky. The sun and the moon can bear witness. So I hope the elders will allow me to stay here and accompany my brother on his final journey."

"But you entered the village during the daytime yesterday, not by car at night. You're definitely a liar," another elder stated.

Man, this elder has a really good memory. What a waste not to play mahjong with such recall.

Yang Jian persisted, though lacking in confidence, "Is that so? I remember coming at night. Perhaps my grief has overwhelmed me, blurring the distinction between day and night. But this doesn't affect my heartfelt longing for my late brother."

"Are you really my nephew's brother?"

The elder, still suspicious, eyed him closely.

"Absolutely true. I didn't study much, never had extra tuition in primary school, so I didn't learn many things. That's why I don't lie but only speak the truth," Yang Jian affirmed with a nod.

The elder reproached him, "Why did you only come now? Have you brought the 'white package'?"

"Brought it, brought it."

Yang Jian quickly took out a thousand yuan.

"It's rare that you have such a heart, watching over the wake for my nephew. You had a hard time last night, and if you're not afraid, I'll trouble you to do it again tonight," said the uncle, gripping Yang Jian's hand with some emotion.

When he pulled his hand back, the thousand yuan he had in his hand was gone.

Yang Jian's mouth twitched.

If you had simply said you'd give me a cash gift, this would be over, wouldn't it? Instead, I've been randomly acknowledging relatives here.

"There's no problem anymore, no problem. This is my nephew's brother from outside, who rushed back to burn paper money. Let's all not misunderstand from now on," the uncle called out to the other villagers.

Yang Jian initially wanted to ask the uncle what his deceased nephew's name was but then thought better of it.

Asking about a ghost lying in the coffin is utterly pointless.

However, after this commotion, it was clear that any actions during the day would be quite unrealistic. With so many people around and so many eyes, who knew what might happen?

And more importantly... why don't the ghosts in this village attack the elderly here? Even if they prefer to attack those who control ghosts, in the absence of such controllers, they should still engage in indiscriminate killing.

Could they be local ghosts? Attached to their own feelings.

Additionally, there was something off about the villagers.

Simply living in a village haunted by malevolent spirits was bizarre enough.

Yet, such concerns weren't what he should be pondering over now. At least to Yang Jian, these people all had body temperatures, heartbeats; they were very much alive... human.

In any case, there was no threat, so why bother with the oddity of the villagers.

He temporarily stepped out of the house.

Yang Jian sat outside for a rest, watching the villagers going in and out of the mourning hall, burning paper money, replacing burnt-out candles, wailing by the coffin... Something just felt strange.

Did they really know about the ghost in the coffin?

As he rested, his satellite-positioned phone rang.

It was a call from Liu Xiaoyu.

"Hello, Yang Jian? Is it convenient for you to answer the phone?"

"Just speak if you have something, I'm temporarily not busy," replied Yang Jian.

"I looked into the portrait from that photo you sent me yesterday," Liu Xiaoyu's voice came through the phone.

Yang Jian asked, "What did you find?"

"The situation is very bad... that person in the photo you sent me doesn't exist in Dachang City, no, he doesn't even exist in the whole country, which means, this person simply doesn't exist," Liu Xiaoyu explained.

Yang Jian's pupils sharpened: "This person doesn't exist? How is that possible? Are you sure you didn't make a mistake in searching?"

While the person in the coffin might be a ghost, surely the portrait couldn't possibly show the face of a ghost.

"No mistake, this is the result from a supercomputer comparing the national database. The photos in our database that most closely match your photo have less than sixty percent similarity, and of those few that have higher similarity, I have checked and they are clear. Additionally, your photo has been authenticated by specialized personnel... The chances of it being composite are quite high," Liu Xiaoyu said.

"What do you mean?" Yang Jian pressed for clarification.

"It means that the image is a combination of several people's photos mixed together. Do you understand?" explained Liu Xiaoyu.

Yang Jian, sitting outside, felt a chill as he looked at the portrait in front of the coffin.

Hearing this, he now realized.

The portrait looked slightly different from yesterday.

He opened the gallery on another phone and compared it to the portrait.

Indeed, there had been a slight change.

This change was vague, hard to specify, but a careful comparison could confirm that the photo from yesterday and today's portrait were merely very similar, definitely not the same person.

A changing portrait?

Although he didn't know why this was happening, Yang Jian felt that this change was definitely not a good sign.

“Hello, Yang Jian, can you still hear me?”

Liu Xiaoyu, hearing no response from the other end, added, “The files you asked me to look into about the incidents in Huanggang Village have been found, and I’m sending them to your phone right now. You should have a spare phone since the Ghost Domain phone doesn’t have image receiving capabilities.”

“Okay, good,” Yang Jian promptly replied, giving her the number of his personal phone.

Soon after, he received an email on his phone.

Unable to wait, he opened the files about Huanggang Village, and almost at first glance, his eyes suddenly narrowed, and he nearly jumped up from his seat on the ground.

“This... How could this be? It’s impossible.”

The information in the files instilled in him an inexplicable fear.

And at that moment.

Three sports cars once again drove into the village.

It was Zhang Yiming, Zhang Han, and Ye Jun—the trio who had left the village the night before without actually departing.