

Revival 95

Chapter 95: Easy to Solve?

The cough of that old woman startled Yang Jian and Zhang Yiming along with the others.

Without a doubt, that cough was the same voice from last night... weak, powerless, as if sick.

"Is she, a ghost?"

Zhang Han's eyes widened as he watched the old woman slowly walk away.

"If this old woman really is a ghost, then the other villagers might be ghosts too...It was wise of you not to fire that shot, Ye Jun, think more before you act next time," Zhang Yiming said.

Yang Jian glanced over, "He doesn't have a brain at all, it's filled with corpse water, I saw it myself last time we split his head open."

Ye Jun's face was a kaleidoscope of changing colors; at this moment, he was experiencing an inexplicable sense of fear.

If he had actually fired just now, there might not have been just one ghost that appeared, but a swarm of them.

"Yang Jian, the old woman's cough is identical to the Sick Ghost's voice; does that confirm her identity? If that's the case, can we make our move now?" Zhang Yiming asked, with his gaze fixed on the slowly departing old woman.

If they could successfully detain her, perhaps this supernatural event would be smoothly resolved.

"We can give it a try," Yang Jian said with a furrowed brow.

Something still didn't feel right to him.

If this old woman was the Sick Ghost, then who was the person in the coffin? And who was the ghost that tried to attack Zhang Yiming and the others at night?

Could there be three ghosts?

Impossible.

The likelihood of so many ghosts gathered in one place was very low, especially since this village might be within the Ghost Domain.

And within a Ghost Domain, there could only be one Ghost Person.

What had been a clear sequence of events was now completely disrupted by the old woman's cough.

Yet, Yang Jian didn't dare to ignore the old woman.

"We'll deal with her first, then go to the spirit hall, stay together and don't dally. Something feels off about all this... if we handle it quickly, there shouldn't be any problems," Yang Jian said, still holding on to a sliver of worry.

"Let's move then."

Zhang Yiming didn't hesitate.

Despite having argued and nearly coming to blows before, when faced with fierce ghosts, they naturally chose to join forces, an understanding unspoken.

Zhang Han and Ye Jun immediately returned to the car to get things.

Yang Jian also went to the spirit hall to pick up the necessary items and prepare everything.

Before long,

the group reconvened and followed behind the old woman.

The old woman moved quite slowly, taking her time with each step, occasionally unable to suppress a cough.

The cough still sounded so weak, impolite, and exactly like the voice in the darkness of the previous night.

Hearing it again, they became even more certain that this old woman was the ghost from yesterday.

Once they detained her, all the problems would be solved.

With this realization, they were excited rather than afraid, as solving this case would allow them to complete the transaction and learn how to extend the revival of fierce ghosts; it was a ray of hope in their desperate situation, a redemption they yearned for in their struggle in hell.

Compared to their excitement, Yang Jian's face showed more worry.

"She's going home?" Zhang Yiming, following behind, noticed the old woman entering an old brick-and-tile house.

The front of the house was clean and tidy, it was clear that the old woman liked cleanliness.

However, given this old woman was a ghost... surely no one would want to visit her home.

"I'll go to the rooftop and move from above," Ye Jun suddenly said, stepping forward without further argument with Yang Jian, and began to take action.

"Then the three of us will break in directly, using the power of fierce ghosts, and not give her any chance," Zhang Yiming said decisively.

Zhang Han said, "Hold on, let Ye Jun have one last look; I know what he wants to do."

"Fine," Zhang Yiming nodded.

Yang Jian said solemnly, "Since you guys want to lead, I can go along with this operation, but remember, this village is home to more than just this one ghost. And once again, we must be quick."

For some reason, his unease was growing.

"Don't worry, it'll be fine, with our abilities it won't take long to handle this," Zhang Yiming said.

Inside the house.

The old woman seemed tired from walking, and upon entering, she retreated to her room to lie down and rest.

Meanwhile, Ye Jun had reached the rooftop.

He was standing directly above the old woman.

The old woman still appeared very normal, like any elderly person living alone without family, wandering about the village conversing with other elders, returning home to rest when tired, uncared for even when sick.

“Cough, cough cough.”

The old woman’s body was weak; despite not being in a good state, perhaps bored, she got up again and turned on the television.

Ready to watch TV for a while.

These perfectly normal actions were witnessed by several people lurking nearby.

Not just Yang Jian, others also began to feel puzzled.

Was this old lady really a ghost?

“Drip, drip, drip~!”

It was broad daylight, and there was no rain outside, yet the sound of water dripping could be heard from the roof.

The old lady lay in bed watching TV, but what was eerie was... that the TV had no channel, only flickering black and white dots jumping around, making a hissing noise.

Yet the old lady seemed engrossed, as if she were immersed in it.

“Drip, drip~!”

The dripping from the roof continued, and then a drop of water soaked through the tiles and suddenly fell from the roof.

This drop of water was putrid and filthy, unlike rainwater; it resembled more the corpse water produced after a body decays.

And yet, this very drop fell on the top of the old lady's head.

The old lady still showed no reaction, continuing to watch the TV.

However, at the top of the old lady's head, where the corpse water had dripped, there was now a black mark... and this mark began to spread rapidly, like some sort of contagious disease, with infectious properties.

The area of the black mark quickly grew until it covered half of the old lady's head.

After that... her head began to rot.

Ye Jun's ability, maybe?" Yang Jian thought to himself.

"Drip, drip~!"

The rate at which the corpse water fell quickened, some landing on the nearby bed sheets, some on the old lady's back, some on her legs...

An intense stench filled the room, and even the tiniest whiff was enough to make one want to vomit.

Very soon.

The body of the old lady, dripping with corpse water, began to decay rapidly, on her hands, her feet... even half her head had vanished, with her pale bones now exposed and starting to turn black.

She was no longer recognizably human.

The old lady still lay in bed watching TV, one eye open, it was unclear whether she was dead or what.

“We couldn’t have been mistaken,” whispered Zhang Han.

But the next scene caused everyone’s faces to change drastically.

Even in such a decayed state, the old lady slowly stood up as if nothing was wrong and went to the TV set and turned it off.

“Why is there water leaking in the house?”

Seeing the wet corpse water on the floor, the old lady, curious, lifted her remaining half head and mumbled in confusion.

“Damn it, take action,” ordered Zhang Yiming with a shout.

Being able to move like that despite such decay, what was she if not a ghost?

Immediately.

Zhang Han rushed into the room, his body twisting oddly. Then the clothes on his back were instantly torn to shreds and a pair of skinless, blood-drenched hands extended out, clutching at his back as if something wanted to crawl out of him... One could vaguely see the outline of a human face beneath his skin, resembling a three-dimensional tattoo.

He was known as Ghost Person Zhang Han by the members of the club.

Because there was a ghost lying on his back.

At first, his ghost was just a lifelike tattoo, but as he used his abilities, the fierce ghost revived and the tattooed ghost began to gradually separate from his back.

Now a pair of hands had come out, and if a head were to emerge, it was likely not he who would command the fierce ghost, but the ghost would command him.

Upon Zhang Han's entrance, he let out a pained roar, and then a pair of blood-drenched arms shot out from behind him and grasped the old lady.

"Got her," he said.

"Good."

Following him, Yang Jian swiftly approached, his heavy body bag in hand, and he slipped it over the still old lady's head.

Down she went.

The body bag was sealed, and this putrefied, unrecognizably human corpse was packed inside.

"Is that it? We're done?" Zhang Yiming was stunned at that moment. Had they finished before he even made a move?

That seemed too easy.

Hardly worthy of being called a ghost.

No, it shouldn't be said like that. Easy to confine didn't mean it wasn't formidable; maybe it was just an unexpected outcome.

"Thank goodness that's solved," Zhang Han let out a sigh of relief, starting to get excited.

However, at that moment, all was quiet outside.

Unnoticed, the corpse water dripping from the roof had also stopped.