

MYSTERIOUS REVIVAL

Chapter 14: The Strange Paper

Fang Jing did not expect Yang Jian to hang up so decisively, leaving no room for negotiation at all.

He had wanted to be perfunctory to Yang Jian and would've unhesitatingly fallen out with him the minute they had left the school and were safe. He also planned on refusing to hand over the parchment.

However, Yang Jian's decisiveness and frankness made him panic.

What was even more fatal was that the footsteps behind him had appeared once again.

Yang Jian's guidance previously had only allowed him to temporarily get rid of the ghost behind him.

"What should I do? What should I do? What on earth should I do? Without Yang Jian's help, I definitely won't be able to walk out of this place and will most definitely die in the hands of the malicious ghost. I don't want to die. My future has just begun.

With the help of the parchment, no doubt I will be able to become someone above the others in this world. How can I be willing to just die like this here?"

Fang Jing was panicking. Cold sweat was dripping down his face and He subconsciously continued to run, hoping that he could distance himself from the footsteps behind him.

However, it was useless. The footsteps behind him were getting closer and closer.

The surrounding darkness seemed to be getting denser and denser, as if it could swallow a person whole.

"No, this can't do, I can't die. I should just give him the parchment. Yang Jian is right. If I die, it's useless no matter how much I know. Moreover, I have a general understanding of the future. The value of the parchment to me isn't as great as I imagined."

Under the threat of death, there was nothing he could not give up.

Fang Jing's hands trembled as he picked up his phone to call Zhang Wei.

"Du, du-du," The call was connected.

"I'll give you the parchment. I'll give it to you as long as you promise to bring me away from here," Before the other party could speak, he spoke first.

Yang Jian's voice came from the other end of the phone. "Throw the parchment on the ground. I'll go get it."

Fang Jing did not play any more tricks at this moment. He took out a piece of stacked dark brown parchment from his pocket without hesitation and threw it on the ground.

"I've already done it. Hurry up and help me. I don't want to die."

Yang Jian said, "I'll teach you to get rid of the ghost behind you first. Go to the right."

"Okay, thank, thank, thank you," In a panic, Fang Jing hurriedly followed Yang Jian's instructions.

"Go further to the right," Yang Jian continued.

Fang Jing followed his instructions again, and the effect was immediate.

The distance between him and the footsteps was gradually pulled apart before the sound of the footsteps finally disappeared. Fang Jing was both surprised and delighted. He knew that he was temporarily safe.

"Stupid," Yang Jian put down the phone, and a cold smile appeared on the corners of his mouth. He stopped walking and looked at Fang Jing, who was running around like a headless fly in the forest before him. He could not help but find Fang Jing's pleasantly surprised face a little amusing.

The footsteps behind Fang Jing were not those of a ghost at all.

They were his.

Yes, no ghost was following Fang Jing. Only Yang Jian was behind him.

Fang Jing had been terrified by the ghost, plus he couldn't see through the ghost realm, so he never expected that it was a human behind him.

"So this is the parchment that records the future?" Yang Jian picked up the parchment on the ground.

The brown leather was soft with a hint of coldness as if it was taken out of a freezer. It gave off an ominous and strange aura.

As soon as it entered his hand, the eyes on the back of his hand couldn't help but open, emitting a faint red light.

"This isn't parchment... it's skin parchment, and something is very wrong with it," Yang Jian's heart trembled, and this thought appeared in his mind.

He opened it and took a look.

There were lines of words written on the parchment.

"My name is Fang Jing, and I'm already dead by the time you see this letter. Don't think it's strange, I'm you ten years from now, and I'm using a special method to tell you about the future. Please remember the contents below."

"Ghosts have already appeared in this world, and it's not a joke. When you heard the news, it was already very late, and you were at least half a year behind the other ghost riders."

"Be careful of your classmate Yang Jian. He will be very scary in the future... I was killed by him, so you have to kill Yang Jian ahead of time. Otherwise, you will definitely die in his hands in the future. Remember to kill Yang Jian."

"On the 20th of June of a certain year, you will meet Zhou Zheng. This is very important. Zhou Zheng is a ghost rider who belongs to the Asia region. His codename is Ghost Baby Zhou Zheng. However, he is just a passerby, so there's no need to mind too much about him."

"However, be careful of the ghost baby that will come out of his body. That thing will grow. In a few months, that ghost baby will grow into... I suggest that you stay away... or else you will die."

"You must join... as soon as possible..."

"Remember... gold... paper."

"Stay away from... escape."

"... Ghost..."

When Yang Jian read to this point, he realized that the words on the parchment were rapidly becoming blurry and dim.

The crucial information was constantly being erased by some power and completely disappeared in front of his eyes. The originally densely packed parchment had now become a large piece of blankness.

Just like the characters on the computer, they disappeared one by one.

Yang Jian hadn't even seen anything useful before the words on the parchment that recorded the future information all disappeared.

"What the hell is going on?" He frowned deeply and flipped through the parchment.

Indeed, the words had disappeared without a trace.

Faced with this phenomenon, Yang Jian couldn't help but think of a movie he had watched before. If the past changed, the future would change too.

Could it be that because he had taken Fang Jing's parchment that contained information about the future, the future Fang Jing had erased the information?

However, before Yang Jian could think about it, he saw himself appear on the parchment once again.

One stroke after another appeared in front of him as if there was an invisible person holding a pen and writing continuously on the parchment.

"My name is Yang Jian. When you see this letter, I'm already dead. I am you ten years later, and I am using a special method to tell you information about the future..."

Yang Jian felt a chill run down his spine when he saw this. He looked at the parchment in his hand and his pupils constricted, "What the hell is this..."

This was definitely not a parchment that recorded information about the future.

He could feel the eeriness and evil nature of this skin parchment. The words that appeared on it weren't erased by the future Fang Jing, but by the skin parchment itself.

It had changed owners and had to erase the previous owner's information, generating Yang Jian's information now.

"The things on it can not be trusted. I can't keep this thing with me," Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he felt an unknown fear.

He looked left and right, wanting to throw the skin parchment into the sewer and make it disappear forever.

Just then, a series of words appeared on the parchment: Don't throw me, don't throw me... I can help you... Without me, you'll die... you'll die...

Soon all the words disappeared, and only one word was left: Stay, stay.

The word was repeated in a twisted and unorganized way, spreading all over the skin parchment in different sizes.