

MYSTERIOUS REVIVAL

Chapter 6: The Hand in the Washroom

The door to the washroom opened, and a pale hand stretched out from the darkness. Everyone was so scared that they did not dare to make a sound. Their hearts were beating wildly, and they kept quiet.

Yang Jian did not expect that his classmate, Fang Jing, would suddenly act like he was crazy to grab and push him in the direction of the ghost.

Yang Jian gritted his teeth as he said, "Fang Jing, you're trying to kill me?"

Fortunately, he had immediately reacted the second he realized that something was wrong and had hurriedly grabbed Fang Jing's arm.

Their footsteps stopped, and the two of them froze.

"Yang Jian, if you don't die, I won't be able to be in peace for the rest of my life. Did you really think that what I said before was just a casual remark? The current you is still too naive. You were clearly aware that I had released unfriendly statements against you, yet you still did not guard against me. However, this is also within my expectations.

After all, you are currently just a student who does not know anything and do not know the cruelty of this world. Today, I will teach you a lesson," Saying this, Fang Jing turned around and roared, "Why aren't any of you coming over to help?! We have to push him into the washroom to stall the ghost.

Otherwise, when that ghost comes out, all of you will be finished.

If you want to live, you have to sacrifice one person. There's no other way."

Using a righteous cause to force others was indeed effective. Under the threat of a malicious ghost, people would do anything to survive once given a seemingly legitimate reason.

Immediately, three male students rushed over with terrified expressions and grabbed Yang Jian.

The four of them pushed him forcefully. Even if it was anyone else, they would not have been able to resist.

Immediately, Yang Jian's figure fell backward and he was quickly pushed to the entrance of the washroom.

In the next moment, the pale hand that stretched out from the darkness placed its grip on Yang Jian's shoulder. It exerted force with its fingers and gripped him tightly in a cold and stiff manner.

A terrifying force pulled Yang Jian towards the incomparably dark washroom behind him.

"Yang Jian, get in there. You're dead meat this time. Learn to be smarter in your next life," Fang Jing roared loudly after crashing into him heavily.

Yang Jian was furious. He could already feel that his shoulder had lost all feeling as if it had been crushed by the cold and pale hand. At the same time, a bone-piercing chill enveloped his entire body, and his blood seemed to be frozen at this moment.

"You bunch of scumbags, we're classmates, yet to think the lot of you are trying to kill me! Since that's the case, don't even think about having it easy. Even if I die, I will pull the lot of you into hell with me!"

After saying that, Yang Jian stopped resisting. Instead, he tightened the grip of his palms on the arms of his two classmates.

The terrifying pulling force behind Yang Jian kept dragging them forward.

Fang Jing had already realized that something was wrong. He quickly retreated and did not let Yang Jian catch him.

"No, no, let go of me. Yang Jian, let go of me."

"Please, I don't want to die. Don't catch me. Catch someone else."

The two students who were caught were terrified. They begged for mercy with a sobbing tone.

Thinking that he was about to die, Yang Jian was not that afraid anymore. He could feel that his surroundings were being shrouded in darkness, so he simply said coldly, "Stop screaming. Since you want to kill me, then I will make you accompany me. Fang Jing, don't be smug. If I die and become a ghost, I won't let you off..."

"Bang!"

With a loud sound, the pale arm retracted back into the darkness, and the washroom door closed in an instant.

Yang Jian and the two classmates who had pushed him disappeared in front of the other students.

The door was tightly shut, and there was no more movement.

Seeing this scene, Fang Jing finally heaved a sigh of relief, and a smile appeared on his frightened face.

Yang Jian was finally done for.

"Fang Jing, you, you really killed Yang Jian and the others..." The others who saw this scene by the side said while trembling.

Fang Jing's expression was vicious as he said, "Shut up. If it wasn't for me, we would all have been dead if the ghost had walked out just now. What are you still standing here for? If you want to live, follow me. The three of them

can't stall the ghost for too long. Once the ghost kills them, it will come out again.

At that time, the ones who will die will be us."

After saying that, he turned around and walked up without another word.

"Fang Jing, why are we turning back?"

"If we continue down, it's a dead end. Who knows what else we will encounter. If we turn back, we might be able to meet Zhou Zheng. If he isn't dead yet, he might be able to save us," Fang Jing said.

His heart was also filled with incomparable fear.

This was because the more people died in the ghost realm, the more terrifying it would be. There was not much time left for them to escape.

It was cold and dark, accompanied by the sound of dripping water as if the tap wasn't closed properly.

The pale hand had brought Yang Jian and his two classmates into the washroom where there wasn't a trace of light.

"Get out, quickly leave this place," Duan Peng and Zheng Fei broke free from Yang Jian's grip. They were terrified and hurriedly felt about around the wall, trying to find and open the door to escape.

The cold wall was mottled and slightly pockmarked. It gave off a rotten smell.

The washroom was only so big. Under normal circumstances, anyone would've been able to find the door and leave the place even with their eyes closed. However, the two had felt about everywhere, yet there was only one wall in front of them.

On the left was the wall, and on the right was the wall... ... A wall that didn't have an end was blocking in front of them.

The door had disappeared...

"Door, where's the door? Where's the door?! It was here just now. Zheng Fei, have you found it?" Duan Peng's voice trembled as he sobbed.

"It's not here either," Zheng Fei said in a terrified tone.

They frantically felt the wall and tried to find the familiar washroom door.

But no matter how hard they tried, they could not find the door to leave the place. There was only the mottled, cold wall.

Or rather, the door wasn't here at all.

Just as they were looking for the door to leave, Yang Jian's situation became even worse.

He could feel the cold hand grabbing his shoulder. In the beginning, he could not feel his shoulder, but now, he could not feel one of his arms. As time passed, more and more of his body parts lost their consciousness... ... If the feeling spread to his entire body, Yang Jian was sure that he would be an ice-cold corpse.

Yang Jian was covered in cold sweat. He tried his best to struggle free.

It was useless. The place that the pale hand had grabbed onto him seemed to be nailed by an iron nail. It didn't budge at all.

He tried all kinds of ways to struggle, but it still didn't have any effect.

"Am I going to die here?" This was the only thought in his mind at the moment.

In the end, perhaps because he was resigned to his fate, there was no fear in his heart instead. He only thought that since he was going to die anyway, he should give his family a call before he died. It would be good to leave a last message.

A bitter smile appeared on the corners of Yang Jian's mouth. He resisted the coldness and numbness all over his body as he took out his phone and tried to call his family.

However, when he turned on his phone, the screen flashed and showed the forum story that he had read before.

The story was on the last page.

It showed the audio file on the forum.

Yang Jian was stunned when he saw the audio file, and he suddenly thought of the sound of the old man knocking on the door.

"Wait, wait a minute, if that old man does kill by knocking on the door, then this sound should not only be effective against people, but also to ghosts. Zhou Zheng did say that only ghosts can deal with ghosts."

When he thought of this, his eyes abruptly lit up, and a glimmer of hope appeared in his heart.

Without any hesitation, Yang Jian immediately moved his other arm that was still moveable, and clicked the audio file open.

"Thump, thump thump!"

The dull sounds of knocking on the door sounded again, echoing in the darkness.

Following this, something unexpected happened.

The pale hand that was gripping Yang Jian's shoulder seemed to have been scalded as it quickly retracted and disappeared into the darkness.

The cold, stiff feeling quickly dissipated from his body.