

MYSTERIOUS REVIVAL

Chapter 7: The Footsteps Behind Him

Yang Jian's body went limp and he almost fell to the ground. He panted heavily and only then did he feel the cold sweat on his forehead flowing down his face and dripping down.

It was like walking back and forth in front of the gates of Hell just now.

"No, I can't stay here any longer. I have to, have to leave this place as soon as possible..."

Having just escaped from the hands of the ghost, he did not even have the time to reflect on what had just happened.

Yang Jian hurriedly grabbed his phone, turned on the flashlight, and stood up.

There was an unknown ghost lingering in the darkness of this place. The longer he stayed in this place, the faster he would die.

He walked forward in the darkness.

Yang Jian's entire body was slightly trembling. It was unknown whether it was due to excessive nervousness or inexplicable fear.

After taking a few steps forward and the darkness was slightly dispersed by the light, he saw Duan Peng and Zheng Fei standing in front of a mottled and moldy wall, crazily knocking away.

"Who, who is it?" Zheng Fei's voice trembled as he turned around in fear.

He saw a ray of dim light.

Yang Jian's face was cold as he held his phone and said, "It's me, Yang Jian."

"Yang, Yang Jian? You're not dead?" Zheng Fei's fear was replaced by shock.

"Do you want me to die as much as Fang Jing?" Yang Jian asked.

Duan Peng was quite agitated. He pounced over with a nervous and frightened expression as he grabbed Yang Jian and shouted, "You! Why did you drag me in? Why?! I have no enmity with you. Why did you harm me?"

However, Yang Jian just punched him in the face and said angrily, "I have no enmity with you either. Yet didn't the lot of you want to send me to my death as well? You did it first, and now you're blaming me for what you did previously. I have said that if I die, I'll make you lot die with me. I'm still regretting now that I hadn't pulled that damned Fang Jing in with me at that time.

I really should let him experience the feeling of being captured by a ghost."

With a punch, Duan Peng was sent to the ground. He did not care about the pain and only said with a sobbing tone "I, I don't want to die. I just want to live. It was Fang Jing who told me to do this... If I don't do this, the ghost will get out and everyone will die. It's better for you to die than everyone else."

"So I should be the one to be sacrificed? Ridiculous. If you're so great, why don't you take the initiative to sacrifice yourself? To think you want to force others to sacrifice themselves," Yang Jian said, "Besides, even if you sacrificed me, did you think you would be able to leave? Don't forget that there's another ghost outside. And don't be naive.

Fang Jing had been trying to kill me from the start. He must know something, or else he wouldn't have been plotting against me so much. If I can walk out of here alive, I'll take revenge for whatever he did today... ..."

Before he could finish his words, Duan Peng's body suddenly shook. A look of shock appeared on his face as he turned his head to take a look.

Duan Peng couldn't see anything in the thick darkness, but he could feel an ice-cold hand grabbing his wrist.

An extremely powerful force came from that ice-cold hand.

Duan Peng's body was almost out of his control as he was dragged backward.

"Save, save me, Yang Jian, save me..." Duan Peng screamed in horror.

Yang Jian's heart trembled, and he inadvertently glanced at the pale palm on Duan Peng's wrist.

His heart skipped a beat... ... Without a doubt, the ghost from before had returned.

Almost subconsciously, he picked up his phone and was about to open the audio file, hoping to replay the previous scene of scaring the ghost away.

But just as his hand moved, he stopped.

Was Duan Peng worth saving?

No.

He wasn't worth it.

Fang Jing, Duan Peng, and Zheng Fei were the ones who had caused him to be in such a dangerous situation.

Now that one of the perpetrators was in danger, what right did they have for him to save them? They had only wanted to find a way to escape, it wasn't like they had saved him just now. Moreover, even if he wanted to save them, how could he? The audio file on his phone could only scare the ghost away. It couldn't hurt it at all.

He was just using someone else's power to intimidate others.

You want to live, but don't I want to live as well?

Fang Jing was right. He had been too naive before. He had already heard that Fang Jing wanted to harm him in the classroom, yet he still didn't guard against him.

He would never repeat the same mistake.

Putting down the phone in his hand, Yang Jian took a step back and looked coldly at Duan Peng's retreating figure. No matter how much Duan Peng cried for help or screamed, he didn't move.

In the end, he just watched Duan Peng's figure disappear into the darkness with a face full of fear. At the same time, the pale palm disappeared as well.

The moment the darkness engulfed Duan Peng, even his cries for help disappeared.

Everything quickly returned to normal. Only the sound of water dripping could be heard clearly.

Yang Jian turned around and took a deep breath. He tried his best to relax his tense body and overcome the fear in his heart. Then, as if nothing had happened, he picked up his phone and started to look for a way out.

This ghost was still lingering here. If he continued to stay here, he could not guarantee that the ghost would not attack him next time.

Fang Jing had said before that people could be used to temporarily stall the ghost.

The reason why he had been knocked into the washroom earlier was that Fang Jing had wanted to use his life to stall the ghost.

Since that was the case, Duan Peng had just been captured by the ghost, so there must be a certain time interval before the ghost appeared again.

If his analysis was correct, he would be safe before the next ghost attack.

He could only pray that this was the case.

Thinking of this, Yang Jian immediately began to look for a way out of this place.

"Yang Jian, where are you going? Bring, bring me with you," Seeing that he was about to leave, Zheng Fei hurriedly wanted to chase after him.

Yang Jian ignored him and only coldly rejected, "Think of a way yourself. Don't follow me. Don't tell me you still expect me to bring you out of here? You have to know that it's all your fault that I'm in this damned place."

After saying that, he quickened his pace and quickly disappeared into the darkness.

For the sake of them being classmates, he hadn't taken revenge on the spot. After that ghost killed Duan Peng, it would definitely come looking for him. He should just leave Zheng Fei to wait for death here. It could also buy some time for him.

If the ghost attacked again, it would definitely choose to attack Zheng Fei first.

Zheng Fei was shocked and hurriedly followed him. However, Yang Jian's figure was no longer around. There was only endless darkness.

"Yang, Yang Jian, where are you? Come out, I didn't mean it before. I'm sorry, I apologize to you..." With a sobbing tone, Zheng Jian fumbled around in the darkness with his hands, but he could not find anything.

He continued to walk around.

Zheng Fei soon realized that he had lost his way...

When he realized he could not find Yang Jian, he had wanted to turn around and return to the wall where he had been, but he couldn't find the wall that was supposed to be behind him either.

It seemed that this place was no longer the familiar washroom, but an endless dark space.

Fear gradually surged into his heart, drowning out the last bit of courage he had left.

Then, he heard muffled footsteps behind him.

The footsteps came from afar and were coming closer, continuously walking toward his position...

"Duan... Duan Peng, is... Is that you?" Zheng Fei asked cautiously with a trembling voice.

Before he could finish his sentence, a pale palm suddenly stretched out from the darkness and grabbed his neck from behind.

It was cold and stiff, nothing like a living person's palm.

"Ah!" A hysterical scream sounded.

However, Yang Jian did not hear this scream. He was also facing a difficult problem.

He was lost again in the darkness.

"This is definitely not the washroom..." He thought in his heart.

The darkness before him was endless. The path ahead had far exceeded the width of a washroom.

He looked at the time on his phone. A full twenty minutes had passed.

To not have left the washroom in twenty minutes, and to not even have touched the washroom's walls or toilet simply didn't make sense.

The only explanation would then be that he had entered an unknown place.

"Damn it, what the hell is a ghost realm? Why didn't Zhou Zheng explain it a little during his lecture?!" Yang Jian was very anxious.

Without enough information, he couldn't analyze anything, let alone find a way to crack the ghost realm.

"Drip, drip," The sound of water dripping from the tap could be heard.

"Wait, that sound of water dripping... It disappeared for a while before. Why did it appear again at this time?"

Yang Jian's expression changed, and he walked in the direction where the sound of water dripping came from without hesitation.

The sound of water dripping from the tap meant that the washroom was nearby. As long as he returned to the familiar washroom, he would be able to find the door and leave the damned place.

Damn it, he should have noticed this earlier.

With a direction and some confidence, Yang Jian quickened his pace.

However, he soon heard a low battery notification on his phone. This startled him. He hesitated for a moment and could only clench his teeth as he turned off the phone.

Compared to the darkness, he was more afraid of the ghost that was lingering here.

He had to save this bit of electricity for the critical moment.

He advanced in the darkness cautiously.

In the darkness, only the sound of dripping water could be heard. Other than that, there was nothing else.

The surroundings were so quiet that it was terrifying. He could even hear his own breathing clearly.

However, not long after he turned off the lights.

Suddenly.

"Ta, ta ~ !"

A series of footsteps sounded from behind Yang Jian, heavy and clear.

The footsteps approached him from afar.

In an instant, Yang Jian's body stiffened. He turned on the light on his phone and looked back.

The light illuminated the space a meter or so away. There was nothing behind him but thick darkness.

However, the footsteps were getting closer.

"It can't be Zheng Fei and Duan Peng..." Yang Jian's face froze.

A living person couldn't possibly follow him so accurately in the darkness.

If it weren't Zheng Fei and Duan Peng, then it was most likely the ghost that was wandering in the washroom.

"I have to leave quickly."

Feeling the footsteps getting closer, Yang Jian's heart trembled and he hurriedly increased his speed.