

MYSTERIOUS REVIVAL

Chapter 8: Strange Trees

Yang Jian quickened his pace and continued to advance in the darkness.

"Ta, ta ~ !"

However, the clear sound of footsteps behind him was still steadily following closely behind.

No matter how fast Yang Jian quickened his pace, he still could not shake off the sound of footsteps. Moreover, as time passed, the sound of footsteps was getting closer and closer.

At first, he only felt that the footsteps were five or six meters behind him.

But then, he felt that the footsteps were about three meters behind him.

As he walked further, the footsteps were almost only one meter behind him.

Yang Jian gripped his phone tightly. He did not dare to turn off the light because he was ready to open the audio file at any time.

If the ghost really attacked him again, the door-knocking sound from the audio file was his only way to save his life.

His whole body tensed up, ready to beat the ghost back at any time.

However, things didn't go as Yang Jian had expected. The footsteps behind him stayed one meter away from him. The ghost didn't leave, nor did it continue to get closer.

Whether Yang Jian increased his speed or slowed down, the footsteps still maintained this subtle distance.

"Could it be that this thing is waiting for my phone battery to run out?"

Thinking of this, Yang Jian's expression changed. Looking at the battery on his phone that was less than 10%, he became more and more uneasy.

If that was the case, he would die in the hands of that ghost sooner or later.

It was impossible for him to leave this place alive.

Then, he glanced at the remaining battery on his phone screen one more time: 7%

"If the battery is less than 5% , there is a possibility that the phone will shut down at any time."

Yang Jian was now regretting playing with his phone during the day and thus using up his phone battery.

"But now is not the time to think about this. If I don't want to die here, the only thing I can do is run out of this damned place before my phone battery runs out. Otherwise..."

Gritting his teeth, he began to run.

He ran at his fastest speed in the direction of the water dripping sound.

"Ta, ta ~ !"

The footsteps followed closely behind him, lingering.

Yang Jian could even feel the cold air behind him, as well as the faint corpse stench.

The ghost followed closely like a shadow, chasing after him relentlessly.

As he ran at full speed, the sound of dripping water was getting closer and closer to him.

However, at that moment, the phone screen automatically lit up.

Battery: 5% .

The notification read: To prevent the phone from shutting down automatically, please charge it in time.

"Damn it," Yang Jian panted, his entire body drenched in sweat. He took a glance, and his heart became even more panicked.

Even though he was already very tired, he did not dare to stop.

Stopping meant waiting for death.

He continued to clench his jaw and run.

Suddenly, a faint ray of light appeared in front of him amidst the darkness.

This light was a faint red color and appeared especially clear in the darkness. It was like a spark in the dark night. Although it was faint, it was particularly eye-catching.

"That's..." Yang Jian's eyes lit up and he was ecstatic. It was as if he saw the hope of survival.

However, at this moment, the phone in his hand vibrated and the screen lit up again.

The notification read: Shutting down automatically.

Although there was still a little battery left, the phone had already started to shut down automatically.

The second the phone screen completely darkened, Yang Jian felt a cold aura enveloping him from behind. The sound of footsteps was rapidly approaching... ... The thing instantly approached him from a meter away.

It was right behind him.

Although he couldn't see it in the darkness, he could feel an icy cold hand reaching out, brushing past his ear and grabbing at his neck.

No matter how hard he ran, he couldn't get rid of this hand.

"Am I going to die here..." Yang Jian could already feel the icy cold fingers touching the skin on his neck.

The ice-like coldness instantly spread throughout his body, causing goosebumps to rise.

A faint corpse stench filled the tip of his nose.

There was no way out.

The red light in the darkness became more and more eye-catching.

Suddenly, the footsteps behind him stopped and disappeared in an instant.

The cold palm had just touched Yang Jian's neck when it suddenly froze and did not grab him.

Yang Jian, who had run a few steps forward, could feel that the thing behind him had pulled away.

It seemed that the ghost was not continuing to chase after him.

"Just, just now, what was that..."

After running for a while more, Yang Jian really could not run anymore. He stopped and panted heavily. Cold sweat was breaking out all over his body, and he was still in shock.

He recalled the thrilling scene from before.

He was sure that he could survive not because he was lucky, but because the ghost had given up on chasing him. But why?

He listened carefully.

The footsteps that had been following him closely did not appear again.

He seemed to be temporarily safe.

"Let's not worry about it for now. Since that thing hasn't chased after me, it means that I am fine now. No matter what, I have to leave this place as soon as possible," Yang Jian panted. He raised his head and looked at the location of the red light. Then, he walked over.

Soon, he arrived at the location where the red light was emitted.

"Is it a light bulb? A glass bead?" Yang Jian was stunned for a moment. In the darkness, he really couldn't make out what it was.

He tried to touch the spot where the red light was emitted.

"Ah!" In an instant, Yang Jian felt a sharp pain. He quickly withdrew his hand.

"This... This isn't a light," However, what frightened him was that he saw that the glass ball that was emitting red light was stuck to his hand. It was also squirming crazily. As it squirmed, it actually bore a hole in his hand and sank into the back of his hand.

Cold and pain instantly enveloped his entire body.

Yang Jian fell to the ground. The pain made his entire body writhe. It was as if his tendons were being pulled and his skin was being peeled off. The pain was like his soul was being crushed.

However, in the midst of his painful writhing, Yang Jian discovered that his surroundings were changing.

The darkness surrounding him began to recede rapidly.

He could see clearly...

Everything around him could be seen clearly.

It was as if he had suddenly gained night vision.

The pain came and went quickly.

After writhing in pain for less than three minutes, Yang Jian felt the pain begin to recede like the tides.

He lay on the ground, almost exhausted, gasping for air. His muscles were still twitching due to the pain just now.

"What's the hell is all this?" Yang Jian recovered his strength a little after a while before he struggled to sit up as if he had escaped death.

However, when he saw everything around him clearly, his pupils abruptly shrank and a look of shock appeared on his face.

In front of him was a tree.

A pale tree that seemed to have grown out of bones.

On the tree hung tattered human skins, dirty and smelly cloth strips, dried corpse heads, strange paper banners... ... But what made him even more afraid was that on the trunk of this tree lay a four-meter-tall person.

No, it wasn't a person.

It was a shadow, a shadow that had the same outline as a person, as if it was condensed from darkness.

The tall black shadow was unmoving. It was hanging upside down on the tree, its head facing the ground.

If one looked carefully, one would discover that there was a nail as thick as an adult's arm nailed to the chest of the black shadow. No, to be precise, the nail should be a coffin nail commonly used by the people. No one knew how long the coffin nail had been nailed to the tree as it was covered in rust and seemed like it was going to break.

"Drip, drip, drip!" Black blood was flowing out from the spot where the black shadow was nailed.

To think the sound of water dripping in the darkness along the way was this.

When Yang Jian saw the head of the huge black shadow, he immediately felt a chill run down his spine.

The head of the black shadow did not have the outline of a face. There was only a dent. The dent seemed to be where the Black Shadow's eye was, and the thing that was emitting the red light earlier seemed to be its eyeball.

Yang Jian looked at the back of his hand.

"Gurgle!" The flesh and skin on the back of his hand were torn open, and a red eyeball turned in circles before being revealed. At the same time, an image from a strange perspective appeared in his mind.

It was as if an eye had grown out of the back of his hand, and whatever the eye was seeing could be transmitted to his mind.

Strange, bizarre, or perhaps an unknown ability.

Yang Jian looked at the strange bone tree, the human skins on it, the dried corpses, and the huge black shadow nailed to the tree trunk.

"This place is very eerie. No matter what the tree is, it's better to leave as soon as possible."

He could vaguely feel that the huge black shadow nailed to the tree was even more terrifying than the old man.

On top of that, he seemed to have the feeling that the hollow eyes of the dried corpse hanging seemed to be watching him in the dark.

He felt a chill run down his spine.

He looked at the red eyeball on the back of his hand. A gloom shrouded his heart that could not be removed.

However, this was not the time to be concerned about this.

The surrounding darkness seemed to have faded. Yang Jian could clearly see everything around him.

This was a dark, endless space. There was nothing here but the withered bone tree.

It was like a different world. It was not a place he was familiar with.

But when he turned around, he saw that there was a door in the direction he came from. It was... the washroom door.

It turned out that the door had been so close to him, yet he had not noticed it before.