

MYSTERIOUS REVIVAL

Chapter 4: Knocking on the Door

"Thump, thump thump."

The dull and eerie knocking on the door was still sounding at a fixed frequency like the sounds of a set alarm.

The classroom doors were not locked. They weren't even fastened, just casually closed. As long as one used a little strength, they could easily be pushed open.

However, what made people's hair stand on end was that the old man wearing a black long robe and covered in livor mortis did not push open the door. He just stood stiffly outside the door and knocked, as if he did not have the slightest intention of entering.

Although the old man did not enter, the ink-thick darkness in the corridor did with speed.

The entire classroom began to undergo an unimaginable change.

The brand-new walls became mottled and moldy. The plaster kept falling off, turning the walls uneven. Dark green mold grew on the uneven walls, giving off a cold, damp smell. The books on the desks quickly turned yellow, then rotted. Even the cement on the ground began to quickly erode, revealing rusty steel bars. Some places even began to collapse.

It was as if in a split second, the place had experienced decades and had been destroyed by the passage of time.

However, the lights in the classroom were still struggling against the darkness. The white light was like a candle in the wind, emitting the last glimmer of dim light, as if it was going to be extinguished at any moment.

Fear appeared on every student's face. Some screamed, some called for help, and some were trembling...

The only one who was calm was Zhou Zheng, who was on the podium.

He did not move. He looked around, paying attention to any movement around him.

A dangerous ghost that even had a ghost realm... ... This was not something he could deal with.

"Zhou Zheng, look," At this moment, Fang Jing suddenly shouted. His expression was exceptionally ugly as he pointed at a few students at their desks.

He hadn't noticed it before, but now that he saw it, he finally came to his senses.

"Thump, thump thump," The sounds of knocking rang out once again.

At this moment, the male student who had been standing in the crowd earlier suddenly trembled, then his entire body stiffened as he fell to the ground.

"Li Ming, what's wrong?"

"How could this happen? How could this happen? Someone save us!" A female student was so scared that she fell limp on the ground and cried.

"Everything was fine before. Why did all this suddenly happen?" Someone said with a trembling voice.

Fang Jing's face turned ashen, "What are you shouting for? There's a ghost outside the door. There are countless ways for us to die. You'll soon know how terrifying a ghost that can create a ghost realm is."

The others looked at him in horror. They were like prey that had fallen into a cage, filled and trembling with fear.

"Zhou Zheng, haven't you thought of a solution yet? If you don't, we'll all die here," Fang Jing said angrily.

His heart was also trembling because anyone in the ghost realm could die, including him.

"Shut up. If you can't wait, run away yourself. Don't count on me," Zhou Zheng was also anxious. He didn't dare to act rashly.

"Running around in the ghost realm will kill you faster. Do you think I don't know anything?" Fang Jing said.

"Since you know, then just wait there obediently. If it's death, do you think you're the only one who will die? It's the same for everyone. Don't think that you are special just because you know some things. Everyone is equal in front of a ghost," Zhou Zheng said.

"F*ck," Fang Jing could not help but curse.

Yang Jian's hands and feet were cold. He forced himself to calm down because all this was not a joke.

When he inadvertently saw the blackboard that was about to fall off the wall, he was momentarily stunned.

His gaze stopped on the three sentences that Zhou Zheng had written, especially the last sentence: See through the patterns of the ghosts.

"Zhou Zheng doesn't dare to act rashly because he is also observing the old man outside the door, looking for his patterns. Only by finding the old man's

patterns will he dare to act. Think, I have to quickly think, what patterns does the old man have to be found..." Yang Jian's mind began to spin frantically,

He started recalling everything that had been recorded in the story on the forum, then connected it to the things that were happening in front of him.

There must be something in common, there must be something similar.

That netizen called Leidian Fawang was at home. At that time, his door was closed and the old man was standing outside the door while knocking... ..

Then the old man went in, went to the bedroom door, knocked again, and then entered the room.

Now, the ghost had appeared in the corridor and was also knocking on the door... .. but had yet to enter.

Why did the old man enter the netizen's house but not here?

It was the same situation, the same thing. What caused the difference?

Was it because there wasn't enough time?

On what aspect was the time insufficient?

Could it be that there wasn't enough time to knock on the door?

Perhaps this was the key.

Let's go for it.

In that instant, Yang Jian mustered up his courage and shouted, "Zhou Zheng, it's the knocking on the door."

"The knocking on the door?" Zhou Zhengyi paused, his gaze burning as he stared at the student who had suddenly said those words, and he asked, "Why do you say that?"

Yang Jian held back his fear and said, "Although it's just a guess, I think this thing kills by knocking on the door. Maybe the old man is timing or something

else, but it must be related to the knocking. If we can stop that thing from knocking on the door, it might be useful..."

Killing by knocking on the door.

If that was really the case, then this ghost was too terrifying.

"This guy's potential is starting to show so quickly..." Fang Jing looked at Yang Jian with an unfriendly gaze and clenched his fists tightly. "I must not let him leave this school alive."

"I'll trust you this time," Zhou Zheng retracted his gaze solemnly. He had no choice.

If he did not act now, everyone here would die.

Immediately, Zhou Zheng moved. He charged out like a wild beast. His strange body that was thin on top and fat at the bottom had an explosive strength that ordinary people could not compare to.

"Bang!"

With a loud sound, the classroom door was forcefully pushed open by him. At the same time, he knocked the ashen-faced old man who was covered in livor mortis and wearing a black long robe away from the door.

The old man fell to the ground, but no one dared to help him up.

His body was in a strange posture, like a stiff puppet that was casually moving its limbs. It did not have the toughness and flexibility that a living person should have.

Ghosts could not be killed.

Zhou Zheng would, of course, not forget the words he had written himself.

Even if the old man was crushed into mud and burned to ashes, he still wouldn't be dead. He would continue to appear in an unimaginable way.

Only ghosts could deal with ghosts.

Zhou Zheng gritted his teeth and turned his head to shout, "Look for an opportunity to escape. I'll hold this thing off."

After saying that, his bulging stomach under his large windbreaker squirmed a few times.

A hand, or more accurately, the outline of a hand, was stretched out under a layer of skin. This hand was grayish-green and its nails were sharp, as if it wanted to tear through the layer of skin and reach out from within.

However, the belly that was wrapped around the hand was very tough, and couldn't be torn apart. What was more frightening was that the hand stretched out for more than two meters.

Was this still a human hand?

Just like that, the strange grayish-green hand grabbed the old man on the ground.

"Sizzle, sizzle ~ !" The sounds of the fluorescent light tubes flashing sounded.

In an instant, the darkness that shrouded the classroom disappeared, and bright lights appeared once again. Although the walls were still mottled and the ground still looked like it was about to collapse, it seemed that the disaster had been stopped.

"It worked," Zhou Zheng heaved a sigh of relief in his heart.

However, his eyes suddenly widened immediately after that and his skinny face was covered by a wave of fear.

The old man who was lying on the ground slowly stood up. His dead gray eyes rolled slightly as if he was looking at Zhou Zheng.

"Impossible. You can still move after being restricted by me?" Zhou Zheng's expression changed drastically. He immediately turned around and shouted, "Go, quickly run. Leave this place before the ghost realm appears. I will stay here and delay this thing."

This ghost was definitely not just dangerous.

Cold sweat broke out in his heart.