

MYSTERIOUS REVIVAL

Chapter 5: Lost

Zhou Zheng's roar jolted everyone in the classroom back to their senses.

Although they were all scared silly by the sudden change, survival was the instinct of every living creature.

"If you want to live, follow me," Fang Jing was the first to roar. Then, he took the lead and rushed out at an extremely fast speed, heading straight for the back door of the classroom.

They were on the fifth floor. If they wanted to leave the school, they had to go downstairs first. If they had been on the second floor or the first floor, he would've just jumped out of the window without hesitation.

However, jumping down from the fifth floor was no different from committing suicide.

Fang Jing's escape was highly encouraging and motivating. The others immediately reacted and instinctively rushed out of the classroom with him.

Yang Jian did not hesitate and left immediately as well.

He had a premonition that Zhou Zheng would not be able to stall the old man for too long.

"Boom..."

Parts of the ground that had been eroded began to collapse immediately after being stomped on by so many. A few of the students fell straight down.

"Zhang Wei, Miao Xiaoshan."

Yang Jian was shocked and hurriedly avoided the collapsed areas.

"Ptui, I'm fine. Damn it, which bastard pushed me just now? I'm going to sue him for murder," Zhang Wei touched his butt and inhaled deeply in pain.

Fortunately, he had only fallen to the classroom that was one level lower. It was only about a three-meter fall and still couldn't make him fall to his death.

However, when Zhang Wei turned his head to look at the other people who had fallen, his eyelids twitched.

A person was lying on the ground with her eyes wide open. Blood was gushing out from her neck and she made gurgling sounds as if she was still breathing. Yang Jian could see a blood-stained steel bar piercing through her neck.

This was a pretty girl who had good grades in class. He did not expect that the accident would happen to her.

With such serious injuries, it was too late for first aid, not to mention the current situation.

"All of you, get up and leave this place. Don't waste time," Yang Jian shouted and immediately left without caring about the others.

"Yang Jian, you don't have to tell me that I have to leave this damn place... F*ck, you're leaving just like that? Don't even think about asking me for resources in the future," Zhang Wei scolded.

At this moment, the group of students seemed to have gone crazy as they rushed out of the classroom and down the stairs.

"Can we leave this place safely?" Yang Jian was feeling uneasy at this moment. The image of the livor mortis covered old man in his black long robe lingered in his mind.

If the old man was really a ghost, could Zhou Zheng deal with it?

After all, he had also said that ghosts could not be killed and that only ghosts could deal with ghosts.

Wait... Could it be that Zhou Zheng was a ghost too?

In an instant, Yang Jian felt his scalp go numb and his entire body went cold.

Could it be that he was listening to a ghost lecture just now?

What on Earth was going on in this world?!

However, in the corridor outside the classroom, Zhou Zheng was still trying his best to stall the old man and prevent him from casting his ghost realm again.

Once the ghost realm appeared again, as long as the students were still in it, they would not be able to leave this place alive even if they have left the classroom.

However, the terror of the black-robed old man had already exceeded his imagination. He did not know how long he could stall for.

At this time, everyone was frantically running down the stairs, scurrying around like a bunch of frightened hares.

One floor, two floors, three floors...

It was as if the hope of leaving this place was right in front of them.

However, just as Fang Jing ran to the middle of the stairs where they had to turn, a soft sizzling sound suddenly rang out and the stair lights were instantly extinguished. The entire staircase fell into darkness.

The darkness was incomparably dense. One couldn't even see one's fingers. Through the window, one couldn't see the slightest bit of light either.

"Ah!" The second the lights went dark, some female students screamed out in fear.

"Damn it, has Zhou Zheng reached his limit? Could it be that the ghost realm has appeared again? Just what level is that old man? He's really terrifying," Cold sweat broke out on Fang Jing's face. He did not dare to stay any longer in the darkness and he immediately turned around to roar, "Everyone, leave quickly. Don't stop."

He didn't want to save these people, but he couldn't let them die in the ghost realm.

Otherwise, the ghost realm would become even more terrifying.

In the darkness, the students continued to walk down the stairs. This wasn't difficult for them, who were familiar with the environment here.

However, as they continued, Fang Jing suddenly stopped after some time. He realized that something was wrong.

It wasn't just him. Yang Jian, who was behind, also noticed that something was wrong. At this moment, his entire body was tense. He had noticed that the stairs he had walked down seemed to have been more than five stories high... ... Yet there were more stairs in front of him.

"Stop. Stop walking," When Fang Jing who was in front stopped, the others behind him also stopped subconsciously.

Under such circumstances, Fang Jing who was mysterious and relatively calm seemed to have become the backbone of the group.

"Fang Jing, what's wrong? Why aren't we continuing to go down?" A girl asked with a trembling voice.

"If you're not leaving, I am. I don't want to stay here and wait for death," A boy continued to walk forward in fear. Soon, he disappeared into the darkness.

"Fang Jing, don't f*cking mess around now. People will die," Someone who had also stopped said with a sobbing tone.

"Walk my ass! Didn't the lot of you count how many flights of stairs you have already gone down from the fifth floor to here?" Fang Jing scolded loudly.

"We're all running for our lives, how will we still be counting this?"

In times of trouble and panic, they really couldn't care so much. After all, not everyone had a calm mind.

At this moment, Yang Jian was silent for a moment before he said, "Before the lights went out, we had already reached the third floor and were walking towards the second floor. However, when we reached there, the lights had gone out. We should've left the place by just going down one more floor, but since the lights went out, we have at least gone down three or even four floors.

In other words, we have already reached the underground. But this teaching building doesn't have a basement."

"F*ck, Yang Jian, can you not talk about such a terrifying thing? It's already terrifying enough," Someone exclaimed in the darkness.

"Then what should we do now? Should we continue or not?"

"Why don't we try going down a few more floors? Maybe Yang Jian made a mistake in his calculations."

Just as everyone was discussing, a faint light suddenly appeared in the darkness. A female student who was trembling had turned on her phone's flashlight.

The phones could still be used?

Everyone was pleasantly surprised when they saw this. They hurriedly took out their phones and turned on the lights.

Immediately, more than a dozen lights lit up. However, compared to the total number of people in the class, they were simply too few. Could it be that everyone had gotten separated?

Moreover, the strange thing was that the lights were not as intense as usual. It was as if they were forced back by the surrounding darkness. They could only light up less than a meter in front of them.

Further ahead was the darkness that was as thick as ink.

The darkness was so oppressive that it almost made people unable to breathe. It was as if they would be lost in it at any moment.

"Continue walking forward," Fang Jing gritted his teeth. There was nothing he could do now.

This was not an existence that he could contend against alone. He could only pray that Zhou Zheng was not dead yet and that he could delay the ghost for some more time as well as destroy the ghost realm.

Otherwise... .. Everyone would probably be lost in this ghost realm forever, unable to leave for the rest of their lives.

They continued down the stairs.

This time, it was not just Fang Jing, many of the students had started counting the number of floors they had walked.

One floor, two floors, three floors...

The more they counted, the more panicked they became. When they counted to five floors, they saw that there were still flights of stairs before them.

Everyone stopped in their tracks. Their hands and feet turned cold, and terrified expressions appeared on their faces. At this moment, some of the

female students had already broken down. They sat on the ground and started crying.

"We've... We've already gone down five floors."

"My calculations also tell me that we've gone down five floors. This... This is the end. We won't be able to get out of here."

For a moment, everyone was at a loss.

Fang Jing's expression was particularly ugly. He did not dare to continue walking forward. However, in his heart, he refused to admit defeat. Could it be that in this lifetime, he was just going to die here without knowing the reason why?

"Yang Jian, you're not dead, right?" Suddenly, he shouted with a vicious tone.

"Fang Jing, I didn't offend you, right? Don't curse me to death like this," Yang Jian's expression turned cold.

Fang Jing turned around and passed through the crowd, grabbing onto Yang Jian's collar as he said fiercely, "Since you're not dead, then lead the way. If it's you, you'll definitely be able to leave this place alive. With your potential, you sure as f*ck won't die in this damned place."

Yang Jian said, "You know more than me. If you can't even leave, what can I do?"

"You definitely know something. Are you f*cking going to tell me or not?" Fang Jing's expression was a little malevolent as he said.

He was at the end of his ropes and could only place his hopes on Yang Jian. If Yang Jian could really grow to the heights he would reach in the future, he definitely wouldn't die here.

From the beginning until now, he had been paying attention to Yang Jian.

In a short moment, Yang Jian had analyzed the pattern of the door-knocking ghost and had also clearly calculated the flights of stairs they had taken when escaping.

Without a doubt, this was a fellow with extremely terrifying adaptability.

Any ordinary person who had come into contact with ghost realms and malicious ghosts would've already been scared out of their wits. How could they be as calm as him?

This was a kind of talent.

Normally, such talent was useless. Even if one had it, they wouldn't be able to use it in their lifetime. However, under the circumstances of a great change in the world, such talent could increase the chances of survival. If one could become a ghost rider, the talent could even give one great advantage when dealing with ghosts.

"Fang Jing, it's useless even if you ask me. This is also the first time I've encountered such a situation. If I had a way to leave, I wouldn't have stayed here. Every f*cking second we stay in this place is an added chance of encountering that thing. Do you think I want to die?" Yang Jian said.

Fang Jing's heart trembled. Only now did he come to his senses that Yang Jian was still a newbie who didn't know anything.

He felt that he himself was laughable. To think he was asking Yang Jian for help at this time.

Was it because Yang Jian's influence on him in the future was too great?

"Fang, Fang Jing, this is bad. Look..." Suddenly, a classmate pointed at the door of the washroom while trembling.

There was a washroom between the third and second floors of the teaching building.

"F*ck, we're still on the second floor after a round of running. We're really done for."

"No, it's not that. Look behind the door, there seems to be a figure," The student trembled as he raised his phone to shine the light over.

Everyone immediately retreated in fear.

Behind the glass window of the washroom door, a tall and blurry silhouette of a human figure appeared in the light.

"Who, who is inside?" Someone mustered up his courage and shouted.

He hoped that the person in the washroom was a classmate.

"Creak ~ !"

The long creak of the door being opened was heard. A pale arm stretched out from the dark washroom. The arm was placed on the door as it slowly pushed the door open.

"It's not a person. This is another ghost," Fang Jing's pupils abruptly shrank, but in the end, he revealed a fierce expression.

"Since you don't know anything, then go to Hell," He used all his strength to grab Yang Jian and push him towards the endless darkness of the washroom, planning to use this fellow's life to temporarily stall the newborn ghost.