

Revival 1181

Chapter 1181 Repeated Experiences

The dimly lit, oppressive dining room was suffused with an eerie atmosphere.

Yet at this moment, Yang Jian, Li Yang, and Tong Qian were staring at the suddenly appeared Ah Nan, prepared to take action at any moment. If anything went awry, they would absolutely kill this Ah Nan here.

After all, anyone who could appear in this place was by no means simple, representing a huge danger.

"Although I don't know what kind of existence you are, it doesn't prevent us from killing you here unless you can give us an explanation," Yang Jian said coldly.

He needed to understand exactly who this Ah Nan was.

If this Ah Nan didn't talk, Yang Jian would rather know nothing and eliminate this person.

Not for anything else.

Merely for his own safety.

In Yang Jian's perception, this person was someone who should already be dead.

Ah Nan stared at Yang Jian for a moment, then shifted his gaze to the decapitated woman's head on the ground beside them, seemingly contemplating something. After a while, he spoke, "How did you all get in here?"

"Answer my question first, Ah Nan." Yang Jian stepped forward a few steps, with a very firm attitude.

Ah Nan said, "First, give me that head."

"You are in no position to bargain. Either talk, or die here. Our patience is limited. You'd better be smart," Li Yang said forcefully.

Tong Qian said, "If it comes to fighting, you will definitely die here. I advise you to be a little more reasonable."

"Death is not scary."

Ah Nan said, "I have long been a dead man; it's just that sometimes I don't realize it myself. You all should leave here quickly. The longer you stay, the less likely it is that any of you will escape."

"You talk too much. I've said my patience is limited. This is the last warning: don't try to change the subject. Or do you think we're just intimidating you and won't actually act?" Yang Jian said with a cold face.

Ah Nan's eyes flickered: "What do you want to know? I can tell you the information I know, but in exchange, you must give me that head."

"Xiang Lan's head?"

Yang Jian said, "If you cooperate enough, I can give it to you. This thing is useless to me. First, tell me what this place is."

"This is the last supernatural room, with an unknown room number," Ah Nan said. "All the ghosts trying to leave will be trapped in this room. But this room has recently been opened, and I don't know who opened it. Xiang Lan and I escaped from the corridor, thinking we could leave, but we got trapped here instead."

"Is it just you and Xiang Lan in this supernatural place?" Yang Jian continued to ask.

"No, it's more than us two. Occasionally, we encounter some other people, but they, like us, are trapped here, searching for a way out. All we can do is keep surviving in this place, mastering the secrets of every room until we leave here."

Ah Nan said, "Unfortunately, many people have failed. They died here."

"How long have you been here?" Yang Jian asked again.

"For a long time. There's no concept of time here, so I'm not sure exactly how long."

Ah Nan said, "All I know is that when I woke up, I was already in a room. That room is 101. As it stands, that's a safe room, with no ghosts inside."

"That's impossible! Living in such a place until now, do you really think we're that easy to fool?" Li Yang said incredulously, feeling deceived.

These words were full of flaws, with lines filled with perfunctory.

Ah Nan looked at him and said, "Who told you I've been alive until now? I've died many times. This is just the longest I've lived. But every time I die, I return to that room, lose my memory, and start over."

"Is there really such a thing?" Tong Qian's face showed a look of surprise at this description.

To die and then repeatedly resurrect seems too incredible.

"A Room 101 that allows you to resurrect repeatedly? Let's say such a place indeed exists."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes: "So if you die now, you'll lose all memories of this place, return to the moment you came in, and then begin searching for a way out again, endlessly?"

"Yes, that's correct," Ah Nan said expressionlessly.

"Then how do you know you're going through all this if you lose all your memories? You shouldn't know that you would resurrect in Room 101," Tong Qian asked.

Ah Nan said, "I record some of my experiences in the adjacent Room 102, provided I can return smoothly because it's not always smooth. Most of the time, I die while leaving Room 101 to find a way out, and it's a high probability."

"However, with time, a small probability event can become a high probability event. Room 102 has documented my experiences surviving and returning time and again."

"Why not record it in Room 101, so after each death, returning to that room, you'd know?" Tong Qian said.

"Every time I die, everything in Room 101 resets to its original state, including any records I made, which get erased. I can only record in another room," Ah Nan said.

Yang Jian said, "How long have you been trapped here? Since other people have appeared, you could certainly learn from them how much time has passed outside."

"Judging from your current time, I've been trapped here for at least eighty-two years," Ah Nan said.

This was a number that caused despair.

Eighty-two years.

Way too long. It's unbelievable to imagine someone repeatedly resurrecting and dying in this ghostly place for eighty-two years.

"So you're from the Republic of China Period," Yang Jian squinted his eyes.

"Yes," Ah Nan said. The original source is M!|!V|\$L5EMPYR^..

"Back then, I was a university student participating in a march and demonstration on the street..." Ah Nan said.

"Who is Xiang Lan?"

Ah Nan said, "She's someone who entered here with me. She, like me, can resurrect repeatedly. Her room is 701. I met her during a chance encounter."

"Does the first room of each numbered set allow one to resurrect repeatedly?" Yang Jian noticed this numbering.

Ah Nan is 101, Xiang Lan is 701.

Which means, there's also 201, 301, 401... rooms of a similar nature.

No wonder he said it's not just him here.

Ah Nan continued, "But repeated resurrection isn't always successful. Sometimes it fails. I've seen people in some rooms I never saw again later; the dangers hidden in those rooms are too numerous, too terrifying, and some ghosts will cause your resurrection to fail after killing you."

"That's what happened to Xiang Lan. She died and never resurrected again. I haven't found her in Room 701 since."

"So that's how it is."

Yang Jian showed a slight change of expression: "However, your words can only be temporarily believed. Whether it's as you said still requires verification. Don't tell me you're the only one who's been resurrecting repeatedly for over eighty years without any other survivors?"

"There are," Ah Nan said with certainty.

"Do you want to see others?"

Yang Jian said, "Of course, if possible."

"Give me that head and I'll take you," Ah Nan said.

Without saying a word, Yang Jian picked up the woman's head from the ground and tossed it over.

Since the other party did not play tricks, he also kept his promise.

Ah Nan caught it, took a look, then turned and said, "Follow me, but let me warn you, don't blame me if you die on the way. There are many ghosts here."

"Don't worry, we won't die that easily," Yang Jian said.

"That's good," Ah Nan said, carrying the head and gradually walking towards the door of the dining room.

Yang Jian wasn't afraid. He immediately followed and signaled Li Yang and Tong Qian to stay behind him, in case of danger he could respond first.

"If he acts suspicious, just take him out," he thought to himself as he kept an eye on the Ah Nan ahead.

"Stay alert, be cautious of danger," Li Yang said in a low voice.

Tong Qian nodded slightly and said, "I know, don't worry, I'm not that careless. But do you think Ah Nan's story is true or false?"

"The truth or falsehood doesn't really matter. We don't have the energy to discern the truth of a matter. We just need to see the result; when the result appears, the truth will also emerge," Li Yang replied. "Anyway, I hold a skeptical attitude."

"I think what he said is true. He's always been concerned about that head; the woman should be Xiang Lan," Tong Qian said.

Chapter 1182 The Operating Elevator

Although the environment here exudes an eerie aura, the layout and structure are exactly the same as the Caesar Hotel, so there is at least no risk of getting lost when walking here.

However, there is no exit here; it is a room from which one cannot escape.

Even ghosts are trapped here, let alone living people.

At this moment.

Ah Nan was walking ahead, cradling the Dead Man's Head of a woman.

He was quite familiar with this place as well. His footsteps were neither hurried nor slow, and he wasn't looking around, as if there was a fixed safe route in his mind.

Sometimes, he could clearly walk straight through, but Ah Nan insisted on taking a detour.

Although this wasted time, it at least proved that the route was safe, as they hadn't encountered any supernatural attacks along the way. However, this behavior also made Yang Jian suspicious.

Because it couldn't be ruled out that Ah Nan was intentionally taking them on a detour.

If he was truly very familiar with this place, it wasn't impossible for him to use its dangerous spots against the group.

But there was no evidence at the moment to suggest Ah Nan had any malicious intentions, so Yang Jian pretended not to notice.

"I really want to read his mind, but I don't know how long he has been resurrected this time, how many memories he has in his head."

Yang Jian thought to himself, "The most reliable method is to check out the 102 room he mentioned because he has left all his experiences there for the past eighty-two years, which must contain a lot of information and truths about this place."

"However, it's also possible that the 102 room is a trap, intending to lure me in."

"Everything seems normal here, and I haven't seen anything unusual," Tong Qian said in a low voice, his three faces all on guard against the surroundings.

As they walked along, besides the oppressive and eerie environment, no real vicious ghost had appeared.

Li Yang was responsible for bringing up the rear, silent, also observing the surroundings.

"I've been leading you on safe routes, avoiding all dangerous places, otherwise you would have encountered at least three ghost attacks on that last stretch. The first corner was a crossroads, and standing in the middle of that crossroads is a ghost, invisible, only appearing right in the center. Anyone passing that crossroads will lose direction and never be able to leave."

"The position in the second passageway has a ball in an inconspicuous corner, that's also a ghost. Once you get close to the ball, it will roll towards you on its own. As soon as the ball gets within a certain range of you, you will be killed by the ghost."

"The third is that glass window, it looks normal, but in fact, the reflection of a ghost's figure is in the glass, and once you pass by that window, the ghost's form will appear and then target you."

Ah Nan narrated the hidden dangers they hadn't noticed earlier as they walked, seeming to be very knowledgeable about these dangerous places and ghostly information, as if recounting old stories.

"Really?" Tong Qian felt a difference.

She had observed those places, indeed without discovering anything.

Yang Jian, with his photographic memory, immediately recalled the places they bypassed earlier—a crossroads, a ball abandoned by the passageway, and an old glass window... these things matched Ah Nan's accounts of dangers.

What he said is most likely true.

"Being able to survive here is indeed no simple feat, to know such a perilous supernatural place so thoroughly," Yang Jian said.

Ah Nan didn't look back, speaking as he walked, "It's all gained through repeated sacrifices, but there are some places you can't bypass, where ghosts linger and you need to take on some risks every time you pass through."

He stopped walking: "Just like here."

In front of him was a hotel elevator, the doors of which were open. The lights inside flickered, and it seemed that this elevator could still operate in such an environment.

"The place we need to go is the fourth floor, if we want to get there we must take the elevator, because the third floor has been blocked by ghosts. The only remaining connection between the second and fourth floors is this elevator," Ah Nan pointed to the elevator.

Yang Jian frowned, "In such an environment, there's still an elevator that can operate. Needless to say, there's definitely a ghost in the elevator."

"Yes, there is a ghost, but the ghost doesn't always kill people. It depends on luck, but with your abilities, I believe handling the ghost's attack shouldn't be a problem," Ah Nan said, "It's much less costly than barging through the third floor."

Li Yang stepped forward at this time and said, "How do we know that this elevator is the safest and not the most dangerous? If the elevator malfunctions while the four of us are in it, the three of us could die, and you could be resurrected in the so-called 101 room."

"Trading one of your Resurrections for our three lives, it's a worthwhile deal."

He was thinking a lot, suspecting that this might be a trap, perhaps the previous detours set the stage for this step.

"If you don't trust me, you can take the stairs and pass by the third floor, but I will take the elevator to the fourth floor. We can meet on the fourth floor, but you must be quick, I won't wait for too long. There are dangers everywhere here, and I don't want to be targeted by some ghostly thing while standing there."

Ah Nan's tone was equally cold, with an indifferent attitude, neither angry nor opposing Yang Jian and others taking the stairs.

Li Yang was silent, looking at Yang Jian, as this decision still needed the captain to make.

His previous words weren't truly suspecting Ah Nan; he was just voicing the possibility to provoke a reaction.

To determine truth or falsehood still required Yang Jian's discernment.

"The ghost in the elevator is real, as is the ghost on the third floor. Since you say the danger from the elevator's ghost is far less than that of the ghost on the third floor, we'll trust you this once, and accompany you on the elevator," Yang Jian said calmly, showing no emotion.

Ah Nan stayed silent, merely entering the elevator, still holding that Dead Man's Head.

Tong Qian hesitated a bit, but seeing Yang Jian had made a decision, she said nothing and entered the elevator with Li Yang.

This was a modern elevator.

However, for some reason, it had aged severely, filled with a rotting smell, and the ceiling dripped water with a ticking sound. On the walls were some dried blood stains and finger-scraped claw marks.

It seemed something terrifying had happened here, someone had been attacked by something eerie. Visit [My Virtual Library Empire \(M_VLEMPYR\)](#) for more.

Yet Ah Nan was used to it. Skillfully, he pressed the elevator button for the fourth floor, then pressed the close door button.

The elevator started operating, making creaking sounds. Although it was unclear where these sounds were coming from, at least the elevator doors closed.

However, the doors didn't fully close. One half seemed broken, standing askew, leaving a jagged gap.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, his ghost eye restlessly moving as if sensing something.

He wasn't the only one.

Tong Qian and Li Yang both felt that something was off around them, as if a malevolent ghost was secretly watching them in the elevator, making them feel quite uncomfortable.

Fortunately, as experienced ghost handlers, they didn't panic at such feelings. They were calm and composed, ready to handle anything.

The elevator moved.

However, it wasn't ascending. It was descending.

"This isn't heading to the fourth floor," Yang Jian said coldly.

Ah Nan replied, "It is heading to the fourth floor."

"Is the fourth floor below?" Yang Jian asked, staring at him.

"I've already told you there's a ghost in this elevator. So in this instance of paranormal interference, how can you be sure the elevator is going down and not up? Your eyes can only see everything inside the elevator, not outside. Human senses can be overturned. How are you determining up and down?" Ah Nan retorted.

Yang Jian squinted slightly, "What you say makes sense. The paranormal can indeed overturn senses, but you've been saying there's a ghost in this elevator, so where is it?"

Ah Nan didn't reply, only glanced upward slightly.

Tick-tock, tick-tock.

As the elevator operated, the ticking sound continued to come from above.

Just as Tong Qian was about to look up, Ah Nan stopped her, "Don't look up. If you do, the elevator will stop, and a corpse will fall from the ceiling. Then the ghost will start killing. If you defeat the ghost, the elevator will lose power and won't take us to the fourth floor. So just let the ghost watch us."

"Once we reach our destination, we can leave the elevator and escape the ghost's attack when it strikes."

"It can't stray far from the elevator."

Ah Nan shared his experience and methods of handling the situation.

He needed to use the ghost's paranormal presence to keep the elevator running while enduring the ghost's gaze to prevent it from stopping the elevator and killing halfway.

Hearing this, Tong Qian immediately refrained from looking up but felt more convinced that something was lurking above the elevator.

No.

This wasn't an illusion but reality.

Tick-tock, tick-tock... A drop of viscous blood dripped down from above.

The sticky blood slid down before her eyes, splattering on the ground and forming blood flowers upon impact.

"There really is a ghost above," Li Yang squinted slightly, sensing the danger.

The elevator continued to operate.

The group remained silent, aware of the danger.

However, they soon realized the elevator had been running for a full three minutes, far exceeding the time needed to reach the fourth floor.

Have their perceptions been overturned again?

They looked at the electronic panel.

The display was chaotic, unable to show the correct floor. The numbers above kept flickering wildly.

"We're on the third floor now. This floor is the most dangerous; even if the elevator just passes by, it might get invaded by ghosts. But with the elevator's protection, we should still be relatively safe," Ah Nan said again.

It's unclear how he determined the elevator was on the third floor.

But hardly after he spoke.

The descending elevator suddenly encountered something, making a loud bang and shaking violently.

The lights inside the elevator flickered uncertainly, as if it were stuck, grinding and unable to continue operating.

Suddenly.

From the half-open elevator door, in the darkness, a pair of cold gray hands reached out, clutching tightly onto the elevator door.

No, not just a pair of hands.

Two pairs, three pairs, four pairs... Dense hands emerged from the darkness, gripping the elevator door. The originally sturdy elevator door began to twist and deform at the previously gaping spot.

As the elevator door was forced open wider and wider, a clear footstep sounded outside, walking directly towards them.

The elevator faced paranormal suppression, and the originally flickering lights became extremely dim at this moment.

It should be noted that the elevator itself was a resting place for a ghost, also carrying paranormal attributes, but at this moment, it was apparent that the outside ghost was fiercer, forcing down the ghost inside the elevator.

Ah Nan wasn't wrong; the third-floor ghost was indeed more frightening, and choosing to take the elevator was the right decision.

"It's up to you guys to drive back the invading ghost, or else the elevator cannot resume normal operation." He stood there motionless and spoke.

Chapter 1183 The Perils of the Third Floor

The elevator operated downwards for three minutes. When passing the third floor, it was not only intercepted but also seemed to have an evil spirit trying to enter.

A supernatural elevator was actually pried open by numerous hands.

The elevator creaked as it swayed in mid-air, seemingly about to snap its cables and plummet, while beyond the pried-open doors, a series of crisp footsteps approached rapidly from the darkness.

The footsteps didn't sound fast, but moved quickly, as if a ferocious ghost was rushing towards everyone.

At this moment, Ah Nan washed his hands of the situation. He didn't plan to intervene, just stood aside watching, leaving the matter of dealing with the evil spirit on the third floor to Yang Jian and the others.

Anyway, if the ghost breaks in, everyone dies together.

And if Ah Nan died, he could be resurrected in room 101, but Yang Jian could not.

"Captain, let me do it." At this moment, Li Yang stepped forward without hesitation.

In this kind of environment, his ability was more suitable.

"Alright, give it a try," Yang Jian nodded.

As soon as he finished speaking, Li Yang stepped forward, placing his hands on the distorted and deformed elevator doors.

The first ghost he harnessed was the Door-blocking Ghost, capable of blocking a door and sealing an entire room. This Supernatural Ability could be used not only to confine ghosts but also to protect those inside the room from being invaded by outside spirits.

At this moment, the elevator formed a space similar to a room, where the Door-blocking Ghost could perform perfectly.

The next moment.

A blurred figure shrouded in darkness suddenly appeared behind the elevator doors, resembling a stiff corpse, blocking here, hindering any supernatural approach.

With the emergence of the supernatural power, the countless ashen hands attempting to pry open the elevator door shrank back as if scalded.

One, two, three... the eerie hands were driven back, the pried-open elevator doors began to slowly close under another supernatural influence, and even the lights inside the elevator gradually restored, no longer seeming like they would completely go out.

At this rate, it would only take holding out a bit longer, relying on the Door-blocking Ghost's supernatural power to completely isolate the third floor's evil spirit.

Li Yang's face remained calm at this moment, feeling no great pressure.

In this supernatural confrontation, he clearly had the upper hand.

"It's quite something for you to arrive here, any random person can ward off this third floor's supernatural invasion," Ah Nan, witnessing the scene, was somewhat astonished.

Yang Jian said, "Too early to be pleased; the elevator isn't completely sealed off yet, the supernatural invasion continues, and the real ghost hasn't appeared."

His expression was grave, not at ease.

The Door-blocking Ghost's supernatural might was tremendous, capable of sealing a room, but the invasion of the third floor's ghost was equally fierce. A supernatural elevator merely passing by was forcefully halted, and the Terror Level behind this scenario was by no means as simple as it seemed.

"It's here," suddenly, Li Yang's face tensed, sensing something.

"Bang!"

Suddenly.

A loud impact sounded; in the darkness, something fierce and terrifying seemed to charge and smash into the elevator.

Such an impact couldn't even be isolated by the Door-blocking Ghost's supernatural power.

With just one strike, the elevator door, which had barely shut halfway, was struck and dented significantly, and even the vague ghostly figure outside twisted and vanished at this moment, while the elevator's lights abruptly went out, only to relight about two seconds later.

At this moment, the supernatural power of the Door-blocking Ghost was forcefully repelled.

Li Yang staggered back a few steps, his eyes wide, showing some hints of shock.

The supernatural power of the Door-blocking Ghost he could wield was far stronger than when he first harnessed it, yet it was unexpectedly unable to block the outside ghost's single assault.

But it wasn't without effect.

Although the ghost from the third floor suppressed Li Yang's supernatural power, it was ultimately held back, not directly breaching the elevator.

However, as Li Yang retreated.

A pair of ashen hands stretched out from outside the elevator doors, connected to the darkness, once again attempting to pry open the elevator door, and this invasion was faster, in mere seconds, the elevator door was already more than halfway open.

Footsteps in the darkness sounded once more.

The footsteps were quick and urgent, and the spectral beast from the darkness seemed poised to attack again.

Li Yang's face sank; he raised that wrinkled, emaciated arm full of the Door-Opening Ghost's curse, ready to unleash this curse to forcefully dispel the outside spirit.

"No need to go all out, it's not worth it."

Yang Jian patted his shoulder and said, "It's unwise to confront a ghost directly; though you control three ghosts, you are merely balancing them, and prolonged supernatural combat will deteriorate your condition. Since the outside's so fierce, don't fight it head-on."

While speaking, a red candle unexpectedly appeared in his hand.

"Ghost Candle?" Tong Qian immediately recognized it.

Without a word, Yang Jian lit the red Ghost Candle and then decisively tossed it out.

The red Ghost Candle burned, emitting an eerie green light, and at this moment, the Ghost Candle flew out through the open elevator door gap.

No sooner had it been thrown out than the flame of the Ghost Candle suddenly expanded, the light becoming dazzlingly bright.

The deathly gray hands grasping the elevator instantly retracted into the darkness, vanishing completely, even the surrounding darkness was driven away.

It was only then that they could see clearly what was behind those deathly gray hands.

It was actually a mass of densely packed corpses, piled up like a thick wall of bodies trying to swallow the elevator. These bodies had been dead for a long time, yet they were not decomposing, only exposing a deathly gray arm outside.

No, not just near the elevator door.

Outside the elevator, the pile of corpses continued, stretching deep into the darkness. Merely glancing at them was enough to make one's scalp tingle.

Moreover, a narrow passage had been cleared among the bodies.

The passage was only wide enough for one person to traverse.

The Ghost Candle continued to burn through the air, its burning speed reaching an astonishing level. Before it even hit the ground, it had already consumed nearly half of itself.

The firelight expanded like an exploding fireball.

There were just too many supernatural occurrences surrounding them—no, it should be said they were too terrifying. The piles of corpses contained untold dangers. In such an environment, the Ghost Candle could only burn desperately, releasing all its light to combat the darkness and danger here.

When the Ghost Candle's light reached its peak.

Everyone inside the elevator saw.

In the middle of the piled corpses, on the lone narrow path, an eerie figure stood there, motionless.

The Ghost Candle was about to hit the ground, the firelight only illuminating the lower body of that ghost.

It was clad in old, ragged trousers, with a pair of feet showing below. These feet were also cold and deathly gray, the same color as the surrounding corpses, though the toenails were black, exuding an indescribable eerie aura.

The ghost took a step back.

The Ghost Candle's light rapidly began to diminish, finally burning out completely after rolling on the ground, extinguishing directly. This chapter first appeared on M|V|L^EMPYR.

"A single Ghost Candle burned out in this environment, and only made the ghost take one step back?" Tong Qian showed a surprised expression on her face.

"No, it also blocked the second attack of that ghost." Yang Jian coldly stared at the ghost in the darkness.

His Ghost Eye's vision was distorted, only able to see a vague silhouette hidden in the darkness, unable to discern the ghost's appearance.

The supernatural interference was too severe, indicating that this ghost was indeed terrifying beyond belief.

"The elevator is operating," Ah Nan said.

Burning a Ghost Candle wasn't without effect; it blocked the outside ghost, dispelled the supernatural influence, and made the elevator return to normal.

Of course, such normalcy was also abnormal, because there was a ghost inside the elevator too; but compared to the thing outside, the ghost inside the elevator seemed almost cute.

The hum of machinery resumed, and the elevator's lights returned to normal, as it continued descending.

However, the surrounding darkness closed in once more, and the crisp footsteps echoed again in the darkness.

The speed was swift, closing in rapidly on everyone inside the elevator.

"Can we make it in time?" Li Yang squinted, staring intently at the elevator door ahead.

Using a single Ghost Candle to get past here without danger was indeed worthwhile; not that they were afraid, but the risk of confronting such a ghost was too great. Even if you won, you couldn't kill it; if you lost, you'd suffer losses instead.

Yang Jian's choice was not wrong.

He opted for the safest outcome at the minimum cost.

"If it's too late, just throw another Ghost Candle out," Yang Jian said, holding another red Ghost Candle in his hand.

"Continuing like this, we're at too much of a disadvantage," Tong Qian said. "I can keep fighting that thing."

Yang Jian rationally responded, "There's no need; we are just passing through. Leave some passage fee and don't risk our lives. This is Kaiser Grand Hotel, not the outside. We don't need to restrict this ghost, understand?"

Tong Qian remained silent.

And at the next moment.

A bang sounded again.

This time, the elevator seemed to have left the third floor. They heard a loud bang from overhead, and the elevator shook violently several times but was not halted, maintaining its descent.

"We made it, we successfully passed the third floor," Ah Nan breathed a small sigh of relief.

Yang Jian looked at him and asked, "Since the third floor is so dangerous, how do you manage to take the elevator past it every time?"

"Luck."

Ah Nan replied, "Not every time does the ghost stop the elevator when passing the third floor. Sometimes the ghost is far away, and when it spots the elevator, it has already passed this floor, leaving the ghost with nothing."

"Luck is one thing, but you can't be that lucky every time, can you? Mind explaining?" Yang Jian continued to question.

Ah Nan did not speak; he just extended three fingers, slowly placing them on the three long-dried bloodstains on the elevator door.

His fingers perfectly overlapped with the bloodstains.

"Is this explanation enough?" Ah Nan said.

Clearly, he hadn't always been lucky and had indeed experienced dying here.

Chapter 1184 - The Safe Room

The bloodstains in the elevator proved that Ah Nan once left traces here, which means that after one of his resurrections, Ah Nan entered this elevator and died here, only he lost the memory of that time.

But the traces are still here, this is the most favorable evidence.

"I see, these traces were left from your previous resurrections, but you seem to be quite attentive to details, you even noticed such minor marks." Yang Jian observed the traces.

They had existed for at least more than a month.

Ah Nan said, "A person with a normal mind who survives here repeatedly either dies or grows. This time I was relatively lucky, I visited room 102, obtained a lot of previous information and intelligence, gained many useful clues, so I know a lot more, and I grew faster in this environment."

"I hope everything you've said is true." Yang Jian temporarily dismissed his doubts about him.

However, his heart was still filled with distrust.

The old elevator continued to operate, making various strange noises, sometimes shaking, sometimes bumping into something making a sound, the lights in the elevator also frequently went out, but no matter what, after a risky journey, leaving the third floor, it was relatively calm.

It just took a bit too long for the descent.

Under normal circumstances, an elevator passing through a floor takes at most about four or five seconds, but now they've been in the elevator for at least ten minutes.

"Something has fallen from above."

Suddenly, Tong Qian stepped back, her eyes widened, seeing something hanging down. Read ahead and get updates at *.

Upon a closer look, it turned out to be strands of long black hair, stained with blood, these bloodstains were thick and black, carrying a rotten corpse smell, making people feel very uncomfortable.

Moreover, over time, more and more hair was hanging down from the ceiling of the elevator, like a dense black net trying to trap them inside.

"Clack, clack clack."

At the same time, strange noises came from above, like someone crying out in pain and suffering, or the sound of bone collision when limbs are twisted.

Accompanying these sounds, everyone noticeably felt something crawling on the ceiling.

"The ghost in the elevator has its eye on us, we've been in the elevator too long, the ghost is going to start killing." Ah Nan calmly stated the killing pattern of the ghost in the elevator.

"The fourth floor hasn't arrived yet." Li Yang immediately said, "If we deal with the fierce ghost on top now, can we still reach the fourth floor smoothly?"

Ah Nan said, "No, so we have to wait, wait until the last moment, if you can't hold your breath, you can make a move first."

"This is really troublesome."

Yang Jian's face remained unchanged, the next moment, the ghost shadow behind him suddenly began to move eerily.

The pitch-black shadow spread out in the elevator like a pool of ink, swiftly covering upwards along the elevator walls.

The covering of the ghost shadow formed a protection, preventing further actions of the fierce ghost in the elevator.

The hanging hair quickly started to retract slowly, and the crawling noise also showed signs of diminishing.

But as soon as this action was taken, the operating speed of the elevator noticeably slowed down and showed a tendency to stop.

Yang Jian didn't want to continue suppressing the fierce ghost, so he had to retract the ghost shadow slightly.

Sure enough.

The fierce ghost in the elevator wasn't particularly terrifying, a complete ghost shadow could stop the elevator, even if it started killing, they could easily repel this fierce ghost, no wonder Ah Nan chose this elevator as the route for ascending and descending floors.

This was indeed the safest route, even though this route also had a ghost.

As time passed.

The elevator continued operating without incident, but with the ghost shadow enveloping them, the fierce ghost's intent to attack everyone in the elevator noticeably decreased, they felt the presence of a fierce ghost crawling back and forth overhead, making banging sounds, but it never invaded the elevator.

After staying in the elevator for about another three minutes.

The originally flickering electronic board in the elevator suddenly returned to normal, displaying a normal floor number: Four.

Then the elevator stopped on this floor.

"The fourth floor is here." Ah Nan said.

As he spoke, the eerie elevator made a dinging sound and slowly opened its door, the twisted door got stuck a bit while opening and made a sharp friction sound that was uncomfortable to hear.

The fourth floor was no longer pitch black.

Through the continuously opening door gap, the group saw rows of old corridors. On both sides of the corridors were room doors, some of which were closed, some were open, in addition, the corridor lights were also on, but some lights were flickering, some were dim, some were broken.

But it provided some lighting in this dark environment, so people wouldn't be lost in darkness and unable to see clearly.

"I'll go out first." Yang Jian calmly said at this moment.

As the leader, going out of the elevator to clear the path was naturally a duty that couldn't be refused.

Li Yang and Tong Qian in front both sensibly made way.

The moment the elevator door opened halfway, Yang Jian already walked out, his ghost eye scanned the surroundings, and he saw a strange figure flashing through the hallway in the distance.

It was a woman holding a child's hand.

Their skin color was terrifyingly black and white, the child was white, the woman was black, like an old portrait.

"A ghost wandering on this floor?" Yang Jian was slightly startled but quickly averted his gaze.

The fierce ghost was merely passing by, not heading this way, for now, they didn't need to use the fierce ghost.

But this also indicated that this floor wasn't as peaceful as expected, it was still full of danger.

Li Yang, Tong Qian, and Ah Nan also came out of the elevator one after another.

Before they barely left, a loud bang sounded from the elevator ceiling, and a highly decayed corpse fell from above, following that, the corpse crawled quickly towards the people outside the elevator.

The elevator creaked, the smell of corpse stench filled the air.

The fierce ghost targeted them, intending to kill.

Unfortunately, these people weren't ordinary, they showed no signs of panic in the face of the attacking fierce ghost, Li Yang glanced back and then raised his hand to press the elevator close button.

The open elevator door slammed shut, the fierce ghost was trapped inside, unable to rush out.

The old elevator shook violently, but no matter what, the ghost couldn't open the elevator again, it seemed like a stronger supernatural force sealed the elevator door, rendering it unable to open again, even for the fierce ghost inside.

"We can't detain or repel that fierce ghost, we need it to keep this elevator running." Ah Nan said.

"Don't worry, it's still inside."

Li Yang knew this too, they couldn't destroy this route for going up and down floors, so he merely used the Door-blocking Ghost's power to block the fierce ghost's attack inside without doing anything else.

"Follow me, this way."

After looking around and confirming there was no danger, Ah Nan headed towards the right corridor.

"The fourth floor should be the most dangerous because it connects to the eerie corridor, fierce ghosts wander out from there."

Yang Jian asked, "Staying here is not a good choice for you."

"But most of the fierce ghosts only pass through here and eventually leave, so this place turned into the safest spot. Actually, the most dangerous place is the first-floor lobby, it's farthest from the fourth floor, so many ghosts eventually linger on the first floor." Ah Nan explained.

Yang Jian didn't speak, just observing the surroundings.

Soon.

Ah Nan stopped at a room door, this door was smeared with red blood which was particularly conspicuous, and at the doorway was a porcelain bowl containing black ashes, seemingly capable of some special effect at a crucial moment.

"This is currently the safest room on the fourth floor." Arriving at the room, Ah Nan didn't knock but clapped his hands three times.

This should be a signal.

The door soon opened.

Opening the door was an elderly-looking middle-aged man whose eyes were full of vigilance.

"Bang!"

In the next moment, the door closed unhesitatingly.

"Ignorant of life and death." Yang Jian unhesitatingly kicked, forcibly kicking open the recently closed door.

"Seeing people and still closing the door, how cautious."

Yang Jian strode in.

Chapter 1185 - Desperate Conjecture

Yang Jian directly kicked open the door and walked into the room without a room number.

It was a suite, spacious, with several people hiding inside. With just a quick glance, he saw three people standing in different positions, looking at him warily and with hostility. However, their clothing was quite peculiar, each with characteristics from different eras.

The middle-aged man with an old face who opened the door looked like an old farmer, wearing cloth shoes, with rolled-up pants, dark skin, and a somewhat thin build.

The one opposite was a young man, dressed in a suit, but the style was rather old, like something from the eighties or nineties.

The last one was a woman dressed in a dress with a headband on, her short hair neatly combed, not looking like someone from the present.

"Don't be nervous, his name is Yang Jian, and the other two are his teammates. They are people who came in from the outside and aren't our enemies for now."

At this moment, Ah Nan quickly walked in, hastily explaining to prevent either side from suddenly starting a fight.

Upon hearing this, the expressions on the three people's faces slightly relaxed, but they still suspiciously scrutinized Yang Jian.

"Are you sure he's a person who broke in from the outside and not a vengeful ghost? Just now he kicked open that door with one kick—something a living person couldn't do." The one speaking was the young man in the suit, still filled with vigilance, distrustful of Yang Jian.

It's hard to trust anyone when you can't even trust yourself in this place.

The reason they banded together was to increase their survival rate and continuously pass on information from this place.

This was a new way of surviving.

It's much better than dying continuously here, and continuously coming back to life.

"Whether he's a living person or a vengeful ghost doesn't matter, at least I haven't seen him here before, and there's no mention of anyone named Yang Jian in my information. He might really be someone who came in from the outside,"

The woman in the floral dress said seriously.

The middle-aged man with the old face stood silently by the side, not saying a word.

"Are you like Ah Nan, trapped here, continuously dying and coming back to life?" Yang Jian frowned, looking at the three of them again.

"Ah Nan, did you even tell him about this?" The young man in the suit said, somewhat displeased.

Ah Nan said, "If you want to learn more and break free from the nightmare we're trapped in, you can't miss any opportunity. We've hardly encountered anyone from the outside during our countless resurrections and explorations, so I think it's very important for us to meet him this time."

"Makes sense," the woman with the headband nodded slightly.

"Since we're not enemies, let's introduce ourselves. Your name is Yang Jian, right? I'm Zhu Jian, nice to meet you for the first time, please take care of me." The man in the suit walked over, extending his hand.

Yang Jian's face was cold; he extended his ghost hand, cold and black.

Zhu Jian saw the eerie palm and paused for a moment, hesitating to shake hands.

However, he eventually forced a smile, grasping the cold hand.

"We're not exactly enemies, but we're not friends either," Yang Jian said coldly.

"Understood," Zhu Jian said.

"I'm Dong Yulan, and I apologize for what happened earlier, Mister Yang. We were just overly cautious."
The woman with the headband smiled apologetically.

The middle-aged man with the old face said, "My name is Wang Genquan, nothing special, I used to be a farmer."

Yang Jian glanced at them, and simply said, "My teammates, Li Yang, Tong Qian."

Li Yang and Tong Qian nodded in acknowledgment, indicating they had met.

Although they exchanged some pleasantries, deep down everyone was aware that they weren't the same kind of people, and their positions were unclear, making them unworthy of trust. If something really happened, the other party would likely become an enemy.

Yang Jian at this moment walked into the living room of the suite, found a sofa and sat down, saying to the others, "I only have one purpose for coming here: to ensure that the vengeful ghost won't appear outside and cause a paranormal event. As long as this principle isn't violated, everything is negotiable."

"Conversely, if anyone wants to challenge this bottom line, then sorry, no matter how special you are, I won't let it go."

"Our positions don't conflict; you want to keep the ghost inside this Kaiser Hotel, and we just want to find a right way to leave here," Zhu Jian said as he walked over. "We only need freedom."

Yang Jian glanced, "How long have you been trapped here?"

"About sixty years or so," Zhu Jian said.

"All these years, you haven't found a way out?" Yang Jian asked.

Zhu Jian said, "Obviously, I haven't succeeded. If I had, I wouldn't be here. After all, there's indeed too much danger here. Once you die, you have to start over, becoming a newcomer entering this place for the first time, and I can foresee how high the mortality rate is for a newcomer lacking sufficient information and growth."

"Ah Nan has been stuck here even longer, hasn't he? But this time, I think it's the best chance because this time, all four of us are together, and we've already reached the final room. As long as we find a way out, all four of us can regain freedom."

He was confident at the moment, feeling this was the closest to the exit in decades.

If there's a next time in the resurrection, there definitely won't be such luck, to smoothly escape the maze of countless corridors and arrive at this Caesars Hotel.

"You have quite a few people, enough time to find a way out, yet you all still remain here. I think that's abnormal," Yang Jian said coldly.

"What are you trying to say?" The woman named Dong Yulan also came over, with a bit of curiosity and confusion.

Yang Jian said, "Maybe you've had records of successfully escaping here in the past few times. It's just that you are too special to break away from this ghost place. Perhaps after you leave here, you will die immediately and then resurrect in the room you were in."

"And the resurrected you forget the fact that you successfully escaped here, becoming a newbie again, gingerly exploring."

"An astonishing hypothesis," Ah Nan squinted his eyes slightly, looking at him with some amazement.

This person is indeed extraordinary.

With just a few words, he came to an incredible conclusion, and this conclusion is very likely true.

For a moment, the other three fell silent.

"Your deduction is interesting, almost flawless, because I can't find any evidence to refute you. If, as you say, we will die upon leaving here, then as long as we remain unaware of this, we can't leave any information to prove we have ever left." The original source is *.

Dong Yulan took a deep breath, trying to calm herself, telling herself this outcome should not be true.

If it were true, it would be too despairing.

"Why do you have such a thought?" Zhu Jian stared at Yang Jian and asked.

Yang Jian sneered, "Because I believe you didn't mysteriously appear in Caesars Hotel. I think you were kidnapped by someone and thrown into Caesars Hotel, so your appearance here is no coincidence, but destiny."

"Someone has targeted you, seeing certain qualities or potential in you, so they threw you directly in here, subjecting you to this curse of constant resurrection, and constantly wandering here, dealing with ghosts."

"What their purpose is, I don't know just yet. But I have reason to believe that if you are chosen ones, then you won't be let go so easily."

"If finding an exit worked, you would have found it decades ago and left, so the only explanation is, the moment you step out of here, you will most likely die instantly, or the reason you can keep resurrecting is because of some curse."

"And that curse, though it allows you to keep resurrecting in one of the rooms here, comes at a price."

The old farmer named Wang Genquan smacked his lips and said, "Perhaps the price is never being able to leave here."

"I don't believe it, I absolutely won't believe such a result, it's all just your speculation without evidence," Zhu Jian immediately shouted, somewhat agitated.

Li Yang sneered, "Don't underestimate a captain's judgment. Don't you yourselves have doubts? One trapped for eighty-two years, another for sixty years, such a long time and not escaping even once seems unbelievable. Even in the most dangerous places, there are always a few strokes of luck avoiding all dangers and getting out alive."

"We need evidence. Without evidence, we will not believe your deduction," Dong Yulan said.

Tong Qian said, "If you want evidence, it's simple. Just find the exit, leave here and see if you end up dead or alive, then everything will be clear. However, during the time this Caesars Hotel was closed, I did see a few special corpses remaining in a corner of the hotel."

"Those corpses were highly decayed, faces indistinct, but judging from their clothing, it didn't seem like modern dress, resembling your style instead."

"Maybe they are the ones who successfully escaped from this supernatural place."

Tong Qian shared some of her previous clues.

This is not a fabrication, it's true.

Yang Jian was also recalling, remembering that when he last came to Caesars Hotel, he did see a few highly decayed corpses, those were ordinary human corpses, and they didn't seem to be residents of this city.

Considering this event now, his deduction seems to be very likely true.

Chapter 1186 - Ash at the Door

The few people in the room were silent at this moment; Yang Jian's reasoning made them feel an almost suffocating despair.

If what Yang Jian said was true, then they would never be able to leave here in their lifetime, because the moment they left, they would die, and after dying, they would resurrect here, losing all their memories and starting anew.

Endlessly, infinitely.

They even doubted in their hearts whether they had ever really walked out of the Caesar Grand Hotel before.

But it's useless.

As long as you die once, everything starts over, and all doubts and speculations disappear.

"It seems you have good acceptance abilities; you're very clear about your current situation already, but whether my guess is true or not, it soon can be verified." Yang Jian glanced at these people again.

"Are you also seeking the door that can let you leave here?" Zhu Jian asked seriously.

Yang Jian said, "I can look for it incidentally, but after I find that door, I don't need to leave through it but will find a way to seal it completely, preventing any supernatural entity from escaping here."

"If you do that, then what about us?" Dong Yulan immediately said, "We still need that door."

Yang Jian continued, "So this is your last chance; after finding that door, you must make the corresponding choice, whether to leave through that door or choose to stay inside the Caesar Grand Hotel."

"Isn't that obvious; of course, it's to leave here." Zhu Jian said.

Dong Yulan said, "Zhu Jian, you misunderstood his meaning. He wants us to walk through that door, essentially gambling on whether we will die after leaving here. We only have this one chance, regardless of the result, because he will completely seal that door in the end. Even if we have the chance to dispel the curse of endless resurrection in the future, to escape here, we still won't be able to leave."

"So you're going to kill our last hope?" Ah Nan looked at him and said.

"Hope?" Yang Jian laughed coldly.

"What hope do you have? Trapped here for decades with no hope, will your hope be killed just because I seal the door? I must seal the supernatural entities; otherwise, many people outside will die. Your lives are not that important in my eyes."

"Of course, if you think anything I'm doing is wrong, you can start now and kill the three of us here. Once we die, naturally, we won't interfere with you anymore."

"After all, decisions are always made by the living."

After saying this, he glanced at them, indicating that they could take action.

Ah Nan, Zhu Jian, and Dong Yulan frowned, carrying a few shares of displeasure and annoyance in their gazes towards Yang Jian.

This person was truly too arrogant, making people feel very uncomfortable.

"The one with the stronger fist, the one with the decisional power, this is very fair." Wang Genquan, resembling an old farmer, spoke at this moment, surprisingly agreeing with Yang Jian.

"What do you mean? You think what he is doing is right?" Zhu Jian said.

Wang Genquan smiled slightly: "You think he is wrong because you self-assess yourself lesser than him, contemplating from a weakling's perspective. If you feel you are better than him, then his words are nonsense, but indeed, for the outside safety, sealing this supernatural place is the right decision."

"If we truly had the ability, we would have left here long ago; decades stuck here have made continued existence without escaping meaningless."

"Sixty years without success, then a hundred years, if a hundred years aren't enough, then two hundred years, time can always create miracles." Zhu Jian said.

Wang Genquan said, "What meaning does that have? I might go out now and still meet my grandson, but if I go out after a hundred years, haha, all my family might have died, none that recognize me, what am I then? Perhaps we even thought of suicide before, but because dying and losing memory to resurrect kept the belief to continue living."

"Not being able to leave means staying here forever; do you want to stay here forever and accompany those fierce ghosts?" Zhu Jian said.

"Reality is always cruel; many times, it's not about what you want, but what we can do." Wang Genquan said.

He seemed unimposing but spoke with reason.

Dong Yulan said at this moment: "Alright, alright, let's not continue with this topic; Yang Jian, you came from outside into here, now aiming to find that door to seal the supernatural entities, so, at least now our goals are aligned, we can collaborate and jointly seek the door to leave; what do you think?"

"Cooperation is certainly not an issue, but there is a premise; I need all the intelligence from you."

Yang Jian calmly said, "I need to understand everything here, and you should not try to hide anything, because I'm temporarily not willing to use coercion to obtain your memories."

The Ghost Shadow behind him moved slightly, capable of eroding any person here, but he restrained this behavior.

Because doing so meant taking action, and the outcome once action started was unpredictable.

Even though he could win, Yang Jian didn't hope for accidents to occur.

"Certainly, the situation here can be told to you, as this information holds no value for us; once we die, this information will be lost. However, we don't know much; despite having lived here for a long time, each time is a new beginning, to know everything unless you delve into here and find where we recorded the information."

Dong Yulan agreed, but she also indicated that the information she held wasn't much.

"Room 102?" Tong Qian asked.

"The location that Ah Nan recorded was in Room 102, but the place I recorded wasn't there. My Resurrection room was 501, the room I recorded was 499. If you can find that room, you can go inside; all the information I've left is there. This time, my luck wasn't good, and I didn't enter Room 499," Dong Yulan said.

Tong Qian asked, "Then how do you make sure you left information in that room?"

"I saw reminders of the information I left in other places."

Dong Yulan said, "No one would be foolish enough to leave clues in only one place. I left information reminders in various rooms to make it easier to find past experiences. Of course, this approach isn't just mine; others do the same."

"I see." Tong Qian nodded, indicating understanding.

Everyone leaves information in each room, but the most important, comprehensive information is only left closest to their Resurrection room.

It's a gamble.

As long as you successfully enter the information room after Resurrection, you can obtain all the accumulated information of decades, understand all experiences directly. Of course, some important information will be saved separately to increase the survival chances after each Resurrection.

"Since that's the case, let's check the information rooms you've recorded before searching for the door," Yang Jian stood up at this moment.

He wanted to see what these people had recorded over the years.

"If you're going back, we can't accompany you to certain death," Zhu Jian said. "We barely got out, arrived at the last room, and going back now would be a waste."

"You're right," Dong Yulan nodded.

This time, fortune favored them; everyone gathered in the last room, just one step away from finding the door to leave.

Yang Jian's suggestion of going back was certainly unacceptable.

"It's no matter; you all can stay here," Yang Jian didn't insist on them leaving together with him.

Li Yang reminded, "Captain, what if the information they gave is false and we go on a wild goose chase?"

"I assure you what I'm saying is true. If you doubt it, randomly go into some rooms to find a hint. I guarantee you'll discover something," Dong Yulan immediately said. "Zhu Jian's Resurrection room was 301, the recording room was 300, Wang Genquan's Resurrection room was 801, the recording room was 600."

"I'm telling you the Resurrection and recording rooms for myself and Ah Nan, totaling four people's rooms."

"Why did you record your information in Room 600?" Li Yang asked.

Wang Genquan said, "Because my room is too deep within, I didn't want to return that far to record information. I could only choose a closer location."

"Makes sense," Li Yang nodded, thinking this explanation made sense.

"Captain, if what they're saying is true, our best choice is Room 102 as it should be the closest to us. Other rooms are too far away."

Ah Nan said, "Not necessarily. The rooms inside are like a maze; a higher number doesn't necessarily mean deeper. Sometimes finding the correct path, even Room 701 can be easily exited. If memory hadn't been lost with each Resurrection, we could have already figured out a safe and correct route."

"Let's talk later. I'm starting out now," Yang Jian gestured, not wanting to waste time, intending to act immediately.

"Then good luck to you," Dong Yulan said.

Zhu Jian remarked, "Inside is extremely perilous, don't blame us if someone dies unexpectedly."

Yang Jian didn't respond, merely took Li Yang and Tong Qian to head out again.

However, just as they reached the door, he stopped and looked down.

Paper ashes unknown to them swirled in from the door crack, blown in by the wind, but eerily there was no sign of wind beneath his feet.

"Not good." At this sight, others' faces suddenly changed.

"Yang Jian, wait before you go out; there's a ghost outside," Dong Yulan urgently reminded.

Wang Genquan added, "Paper ash is special; placed at the door as a warning. If a ghost passes outside, the paper ash will be affected and spread. We use this method to determine if the corridor outside is safe. The blood smeared at the door is also special; it isolates the ghost's senses, preventing it from discovering us inside the room..."

Yet, before he finished speaking, the door suddenly shook violently, as if something outside wanted to open it and enter.

"What did you just say? A ghost wouldn't notice?" Yang Jian turned back and glanced at him.

Chapter 1187 - Delving Once More into the Paranormal Domain

The ash poured into the room along the crack of the door.

The air was filled with a burnt smell. However, as this smell appeared, the blood-covered door outside was shaking continuously, and the doorknob was trembling violently as if something outside was trying to break in.

"Impossible, the ghost should definitely not be able to find this room. The blood on the door hasn't faded yet, it should still be effective." Zhu Jian said in astonishment.

Li Yang said, "The supernatural is always full of uncertainties. You think the blood on the door can block the ghost's perception, but that's under normal circumstances. In such an environment, all kinds of anomalies can happen."

After speaking, he approached the shaking door, ready to use supernatural power to block it.

"No need to block the door, just open it. I want to see what happens when the fatal curse of opening the door confronts the ghost outside. Since the ghost is already here, we can't do nothing." Yang Jian said, standing before the door.

"Okay."

Li Yang switched hands and lifted his dry, withered arm again.

Gripping the doorknob.

The trembling of the door immediately calmed down because an even stronger supernatural curse was now applied to it.

However, an ordinary door couldn't withstand this supernatural power opposing it.

The door began to crack, with lines appearing everywhere, spreading densely, as if just a gentle touch could completely shatter it.

Yet, that didn't happen.

No matter how damaged the door was, it still remained intact.

Everyone was staring intensely at the door, wondering what thing was lingering outside, refusing to leave.

Soon enough.

Li Yang exerted a small amount of force, and the wooden door, covered in cracks, slowly creaked open.

Simultaneously, the terrifying fatal curse of opening the door was unleashed.

This curse is something neither ordinary people nor most ghost handlers can resist. Triggering it means certain death. However, at this moment, it is not a living person suffering this curse, but an unknown ghost.

After the door opened.

Yang Jian's expression instantly turned serious.

A bizarre and terrifying scene unfolded. Outside the door was a highly decayed corpse standing motionless. The corpse was covered in ash and emitted a strong stench of decay, and one hand was raised.

It seemed that this corpse was holding the doorknob earlier, trying to get inside.

"Damn it."

"We've definitely been targeted by a ghost."

"Quick, get rid of this thing, we can't allow it to come inside, or everyone will be in danger." Others exclaimed in alarm.

But Yang Jian and Li Yang remained motionless, their gaze lingering briefly on the corpse before looking outside.

The lights in the corridor outside started to flicker eerily, and a chill spread rapidly, indicating that the fatal curse of opening the door was beginning to affect everything around it. Following the release of this terrifying curse, hurried footsteps could be heard, moving away rapidly.

The ghost retreated.

Or perhaps it was driven away by the fatal curse of opening the door.

The highly decayed corpse was just a vessel for the ghost; although it looks terrifying, it doesn't hold any supernatural powers and poses no threat.

"The ghost left."

Li Yang said, "But it probably won't go far. My fatal curse of opening the door can only extend around ten meters, so the ghost is likely to return soon."

"A ghost possessing a corpse is troublesome; it can easily invade the body of living people. We can't stay here; the ghost's discovery of this place means it's no longer safe. Let's leave." Yang Jian said, frowning.

After speaking, he kicked the highly decayed corpse in front of him.

The corpse flew out, fell into the corridor, and twisted into a heap, its limbs somewhat disassembled.

Yang Jian glanced at the open door, noticing the blood streaks were still there but looked faded like old paint, lacking the bright color they once had. It seemed the supernatural power had completely dissipated.

"Let's go."

He strode out, heading towards the left corridor without hesitation.

Li Yang and Tong Qian immediately followed, aiming to act during this window of safety before encountering ghosts again.

After they left.

Those remaining in the room, Zhu Jian, Dong Yulan, and Ah Nan, became restless once more.

"The blood streaks faded, and the ash at the door blew away. This room was discovered by ghosts again. We can't stay here; we must find a safer hiding place, or the ghost will kill us." Zhu Jian said, taking a deep breath.

"We can't stay on the third floor, the second floor has ghosts, and there're more ghosts in the hall. The fourth floor is the safest. Changing rooms might be better." Dong Yulan suggested.

"Every room has uncertain dangers." Wang Genquan said, "I suggest we stay here. The ghost finding this place might just be a coincidence. The chances of it happening twice in a row are slim."

Zhu Jian added, "Even if the ghost chased away by Yang Jian doesn't return, there's no guarantee other ghosts won't come..."

However, before he could finish.

The seemingly intact door suddenly shattered with a bang, reducing to scattered wood pieces.

"The door is broken, we definitely can't stay here now." He gritted his teeth and added.

At that moment, Ah Nan stepped out, carrying a severed head.

"Ah Nan, where are you going?" Dong Yulan immediately asked.

Ah Nan said, "I'm going back with Yang Jian and the others for a while. There's something I need to do. You can go on your own without minding me."

After saying this, he quickly chased after them.

"He actually plans to go back?" Zhu Jian's expression changed.

Wang Genquan said, "If we can't stay here, maybe the room near the entrance would be safer. It's a supernatural room; as long as we confirm there's no ghost inside, it would be safer compared to the rooms outside. We can wait for Yang Jian in the room at the exit, and then act together. That would be a bit safer."

"Makes sense." Zhu Jian's eyes lit up, thinking it was a good idea.

The more dangerous a place is, the safer it is.

Although there's a possibility of vengeful spirits in the supernatural rooms, those rooms are special. As long as the door isn't opened, the spirits can't enter.

Therefore, as long as it's confirmed that the room is safe, one can temporarily hide in there to ensure they're not targeted by the vengeful ghosts.

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's act now." Dong Yulan urged, feeling a bit anxious.

Because Yang Jian and the others were moving fast, they were getting quite far away.

Not daring to waste any more time, the trio quickly packed up and rushed out, hastily following before losing sight of them.

"Yang Jian, Ah Nan is following us." On the road, Tong Qian turned her ghost face toward the back and saw Ah Nan hurriedly catching up.

Yang Jian also saw him with his ghost eye, and said, "Doesn't matter, if he wants to follow, let him. No need to pay attention to him; if we encounter danger, we don't need to mind him. Anyway, if he dies here, he can be resurrected; if we die, it's for real."

Ah Nan heard Yang Jian's words but didn't say much, just remained expressionless, looking lifeless.

Clearly, he's not an ordinary person resurrected in a normal way, but more like a ghost master controlling vengeful spirits.

Yang Jian quickly arrived at the entrance of the supernatural place following the route in his memory.

A corridor paved with a red carpet led deep into a series of rooms. Some wall lamps at the doorways were lit, some were extinguished, some doors were open, and some were tightly closed... Though it looked quite normal, it was filled with an indescribable eerie feeling.

As if once stepping inside, you'd never be able to get out.

Yang Jian, however, walked in without hesitation. He had the confidence to get out alive and wasn't worried about being trapped or getting lost.

Quickly.

He saw the first room, No. 1.

Not paying attention, he continued deeper inside.

The soft red carpet was vivid and clean, as if any filth that landed on it would disappear after some time. He had guessed earlier that this place resets periodically, restoring everything damaged or dirty to a certain point in time.

Because if it wasn't cleaned for a long time, the ground would certainly bear traces left by various supernatural events. It wouldn't be this clean.

Quickly.

They passed the first crossroad.

The corridor was a red carpet both in front and behind, to the left and right, with rooms on either side, without any difference. It was indeed easy to get lost walking into it.

Yang Jian continued moving forward; he wasn't deep enough yet, needing to go further to get close to the room recording the information.

"By the way, there's something I want to know. With you being trapped here for such a long time, what's your food source?" Yang Jian suddenly noticed a detail and asked Ah Nan, who had been following them.

Ah Nan said, "Some rooms contain food and water, but the amount is not enough. It can fill you for one meal but not enough for long-term survival, so sometimes I need to explore other rooms constantly for food. Interestingly, some rooms that have been searched will have food reappear after a while." The M|V|LE&MPYR team worked hard on this chapter.

"I see." Yang Jian nodded.

Li Yang said, "It's the same as when I was trapped in the ghost painting world, surviving on food from the supernatural place."

"Can you really eat that stuff?" Tong Qian said.

Yang Jian didn't speak, just held out his palm. Soon, a bottle of water appeared in his hand, and he threw it to Tong Qian: "Do you want to try it? This is a bottle of water manifested by the Deceiving Ghost's supernatural influence on reality. Do you think it's any different from ordinary food?"

The Deceiving Ghost's supernatural power can even construct a live human body, so ordinary food and water are hardly an issue.

But he didn't recommend consuming this kind of thing.

Because food and water based on supernatural power must carry some side effects. If a ghost master eats a little, it's acceptable, but ordinary people should best avoid it.

"I don't want to." Tong Qian rejected immediately, but curiosity got the better of him, and he opened the bottle of water.

Pouring it onto his hand, the cold sensation was indeed very real.

It was indeed water, not an illusion.

"Supernatural influence on reality, altering material reality. Apart from not being able to resurrect living people, most things can be constructed. But don't underestimate the appearance of a bottle of water. In reality, very few ghost masters can accomplish this in their lifetime, and even I can only barely achieve it through supernatural items." Yang Jian said.

Li Yang's expression shifted slightly: "That's why Ghost Painting is an S-level supernatural event. It can construct an almost complete city, even invade reality and replace it."

"Yes." Yang Jian nodded.

As they continued chatting, they moved further inward.

Ah Nan followed silently, but the appearance of that bottle of water earlier sent chills down his spine.

This Yang Jian could even do something like that?

Have people outside in the world already harnessed supernatural powers to such an extent, or has he just been trapped here too long and fallen behind the world's development?

"Yang Jian, we're approaching a dangerous area now. You have already gone deep into this supernatural place, starting from now you could encounter vengeful spirits at any moment."

A moment later, Ah Nan couldn't help but give a reminder.

Chapter 1188 - Room 88

A bizarre place like a maze, with identical rooms everywhere.

These rooms were exactly the same except for the different room numbers hanging above the doors. Of course, there was another difference: some of the wall lamps next to the doors were lit, while others were off. These wall lamps brought some light to the dark corridors, preventing people walking here from completely losing their sight.

Ah Nan reminded Yang Jian and the others at this moment, informing them that they had now entered a dangerous area and could encounter ghosts at any time.

"I know that there are different ghosts in these rooms. Although not every room has one, the vast majority of rooms are still full of danger. It's not my first time here." Yang Jian's face was calm, but his heart was filled with vigilance.

Although the supernatural power he was wielding now was different from before.

However, Yang Jian still dared not be careless with the Caesar Grand Hotel.

"This place is really unusual, as if all the rooms had suffered a curse, carrying very strong supernatural power." Li Yang touched the wall at this moment, trying to sense the surroundings.

But this perception directly failed.

The walls, rooms, corridors that looked normal, were actually all not real but constructed supernaturally. What you saw was only the appearance presented by this place, just like the Ghost Post Office. The Ghost Post Office could be the Ghost Post Office, and it could be transformed by Sun Rui into the Hell Apartment, or even something else.

It's the same here.

"Room 56?" Tong Qian glanced at a room they passed by and frowned immediately.

Because a room diagonally across the door was numbered 112.

"Sure enough, the room order here is not arranged by numerical size. They seem to be scattered in a patternless manner, but the general range can still be determined. The deeper you go, the larger the numbers." Tong Qian's three faces were all paying attention to the appearing room numbers.

"As long as the general direction is correct."

Li Yang said, "As long as we walk around here a few more times, we will definitely find that room recording the information."

Although it seemed like a maze here, every road was connected together by crossroads, so you could continuously narrow the range by exploring one by one until you finally found the room you wanted to go to.

Yang Jian continued walking.

Because without the tall male corpse holding the Firewood Knife wandering around here, he felt much more at ease and was not worried about leaving his footprints.

As he continued forward, soon.

The tranquility along the way was broken.

The door of a room in front on the road was actually open, though not completely, just a slightly opened crack, but through that crack, light was seen shining out from the room. What's most bizarre was that the light shining outside was sometimes suddenly dimmed as if blocked by something, but then brightened again.

It seemed like something was walking back and forth in the room, blocking the light every time it moved, thus causing such a phenomenon.

Other people also saw this scene.

"Should we avoid that room in front? It might be a room with a ghost in it, and approaching rashly could be dangerous." Tong Qian said.

"It's unnecessary. Avoiding here means giving up on exploring this area. We might have to come back by then, let's go and take a look. With our current situation, we can deal with ordinary ghosts." Yang Jian gestured to the others not to be too nervous.

They're no longer ordinary people now, it's not so easy to die.

Continue to approach.

At this time, they saw the room number 88 on the door.

This is a lucky number.

But here, the number doesn't seem lucky at all; instead, it makes people feel taboo and eager to avoid it.

Yang Jian didn't want to avoid it; he wanted to take a look or perhaps pass through here.

Soon.

Yang Jian came to the door of this open room, he stood motionless behind the door, listening to the movement inside, but he didn't hear any special sounds, only some strange noises. He couldn't tell what those sounds were, but it shouldn't be made by a living person.

With a bit of vigilance and curiosity, Yang Jian slowly poked his head out. The ghost eye on his forehead peered through the crack into the room.

The room was arranged in an old-fashioned, simple, yet dust-free way, with nothing special. However, a dim yellow light was on in the living room.

"No one... nor did I see any ghosts, but it doesn't rule out the possibility that a ghost is lingering in some corner of this room." Yang Jian's expression moved slightly, and he slowly opened the half-closed door a little more.

"I'll go in and have a look."

"Captain, there's no need to go in, this is not the room we are looking for." Li Yang said.

Yang Jian said, "If those cursed people have really been trapped here for decades, then this room is likely to have the information they left behind. I'll find it and then come out, and I want to know what exactly was that figure swinging in the room just now. If it's a ghost, I'll imprison it easily."

"You just wait here for me for a few minutes."

Li Yang had to say, "Then Captain, be careful."

Indeed.

With Yang Jian's current strength, even investigating a room with a ghost could safely come out.

Yang Jian moved quickly; he immediately walked into the room.

Each room's layout here was the same, with the living room behind the door, connected to the bedroom, and the bathroom, and nothing else.

"This room is a bit different." Yang Jian glanced around.

A sofa was placed against the wall in the living room.

This was a three-seater leather sofa, but it was very old, with the leather cracked and peeling and showing very serious signs of wear, seemingly due to continuous use. If normally placed here, there wouldn't be severe signs of wear.

In front of the sofa was an old-fashioned TV, with two antennas standing on top of it, casually placed on the floor.

The TV screen was currently black, not turned on, because when Yang Jian looked at it, the TV wasn't even plugged into a power source, seeming just a decoration.

"Judging from the shadow's movement, there should have been someone in the living room just now; even if not a person, at least a trace of a ghost..." Yang Jian pondered for a moment, his gaze shifting to the room.

Stepped into the room in large strides.

The room had a wooden bed, with bedding on it, but it had been left there untouched for a long time.

Yang Jian searched around the room, trying to find some recorded information.

However, unfortunately, he found nothing.

"It's unnaturally clean, as if many existences were deliberately erased. I don't believe that Ah Nan, Zhu Jian, Dong Yulan, and the others haven't entered this room in these decades." Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, and the ghost eye emitted a faint red glow in the dim environment.

"Think about which item in this room appears more abrupt."

He thought for a moment.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian realized something and immediately left the bedroom and returned to the living room.

His gaze moved to the TV placed on the floor.

Although the old-fashioned TV perfectly fit into this environment, it didn't match the era here.

Because there was no such TV during the Republic of China Period, this TV should be a product of the seventies or eighties. To report errors, please visit the original post on *.

Going over took another look.

The TV was still black, nothing abnormal, but when Yang Jian reached out with the Ghost Hand to touch the old-fashioned TV, something strange appeared.

The screen of the old TV suddenly lit up, but there was no signal, just a snowy screen, with a whispering noise.

But then, the TV's signal seemed to slowly recover, the screen started to flicker and jump, and an image was gradually forming in front of his eyes.

"I just knew there's something wrong with this thing." Yang Jian stared at the TV screen.

Soon.

The picture became clearer, and the signal gradually stabilized.

But in fact, no TV signal could be received here, and this TV wasn't even plugged into a power source.

However, in the supernatural world, such phenomena are not uncommon, and Yang Jian did not find it strange.

Soon, the footage appeared.

The footage displayed a room, empty and devoid of excess items, with only a yellowing chandelier overhead and a green leather sofa.

"This is the scene from the room." Yang Jian's expression changed slightly.

The video inside the television matched the scene in the room perfectly, except for the sofa. The sofa in the room was old and torn, while the sofa in the television was worn but not damaged.

"Is this an earlier scene, or does the television reveal the real scene from the room?"

But the next moment, an eerie spectacle emerged.

The image flickered, jumped a few times, and then returned to normal.

At this moment, Yang Jian noticed that there was suddenly a person on the sofa in the room in the video, whose figure was blurry like low resolution, indistinct yet discernible as a man. His face was disturbingly pale, and he seemed to have a bizarre, indescribable smile.

The arc of that mouth seemed unnaturally bent, as if forcefully pulled into shape.

"Is this a ghost?" Yang Jian stared intensely at the figure inside the television, or rather, the ferocious ghost.

The figure in the television sat upright on the sofa, motionless like a corpse, yet the footage flickered again, the image vanished briefly, and soon reappeared.

As soon as the image returned to normal, Yang Jian saw that the ghost, previously on the sofa, was now standing in the middle of the living room.

The lighting revealed a shadow around, covering the door, just like the scene Yang Jian saw when passing by outside.

In the footage, the door was closed and not open.

After seeing the second scene, Yang Jian seemed to understand a bit.

Nonetheless, the ghost in the television remained unmoving, still standing vaguely in the living room.

Then the footage began flickering again.

Soon.

The image returned to normal.

This scene was even more bizarre.

The ghost suddenly appeared in the center of the screen, and the blurry face almost occupied the entire screen, with a peculiar posture bending over, seemingly peering at you through enlarged eyes.

"The third scene."

Yang Jian remained very calm, not frightened by the sudden scene shifts, yet instinctively felt the ghost in the television was about to attack at any moment.

Perhaps the ghost would emerge from the television.

"If it comes out, I'll deal with it immediately." Yang Jian harbored such thoughts.

But the television did not flicker again; the fourth scene did not occur. Instead, the ghost in the footage began moving.

The ghost inside the television raised a hand toward the top of the screen but did not extend it, appearing beyond the footage.

Soon after.

The footage began tilting and shaking, and the ghost picked up an old television and adjusted it in front of its face, then started staring at the screen.

A ghost watching television?

But when Yang Jian saw through the television into its footage and saw the television within, his eyes narrowed intensely.

He saw a person appearing in the TV the ghost was staring at, squatting in front of the TV and placing a hand on it, also not moving.

The figure's back... turned out to be Yang Jian himself.

He was watching the ghost in the room through the TV, while the ghost in the room was watching him through the TV?

So at this moment, who is inside the TV?

Yang Jian abruptly turned to look at the door.

Simultaneously, the footage of Yang Jian in the TV also showed him turning back.

But there was a difference now.

The door was open just as he came through earlier; Li Yang, Tong Qian, and Ah Nan were waiting by it.

Yet now, Yang Jian realized the door of the room he was in was shut.

When did it close, he was entirely unaware; he always thought the door to the room had been open.

Indeed, the door was open.

However, the open door existed not where Yang Jian was, but in the room inside the television that the ghost was watching.

Yang Jian's expression changed; he immediately got up to leave the room.

But when he reached the door, he found it would not open no matter what, while in the television's footage, Yang Jian stood unmoving by the door too, the door ahead open, yet unable to step out, as if an invisible wall was blocking him.

"Captain, why are you standing by the door like that? Is there nothing inside? We should continue to other places and check it out."

But in reality, Li Yang saw Yang Jian standing motionless at the door of Room 88, his gaze somewhat peculiar, with no intention of coming out.

Yet Yang Jian inside the room did not hear Li Yang's voice.

Yang Jian turned back to look at the television, noting the footage showed his own figure, even the image of Li Yang at the door, making him understand instantly.

He was now inside the television.

The real him had become a scene within the television.

"Is this the ghost's method of killing in the room?" Yang Jian returned and stared at the television.

At that moment, the image flickered again, and the signal disappeared.

But soon it returned to normal.

The television returned to the first scene.

However, it was slightly different.

The ghost still sat on the sofa, but now there was another figure on the three-seat sofa, a blurry shape just like the initial ghost, yet from its physique, the second indistinct figure in the middle seat might be a woman, though the face remained unclear.

The footage flickered again, then returned to normal.

Two ghosts reappeared in the living room, under the yellow light where the ghost's shadow blocked part of the light, casting a massive shadow on the door.

The footage continued to flicker, continued to normalize.....

The two ghosts lay on the ground again, revealing a blurry eerie face glued to the television screen, afterward adjusting the television slowly.

The screen showed another screen... inside appeared the first ghost, along with the television it held which contained Yang Jian's figure.

Finally.

The screen flickered, then returned to normal.

The screen displayed the living room again; three ghosts sat on the sofa... then the footage instantly vanished, the television before him turned black as if powered off.

"Interesting, in how many layers of the supernatural realm am I trapped?" Yang Jian's gaze slowly pulled back from the television.

The old leather sofa behind him, now green, was no longer worn and cracked.

This was Room 88, yet not the normal Room 88.

Or perhaps, this was the genuine Room 88.

Chapter 1189 Information Inside the Room

"The person disappeared?"

At this moment, outside Room 88, Li Yang, Tong Qian, and Ah Nan were all taken aback.

They saw with their own eyes that Yang Jian, who had been standing near the doorway, rapidly faded away, becoming more and more translucent, until he astonishingly vanished in front of them.

The living room inside the room was empty, leaving no trace, and a living person had mysteriously disappeared.

"What happened? He was perfectly fine just now. Shouldn't we go in and take a look? We can't just watch Yang Jian disappear." Tong Qian's face changed, unable to comprehend the situation.

Li Yang stopped him: "There's something weird about this room, something invisible. Rushing in could cause us to disappear like the Captain. But I believe the Captain is safe for now. If he faced any danger, he would've acted earlier."

"Let's not wander around. We should wait here a bit longer. I believe the Captain can find a way to leave this room."

Then, Li Yang turned to Ah Nan behind him: "You've been here for over sixty years. Don't tell me you don't know any intel about Room 88."

"I really don't know. If I did, I would have warned you."

Ah Nan said, "Perhaps I've entered this room before, but I shouldn't have walked out alive. Otherwise, my past information should have been recorded, so I wouldn't risk entering a room with unclear data when trying to escape here."

"Your words always have many loopholes. We've just chosen not to argue with you. But if you deliberately hide or deceive us, I won't let you get away with it." Li Yang said coldly.

"I understand your power. Eliminating me or others wouldn't be difficult at all. But don't forget, even if we die here, we can resurrect. It will just cost some extra time, and for you, I'm merely a small accident in countless resurrections."

"I'm willing to cooperate with you because I believe your appearance can break this curse and end certain things, but it doesn't mean I'm entirely at your mercy."

Ah Nan said very frankly, showing no fear.

"You have the right to say this because you're trapped in the Caesar Grand Hotel, under a curse. If you wish to leave, I advise you to maintain some respect for us. The outside world isn't as simple as you think. Offend us, and I will make you feel staying here is better than being outside."

Li Yang squinted slightly: "Here, we're stronger than you, and the same goes for outside, unless you plan never to leave here, so adjust your attitude."

Ah Nan's expression changed.

It seemed Li Yang's words had touched his weakness. He nodded and said, "I understand. I'll cooperate more in the future."

"I hope so," Li Yang replied.

While they waited outside,

Yang Jian was trapped alone in Room 88.

There was clearly a door, yet it wouldn't open.

It was like a cage; once inside, there was no way out, and Yang Jian didn't even know how he got in. He had just watched a TV show, and suddenly it was as if he had entered the screen.

Moreover, the TV before him now seemed broken and would no longer turn on.

Could it mean the way out no longer existed?

Yang Jian remained calm. Always read at the source—*.

After all, he was only trapped at the moment and hadn't been attacked by any specters, so the situation wasn't too dire yet.

"If this is the real Room 88, then I can't be the only one trapped here. The Ah Nan outside and Zhu Jian mentioned being trapped here for decades; they must have entered Room 88."

"But they likely couldn't get out alive, so they must have left some information before dying."

Realizing this, Yang Jian immediately began to search.

The living room was empty, with just a leather sofa and the old TV on the floor.

But when he entered the bedroom, his eyelid couldn't help but twitch.

This bedroom was unlike the previous one.

There was no bed, or perhaps it had been dismantled, leaving only a pile of wood, while a piece of cloth lay on the ground, seeming to be from the dismantled bedding.

On this cloth were densely written messages.

The messages were written in blood, which had decayed over time, leaving dark marks. These marks varied in age but were neatly arranged, showing no signs of being disturbed or damaged. Clearly, they had been deliberately preserved, and the handwriting varied, with different signatures.

Not just one person had left information here before dying.

"My name is Chu Nan. It seems I'm trapped here. I've tried everything to leave Room 88... But don't worry, after every death, I resurrect in Room 701."

"My name is Chu Nan. I've seen the previous message. This is my second time being trapped here. I've tried all methods, still unable to leave, but I'm surprised this isn't my first time here, and knowing I can resurrect, what should I worry about? I choose to kill myself."

"My name is Zhu Jian. Indeed, I'm not the only one trapped here. I can't leave either, but since Chu Nan can resurrect in Room 701, I suppose I can too."

"My name is Chu Nan. This is my third time being trapped here, truly frustrating. I can't leave messages after death, so I keep mistakenly entering Room 88. I've given up. Since I haven't found a way out in my past two attempts, I undoubtedly won't find one this time. I intended to leave some messages, but it's futile in Room 88. I choose to kill myself."

"My name is Dong Yulan. Seems I'm not the first unfortunate one here, and I'm also trapped. But luckily, there are others here, and knowing I can resurrect gave me newfound hope."

"..."

Yang Jian studied these messages carefully. Clearly, many had died in this room, with Ah Nan dying the most frequently. Since leaving messages held little effect, subsequent entrants had stopped recording crucial information here, leaving just entries noting the number of times.

He noticed one piece of information:

Ah Nan's resurrection room was 701, while outside he claimed it was Room 101.

Something didn't add up.

That meant Ah Nan was likely lying.

"Room 701 is Xiang Lan's resurrection place. Ah Nan deliberately mentioned it as his own, so Room 101 is likely where Xiang Lan resurrects. He's swapping room information intentionally," Yang Jian thought.

However, that was a minor issue for now. He needed to find more useful clues.

He continued reading.

More and more people were trapped in this room.

Yang Jian saw Zhu Jian's name appear, though not often; Ah Nan and Dong Yulan were the frequent ones.

The oddest thing was Wang Genquan, whose name never appeared.

Meaning, he had never died here.

Yang Jian kept looking.

Finally, he found an entry from Zhu Jian: "This seems to be my third time being trapped here. This time I refuse to just die here. I need to find a way out... I believe the only escape is through the TV in the living room."

The message stopped abruptly and continued: "I failed; I can't leave, but I discovered that the ghost isn't in the TV. It's sitting on the sofa; I saw it....."

The information stopped abruptly, suggesting Zhu Jian was killed by a ghost after writing it.

"The ghost isn't in the TV but on the sofa? Maybe useful, but I want to know not about ghosts in Room 88, but the nature of this place itself."

Yang Jian shook his head slightly, made a mental note, and continued reading.

Many entries were from over the decades, but most were unhelpful, with people like Ah Nan and Zhu Jian only occasionally leaving marks after multiple entries.

Clearly, seeing the previous messages, they were too lazy to elaborate.

As Yang Jian studied the messages closely,

in the living room behind him,

under the dim light, a cold and eerie figure silently sat on the sofa, wearing a smile on its blurred face, gazing unblinkingly ahead at the old TV on the floor.

Chapter 1190 - Water That Cannot Be Confined

At this moment, Yang Jian was in the bedroom reading the clues left by those who had previously entered this room.

Most of the clues were useless, but occasionally he found some very valuable information.

So far, he had found only two pieces of information somewhat useful.

That room 701, not 101, was the room where Ah Nan was resurrected; he had deliberately swapped room numbers with someone.

Also, room 88 indeed had a ghost, and the ghost wasn't within the old TV, but sitting on the room's sofa.

However, this information wasn't important to Yang Jian at the moment as he wanted to uncover the secrets of this Caesar Grand Hotel, not just details about a room or two, and thus he felt somewhat disappointed.

Nonetheless, just as Yang Jian continued to look through the information,

unnoticed, a long shadow appeared at the bedroom door, arriving abruptly as if it had materialized out of thin air, for before in the living room there had been no such shadow.

With the change in light, the shadow stretched longer.

It seemed as if someone was standing calmly yet eerily at the bedroom door, silently watching Yang Jian inside.

Yet in the dim room, behind Yang Jian's head, his skin tore open, and a blood-red ghost eye burst out from the flesh, moving restlessly before fixing itself firmly on the shadow at the door.

Under the gaze of the ghost eye,

the shadow at the bedroom door seemed startled, quickly retracting as though leaving.

Yet no sound of footsteps arose in the living room.

The vision of the ghost eye was interconnected.

At this moment Yang Jian stood up, quickly turned around, and without a word, dashed out of the bedroom.

Beneath the yellow light, the living room was empty, everything appeared so calm, only an old TV crackled with static snow on the screen.

"Was the ghost just staring at me from behind?" Yang Jian didn't look at the TV but focused his gaze on the old leather sofa.

If the information was true...

then the TV was merely a means for the ghost to kill, not where it resided; the real ghost sat on the sofa watching the TV.

However, there was nothing on the old leather sofa.

Yang Jian's ghost eye revealed the sofa was empty too.

This indicated the ghost was not hiding in a deeper layer of the Ghost Domain.

"Does it require sitting down like with that redwood stool to find the ghost? No, it shouldn't be like that, if sitting allowed you to see the ghost, there would have been a warning on the previous information."

Yang Jian then directly sat down on the sofa.

The sofa felt stiff with no elasticity and emitted a musty smell.

He looked around beside him.

No ghost was seen beside him.

This confirmed his judgment was correct, but to be sure, Yang Jian had to apply some conventional wisdom.

Hmm?

Soon after, Yang Jian seemed to notice something, he slightly raised his head to look at the ceiling.

The yellowing ceiling lamp started to sway slightly, making a creaking noise, casting a shadow swaying back and forth in the living room like a human figure, which was chilling.

"The ghost left the sofa but is still hovering in the room; this ghost doesn't have a physical form of a fierce ghost."

Yang Jian squinted slightly and said, "But there's nothing useful to find in room 88 right now. I don't need to stay here any longer, since the ghost is well-hidden, I won't fight with it, I'll leave here and talk later."

Then he slowly stood up.

His body began to get damp, water started dripping from his feet, and water stains increasingly spread from beneath him, soon forming a puddle that rapidly spread and covered the entire living room.

A ghost might be able to trap Yang Jian, but it definitely couldn't trap Ghost Lake.

This was the supernatural power of an S-level paranormal event, impossible to be confined by merely a supernatural room.

The puddle on the ground grew larger.

When the water touched the TV on the ground, a bizarre scene unfolded.

The puddle flowed continuously into the old TV.

Yet the water entering the TV didn't reappear, as if it had disappeared somewhere else.

"I see."

Yang Jian's gaze flickered, and his figure slowly sank, gradually getting submerged in the puddle.

Soon, his entire body disappeared.

But the puddle on the floor didn't decrease, continuing to increase.

Meanwhile,

in room 88,

which was identical to the previous room Yang Jian was in, the only difference being that it wasn't empty; a blurry figure with a strange smile on its face sat motionless on the sofa, staring at the old TV, maintaining this posture for a long time.

Yet suddenly,

the old TV screen turned to static, as if the signal were being interfered with.

Immediately, water stains appeared on the screen, increasing until the screen was filled, and then they began to spill into the living room.

Water gathered, pooling together.

"Splash!"

The next moment,

a hand suddenly emerged from the water and pressed hard on the ground; then Yang Jian leapt up from the water.

He disappeared from room 88, yet reappeared there.

At this moment,

Yang Jian's gaze locked onto the cold, blurry figure on the sofa.

He had found the fierce ghost.

The fierce ghost remained motionless on the sofa, like a long-deceased corpse, not reacting to Yang Jian's presence.

"This should be the third room 88, and the one before was probably the fourth room 88; the TV is the medium."

At this point, Yang Jian didn't attack the fierce ghost on the sofa.

Because it was pointless.

Dealing with the ghost in this room couldn't handle all room 88 since there were other room 88s.

The water spread, and Yang Jian disappeared again.

He broke the supernatural influence and connected the medium, forcibly reversing his invasion back, pulling himself from a deeper paranormal realm back to reality.

Soon,

he appeared back in room 88's living room.

This time, two indistinct, cold figures sat on the sofa.

Two ghosts?

Yang Jian glanced at them briefly, without lingering, and continued his reverse invasion.

For the third time, when he emerged from the water, there were now three blurry ghostly figures on the sofa, all watching the TV, showing no reaction to Yang Jian's presence.

"To entirely resolve the paranormal issues in this room, I must first deal with these three ghosts, and then go into the deeper rooms to handle the two ghosts, one ghost... Only this way can all paranormal connections be severed; otherwise, as long as one ghost remains unresolved, room 88 will always exist."

Yang Jian thought to himself.

This fierce ghost wasn't very high on the terror level, but dealing with it was too difficult, even a Captain Level person would be trapped here, unable to leave for a lifetime.

Luckily he had Ghost Lake to connect to reality so he didn't worry about being trapped.

Once more he disappeared from the room.

Yang Jian soon reappeared in the living room.

"Captain." Upon emerging, Yang Jian heard Li Yang's voice.

Yang Jian stood up from the water, shaking off the moisture: "Relax, I'm fine, just got too deep, and it took some time to return."

"It's good that you're safe, we thought something happened to you."

Tong Qian also breathed a sigh of relief seeing Yang Jian reappear, feeling at ease.

"This room is indeed perilous; anyone entering it and getting targeted by the fierce ghost can't escape, they'd be trapped alive, I saw information left by those who were trapped here before," Yang Jian said.

Ah Nan asked, "I probably died inside there too, didn't I?"

"Quite a few times, you've been trapped and died over a dozen times; Dong Yulan and Zhu Jian too," Yang Jian glanced at him before replying.

"It's a pity there's no harvest, just wasted time, let's move on, note down this room and don't be curious to enter it again."

The others nodded, casting a deep glance at room 88.

If even Yang Jian said it was dangerous, then it certainly was not simple, never to be entered again.

Closing the room's door, they continued forward.

Yet merely after a short distance walk, the door to room 88 silently opened a crack again.

Yellow light spilled out, vaguely showing a figure moving back and forth inside.

Everything returned to how it once was.

This paranormal event, if occurring outside, was at most a C-level threat, couldn't kill many people, but Yang Jian felt the room was enough to trap a Captain level individual.