

Revival 1191

Chapter 1191 - The Horror of the Wandering

After leaving Room 88, the group continued forward.

Although they were delayed and faced some dangers, these were unavoidable events. In this place, all kinds of supernatural phenomena could appear. It was Yang Jian's first time realizing that there was actually such a bizarre room.

He secretly made a mental note of this room.

Perhaps there would be a use for Room 88 in the future.

After all, there was still water residue he left inside the room.

This meant that as long as Yang Jian desired, he could use water as a medium to directly enter Room 88 from anywhere.

"Compared to last time, there truly are signs of losing control here." Yang Jian was sitting in the front, and at this moment, he looked up at the ceiling.

On the ceiling of the corridor, there were unexpectedly a series of footprints left, stained with fresh blood. Although they were intermittent, it was very obvious that at some previous time, another ghost had passed through here and had left marks.

"I only know this is becoming more perilous." Ah Nan said, "It's already not quite suitable to linger."

"So after this time, it should be completely sealed off." Yang Jian stated expressionlessly.

Li Yang looked around: "Captain, the nearest Room 102 should be around this area."

He saw Room 98 and Room 105.

The appearance of these numbers meant that Room 102 was not far, very likely nearby.

"How about it, does it look familiar?" Yang Jian glanced and said.

Ah Nan furrowed his brows, standing at a crossroads, looking in all directions, seemingly familiar with the area but uncertain, because every intersection here looks identical, only the nearby room numbers differ, so memorizing the path is useless, one must remember the nearby numbers.

"Didn't you make some markings or something?" Tong Qian asked.

Ah Nan said, "Making markings is useless, everything here restores itself after a period, but I think I've been here before, I have some impression of Room 98, it should be this way."

After speaking, he pointed to a dim passage to the right.

"Then let's go right, but not all marking methods necessarily fail, Li Yang, you should have weapons with you." Yang Jian said.

Li Yang nodded, immediately understanding, and took something out of his pocket, then threw it on the ground.

It was a golden bullet.

Made of gold, unaffected by supernatural influences.

The bullet pointed backwards, indicating the direction they came from.

"Good, leave a mark at every turn." Yang Jian nodded.

They continued to turn right.

However, the further they walked, the more wrong it felt.

The passage got darker and darker. Before, there was still some light to see the road ahead, but now they were about to be swallowed by darkness, with no light ahead, and the passage seemed endless, not even showing a single other crossroad.

"Something's wrong, it wasn't this long a stretch before, and there was light then. Captain, should we stop?" Li Yang said.

Tong Qian and Ah Nan naturally noticed something wrong too.

But Yang Jian's steps didn't stop because of it, he kept walking forward, then said, "I've long noticed something was off, we've entered a ghost domain, but there's no need to worry, since the ghost is lurking here and refusing to leave, we'll send it away."

"Although being cautious is not wrong, there's no need to be timid because of it."

His ghost eye opened.

A faint red glow appeared in the dark passage.

Though the red light wasn't bright, it was enough to dispel some of the surrounding darkness, allowing them to see the way ahead a bit clearer.

"This ghost domain isn't simple, it's begun to affect reality. The path we've walked wasn't an illusion but real." Yang Jian said.

"This means the ghost lurking around is fierce, dealing with it might be difficult." Tong Qian said.

Yang Jian didn't respond, just suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked ahead.

Though it was pitch black ahead, his ghost eye could still see into the distance. His vision was somewhat impaired, unable to see the end of the passage.

But that was enough.

"Something's coming, be careful." Suddenly, he warned.

Upon hearing this, everyone's expressions immediately tensed.

The only things that could appear here could only be ghosts, nothing else.

Yang Jian stared intensely ahead.

Within the darkness, a figure slowly emerged, approaching from afar—no, not one, but two, three... four, the number kept increasing.

His eyes narrowed slightly.

The figures in the darkness revealed their features, and at this moment, he could see them clearly.

Facing them was a person in theatrical costume, dressed in bright red opera garb, with a face ashen white, devoid of color, walking with eyes closed, like a driven corpse.

The people behind were the same, but with costumes of different colors, some in black opera costumes, some in white, and others in green.

These people seemed like a troupe of opera performers, endlessly wandering through this dark passage.

"Are they ghosts?" Yang Jian tried to distinguish with his ghost eye.

But he couldn't discern if these figures in theatrical costumes were true ghosts, or merely ghost slaves controlled by some supernatural force, but he knew for sure, these things were dangerous and wicked, not to be compared to the ghosts previously encountered in the elevator or Room 88.

Just the ghost domain was enough to affect this area, rooms couldn't contain these things, indicating immense danger.

"I thought the ghost wandering here was just a single entity, one that I could easily handle with my current ability, but it's a group." Yang Jian thought internally.

He then whispered, "Retreat. There's a ghost group approaching, it's probably more than one ghost."

The others widened their eyes in slight terror and quickly retreated.

Though Yang Jian retreated, a puddle remained where he stood, deep and vaguely reflecting an old room.

He used water as a medium to connect with Room 88, trying to set a trap to drown the approaching ghosts into the water and lock them inside Room 88.

If such terrifying entities roamed around unchecked, many would surely die if they slipped out, considering they possessed a ghost domain.

They retreated continuously.

The puddles spread, interconnecting.

A water-submerged path formed.

"It's ready." Yang Jian didn't retreat further, instead, he stopped.

At this moment, the person in the red opera costume had already approached the first puddle range.

The ghost hesitated not, nor halted its steps, even though Ghost Lake Water lay ahead, it continued forward.

A deceased foot in black cloth shoes stepped into the chilly puddle.

The ghost's body slowly sank.

"It's working." Yang Jian's ghost eye noticed this scene.

However, as the first ghost moved forward, the others also successively stepped into the water.

But as they continued, when their bodies were submerged halfway, they stopped sinking.

Controlling four-tenths of the Ghost Lake's supernatural power, Yang Jian couldn't drown these entities with just the water.

"They can't be sunk? But this also indicates that those things under the opera costumes aren't just ghost slaves, they are true ghosts... only true ghosts can resist the Ghost Lake's erosion." Yang Jian couldn't help but take a deep breath.

What on earth is this Kaiser Grand Hotel?

Why are there things that even Ghost Lake cannot contain appearing here?

"But I refuse to believe it. If I can't deal with all the ghosts, at least I can handle one, right?"

Yang Jian calmed down, the water beneath his feet bubbling.

A golden, cracked spear appeared.

He wanted to try to dismember one ghost, at least reduce their numbers.

"You all keep retreating, I'm going to make a probing move, if anything happens, run immediately, do not hesitate, this situation is quite special, you mustn't face it head-on."

Yang Jian gestured to Li Yang, and he stepped forward into the water towards them.

Chapter 1192 - Peril of Contamination

In the pitch-black corridor, the body of an Evil Ghost soaked in stagnant water, still slowly moving forward.

The stagnant water formed by the Ghost Lake could not submerge the Evil Ghost in front of him, only half of its body. Moreover, as other Evil Ghosts continually entered the water behind it, the suppression of the supernatural on ghosts within this water further weakened. Nonetheless, the presence of stagnant water was not entirely useless.

At the very least, the speed of the Evil Ghost moving forward slowed down, also generating some spiritual interference.

Because at this moment, as Yang Jian stepped into the stagnant water and approached, none of the Evil Ghosts noticed him.

"Very close now."

Yang Jian stopped his steps, holding a cracked spear, staring intently at the Evil Ghost wearing a red opera costume, with a pale face and closed eyes.

Though this was just one of them, there were many others behind it wearing green, white, and various other opera costumes.

But Yang Jian had to deal with one Evil Ghost first.

The Evil Ghost continued to advance through the stagnant water, and at this moment, the Firewood Knife in Yang Jian's hand was already raised.

As the Evil Ghost approached a certain distance, the Firewood Knife, long raised, unhesitantly swung down upon the icy cold forehead of the Evil Ghost.

The Firewood Knife possessed the ability to dismember all supernatural entities.

There was no suspense for the Evil Ghost before him; once the knife cut through, the head of the Evil Ghost submerged in the stagnant water was immediately lopped off.

The lifeless head rolled off from the neck, falling into the stagnant water and quickly sinking, disappearing before his eyes.

Due to being dismembered, the terror level of the Evil Ghost lowered, and the body floating on the water also began to sink.

The descent happened rapidly.

Just like that, the Evil Ghost in the red opera costume was silently drowned by the stagnant water, sent by Yang Jian into room 88.

"That's effective." Yang Jian's gaze slightly shifted.

He was not surprised by the result.

After all, with the Firewood Knife combined with the supernatural power of the Ghost Lake, dismemberment plus suppression; if this wasn't enough to deal with an Evil Ghost, he would truly doubt whether something was wrong with him.

However, the Firewood Knife had only dismembered a single Evil Ghost.

While the Evil Ghost sank into the stagnant water, the other Evil Ghosts behind it all stopped their steps.

They did not continue to advance but collectively raised their heads, lifting lifeless, pale faces, all turning towards the direction where Yang Jian stood.

"Huh?"

Yang Jian's expression subtly shifted, his ghost eye moving slightly in the dark, staring dead straight at the horrifying Evil Ghosts in opera costumes.

He did not move.

Nor did the Evil Ghosts.

They seemed to be locked in a brief standoff.

"I imprisoned one ghost, causing an anomaly among these Evil Ghosts, but I haven't triggered the killing pattern of the Evil Ghosts yet, so they haven't attacked me." Yang Jian thought to himself, slightly narrowing his eyes.

Yet a rotting scar slowly appeared on his neck.

The scar encircled his neck like a striking knife mark.

The side effect of the Firewood Knife manifested.

He did not immediately use a restart to heal his wounds; the danger still lingered, and he could not afford to restart just because he had used the Firewood Knife.

"Since I haven't been targeted by the ghosts, I might as well dismember a few more Evil Ghosts."

Another thought crossed Yang Jian's mind.

Despite having attracted the attention of the Evil Ghosts, he was still contemplating his next move.

Because Yang Jian had a premonition.

If he couldn't weaken the terror level of this group of Evil Ghosts as much as possible, once they escape the Caesar Hotel someday, it would be difficult to have such a good chance again.

Although Caesar Hotel is a gathering of Evil Ghosts.

This place's peculiarity confines the Evil Ghosts to roam and linger in narrow areas; while it makes encountering ghosts easier, it also facilitates dealing with them.

The trigger for the Firewood Knife's medium was specially prepared for this place.

Because for an Evil Ghost to leave, it must leave a medium in the corridor.

Take action!

Yang Jian took a few more steps forward, holding his neck with one hand to prevent his head from falling off. He then approached the Evil Ghost wearing a white opera costume.

Half-submerged in the stagnant water, lifting a pale face towards Yang Jian, its eyes still closed with no sign of opening.

Another chop downward.

The head of the white opera costumed Evil Ghost was dismembered.

The suppression from the Ghost Lake instantly came into effect.

The fallen head and the headless corpse swiftly submerged into the stagnant water, directly devoured by the Ghost Lake's water, and sent again to room 88 by Yang Jian.

Anyway, there was already a ghost in room 88, one more or less didn't make much difference.

"Once more."

Yang Jian felt the process was smooth, wishing to seize the opportunity to dismember several Evil Ghosts, lest an unforeseen event occurred, and the chance was missed.

However, when he raised the Firewood Knife, ready to dismember the third Evil Ghost, an anomaly occurred.

Yang Jian noticed that somehow his sleeve had turned red, and the red was spreading rapidly. Within just a dozen seconds, his clothes turned bright red.

Just like the red opera costume worn by the first Evil Ghost he dismembered.

Furthermore, Yang Jian even felt something within his body, as if something was trying to come out.

He abandoned the attempt to dismember the third Evil Ghost and quickly retreated, pulling open his clothes for a look.

On the skin of his chest, a lifeless human face emerged, writhing like a living creature, with the contours of the face identical to the first Evil Ghost he dismembered.

"It's a curse, a terrible curse."

Yang Jian's expression subtly shifted as his body rapidly thinned, as if possessed by an Evil Ghost, being rapidly drained of nutrients to nurture the Evil Ghost within his body.

Once this Evil Ghost matures, a new red opera costumed Evil Ghost will reappear.

This scene seemed familiar.

Since the Ghost Lake initially used such a method to erode the bodies of the living, turning them into part of the Ghost Lake.

"Abandon the body."

Yang Jian decisively abandoned the cursed body.

A tall Ghost Shadow separated from the body, taking everything with it.

Then the Ghost Conman's ability activated.

A new body appeared.

Yang Jian awoke once more, and opening his eyes again, he saw that the curse on his original body had fully erupted.

The emaciated body collapsed, an Evil Ghost donned the now red-stained clothes, then turned its head to gaze at Yang Jian.

At this moment, the ghost opened its eyes.

Those eyes had no pupils, pitch-black, exuding an inexplicable eerie and ferocious aura.

Meanwhile,

All the Evil Ghosts in the stagnant water behind him also collectively opened their eyes, staring intently at Yang Jian.

Chapter 1193 - Retreat

Yang Jian's tentative attack not only failed but also caused him to be tainted by a curse, forcing him to switch bodies.

But things weren't that easy.

The situation had worsened at this moment.

The fierce ghosts dressed in various colored costumes had previously closed their eyes, but now all of them had opened their eyes.

At this moment, even the dimmest person would understand that the fierce ghosts had locked onto Yang Jian.

"I can't be targeted by these things. Those curses are terrifying, almost the same as the curse from the Ghost Lake back then, no, even stronger. I'm starting to suspect that the curse ability of the Ghost Lake was stolen from these fierce ghosts," Yang Jian thought, recalling a paranormal event that occurred when handling the Ghost Lake back then.

It was a paranormal town that appeared around the Ghost Lake, where there was an opera stage with rows of red wooden benches set in front of it.

At that time, Li Jun went to investigate and saw the stage but didn't see anyone performing.

Perhaps these fierce ghosts in front of him were the ghosts from that stage.

They might be part of a paranormal puzzle connected to each other.

So it wasn't surprising that the Ghost Lake also had such a curse.

"I can't continue to tangle with them. The chance to act has passed, I must get away from these things, otherwise, I won't be able to escape today."

Without hesitation, Yang Jian took out a strange, old, red pair of scissors tangled with hair.

This was the Ghost Scissors, capable of cutting through a ghost's curse and breaking the ghost's killing patterns; it could also curse and kill through photographs.

With the Ghost Scissors in hand, everything in front of him changed.

The surrounding light dimmed immediately, and all the curses previously cut by the Ghost Scissors reappeared.

Paranormal phenomena abounded.

Yang Jian heard footsteps approaching, the sound of water dripping overhead, and saw shadows gradually spreading nearby...

But at the same time, he saw a line.

A phantom line connecting himself and these fierce ghosts in front of him.

"Cutting off the killing pattern carries a certain probability of being tainted by other killing patterns of the Ghost Scissors. This is a costly paranormal item, but even trading one killing pattern for another is worth it." Without hesitation, Yang Jian used the Ghost Scissors to cut this line.

This line, which neither existed in reality nor in the Ghost Domain, was directly severed and disappeared upon contact with the Ghost Scissors.

The disappearance of the line indicated that Yang Jian had cut off the connection with these ghosts in front of him.

The killing pattern was forcibly broken.

The fierce ghosts with eyes wide open staring at Yang Jian now slowly closed their eyes again.

The imminent danger was easily defused like this.

"This time, it seems my luck isn't that bad. I didn't get tainted by other killing patterns." Yang Jian promptly checked himself again.

This time, the rare good luck from using the Ghost Scissors meant no new curses fell on him, equating to a free use of it.

Yet, this killing pattern did not disappear; instead, it stuck to the Ghost Scissors.

If Yang Jian continued using it next time, he might get tainted again, and as the curses on the scissors accumulate, eventually using it once might simultaneously taint him with several different curses.

After the crisis was resolved.

The group of fierce ghosts dressed in opera costumes returned to tranquility, closing their eyes once more and continuing to walk over the accumulated water.

At this moment, Yang Jian chose to retreat, avoiding confrontation.

"Captain, what's the situation?" As they retreated, Li Yang quickly inquired.

Yang Jian shook his head and said, "A group of fierce ghosts is very fierce. I was targeted by a ghost. Fortunately, I used the Ghost Scissors to cut the killing pattern; otherwise, if I was entangled, I can't guarantee I could escape smoothly."

Even though he could use the Ghost Lake to leave here, it was possible the fierce ghosts might leave with him.

This was a situation Yang Jian didn't want to see.

"Do we need to find a room to hide?" Li Yang asked.

Although there are other fierce ghosts in the rooms here, conversely, the rooms can also be a safe haven, provided you don't get killed by the ghosts within.

"There's no need. Although I don't know the killing pattern of these fierce ghosts, it's not easy to trigger. It's not easy to be targeted. We avoid them and let them pass," Yang Jian said immediately.

After speaking, he immediately said, "They're coming. Stand to the side and make way."

Then Yang Jian turned sideways and stood against the wall.

Li Yang glanced over, and his pupils contracted as he saw a group of eerie people wearing opera costumes, eyes closed, walking unhurriedly towards them.

Will this really be okay?

Although he thought this in his mind, out of trust in Yang Jian, he still stood straight against the wall.

Tong Qian, without saying a word, pulled Ah Nan aside and made him stand against the wall: "Don't make a sound. Let the ghosts pass, and it'll be fine."

Ah Nan's face changed slightly, holding the Dead Man's Head, leaning motionlessly against the wall.

The ghosts crossed the accumulated water, continued forward, and passed by Yang Jian's side.

Sure enough.

Yang Jian's guess was correct.

The first fierce ghost still had its eyes closed as it passed, not even noticing Yang Jian on the side, brushing past each other.

Li Yang's heart tightened; he could even feel the cold breath emanating from the fierce ghosts infringing upon him, causing an involuntary shiver.

"Hope everything is okay."

He could only silently chant this.

Because the fierce ghosts coming towards them were too many, it's no wonder the captain chose to retreat. If they really resisted, these people might suffer terribly.

Tong Qian also saw the group of passing fierce ghosts and immediately closed her eyes, turning her head with a crying face facing forward.

"These are...." Ah Nan's expression slightly shifted at this moment; he seemed to know what these fierce ghosts were, but he wasn't sure.

Because his resurrection this time hadn't encountered this group of fierce ghosts, only a similar description in previous experiences.

The ghosts continued to pass by.

No one suffered an attack, even though the distance between people and ghosts was extremely close, the ghosts adhered to the killing pattern, and in most situations, as long as the pattern is not triggered, it is safe.

It's just that having a group of fierce ghosts brush past requires immense psychological endurance.

If it were an ordinary person, it's likely the mind would collapse.

As time passed gradually.

Very soon.

After the last few ghosts in black opera costumes passed by, no other ghosts followed in the hallway.

The danger started to retreat.

"Phew!"

At once, everyone breathed a sigh of relief, the tense nerves finally relaxed.

"Is everyone okay?" Yang Jian turned to look in the direction the group of fierce ghosts had left, then glanced at the others.

"It was scary, but nothing happened."

Tong Qian also turned her face with some lingering fear and said, "I counted earlier, from the first to the last, the number of ghosts reached an astonishing thirty-five. Fortunately, you chose to avoid them. If we had confronted this group of ghosts here, we'd almost certainly be wiped out."

"Not wiped out entirely, but there would definitely be casualties," Yang Jian said confidently, believing he wouldn't die.

But the teammates would definitely all perish.

Even a top ghost-master like Li Yang, who controlled three ghosts, might find it hard to survive.

"Thirty-five, this isn't a good number." Li Yang looked at Yang Jian, very concerned about this number.

Because the number of rooms on the fifth floor of the Ghost Post Office was thirty-five, and the number of seats on the supernatural bus was also thirty-five, excluding the driver's seat.

And there were also thirty-five of these fierce ghosts in opera costumes.

Coincidence, or something predetermined long ago?

"There was a supernatural circle from the Republic of China period before us; everything started from there. We still have many secrets unresolved so far, but now is not the time to worry about this. While those fierce ghosts have wandered off, we have to quickly find that room."

Yang Jian withdrew his gaze and chose to continue forward.

Everyone nodded silently, suppressing the fear and tension in their hearts, and then continued to move on.

As the group of fierce ghosts moved further away, Yang Jian continued forward, noticing that the surrounding darkness was dissipating.

Until finally, they saw a room appear before them, with two wall lamps lit at the door.

They understood that at this moment, they had walked out of that Ghost Domain, and returned to the real Caesar Grand Hotel.

Yang Jian stared at the room with the two lit wall lamps for a moment and immediately halted.

101.

This was the room number hanging on the door.

"101? Isn't this your resurrection place?" Tong Qian gave Ah Nan a surprised look.

Ah Nan's expression remained unchanged as he said: "Yes, but the room you need to go to is room 102, that's the place where information is recorded."

"No rush, let's go to room 101 first, I want to know what kind of supernatural power can make a person resurrect repeatedly." Yang Jian said as he headed towards room 101.

At this moment, Ah Nan seemed a bit nervous; he quickly moved to block Yang Jian: "No, you can't enter this room."

However, just as he spoke, Yang Jian suddenly grabbed his throat, lifting him and slamming him heavily against the adjacent wall.

"You..." Ah Nan's eyes widened, not expecting Yang Jian to act suddenly.

"You're lying to me."

Yang Jian squinted his eyes: "Room 101 is not the place you resurrect."

"I'm not lying to you; I just don't want you to mess around and make me lose my ability to resurrect." Ah Nan said.

Yang Jian said coldly: "Really? Then if I kill you now, will you come out of that room 101 again? If you do, then you're right, but if you don't resurrect in this room after I kill you, then I'm right."

With that, his hand applied force again.

Ah Nan felt his neck being crushed, and he could even hear the sound of his bones breaking bit by bit.

Even so, he tightly held the dead man's head in his hand, with no intention of letting go.

But Yang Jian's determination remained firm, the cold dark ghost hand continued to exert force, and was on the verge of snapping his neck.

Beside them, Li Yang and Tong Qian watched coldly, having no intention of intervening.

Ah Nan sensed that some of his intentions might have been discovered, and gritting his teeth, he said:
"Yang Jian, you're right, room 101 is indeed not where I resurrect. I resurrect in room 701; this time, I'm telling the truth. Room 101 is Xiang Lan's resurrection room."

"You deliberately switched the information between your and Xiang Lan's resurrection rooms?" Yang Jian seemed unsurprised: "Why?"

"If I said my room was in 701, would you still risk entering here, looking for the room where information is recorded? Room 701 is too deep, not worth the risk, but room 101 is different. Its location is not far; you might be tempted to break in here, seeking the information recording room."

Ah Nan continued: "My purpose was to follow you to room 101."

"What's your purpose? Whether it's your resurrection room or someone else's, it doesn't matter to you now, since you are alive and don't need to resurrect." Li Yang came over and questioned.

"Because Xiang Lan is dead, she didn't resurrect. I need to come back to see what happened in this room, why Xiang Lan, who was supposed to resurrect, didn't this time. I need to find out the reason and bring her back to life again."

After saying that, Ah Nan looked at Yang Jian again: "This time I am telling the truth."

"You could have just said Xiang Lan's resurrection spot," Tong Qian said: "No need for deception."

"I know Xiang Lan's resurrection spot, but I don't know where she recorded the information," Ah Nan paused to say: "Since you are here for the information, without telling the location, you wouldn't have come to room 101."

Yang Jian said coldly: "You've had contact with Xiang Lan; wouldn't she have told you the location?"

"She didn't say; Xiang Lan chose to hide where she recorded her information." Ah Nan said.

Li Yang said: "So does that mean we came here for nothing?"

"Not really. The room where the information is recorded must be very close to the resurrection room, maybe it's room 102 or 99," Tong Qian said.

"Not necessarily, not everyone records their information following that rule. For example, Wang Genquan before was an exception," Yang Jian said.

Li Yang looked around: "So, can we only try and search the surroundings?"

"If Xiang Lan is resurrected alive, although she lost her memory, her past memories remain, so she knows her own preferences and habits, making it likely to deduce where she recorded her information," Ah Nan added.

"You're really risking everything to resurrect Xiang Lan, daring to use us as pawns," Li Yang stared at him closely.

Ah Nan said: "I must resurrect her because the most critical piece of information I recorded is that Xiang Lan must survive. There is surely an irresistible reason here."

"Yang Jian, what now? Kill him or choose to resurrect Xiang Lan?" Tong Qian glanced over.

"Kill."

Yang Jian's ghost hand suddenly exerted force, breaking Ah Nan's neck.

Then, while he was still not dead, the ghost shadow invaded, directly attempting to steal Ah Nan's memory.

Ah Nan's eyes widened, seemingly not expecting Yang Jian to be so decisive, but there was a glimmer of hope flashing in his eyes, with no regret in his heart for doing this.

Chapter 1194 - The Reason for Their Immortality

The Ghost Shadow wants to steal a person's memory while they are still alive; otherwise, once the person dies, the memory will be incomplete.

The longer the person's been dead, the less memory can be stolen.

Yang Jian mercilessly strangled Ah Nan, then took advantage of the moment before Ah Nan drew his last breath to directly extract the memory.

But he found that the invasion of the Ghost Shadow wasn't going smoothly.

Inside Ah Nan's body, a force of supernatural power was resisting the Ghost Shadow's intrusion, trying to repel it.

"This guy is a Ghost Slave," Yang Jian's eyes subtly shifted as he sensed an Evil Ghost residing inside Ah Nan's body.

The Terror Level of that Evil Ghost wasn't low; relying solely on a Ghost Hand wouldn't be enough to suppress this Ah Nan, otherwise, the Ghost Shadow's intrusion wouldn't be so unsuccessful.

The only explanation is.

This Ah Nan chose not to resist.

Or perhaps Ah Nan knew that the moment Yang Jian acted, his fate was sealed, and resistance was meaningless as it couldn't change his outcome.

However, as the Ghost Shadow continued to invade, something strange happened to Ah Nan's body; it began to disappear bit by bit.

Like an object long stored away suddenly seeing daylight and being weathered into nothingness.

The deeper the invasion, the faster Ah Nan's body vanished.

Yang Jian's face slightly changed, seemingly realizing something.

There was a supernatural power inside Ah Nan's body maintaining his life and simultaneously sustaining his body; once life ended, the body would immediately disappear.

The Ghost Shadow's invasion seemed to be considered a type of 'death,' disrupting a certain balance within Ah Nan's body and causing it to disappear.

Very soon.

The Ah Nan in Yang Jian's hand disappeared silently before his eyes, leaving not even a trace of clothing, completely dissipating into nothingness, and he didn't manage to extract Ah Nan's memory.

"Disappeared?" Tong Qian's eyes subtly moved: "It seems like he must have resurrected in a different room, otherwise, even the body wouldn't be gone."

"This Ah Nan entirely relies on supernatural force to survive; Captain, your earlier speculation might be right. People here might never be able to leave this place. At the moment of leaving, they might encounter this situation, disappearing directly."

Li Yang observed this situation and deduced a conclusion.

"But not everything was left behind; the supernatural force inside his body remained," Yang Jian's Ghost Eye spied.

His Ghost Hand was not empty but held a cold, twisted shadow.

The shadow was human-shaped, not existing in reality; even though the Ghost Hand gripped it, it couldn't suppress it, still struggling relentlessly to escape its bonds.

As a Ghost Slave, Ah Nan was dead, but the ghost was only in a stage of resurrection, not completely out of control.

After a while, if Yang Jian wanted to grasp this thing with one hand, it wouldn't be so easy.

"Send it to Ghost Lake."

Without hesitation, Yang Jian pressed the twisted, cold shadow hard, forcibly plunging it into the water accumulation beneath his feet.

The cold water led to an unknown place, quickly swallowing the Evil Ghost completely from sight.

"Now that Ah Nan has resurrected, his memories have vanished; even if we find him again, it's useless, and our clues are cut off," Tong Qian said.

Yang Jian said, "No, there's still something to be said. The reason Ah Nan chose not to resist and let us kill him is that he left the choice in our hands. He knew he wasn't our match, so he used his death to exchange for a chance."

"A chance to resurrect Xiang Lan."

Having said this, he looked at the Dead Man's Head that had fallen nearby.

It was Xiang Lan's Dead Man's Head, but it was dismembered from the Evil Ghost.

This Dead Man's Head of Xiang Lan might be the reason she didn't resurrect.

"He wants us to resurrect Xiang Lan and then ask her where the recorded information is," Li Yang immediately understood Ah Nan's thought.

Tong Qian said, "No wonder he didn't resist. If he chose to counter us, we might hold Xiang Lan accountable."

"Li Yang, take this Dead Man's Head; we're going to Room 101 to take a look," Yang Jian immediately said.

Regardless, Room 101 certainly contains a secret about continuous resurrection, which alone makes it worth investigating.

Moreover, since Room 101 is considered a room for resurrection, it most likely is safe, unlikely to harbor other Evil Ghosts.

If there were a ghost, resurrecting people in this room would have no meaning.

Very soon.

Ah Nan's death was left behind, and they sprang into action again, heading directly to the door of Room 101.

Yang Jian opened the room without hesitation.

This room's setup was basically the same as other rooms: a small living room, a bathroom, a bedroom. The furniture was also simple — a wooden table, several stools... — but the style seemed old-fashioned, unlike modern furniture styles, full of a sense of time.

If it weren't known in advance the special nature of Room 101, anyone coming here wouldn't feel anything unique about this room.

The group walked in and looked around.

"Very ordinary, nothing special, but it can be sure there are no ghosts in this room; it's safe."

Li Yang said, "But the wall lamp behind the door is on. I don't know what this lit lamp signifies. When we passed other rooms before, some lamps were dark, and some were slightly bright."

"The lamp at the door might symbolize certain information; perhaps lit rooms signify safety, and dark rooms signify danger," Tong Qian said.

Li Yang shook his head and said, "No, it might not be right because some rooms had lit lamps, but when I passed by, I could clearly feel the danger lurking behind those rooms."

"Don't discuss the issue of the wall lamp; look around, we need to understand why this room allows continuous resurrection."

Said Yang Jian as he headed towards the bedroom.

"I'll guard the living room, Tong Qian, you check the bathroom," Li Yang said.

Tong Qian nodded and immediately headed to the bathroom.

Yang Jian, upon entering the bedroom, saw a wooden bed, covered with bedding, though similarly old, but very clean, without dust, and without any stain. The room even had a fragrance that seemed like a scent of perfume, giving the illusion of entering a woman's boudoir.

He lifted the bedding to examine the bed.

"Nothing special, just like any other room, but where is this scent coming from?"

Yang Jian frowned, holding his cracked long spear, and the Ghost Shadow behind him began to spread around.

He wanted to find a medium to determine who had been in this room.

However, a bizarre scene unfolded.

Holding the Firewood Knife, with the Ghost Shadow covering him, any medium left by anyone could be triggered, but here there was none.

Clean.

Very clean.

Not even a footprint was left, as if no one had ever entered this room.

"Has this room been reset?" Yang Jian could only speculate in his mind.

Only this could erase all the lingering traces.

At the same time.

Tong Qian entered the bathroom of this room.

The bathroom was small, with only a bathtub, a washbasin, and a mirror.

She tried turning on the tap.

No water came out.

She touched it; the tap was dry, which indicated that the room had been out of water for a long time, not just a day or two.

"Too normal." Tong Qian frowned, feeling a bit puzzled and confused.

Although the room looked old, there was no paranormal interference in it. Yet, in this haunted place, a room devoid of any paranormal elements was abnormal in itself.

Tong Qian looked at the mirror again at this moment.

Her face suddenly changed.

At this moment, there was nothing in the mirror, it did not reflect her appearance.

"Is something wrong with the mirror?" Tong Qian immediately thought of the Ghost Mirror placed in the safe room on the top floor of Shangtong Tower in Dachang City.

However, when she examined the mirror, she found that there was nothing wrong with it.

The mirror was normal, not a paranormal one.

Yet, the mirror truly did not reflect Tong Qian's figure.

"Yang Jian, come over and look at this mirror, is it a problem with me, or are we all the same?" Tong Qian immediately shouted.

Soon.

Yang Jian left the bedroom and came over. After understanding the situation, he also looked at the mirror.

The mirror could not reflect his figure either.

"Seems like we are the same, I've never seen this situation before," Tong Qian said.

Yang Jian frowned, "If the mirror has no problem, and we have no problem, then the issue must be with this room."

"Li Yang, bring over that head."

"Coming." Li Yang in the living room immediately came over, still holding that head.

Yang Jian took the head and placed it in front of the mirror.

A strange scene appeared.

Xiang Lan's head appeared in the mirror.

"Indeed, this room is rejecting us, only presenting for specific people," Yang Jian partially figured it out.

Xiang Lan still exists, and many things in the room were hidden, only then can she interact with the most authentic Room 101, while others only see a fake Room 101.

Or rather.

Xiang Lan and Room 101 have already become one entity, perhaps even a part of the room.

So some people's inability to die might just be because of this.

Rather than saying they suffer from a curse, it's more like they are part of the curse.

The so-called living is just a nominal living.

In reality, they are already dead; they just reappear relying on the paranormal, similar to a Ghost Slave.

"If this room only recognizes Xiang Lan, we can completely create a Xiang Lan using the Deceiving Ghost's supernatural power," Li Yang suggested.

Yang Jian shook his head, "No, it won't work. What Xiang Lan looks like is not important, her uniqueness is. The paranormal only recognizes the same paranormal. Xiang Lan happens to have the same paranormal within her. She's like a puzzle piece within the room, indispensable and unique."

"So the Xiang Lan I created with the Deceiving Ghost is of no use, but the situation just now allowed me to understand something."

"Why did Ah Nan go to the second-floor restaurant at the start, why care about Xiang Lan's head, why did Xiang Lan's resurrection fail, why did she not appear in Room 101?"

Yang Jian squinted his eyes, "There is only one explanation, Xiang Lan is not dead yet, or has not completely died, so the resurrection's paranormal was not triggered. She has been in some half-alive state."

As soon as these words were said, Tong Qian and Li Yang immediately looked at the pale-skinned, eyes-closed, cold, yet unrotted head.

"Clearly attacked by a ghost, she looks dead," Tong Qian said as she stared at it.

"The consciousness may still be there, just the body was taken over by the ghost, or perhaps Xiang Lan wielded some kind of supernatural power to protect her consciousness, but the body was overtaken by the ghost, so she's in a state of losing control."

Yang Jian said, "Such situations are common and not unusual in the paranormal world."

He himself had experienced such a situation.

When the Ghost Shadow lost control, he used the Eight-Tone Music Box curse to protect his consciousness. As a result, the consciousness was fine, but the body was controlled by the Ghost Shadow, causing outsiders to believe he was dead.

"So now we can only kill her once more for her to resurrect in this room?" Li Yang asked.

Yang Jian said, "That's one way. Another way is to restore balance, allow her to wake directly, without the need to lose her memory. As for the lost body, it's no problem, I can get a headless body and attach this head to it."

Chapter 1195 - Xiang Lan's Resurrection

Some evidence suggests that Xiang Lan is very likely not dead yet.

Even though she is left with only a head and has been invaded by a fierce ghost, Yang Jian judged that her consciousness should still be present, not entirely deceased, which is why she hasn't resurrected in this room.

However, all of this is speculation, and whether it's correct will require a trial.

"Reviving this head is very risky; maybe the one who wakes up won't be Xiang Lan but a ghost," Tong Qian said. "We need to be prepared to handle it."

"Don't worry, if there's something abnormal, I'll nail her directly," Yang Jian replied.

Tong Qian nodded, "In that case, let's start immediately. We've already wasted a lot of time, and if we delay any longer, the fierce ghost might escape from Caesar Grand Hotel. I can't trust this place to really be sealed off by just one room."

Yang Jian didn't say much and immediately took action.

The supernatural power of the Deceiving Ghost appeared.

Accompanied by a chilling aura gathering, an illusory headless body gradually presented itself in front of them. This body was not real, but as the boundary between illusion and reality was broken by the supernatural power,

Illusion became reality.

Reality was altered.

A real headless corpse appeared.

At this moment, the Ghost Shadow behind Yang Jian stood up, took Xiang Lan's Dead Man's Head, and attached it to the neck of the headless body.

Simply placing it on was enough, and the neck and head immediately joined seamlessly, with no visible scars.

The basic ability of the Ghost Shadow itself is body assembly; attaching a head is almost effortlessly easy.

And instead of retreating, the Ghost Shadow that attached the head covered the body, then gradually immersed itself into Xiang Lan's body like a dense fog.

Yang Jian intended to use the Ghost Shadow's invasion ability to find the supernatural power residing in Xiang Lan's head and extract it.

Only in this way, Xiang Lan's consciousness might return.

With the invasion of the Ghost Shadow, Yang Jian sensed that there were two supernatural forces hidden in Xiang Lan's Dead Man's Head. One was quite strong and dominant, while the other was suppressed, feeling like it had become part of a jigsaw puzzle.

"Xiang Lan's head came from that ghost playing the piano, and that piano is a supernatural object, so the piano and the ghost playing it are separate. The ghost acquired Xiang Lan's head, which is why it plays the piano and releases curses..."

As Yang Jian analyzed, the Ghost Shadow had already invaded Xiang Lan's head.

Immediately.

The addition of new supernatural force broke some balance in an instant.

In Yang Jian's mind, a scene appeared immediately.

In the scene, he was in a special room where an old piano was placed, but the piano was blurry and indistinct, and in front of the piano stood a gloomy figure. That person's body was blurry, only the head was clear.

But that head didn't look like Xiang Lan's; it was a head that had dried for a long time, like a mummy.

Yet even so, the mummy-like head's eyes still emitted an eerie light, as if two eyeballs were watching the intruding Ghost Shadow.

"Because it was dismembered, the ghost couldn't fully present its true form, leaving only a head," Yang Jian understood what was going on.

He was not afraid.

The Ghost Shadow approached, but the ghost's form seemed affected, starting to distort and unable to maintain its previous shape.

It's impossible for a fierce ghost's head to compete with a complete Ghost Shadow.

Soon.

The form of the fierce ghost gradually dissipated, leaving only a dried head remaining. However, under the Ghost Shadow's suppression, that head fell into a slumber, unable to open its eyes or wake up.

With the suppression of the fierce ghost's lingering supernatural force, a consciousness began to gradually revive.

"Yang Jian, it's working. She's about to wake up," Tong Qian said.

At this moment.

Xiang Lan's eyelids fluttered slightly, and her face showed a few expressions of pain, as if she had been through immense torture, but she was gradually waking up.

Li Yang watched Xiang Lan intently, staying alert.

After all, Yang Jian mentioned earlier that the one who wakes might not be Xiang Lan himself, but possibly a revived fierce ghost.

However, this time, luck wasn't that bad.

Soon.

Xiang Lan opened her eyes, and in her gaze was a touch of numbness and despair, as if she had completely lost hope in the world.

But gradually, she regained some spirit.

Xiang Lan seemed a bit surprised and slightly puzzled because she saw several unfamiliar people around her.

"Who are you... did you save me?" Xiang Lan quickly calmed down, scrutinizing the people around her and finally resting her gaze on Yang Jian.

She recognized him; she had met him once before.

"Do you know me?" Yang Jian stared at Xiang Lan, noticing her gaze was somewhat different.

Xiang Lan said, "We've met here before, have you forgotten?"

"That was a year ago, but it's impossible for your memory to be preserved for a year," Yang Jian replied.

"It seems you're quite familiar with this place. You're right. When I first saw you, I had only been conscious here for a short while, searching for a way out. I thought I found hope, but it turned out to be despair," Xiang Lan said.

Yang Jian continued, "From your words, does that mean you haven't died since the last time, so your memory remained intact?"

"That seems impossible. Living here for over a year without dying is practically unattainable," Tong Qian remarked in surprise.

"If you're careful enough and luck is on your side, it's not entirely impossible to survive a year," Li Yang said.

"You already know from what I've said, if I died, I'd lose part of my memory upon resurrection. But unfortunately, I haven't died even once since last time. The reason I haven't died isn't due to surviving for a long time but existing in a special way, between life and death," Xiang Lan said, her tone was very calm, different from the first encounter.

"I see," Yang Jian understood.

Xiang Lan's survival wasn't because she truly lived here for over a year but because she was eroded by the Ghost and existed in a special state for a long time.

That's why she didn't lose her memory.

"This time, it's us who saved you. In exchange, we need to understand the situation here. We hope you can cooperate," Li Yang reminded her.

Xiang Lan's gaze shifted, "What do you want to know?"

"Everything here," Yang Jian replied.

Xiang Lan paused, then said, "Honestly, I don't know what this place is either. When I woke from unconsciousness, I found myself in this room, and then I tried to leave, but the process was not smooth. I couldn't find an exit and have been wandering, exploring here... Until one time I met Ah Nan, who was also trapped like me."

"And there are quite a few people with similar experiences. As far as I know, a total of ten people are trapped here, all searching for a way out as well."

"I don't know if anyone has succeeded, but I only know that in these countless rooms, each contains danger. However, occasionally we can find some clues and supplies for survival in the other rooms."

Yang Jian said, "I'm not satisfied with your answer like this, similar words were already said by Ah Nan."

"You've met him, where is he now?" Xiang Lan asked.

"Dead," Yang Jian said coldly, "But it was by my hand."

Xiang Lan's eyes shifted slightly, looking at Yang Jian with some surprise, seemingly not expecting him to kill Ah Nan, but she remained composed and said, "He's died more than once, another death doesn't matter. He should have already resurrected and appeared again in one of these rooms."

"Room 701, right?" Yang Jian asked.

"You even know this," Xiang Lan showed some surprise.

Unexpectedly, Yang Jian even knew Ah Nan's resurrection room.

"Why ask me when you know so much already?" Xiang Lan asked.

Yang Jian directly said, "Which is your room for recording information? There's something I want to see myself."

"The room for recording info?" Xiang Lan paused and then said, "Room 100."

"Is that so? You know the way, right? Take us to Room 100," Yang Jian said.

Xiang Lan said, "I don't mind taking you there, but I'd like to know what your purpose is for understanding this place."

"To completely seal this place, ensure this ghostly place never appears outside," Yang Jian replied.

"That's impossible," Xiang Lan said, "This place cannot be sealed, the exit will always exist. You can at most block the exit, but not seal it completely."

"Why?" Yang Jian asked.

"Lacking a reality anchor, this place won't exist," Xiang Lan explained, "That's the information I found. You can choose not to believe it."

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian immediately thought of his Ghost Domain.

Can his Ghost Domain be completely sealed?

No,

Because there exists a link to reality, which is his Ghost Eye.

If Caesar Grand Hotel is also maintained by relying on a Ghost, then the Ghost must exist in reality, otherwise here cannot be maintained.

So the exit can only be blocked, not completely eliminated.

But a blocked exit is not foolproof; one day it will be opened.

"We'll talk about this later; I have one more thing to do before going to Room 100."

Yang Jian then said, "I want to know why you can resurrect in this room after death. The true scene of this room cannot be shown in our eyes, only you can see it."

"I've explored that reason too, but I haven't found it," Xiang Lan said.

She stayed here for so long, couldn't possibly not explore this secret.

"You can't find it because you're exploring it as an ordinary person. What if you're not an ordinary person?" Yang Jian suggested a possibility.

Chapter 1196 - The Opened Doors

"What do you mean by that?" Xiang Lan looked at Yang Jian, somewhat not understanding the meaning of his words.

Li Yang said, "The captain means that without controlling a fierce ghost, what you can see is very limited. But if you become a ghost controller and harness some special fierce ghosts, you can see many things that ordinary people can't."

"Using the supernatural to interfere with the supernatural, the truth will reveal itself."

"I see..." Xiang Lan fell into deep thought as she carefully recalled the past experiences.

Indeed.

She had never tried this path before.

Previously, she only thought about how to leave here and find a safe room to survive. Although she had experienced being eroded by fierce ghosts, she never thought of returning to room 101 to investigate again.

It was precisely because of this that Xiang Lan never uncovered the secret of why she kept being resurrected.

"I want to use your body as a medium to explore this room again," Yang Jian said once more at this moment.

"What?" Xiang Lan was startled, becoming somewhat wary.

But her expression changed quickly because she found her body uncontrollable at this time, as if manipulated by something, with a feeling of being turned into a puppet on strings.

"What did you do to me?" she immediately asked.

Yang Jian said, "Nothing, just temporarily took over your body. The reason your consciousness can return now is because there's another fierce ghost temporarily residing in your body. That ghost helps suppress other supernatural things in your body, so you're not experiencing any problems now, but dealing with the supernatural often requires paying a price."

Ghost Shadow was still inside Xiang Lan's body, controlling her, preventing her from moving freely.

But just that wasn't enough.

Yang Jian couldn't invade Xiang Lan's consciousness to alter her memory, but he could use her as a medium to steal her actions and vision.

Quickly.

A hideous cut appeared on Xiang Lan's cheek.

No blood flowed out, only a scarlet eyeball emerged.

"Is this...an eye?" Xiang Lan's eyes slightly narrowed, feeling an indescribable strange sensation.

Ghost Shadow harnessed the ghost eye using Xiang Lan's body as a medium, once again scrutinizing room 101.

At this moment.

The view in Yang Jian's eyes underwent a dramatic change; the originally ordinary room now had many non-existent things in the vision of the ghost eye.

The old walls were weathered and peeling, leaving many weird marks.

On a broken wooden table were several faded portraits, the faces on the portraits were unclear, but one could vaguely discern that it was likely Xiang Lan because the clothes on the woman in the portrait were exactly the same as what Xiang Lan had worn before.

Besides that, there were some bowls and chopsticks on the wooden table, but the food had long decayed and turned black, unable to be eaten.

However, it was apparent that at some point someone had been commemorating Xiang Lan here.

"As I guessed, using the cursed Xiang Lan as a medium is necessary to see what the real 101 room is like." Yang Jian controlled Xiang Lan to look around, confirming his previous assumptions.

At this moment, Xiang Lan's neck twisted unnaturally, as she looked towards the direction of the bedroom, where the vision was distorted with strong supernatural interference in the ghost eye's sight.

"Go in and take a look." Yang Jian manipulated Xiang Lan's body, making her walk towards the bedroom.

Xiang Lan couldn't resist the Ghost Shadow's control and could only walk step by step towards the room.

However, in her vision, everything was still normal, with no changes around her.

Yet, in the ghost eye's vision, it was another scenario.

When Xiang Lan stepped into the bedroom.

A truth revealed itself before Yang Jian.

The room originally had an ordinary wooden bed, but now that wooden bed had disappeared, replaced by a peculiar tombstone lying upside down on the ground, with distorted black writing carved on it. However, in the ghost eye's sight, those characters were squirming and deforming, impossible to distinguish what they exactly were.

But most importantly, under that tombstone was a person.

A person identical to Xiang Lan, to be precise, a corpse.

No.

That should be the real Xiang Lan.

Yang Jian's expression changed; although he had never seen such a situation before, experience and intuition allowed him to make a correct judgment.

"If the corpse under the tombstone is Xiang Lan, then the Xiang Lan active outside isn't the real Xiang Lan, just a supernatural derivative. Only this explains why Xiang Lan resurrects here every time after dying."

"So the key to this room 101's ability to cause resurrection is because of that tombstone in the room? Because the tombstone is placed in the room and pressed against her body, she's perpetually tied to this room."

"And to break the curse of continuous resurrection, one only needs to remove that tombstone so that the real Xiang Lan's body isn't pinned down anymore."

"So, everything here was deliberately set up by someone."

Having seen the truth, many of Yang Jian's doubts suddenly got resolved.

Soon, he snapped back to reality and stopped controlling Xiang Lan, letting her return to normal.

Xiang Lan felt her body regain freedom and immediately walked out from the bedroom: "Did you control me to find any clues?"

"I already know the reason for your resurrection." Yang Jian did not hide anything and spoke directly.

Xiang Lan's expression shifted: "Really?"

"I have no reason to lie to you."

Yang Jian said: "The reason you can keep resurrecting is due to being cursed by a supernatural object. The real you has always been in this room and never left. The current you is like a false body, so even if you leave this supernatural place, it has no meaning. Eventually, you'll come back."

"The curse protected you, allowing you to survive here in a special state, but it also binds you."

Xiang Lan was somewhat lost in thought: "So that's it... does that mean people like us will wander here endlessly, unable to escape?"

"Theoretically, yes. After all, the real you is already dead, so leaving here is impossible. However, freeing yourself shouldn't be too hard."

After Yang Jian finished speaking, he added: "There's nothing left to investigate here, let's go to Room 100."

Knowing the secret of resurrection means he can now kill Xiang Lan, Ah Nan, and others cursed to continually revive.

"Wait a moment."

Seeing Yang Jian and the others attempting to leave, Xiang Lan suddenly called out to him.

"Is there something else?" Yang Jian frowned and asked.

Xiang Lan said: "Since you know the secret of resurrection here, can you tell me how to stop my continuous resurrection?"

"I won't tell you how, but if you want to die, I don't mind helping you." Yang Jian replied.

He wasn't foolish enough to leak the information.

Xiang Lan fell silent immediately.

At this moment, Yang Jian, with Li Yang and Tong Qian, had already exited Room 101.

"Captain, something's wrong." Just as they left the room, Li Yang looked down and his expression changed.

At the threshold of their room's door, a dense cluster of black footprints appeared at some unknown time, pacing back and forth without leaving.

"When did this happen?" Yang Jian immediately looked around vigilantly.

There was nothing unusual.

"I had been paying attention to the surroundings, but after Xiang Lan appeared, I wasn't as focused on the outside. This anomaly must have appeared just now." Li Yang said.

Tong Qian said: "Are we being targeted by the ghost again?"

Though dangers abound here, being targeted by a ghost is common, but being approached without noticing, to the door, is unsettling.

"Ignore it. If it's a ghost, I'll act immediately if it shows itself. Let's continue to Room 100." Yang Jian said calmly.

"Wait a moment." Li Yang didn't move his steps, sensing something, and stared at the hallway.

"Creak!"

At this moment, a room's door ahead suddenly and slowly opened for some unknown reason.

Hmm?

Yang Jian frowned.

But the situation was far from over.

Further ahead, the second room's door also opened with a creak at some unknown time, followed by the third, the fourth... all the way down the hallway, with doors opening at the crossroads to the left and right.

"What's happening? This hasn't happened before." Tong Qian's face changed dramatically, realizing the danger approaching.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed slightly: "This anomaly is targeting us. It seems something wants us to die here, not wanting us to leave alive or reach Room 100."

"Is it the ghostly work of Zhu Jian, Dong Yulan, Wang Genquan?" Tong Qian looked back and found the doors opening sounds also coming from behind.

"They don't have that ability. There's something else in this haunted place." Yang Jian grew serious.

For the rooms here are haunted.

With doors usually closed, safety is somewhat ensured, but with them all open now, it means the ghosts inside can come out at any time.

"Go, move quickly, don't hesitate." Yang Jian suddenly commanded sharply, opening his ghost eye and moving forward rapidly with the others.

Li Yang and Tong Qian understood their situation and moved swiftly.

However, Yang Jian did not head back the way they came but instead went deeper.

He still intended to go to Room 100.

This was not reckless. Yang Jian felt that going back would be more dangerous.

If everything here is truly controlled by someone, the unknown path must be the safest as the opponent cannot foresee Yang Jian's path of action.

Chapter 1197 - The Thrown Bone

After leaving room 101, Yang Jian and his team swiftly moved deeper into the haunted location.

Meanwhile, in the dimly lit corridor, the sound of doors opening was incessant, coming from all directions, covering almost the entire area, with no safe direction.

However, Yang Jian did the opposite.

Because even if all the doors were open, not all rooms necessarily had ghosts, and even if there were ghosts, there were differences in their terror levels.

So he judged that retracing their steps was the most dangerous, while other paths would be relatively safer.

"106...121, Captain, the room numbers seem to be getting bigger, we're heading the wrong way; this isn't the direction to room 100," Li Yang observed while running, keeping an eye on the room numbers on the doors nearby.

Yang Jian didn't slow down: "I know, loop back from the intersection ahead, and no matter what, we'll find room 100 after circling around. Since Xiang Lan chose that room to record information, it indicates it's safe. We can take a brief respite after entering room 100."

"It seems Xiang Lan didn't follow us," Tong Qian turned her head to look back and found Xiang Lan was no longer there.

"Don't worry about her, she won't die. Even if she does, she can resurrect in room 101. Let's focus on what we need to do," Yang Jian replied.

Tong Qian nodded at his words and didn't concern herself with the missing Xiang Lan anymore.

They hurriedly ran through the dim and narrow corridor, quickly reaching an intersection.

Yang Jian, leading the way, chose to go right, planning to loop back from the intersection to find room 100.

This approach wasn't wrong, but it would waste some time, taking a slightly longer route. Theoretically, this would increase the danger, but in a haunted location, sometimes personal judgment is more crucial.

Yang Jian's judgment seemed correct.

They hurried along, and although the nearby room doors were open, nothing dangerous occurred.

This suggested that most of the rooms they passed by were likely ghost-free, and even if there were ghosts, none could immediately trigger a lethal pattern, so their journey was thrilling but safe.

However, a correct judgment doesn't mean that danger will never arise.

Up ahead.

A room door was open, and a yellowish light emanated from inside, flickering wildly as if disturbed by something.

As the light flickered, Yang Jian caught sight of a twisted beam of light at the doorway forming a human-shaped shadow, as if something was standing there.

This was what ordinary sight perceived, but through the Ghost Eye, it was different.

There wasn't just a shadow at the door but a lifeless, darkened corpse of a woman with tattered clothes. Rather than calling it a woman, it was more like a fierce ghost that had just emerged from the room.

"Is it the ghost from room 108?"

Yang Jian took note of the room number and without hesitation, raised his cracked long spear.

He decisively hurled the spear forward.

The spear with a Coffin Nail, once pinning a ghost, could suppress it into a deep sleep, preventing any awakening.

The cracked spear, made of gold, was impervious to supernatural interference, which is why Yang Jian dared to throw it without fear of losing it to supernatural forces.

"Bang!"

The next moment, the ground got punctured by the spear.

The golden cracked long spear pierced through the ghost's body in front of room 108, nailing it to the ground.

No surprises.

The assault with the Coffin Nail succeeded.

The ghost's dark, cold body twisted and lay there motionlessly like a corpse, and the supernatural interference ceased, as the flickering lights at the doorway returned to normal.

"Don't stop, keep moving," Yang Jian, seeing this, breathed slightly easier.

The group swiftly passed by the doorway of room 108.

However, Yang Jian couldn't leave the Coffin Nail holding the ghost forever; he needed to extract the nail later, releasing the ghost, although the risk was significant.

"Forget it."

Yang Jian hesitated briefly, choosing not to release the ghost just yet. Instead, he continued forward with the ghost tethered to the cracked long spear.

He didn't want to waste time or risk additional dangers at that moment, so he decided to deal with the nailed ghost later.

Carrying a ghost, even if suppressed by the Coffin Nail, imposed mental pressure.

Yang Jian instinctively felt that the ghost was terrifying and should be disposed of promptly, avoiding unnecessary entanglement, but the environment didn't allow them to pause to handle it, as the surrounding room doors were all open. The longer they stayed, the greater the chance of encountering another ghost.

"Can't easily pull out the Coffin Nail? This ghost must be very fierce," Li Yang glanced over, his heart tensing.

The presence of such a chilling, blackened corpse escalating a Captain to refrain from removing the Coffin Nail was undoubtedly problematic.

The three moved forward silently.

After looping around, indeed, it had some effect.

Not only did they avoid most dangers, but they also managed to find room 100.

Just ahead.

But the corridor was somewhat long, requiring passage through three more rooms.

The doors of the two rooms on the left, and the two on the right, including room 100, were also open. This was how Yang Jian's Ghost Eye could discern the room numbers.

"Found it, the last room ahead is 100," Yang Jian's eyes focused.

"Looks like we were safe," Tong Qian commented.

Li Yang added: "Don't be careless; we still need to pass three rooms, and although we haven't seen any danger in the corridor, we can't rule out the possibility of ghosts lurking in the rooms."

Yang Jian remained silent and instead quickened his pace.

As they passed the first room, nothing happened; it seemed to be empty without any ghosts.

During their pass by the second room, Yang Jian was unharmed, but when Li Yang passed, an unexpected event occurred.

From the pitch-black room, something suddenly got thrown out violently towards him.

"What?" Li Yang, who was on high alert, noticed the item flying towards him and instinctively tried to dodge.

But as he evaded, the flying object changed its trajectory and struck him directly.

"Bang!"

Li Yang was hit, and the object fell to the ground, rolled several times, and only then could they see it clearly.

It was a bone, and judging by its shape, it seemed to be a human bone.

Yang Jian immediately halted and looked back.

"I'm fine," Li Yang promptly stated.

"Just now Li Yang was hit by a bone thrown from the room, but it's pitch black inside so I couldn't see clearly. I suspect there might be a ghost inside,"

Tong Qian, at the back, witnessed the events and briefed Yang Jian about what happened.

However, before she finished speaking, another human bone flew out from the room.

Although Tong Qian was not standing at the room's doorway, the bone hit the wall, altering its course, and flew accurately towards her.

"Hmm? Is this possible?" Tong Qian immediately dodged.

Prepared and alert, he wasn't foolish enough to get hit by it.

Nimble avoiding it, the bone missed Tong Qian, rolled on the ground a few times, and then stopped without further movement.

"If we rush past quickly, we shouldn't get hit..." Li Yang suggested, but his words were cut short as his face turned pale, and he suddenly collapsed against the wall.

Yang Jian noticed this situation, his expression shifted, and he quickly turned back, intending to support Li Yang, but momentarily froze.

He saw Li Yang's body decaying rapidly, flesh and blood dissipating, exposing the stark white bones.

"I, I'm dying."

Li Yang struggled to lift his head as part of the flesh on his face had already melted away.

The only unaffected part was his withered arm, which bore the deadly curse of opening doors and was a part of the evil spirit's puzzle disassembled from the ghost at the post office.

"It's because of being hit by that bone... but this decay speed is too fast, even Li Yang, who commands three ghosts, can't resist it."

"We need to think of a solution quickly, or he might really fall here,"

Yang Jian's expression shifted, frantically brainstorming solutions.

However, the flesh on Li Yang's body was vanishing more rapidly, and in a few more seconds, he would completely perish.

If Li Yang, who hasn't become a supernatural entity, dies, he's truly dead.

However, in such a short period, he couldn't think of a way to temporarily halt Li Yang's deterioration.

"Use the Six Layer Ghost Domain to delay time," Yang Jian directly opened his ghost eye, activating the Six Layer Ghost Domain.

Within the Six Layer Ghost Domain, everything stopped, even the supernatural powers were no exception.

Li Yang was enveloped in the Six Layer Ghost Domain, and the speed at which his flesh was disappearing stopped. But even so, the skin and flesh on his body had completely vanished, making him look like he'd been skinned alive, covered in blood, a sight too horrific to bear.

"The time of his death has successfully been delayed," Yang Jian breathed a slight sigh of relief.

But the Six Layer Ghost Domain couldn't be sustained indefinitely; he must think of a way to rescue him in this short time.

"Activating the Seven Layer Ghost Domain can only restart myself; to restart on a large scale, the Eight Layer Ghost Domain must be activated. So, using the Eight Layer Ghost Domain to revert time by thirty seconds could change Li Yang's fate," Yang Jian considered his first option.

"It would be great if I had a scapegoat doll, I could transfer the curse directly. But unfortunately, I used my last scapegoat doll already."

"The third method is to invoke the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box to first preserve Li Yang's consciousness, and then figure out how to handle the curse problem of the Eight-Tone Music Box."

"I could also try using the Ghost Scissors to sever the curse, provided the attack and curse are related."

"As for the other methods, they're not feasible."

Yang Jian's mind raced, using the paused time in the Six Layer Ghost Domain, he thought of four solutions.

However, only two methods were actionable: either activate the Eight Layer Ghost Domain or initiate the Eight-Tone Music Box curse. There was no time to sever the curse.

Only last time the Eight Layer Ghost Domain was activated with the help of the corpse of the ancient mansion's old man; Yang Jian himself couldn't achieve that. But now that he had seized four percent of the Ghost Lake's supernatural power and grown himself, perhaps he could directly activate the Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

The Eight-Tone Music Box curse was much simpler.

After opening it, the curse is released; he doesn't need to bear any risk himself. However, the person suffering from the Eight-Tone Music Box curse is unlikely to survive the outbreak of the curse.

"Restart, then—the curse release also takes time, and I can't be sure Li Yang wouldn't die first," Yang Jian took a deep breath, deciding thus.

No choice.

He didn't want to lose a teammate here. If the restart could pull him back, it would be worth it.

"Moreover, I also want to try if the supernatural power of four percent Ghost Lake can support me in activating the Eight Layer Ghost Domain."

Yang Jian resolved, pushing aside all other considerations.

His ghost eye opened again, Ghost Domain overlapped.

The Six Layer Ghost Domain became the Seven Layer Ghost Domain, then transformed into the Eight Layer Ghost Domain.

The taboo of reversing life and death was initiated.

The entire corridor was enveloped in a layer of scarlet light.

Yang Jian's body was dripping with water; he was soaked all over, and his ghost eye spun restlessly yet the powerful supernatural force of Ghost Lake eroded his body, suppressing the ghost eye from losing control.

The large-scale restart began.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

Everything around started to revert, as if the pendulum of the Wang Family's clock was being wound.

Having experienced large-scale restart once, Yang Jian was somewhat mentally prepared.

But he felt particularly strained.

His body seemed to be tearing apart, and his consciousness blurred.

A terrifying supernatural force seemed poised to consume him.

After just three seconds of winding, Yang Jian sensed something was amiss.

Only now did he realize how challenging large-scale restarts truly were.

Without borrowing the ancient mansion old man's body to resist the ghost eye's resurrection, relying solely on himself was incredibly difficult.

"Though hard, I can still manage," Yang Jian felt the supernatural power of Ghost Lake had an effect, the ghost eye hadn't lost control.

Ten seconds... thirteen seconds... sixteen seconds.

Every second felt as long as an hour had passed.

The situation in the corridor had already changed.

The blood-fused Li Yang had returned to normal; he wasn't collapsing to the ground now but standing aside, however, the bone had struck him.

So sixteen seconds were far from enough.

A restart to before Li Yang being struck by the bone was necessary.

Twenty-five seconds.

The bone was just about hitting Li Yang.

Twenty-six seconds, the bone hung in the air; even so, it wasn't enough, for Yang Jian didn't have enough time to intervene from that distance.

Twenty-seven seconds.

The bone flew out of the room.

Yet Yang Jian's body was soaking wet, signs of dissolution appeared.

As he suppressed the ghost eye, the overused supernatural power of Ghost Lake began eroding him.

To realize, the most significant threat now wasn't the resurrection of the ghost eye but the lethal supernatural force of Ghost Lake.

"Enough," Yang Jian abruptly shut his ghost eyes on the twenty-eight second mark.

The Eight Layer Ghost Domain vanished.

The large-scale restart ended.

This corridor reverted back to twenty-eight seconds ago.

At this moment.

Li Yang had just passed by the darkened room's entrance.

Simultaneously, a bone suddenly flew out without warning.

Li Yang, alert, instinctively dodged.

Nevertheless, the bone changed its direction mid-air, still heading towards him.

The scene was identical to before, nothing deviated from the previous incident.

However, at this moment.

The cracked spear in Yang Jian's hand lifted, accurately blocking by Li Yang's side.

Bone struck the golden shaft of the spear, bouncing away and falling onto the ground.

The outcome changed.

Li Yang wasn't hit.

But Yang Jian's arm holding the spear trembled, water seeped continuously, almost like he'd just been fished out of a lake, his face exceedingly pale, and some skin on his body showed signs of dissolution.

"Stay away from the door, don't get hit by bones thrown out from inside, or you'll die miserably," Yang Jian rapidly dragged Li Yang forward, pulling away to a safe distance.

Li Yang's face changed upon witnessing Yang Jian's condition, shocked.

A moment ago, everything was fine. Why did it suddenly turn out like this?

"What's in that room? What happened in that instant just now?" Li Yang hurriedly asked.

After the restart, he and Tong Qian lost their previous memories, only Yang Jian wouldn't be affected by the restart, knowing the future.

Yang Jian didn't respond to him but turned around and said, "Tong Qian, don't hold back, light the Ghost Candle and rush through that entrance."

"Okay, I understand."

Tong Qian backed away several meters, putting a safe distance from the opened room ahead, then lit a red Ghost Candle.

Before they arrived, Yang Jian had allocated resources appropriately; Li Yang and Tong Qian also had Ghost Candles.

Just a moment ago, the incident happened so abruptly, none anticipated Li Yang would be struck by a flying bone of a dead person and killed.

Chapter 1198 - Room 100

Yang Jian's face looked grim right now, his body soaked and seeming to gradually dissolve.

Just thirty seconds of a large-scale restart was enough for the supernatural energy of the Ghost Lake to feel entirely off balance, rapidly corroding himself. However, without utilizing the supernatural power of the Ghost Lake, it wouldn't work, as otherwise, during the Ghost Eye Resurrection, he would die immediately on the spot from the ghost's resurrection.

Even though Yang Jian was now an anomaly.

But the premise of this anomaly was that the ghost Yang Jian controlled was only the Ghost Shadow.

The other ghosts were not inactive; they still had a chance of resurrection.

Some supernatural phenomena could be suppressed by the Ghost Shadow, like the Ghost Hand or the Eight-Tone Music Box curse, which is why these supernatural occurrences would not harm Yang Jian.

However, some supernatural happenings couldn't be suppressed by the Ghost Shadow, like the Ghost Eye, the supernatural presence of the Ghost Lake, and the Evil Hound lodged in his memory.

If Yang Jian didn't want to abandon these supernatural elements, he had to think of other ways to limit and combat them.

At that moment.

A small flame ignited in the dim corridor.

Tong Qian lit a red Ghost Candle, the eerie green flame flickering, filled with an eerie atmosphere.

Yet beneath this light, he felt a sense of security.

Before the candle flame went out, he wouldn't be killed by any malicious ghost.

This was the effect of the Ghost Candle.

At least so far, there hadn't been any instances where it failed.

"Just passing a door required lighting a Ghost Candle. What exactly is behind that door?"

Tong Qian felt an inexplicable tension and glanced at the open-room door ahead.

The room had no lights, it was pitch black, and he couldn't see anything.

However, he did not question Yang Jian's decision; instead, he promptly raised the Ghost Candle and quickly ran forward.

Tong Qian tried to rush through the room as fast as possible.

Soon.

As he passed by the room's doorway.

The previous incident happened once again.

Without any warning or sound, a dead bone flew out of the pitch-black room, directly aiming at Tong Qian.

Tong Qian was prepared, deeply concerned about any movement coming from that room, and at that moment he dodged without hesitation.

The flying dead bone seemed as if something casually threw it, not very fast, so he instinctively halted his steps and took a step back, directly avoiding the flying bone.

But in mid-air, the dead bone suddenly defied logic, turned at an unreasonable angle, and once again flew towards Tong Qian.

"So that's how it is." Tong Qian's heart sank, quickly crouching down.

He hadn't forgotten how Li Yang was almost hit like this before.

Though he didn't know what would happen if struck, anything involving the supernatural could be deadly, even a small danger.

However, Tong Qian didn't avoid the flying dead bone by bending over.

As the bone was about to pass over his head, it suddenly lost momentum and dropped,

Right on target, about to fall on him.

But, Tong Qian was holding the Ghost Candle, which was still burning.

Suddenly.

The eerie green Ghost Flame was as if stimulated like cold water being poured into hot oil, and the flames instantly expanded, blazing brightly.

The sudden intense burning of the candle flame resulted in huge consumption.

A normal Ghost Candle in this moment was vanishing at an unbelievable speed in his hand.

"Thud!"

Everything came too quickly and disappeared just as swiftly.

With the sound of the bone hitting the ground echoing, that Ghost Candle in Tong Qian's hand had vanished, burnt away instantly, while the bone hadn't hit him.

"A whole Ghost Candle being burned to nothing in an instant, just how terrifying is this thing..." Tong Qian was horrified.

He was well aware that under normal circumstances, a Ghost Candle could burn for at least half an hour, but powerful ghosts would accelerate the burning, shortening the useable time.

Moreover, the intense burning of the Ghost Candle also indicated the ghost's terrifying level.

But today's situation was something Tong Qian had never encountered before, and not even Yang Jian had seen this.

He knew that even a Firewood Knife, which could dismember ghosts with one chop, was not enough to burn out a Ghost Candle, only consuming about ninety percent.

"What are you standing there for, move away further from that room." Yang Jian said.

Tong Qian snapped out of his daze at once with a shiver from the shout.

Without a word, he hurriedly ran forward, escaping from the pitch-black room.

Once he had distanced himself sufficiently, he let out a slight sigh of relief and wasn't attacked a second time, though reflecting on the earlier incident still left him with a lingering fear.

"Has the ghost in that room become this vicious?"

Li Yang had also seen the incident just now and was quite astonished.

A small piece of dead bone, when thrown, could cause an entire Ghost Candle to burn out instantly.

Then Li Yang glanced at that piece of dead bone not far from him.

If it weren't for the captain's help in blocking it just now, he would've been hit.

Once hit, based on the intense burning of the Ghost Candle earlier, it would certainly be deadly.

"Surviving wasn't as simple as the captain helping block it; if that were the case, the captain's condition wouldn't have worsened so markedly in an instant... a significant price was surely paid."

"What seemed like a simple block possibly bore considerable supernatural risk."

Li Yang, through observing Yang Jian's state, speculated to some extent.

But he didn't know Yang Jian had the Eight Layer Ghost Domain, capable of large-range resets.

He didn't expect Yang Jian to activate the Eight Layer Ghost Domain proactively to reverse life and death and pull him back.

Yang Jian said nothing, as though nothing happened, he continued cold-faced, "If there's nothing more, let's keep moving, room 100 is just ahead, and the final step cannot have any mishaps, resources in hand should be used, no need to save."

He never underestimated the dangers of this place.

The seemingly trifling supernatural attack earlier turned out to be astonishingly terrifying, something he hadn't considered.

Taking a deep look at that room again, Yang Jian withdrew his gaze, recording the perilous room number 104 in his mind.

This was much fiercer than the earlier encounter with room 88.

Though such an attack could be dodged, you couldn't bear the consequence of being hit.

If one couldn't reset, even a Captain-Level ghost handler might perish here.

Fortunately, despite some costs, everything turned out alright, and Yang Jian considered it worthwhile.

Soon.

The three of them passed the last room and came to the doorstep of room 100.

This room's door was also open, and inside, the light was on, which was quite normal without flickering.

Chapter 1199 - Xiang Lan's Notebook

The previous assumption was that room 100 was safe.

At first glance, this room indeed seemed to pose no danger.

Yang Jian glanced around and, without much hesitation, walked straight into room 100.

This room recorded the information and intelligence that Xiang Lan had gathered over the years while exploring this supernatural place. He was eager to see what had really happened to Xiang Lan, who had been trapped here for so long.

Perhaps he could discover some unexpected secrets.

He stepped into the room.

The layout of the living room was the same as the other rooms, with nothing special about it, although the furnishings in the living room had some slight differences.

Yang Jian saw a square wooden table placed in the living room.

A wooden bench was placed on each side of the table, and on the table were four plates of dishes along with four bowls filled with white rice, each bowl of rice having two chopsticks stuck into it. The chopsticks were red, resembling two sticks of incense.

What was strange was that the four plates of dishes were still steaming, as if they had just been cooked.

"Sticking chopsticks into the rice like this is the way to offer food to the dead," Yang Jian glanced coldly.

"The dishes are hot, but the rice is cold."

Li Yang walked over, reached out his fingers and touched the rice a bit.

He could not feel any warmth, but the four plates of dishes were steaming hot.

"There is a notebook here; is this the information we are looking for?"

Tong Qian pointed to a corner of the table.

There lay a notebook, fairly thick and slightly creased, as if it had been used.

"Close the door first," Yang Jian said.

Li Yang nodded, turned around, and closed the door of room 100.

Afterward, Yang Jian inspected a bit further.

Confirmed without a doubt.

The room indeed had no ghosts or any other abnormal entities; the only unreasonable thing was the table and the notebook on it.

Moreover, the cold rice and hot dishes, along with the red chopsticks stuck in the rice, seemed to have some significance, but he didn't know what they represented.

Yang Jian ignored these oddities and went straight to the dining table, picking up the notebook resting on it.

"Nothing unusual."

He looked around again to ensure the surroundings were safe.

Only then did Yang Jian open the notebook. The pages were yellowed, as if stored for a long time, and the text was all in traditional Chinese, but it wasn't much of an obstacle to read.

"Xiang Lan, when you open this notebook, it means you have entered this room before. This is the information I left when I was still alive. I hope it helps my future self..."

That was the opening line.

And this line was large and particularly noticeable.

Yang Jian frowned and continued to read: "I've been trying to find a way out of here, but I failed. I've decided to head in another direction, deeper, perhaps there I can find an exit."

The information broke off.

The second passage continued: "When I saw this notebook again, I knew for certain that I failed in finding an exit in the deeper areas, but I don't know why I've lost memory of that part. I think I may have already died once, but for some unknown reason, I was resurrected."

It was only the second time entering room 100 that Xiang Lan realized she possessed the ability to continuously resurrect.

"If I can resurrect, then I can continue to attempt until I finally determine the location of the exit. This time, I decided to record my encounter in hopes of increasing my survival rate for the next time."

"I walked out from room 101 and started exploring the surroundings. Room 104 is very dangerous, that room has no lights; don't enter it, or you won't come out alive."

"Room 105 is an empty room that can temporarily be used as a resting place."

"Room 106 has ghosts; I barely escaped alive."

"Room 108..."

What followed was a series of information on dangerous places, and upon resurrecting from room 100, Xiang Lan began to leave useful information behind.

But by the third time, Xiang Lan's information changed again: "I've confirmed that if I die unexpectedly here, I will resurrect in room 101, but I can't leave information there. That room resets every period."

The information was slightly more refined, and this time Xiang Lan also marked other dangerous rooms.

After watching for a while, Yang Jian simply noted it down, losing interest.

Because the information Xiang Lan had gathered over numerous lives was becoming ineffective since all the doors outside were opened, allowing ghosts to wander around, no longer fixed in rooms. Therefore, her note about ghosts in some rooms might already be obsolete.

Similarly, the safe rooms she recorded may now have ghosts inside.

Now, everything was somewhat different from how Xiang Lan had recorded it.

"Did someone worry about me entering room 100, acquiring this notebook to fully understand this place, so they opened all the doors to release the ghosts and disrupt the setup here anew?"

Yang Jian's gaze flickered, a possibility flashed in his mind.

Moreover, that possibility was substantial.

It could both unleash danger, harming me and others, and disrupt the previous layout, rendering all past information useless.

But all this was merely Yang Jian's personal speculation.

Perhaps this place simply spiraled out of control.

"However, the information I'm searching for isn't these."

Yang Jian continued briskly flipping through the notebook.

Most of the notebook recorded those rooms filled with danger, which room had ghosts, which room was safe, which room had food.....

But as Xiang Lan's death intervals shortened, the information recording became more thorough, and the content in the notebook changed again.

This time it was no longer about which room had danger, but about how to deal with those dangers.

For instance, Xiang Lan noted that in room 49, ghostly singing was occasionally heard, and the method to cope with it was surprisingly to sing with the ghost—just by singing, one wouldn't be killed by the ghost and could freely access room 49.

Another instance noted room 38, which contained a furnace where bones were burning, but beside the furnace, there was an invisible ghost. If you didn't add fuel to the furnace, you'd be killed by the ghost and your body stuffed into the furnace to burn.

The response was to open the door to room 104, where a ghost would throw out a bone. That bone could burn for a long time and could serve as fuel for the furnace.

At the same time, Xiang Lan remarked on the dangers of room 104, advising people to avoid being hit by the flying bone, lest they die.

Finally, Xiang Lan added one last piece of information: using the bone from room 104 to fuel the furnace in room 38, during the time when the ghost didn't kill you, you could steal the ashes from the furnace.

The ashes could be scattered on the ghosts to hinder their attacks, serving as lifesaving means in critical moments.

Chapter 1200 Flipping Through the Notebook Backwards

Yang Jian continued to look at the information on the notebook.

From the information above, it can be seen that Xiang Lan's behavior is undergoing some changes. She started with exploration, then recording dangers, attempting to find a safe path, and later began trying to fight back against the supernatural, surviving under the supernatural attacks.

Although the information recorded in the notebook isn't particularly extensive.

But it's important to know that Xiang Lan couldn't always make it back alive to leave information, so each record of information could be backed by several, a dozen, or even continuous revivals and rebirths.

"A very smart approach, first collect information, then understand the characteristics, and then start developing corresponding countermeasures against the ghosts in each room, continuously improving one's survival rate, until finally Xiang Lan fully understands everything here and survives without dying even once."

Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly, and he continued to flip through.

The next part details Xiang Lan's attempts to use various methods to deal with the ghosts in each room.

This information is very important, at least it was incredibly valuable experience for Xiang Lan at the time.

But this process is just one stage, Yang Jian looks forward to Xiang Lan entering the next stage.

Soon.

After these supernatural countering information were flipped over, Xiang Lan wrote such a sentence after returning later: I have survived here for a long time, I can survive and navigate through various supernatural rooms, but it's not enough, I decide to leave one last piece of information and then continue to look for an exit.

I'm not the only one trapped here with constant resurrection, there are others as well, I met someone this time, but unfortunately, I didn't get a chance to communicate with him before he died.

I suspect everything here is a setup, someone wants to keep us locked in here for some purpose, I found some traces, all these clues point to Room No. 1.

That is the beginning, and perhaps the end.

The exit might be there.

I'm setting off again.

After this segment, it seems Xiang Lan had already determined the direction of the exit, which was near Room No. 1.

Her judgment was indeed correct because when Yang Jian initially entered here, the first room he passed was Room No. 1.

But that was when Yang Jian appeared.

Perhaps in the past, the exit around Room No. 1 never opened, or maybe the exit always existed, just being supernaturally obscured, ordinary people simply couldn't find it.

In the later part of the notebook, Xiang Lan didn't continue recording information about the exit of Room No. 1.

She must have died there, unable to bring the information back.

But it was a direction, giving Xiang Lan a target.

"Is the information ending here?" Yang Jian looked at the next page, all blank with no information left.

Thinking about it carefully, it made sense.

If Xiang Lan successfully found Room No. 1, she would either die there or leave alive; regardless of the outcome, she couldn't possibly come back to Room No. 100 to leave information.

But the result was clearly the former.

Xiang Lan died near Room No. 1, otherwise, she wouldn't continue to remain here.

Looking at the last page of information, which had already turned yellow and worn out.

It can be imagined that Xiang Lan had already completed the collection of most of the information long ago, the remaining information wasn't continued, and the reason for not continuing was that she never returned alive from near Room No. 1.

However, Yang Jian flipped a few more pages.

More information was left: "This should be my dumbest choice, I actually gave up on finding Room No. 1 and chose to return because I found a new place to store information, which is Room No. 10, but I'm not sure if the later resurrected me would know, so I feel it necessary to point out the new direction at the cost of one death, otherwise I might never be able to leave alive."

This piece of information seems to really be the last one.

The following several pages of the notebook are all blank.

Perhaps the later resurrected Xiang Lan came here, found this notebook, but after reading it, she surely chose to leave immediately for Room No. 10, and then tried to approach Room No. 1, seeking the exit from here.

"The key to the information turned out to be Room No. 1 at the entrance." Yang Jian frowned slightly.

"Looks like we've gone in circles and have to go back, it's like a wasted trip."

Li Yang, who was also by the side, had read quite a bit of the notebook, he withdrew his gaze and shook his head.

Yang Jian said: "Not really a wasted trip, there's a lot of information recorded here, very detailed, when we go back, the dangers are at least reduced by half, and many supernatural records do help us combat the supernatural and fight ghosts, additionally judging from the information, Xiang Lan died each time she went to Room No. 1 and never came back, which indicates a very major problem with Room No. 1."

"There is both the exit and the first room of entry here."

"Yang Jian, there seems to be more writing at the back of the notebook," Tong Qian reminded again:
"But the handwriting behind seems somewhat different."

Yang Jian also noticed, he directly held this notebook and flipped from the back to the front.

The last page was written with such a line: When you open this notebook, it means the ghost is already beside you.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian looked at the font above.

Blackened, twisted, although it's also in traditional script, the handwriting is the same as Xiang Lan's, yet gives a very bizarre feeling.

This handwriting makes him inexplicably feel somewhat like the handwriting that emerges from human skin paper, but it's different.

The handwriting on human skin paper is various chaotic traces pieced together.

But this seems like another Xiang Lan wrote it under some abnormal mental state.

Perhaps what's similar isn't the handwriting, but that eerie feeling.

Turning to the penultimate page, another line appeared in the notebook: The ghost has already reached the door.

Yang Jian frowned and flipped the third page: One.

Fourth page: Two.

Fifth page: Three.

Sixth page: There are already four ghosts, they have blocked the door, you've missed the chance to escape.

As if to validate this statement.

Suddenly.

A knocking sound came from the door of Room No. 100.

Neither too little nor too much, the sound came from the top, bottom, left, and right of the door.

"Captain, danger is here again."

Li Yang immediately approached the door, directly placing his hand on it.

No hesitation.

The supernatural power of the Door-blocking Ghost was used, the shaking door suddenly tightened, leaving no gaps, and the knocking sound from the door also weakened, with signs of gradually disappearing.

"Interesting, do you really think one sentence can interfere with reality?"

Yang Jian's gaze moved slightly, continuing to flip through this notebook backwards.

Seventh page of the notebook: The four ghosts at the door are trying to break in, but the real danger is in Room No. 100, be careful about what is behind you.

"Bluffing."

Yang Jian didn't pay attention, continuing to flip through this notebook backwards.

Eighth page of the notebook: The ghost is right behind you, never look back.