

Revival 1201

Chapter 1201 The Anomaly Behind

Yang Jian flipped through the notebook, and was immediately stunned by the writing on this page.

The ghost is right behind you, do not turn around?

Is this meant to scare me?

This room had been inspected before, there were no ghosts, and now Yang Jian was standing in the living room, the only thing in front of him was a wooden table, and behind him was a wall.

But...

Yang Jian slightly lifted his head and looked towards the direction of the door.

The notebook had mentioned that there were four ghosts knocking at the door, and indeed, four knocking sounds were heard from outside the door, which was confirmed by Li Yang's action—there were indeed malicious ghosts knocking, it wasn't just a prank.

The appearance of such supernatural phenomena is the best proof.

To be cautious.

A ghost eye appeared at the back of Yang Jian's head.

The ghost eye peered at everything behind, to see if there was indeed a ghost present.

The result was obvious.

The space behind was empty, with no signs of a ghost at all.

"Was I deceived by this sentence? No, maybe not, this sentence says there is a ghost behind me, urging me not to turn around; perhaps I need to turn around to see the true ghost, if I don't turn, then nothing will happen."

Yang Jian thought to himself.

"So, should I turn around or not turn around?"

This question emerged in his mind.

On one hand, he wanted to verify if the notebook's message was true, but on the other hand, he didn't want to abide by the notebook's instructions.

Maybe it's a trap.

If you don't comply, nothing might happen, but if you do, you might encounter danger.

"However, given my current condition, even if danger arises, I should be able to handle it, not get killed immediately." Yang Jian began to think this way.

Fear of danger is not crucial; what matters is whether you have enough means to confront it.

Try it.

Suddenly.

Yang Jian made a decision.

However, at this moment, Tong Qian approached first, her hand covering the notebook, and then she said, "You want to experiment to verify if the notebook's words are true?"

Not only Yang Jian had seen the content in the notebook, but she had seen it as well.

"This notebook is peculiar; it's not an ordinary notebook. Although the notes were left by Xiang Lan, the notebook she used to record information might be a supernatural item. I want to see if this thing is truly so magical that it can interfere with reality, causing a malicious ghost to appear behind me out of thin air." Yang Jian said.

Tong Qian replied, "But it shouldn't be you trying it; what if it's a deadly curse?"

"There is definitely danger." Yang Jian said.

"I know, my point is, why not let me try; I have three faces, I can let a ghost face turn around, the ghost face represents me too, would you feel this is somewhat safer?" Tong Qian said.

Yang Jian's expression shifted: "You make sense, but if it is a deadly curse, your two ghost faces can't save you, whereas I can reboot myself and erase such a deadly curse."

"You've mentioned that there are always risks, and they all shouldn't be borne by you." Tong Qian said.

He felt something was off about Yang Jian and didn't want him to continue doing dangerous things; he felt it necessary to step forward and share the risk.

"Captain, Tong Qian's words have logic, he has three faces, letting a ghost face turn around might counteract this curse." Li Yang also persuaded.

Yang Jian thought for a while, no longer insisting, and handed the notebook to Tong Qian: "Since you've decided, then you do it, I hope your ghost face really can produce unexpected results."

"Don't worry, I have a feeling that I'll be okay." Tong Qian said.

"Feelings can't be relied upon, you're not Xiong Wenwen." Yang Jian said.

At this moment, Tong Qian held the notebook, the writing on it remained, still the same sentence: The ghost is right behind you, do not turn around.

"Let's begin."

He took a deep breath, calmed his mind, and then twisted his neck, slowly turning his head.

But as Tong Qian's head turned, it was not his face that first turned to the rear, but a ghost face with a bizarre smile.

That cold and eerie smiling face, seemingly neither male nor female, opened its eyes at this moment, inspecting the anomaly behind.

The vision of the ghost face was shared.

Tong Qian could see everything behind him through that smiling face.

But the smiling ghost face had just turned slightly, and what appeared in view first was not the old, mottled wall, but a yellowed, dim corpse skin... no, that was a corpse, standing right behind, as if it had been following you all along, only you hadn't turned around to see it before, so you hadn't discovered it.

"There's truly a ghost?" Tong Qian's eyes widened, appearing particularly shocked.

He immediately retracted his gaze, turning his head back.

All the bizarre phenomena vanished.

"What happened?" Yang Jian asked.

He was observing from the side, yet did not see the corpse standing behind Tong Qian.

Tong Qian gravely nodded: "I saw the ghost, although it was just a quick glimpse, there's no doubt a ghost was standing behind me, the notebook's claims are true, but I didn't encounter danger, perhaps because it wasn't me who turned to look at the malicious ghost, but my ghost face."

"Malicious ghosts observing malicious ghosts are indeed much safer."

Upon receiving confirmation, Yang Jian immediately frowned: "So, everything stated in this notebook is real?"

"Even if it is real, the notebook's content shouldn't accurately say the ghost is behind me, unless the ghost is released by the notebook itself, and anyone who opens this notebook will encounter a similar situation." Tong Qian said.

This deduction is reasonable.

But if anyone who opens the notebook encounters such a situation, then Xiang Lan should have experienced it as well before.

Why didn't she record it in the notebook?

Yang Jian was somewhat puzzled, finding there might be some secrets with this old notebook.

While the two were analyzing the situation.

Suddenly.

The knocking sound at the door started again, this time more violent than before, even with Li Yang blocking it, the door still shook and trembled.

"There's no problem for now, I can hold the things outside the door." Li Yang felt the strength of the impact, thinking it was within his coping range.

Yang Jian said: "We can't stay here any longer, we must leave immediately, head to the exit, and if possible, find room 10 to see the information Xiang Lan left there, this place has lost its value."

"This notebook is very bizarre, don't bring it with us, leave it here."

"Alright."

Tong Qian immediately closed the notebook, then placed it back on the table, no longer giving in to curiosity.

"Get ready to open the door, we're charging out, I fear the ghost at the door isn't targeting us, but delaying us, don't forget all the room doors outside are open, so the longer we stay here, the more dangerous it is." Yang Jian immediately added.

Saying this, he had already moved to the door, signaling Li Yang to prepare.

"Since that's the case, I'll open the door." Li Yang said, meanwhile gradually withdrawing the supernatural power, no longer sealing off the door.

Yang Jian nodded.

The next moment.

Li Yang let go, a tremendous force from outside came, and the original wooden door abruptly shattered with a bang.

Whoosh!

A gust of chill wind blew in from the corridor outside, the living room light flickered a few times, then returned to normal.

However, oddly enough, there was no one outside the dim door, only four indented hand prints left on the splintered wood of the door, varying in size, clearly belonging to different people.

"Gone?"

Prepared to respond, everyone was suddenly stunned by this sight.

"If they're gone, don't worry about it, let's move." Yang Jian was decisive, ignoring the situation, immediately rushing out and quickly heading in one direction.

Li Yang and Tong Qian didn't hesitate and followed closely behind.

As the three left, room 100 became peaceful once again.

But that notebook left on the table was reopened once more.

A light breeze blew past,

The pages turned, and on the last page Yang Jian opened, another line appeared: Although you didn't turn around, the ghost has always been behind you.

Moreover, under that light.

The four wooden stools around the wooden table cast four blurry human shadows, as if someone was sitting at the table eating.

But one of those shadows was gradually fading away.

Chapter 1202 - The Burning Furnace

"This way."

Yang Jian quickly moved through the dim corridor, leading Li Yang and Tong Qian in their retreat.

After leaving room 100, there was no need to linger here any longer; he needed to prepare to return to the Caesar Grand Hotel.

Of course, if possible, he still wanted to check out rooms 1 and 10.

The retreat was swift.

Although Yang Jian didn't know the way, he had a general sense of direction. As long as he moved in that direction, he could find the markings left by Li Yang and return smoothly.

But danger followed.

Because all the doors to the rooms were currently open, the situation here had become extremely complex.

Yang Jian hadn't forgotten that the tall male corpse wandering around here was still missing; perhaps it had been released again and was lingering somewhere here.

Firelight?

Suddenly.

As Yang Jian turned a corner, he saw a flickering firelight in the middle of the road ahead, and his heart tightened instantly.

It wasn't firelight but a burning furnace.

He didn't know who had moved this furnace out of a room and placed it in the middle of the corridor.

What burned inside the furnace weren't firewood or coal, but pieces of ghastly white human bones. These bones emitted a sinister green glow after burning, which intertwined with the red blaze of the furnace to form an indescribable eerie color.

"It's the furnace mentioned in the notebook."

Tong Qian also saw it and immediately said, "We have nothing on us that can be left behind. Either we force our way through, or we go around it."

"Just rush through. If the ghost near the furnace dares to appear, let's just attack it directly." Yang Jian was decisive, with no intention of detouring.

"Okay." Li Yang nodded.

The three made up their minds.

They continued forward.

As they approached the area illuminated by the furnace's light, they immediately felt a surge of indescribable discomfort.

Their bodies felt as if they were ignited, with a needle-like pain.

Obviously, the area illuminated by the light belonged to the Ghost Domain.

Moreover, this Ghost Domain could harm the ghost controllers, so they couldn't stay within the light's coverage for too long, lest their lives would be at risk.

Although throwing a few bones into the furnace could stop a ghost's attack, as Xiang Lan's notebook noted, this worked effectively only if a bone with supernatural power was tossed in. An ordinary person tearing off their bone to throw it in would likely have minimal effect.

Yang Jian didn't intend to concede.

This ghost's Terror Level shouldn't be high; it's within a manageable range.

Indeed.

As Yang Jian got closer to the furnace, the flame on it flickered wildly. The furnace cast a bizarre shadow, which twisted and deformed, gradually gathering into a humanoid outline.

The ghost emerged.

Under Yang Jian's Ghost Eye's observation, he saw a horrifying figure, a man without clothes, entirely red, crouched beside the furnace, slightly lifting his head and staring forward. His eyes seemed dried and gray, full of cracks, appearing like they'd turn to dust with a breeze.

"Has it set its sights on us?" Yang Jian didn't stop; he continued his stride, advancing boldly.

The fierce ghost beside the furnace moved at this moment.

Its roasted red body twisted, assuming a bizarre stance as it stood up, like a flame swaying in the darkness.

However, just as the ghost was about to attack Yang Jian, Yang Jian's speed surpassed it.

The firewood knife in his hand already struck.

Without hesitation or doubt, he cleaved the menacing ghost's skull, splitting it in half.

The ghost was dismembered, instantly losing its threat.

The burning furnace also languished at this moment, no longer as conspicuous and even gave a sense of imminently extinguishing.

However, the dismembered ghost quickly rejoined on the ground not long after.

The resurrection speed was fast, almost on par with a complete Ghost Shadow.

Within ten minutes, this ghost could return to its previous state.

But ten minutes were enough for them.

Yang Jian bypassed the furnace.

But as soon as he did, something unexpected happened. His previously damp body swiftly dried, while a chilling sensation brought by the supernatural also dissipated from it... his whole being seemed to improve, the supernatural and eerie aspects being dispelled.

"What's going on?"

Yang Jian halted, glancing back at the dim furnace in surprise.

The body's change was undoubtedly linked to this furnace.

"I felt it too; my physical state seems to be... improving."

It wasn't just Yang Jian who reacted this way; Li Yang also lifted his shriveled, eerie arm.

The ghost arm, hosting the door-opening Fatal Curse, seemed to regain a bit of vitality, no longer so lifeless, gaining a sense of replenished flesh.

"This furnace seems to burn the paranormal along with itself, weakening its influence on the body, somewhat like Li Jun's Ghost Flame." Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, observing the sinisterly flickering flame in the furnace, feeling an inexplicable familiarity.

Li Jun's Ghost Flame was also this eerie color.

Is this where his puzzle piece originated?

"Just the warmth of the fire can reverse one's physical state; it's hard to imagine what would happen if one fell into the furnace and was engulfed by those flames. To what extent would the supernatural be suppressed?"

He saw the value of this thing.

Although it's dangerous, it can reverse the state of a ghost handler—a very, very important supernatural item.

Despite a revived ghost lingering nearby, the value outweighs the danger.

"Can we take this thing?" Yang Jian's eyes flickered.

It's possible, but the risk is greater.

This thing can't be carried by a ghost handler, not even kept by their side, or they will be roasted alive.

An ordinary person can carry it, but once the ghost revives, it will definitely kill the ordinary person first.

"Let's try it out."

Yang Jian immediately said, "Did any of you bring a rope? Preferably a special one, so we can tie up this furnace and find a way to carry it away."

Although he has the Ghost Lake that can connect outside, this furnace is so unique that it likely won't sink.

"I brought one; I prepared it before coming here." Tong Qian took out a bundle of rope from her belongings.

The rope was gold, made from gold, and wouldn't be affected by the supernatural.

It can sometimes be used to restrain ghosts.

Yang Jian immediately took the rope and tied it to the furnace; at this moment, he felt his skin burning, even sparks flew, like a piece of red-hot charcoal.

After tying it up, he quickly retreated, and the burning sensation subsided significantly.

It seems that distance is key.

"Keep moving."

Dragging the furnace, Yang Jian set off again, not caring how it swayed and crashed behind him. Supernatural items can't be broken, so there's no need to worry.

Rushing all the way.

Sparks flying all the way.

The furnace was still burning, with ashes scattering everywhere.

This ash can also prevent ghost attacks, a supernatural item, though only single-use.

But soon.

The slightly extinguished furnace reignited, and the entirely red ghost lingering nearby reappeared.

The ghost's split body has almost recovered.

In a few minutes, it can revive and kill again.

But during this time, Yang Jian was already nearing the exit.

The room numbers around were around the teens.

But here, Yang Jian was a bit directionally challenged; he stopped, no longer rushing aimlessly.

"The exit should be nearby." Li Yang was looking for the marks left before.

The golden bullets dropped on the ground wouldn't disappear.

Once found, they could determine the correct position.

However, the closer to the exit, the colder it got around, with no light; only the furnace was still burning, emitting an unquenchable light.

"There must be a ghost nearby again; our senses are being disturbed. You should feel cold, right?" Yang Jian said quietly, "This isn't cold; the sense of touch is being affected."

"Wait, there seems to be footsteps."

Suddenly, he fell silent, looking in another direction.

The footsteps were approaching rapidly, and then a panicked person ran this way.

The person was the Zhu Jian they had seen before.

"Is that him?" Yang Jian frowned.

"No, it's not the previous Zhu Jian; it's the resurrected Zhu Jian. He's died once."

He judged Zhu Jian's current state, panicked, helpless, terrified.

Entirely different from the previous calm and composed demeanor.

This is the reaction a newcomer would have when encountering the supernatural.

And Zhu Jian had become a newcomer; he must have died once before being resurrected.

At this moment, Zhu Jian also saw Yang Jian and the others, showing a glimmer of hope in his eyes, he quickly shouted, "Help, help, there's a ghost here."

"Looks like the three of them had met with misfortune before, but thanks to all the doors here being open, the danger moved towards the exit. Otherwise, this person couldn't have reached here smoothly." Li Yang said.

"Should we save him?" Tong Qian asked.

Yang Jian said, "No need to bother. Even if he dies, he can resurrect. We should stay away from him as he's likely being targeted by the ghost."

After saying that, he turned and headed in another direction.

They were lost here, only able to keep trying, but they should be near the exit, so it shouldn't take long.

"Wait for me." Seeing Yang Jian and the others escape, Zhu Jian hurriedly sped up and ran towards them.

Behind him, the supernatural was quickly encroaching.

The corridor was rapidly shrouded in a layer of shadow, and the red carpet on the floor seemed to fade at this moment.

It seemed that something extremely dangerous was approaching quickly.

There was too much supernatural activity here; even taking a few steps could encounter danger, and each ghost faced was more terrifying than the last.

Chapter 1203 - A Sudden Choice

"Captain, that Zhu Jian has followed us, and there seems to be something formidable trailing behind him."

The three of them were rapidly retreating, and at this moment Li Yang glanced back, discovering that the previous Zhu Jian was still sprinting wildly in their direction.

The danger seemed to have unlocked his potential, making Zhu Jian's movements exceptionally swift, with even a tendency of catching up to them.

Yang Jian also noticed and said bluntly, "Tong Qian, kill him. Don't let him lead the ghost here. He's been targeted by the ghost and can't shake it off. It's only a matter of time before he's dead. We can't let him drag us down."

"Alright."

Tong Qian nodded decisively, then slightly turned his head, revealing a bizarre crying face from his hair. However, at the moment he turned his head, he suddenly got goosebumps, witnessing a horrifying scene.

In the view of his crying face appeared a cold, lifeless corpse.

The corpse was pressed close behind him, less than ten centimeters away, almost about to touch him.

He had seen this corpse before.

It was when he was flipping through the notebook in room 100.

"Has this thing been following me the whole time?" Cold sweat emerged on Tong Qian's body.

He quickly turned his head back.

The ghost behind him vanished mysteriously once again.

It seems the ghost behind can only be seen at the moment of turning one's head; otherwise, it's invisible.

Fortunately, it was the Ghost Face that turned away just now; despite seeing the ghost, there wasn't any reaction. If he himself had turned back, who knows what might have happened.

"I can't turn my head, at least not until we've left the Caesar Grand Hotel without being targeted by this ghost." Tong Qian made a silent resolution in his heart.

"Bang!"

The next moment.

A gunshot rang out.

Li Yang pulled the trigger without hesitation. His aim was precise, directly hitting the Zhu Jian following behind.

Zhu Jian continued running forward, eyes wide open, staring ahead, but his pace slowed, stumbling as if affected by the shot.

"Tong Qian, what are you dawdling for? Why are you hesitating so long to take him out?" Li Yang said.

"I encountered a situation," Tong Qian immediately replied.

Li Yang instantly frowned, "Was it that notebook from before?"

"Mm."

Tong Qian nodded, "This issue hasn't been resolved yet, but now isn't the time to discuss it. We'll talk once we leave here."

"Alright." Li Yang put away his gun.

However, at this moment, that Zhu Jian swiftly chased up again, looking rather unaffected, glaring angrily at Li Yang.

"Didn't you hit him?" Tong Qian asked in astonishment.

"No, I'm sure I hit him. I've been trained; at this close range, and with him not dodging, it's impossible to miss. If I missed, I'd certainly admit it."

Seeing Zhu Jian catching up again, Li Yang's expression slightly changed, but he affirmed that he indeed hit Zhu Jian.

"So this guy's got something odd about him, as expected, not letting him get close was the right call," Tong Qian said, as a sound emerged from the Ghost Face.

"Woo! Woo!"

An eerie cry emerged from the Ghost Face and then floated over towards the approaching Zhu Jian.

The cries echoed through the corridor, multiplying within moments.

What started as a single cry now sounded like several people, a dozen people weeping, with the number increasing at an unbelievable rate.

The increase in crying represented the layering of supernatural power.

In this environment, Tong Qian's crying could produce unexpectedly terrifying effects.

Yet, this situation was also within Yang Jian's expectations.

The cries echoed.

Zhu Jian immediately stopped in his tracks, crying eerily, looking devastated, tears trickling down his face.

"He's dead."

Tong Qian's cries stopped abruptly to avoid affecting his teammates.

"That's good."

Upon seeing Zhu Jian halt, Li Yang saw the approaching supernatural entity also pause.

Meanwhile, Yang Jian had found the correct path.

The room number reached 11.

Just ahead should be room 10, at the front of room 10, there was an intersection with a golden bullet placed there, serving as a marker.

The appearance of the marker indicated that turning at the curve ahead would lead to the exit.

"Room 10, the last place where Xiang Lan recorded information, has to be checked," Yang Jian didn't hesitate, heading straight for room 10.

However, at this moment, Li Yang's exclaimed: "How is it possible? That Zhu Jian isn't dead; he's still coming our way."

Hmm?

Yang Jian's steps faltered, sharply turning back to take a look.

Behind.

A swath of darkness swept through the corridor, and in the front of the darkness, Zhu Jian ran towards them, eerily crying.

Shot, killed by Tong Qian's supernatural cries, yet still alive?

"This guy probably isn't human anymore. Perhaps, he's the ghost that followed, and he'd been taken over by it without our knowledge," Yang Jian said calmly.

"If that's the case, then don't get entangled further, head into room 10, and the exit is nearby."

As he was speaking, he had already arrived at the door of Room 10.

At the moment, the door was open, and inside was still arranged the same as the previous rooms, with no differences whatsoever.

Just as Yang Jian was about to enter the room, he saw a line of twisted scarlet letters painted on the wall: "No entry for the living."

These words seemed to have been on the wall for a long time, unfaded.

It seemed like a curse, also like a warning, something that really captured one's attention.

"Is it just a bluff, or is it real?" Yang Jian paused for a moment, quickly pondering.

He thought of that special notebook.

Clearly, the room where Xiang Lan stored information was not entirely safe; there must be some danger within it.

But Yang Jian still walked into the room.

As soon as he entered, he felt something was off.

The red writing on the wall seemed to be melting, turning into red blood slowly dripping down the wall, and in no time, the red writing had disappeared, leaving behind streaks of red bloodstains.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian felt puzzled. He himself did not feel any curse, nor did he experience any supernatural attack; everything seemed normal.

But the situation inside the room was anything but normal.

However, the surrounding circumstances wouldn't give him much time to think.

Zhu Jian, crying and running, had already gotten close, and the darkness behind was rushing in, as if swallowing everything around.

If they didn't quickly enter a room to hide, they would have to face the supernatural behind them.

"Perhaps this room is a trap. The situation here is no longer the same as it initially was. Something seems to want to kill us here, and the secret of the information recorded in Room 10 might have been exposed long ago."

Yang Jian didn't know why this thought popped into his mind.

"Captain, there's no time." Li Yang urged.

"Leave here, do not enter this room."

Yang Jian made a decision. He believed his caution was not wrong.

Without saying another word, he immediately activated the Ghost Domain, taking Tong Qian and Li Yang with him, disappearing.

However, a burning furnace and a corpse previously nailed down with a Coffin Nail were left behind.

The furnace burned, and the Ghost Domain couldn't take it away, and Yang Jian, at this point, wanted to get rid of the ghost nailed with the Coffin Nail.

Simply opting to leave all the dangers here was better.

"Bang!"

The next moment, a door opened near the exit slammed shut as Yang Jian brought the others into the room.

This is... Room 5.

Just as they left, Zhu Jian appeared at the entrance of Room 10, his expression strange and still crying.

Meanwhile.

The vengeful spirit left by Yang Jian, no longer restrained by the Coffin Nail, suddenly awoke.

Inside Room 10.

Footsteps came from the direction of the bedroom, slowly approaching the living room.

At this moment, all the danger gathered together.

However, Yang Jian's choice seemed correct.

He did not enter Room 10 but transferred via the Ghost Domain to hide in Room 5, avoiding all the peril temporarily.

The Room 10 said to record information might indeed be a trap at this moment.

"Don't worry, this room is safe. I checked it with the Ghost Eye." Yang Jian withdrew the Ghost Domain and landed in the living room of Room 5.

Li Yang quickly barricaded the door. Everything seemed to have returned to calm.

"Yang Jian, we were already at the door of Room 10; why didn't we go in?" Tong Qian asked.

"It's simple; I don't trust the information in that notebook," Yang Jian replied.

Tong Qian said in surprise, "How can it be? Xiang Lan has no reason to fabricate anything in the notebook, right?"

"Xiang Lan has no reason to fabricate it, but the notebook is peculiar, giving me some bad thoughts. Besides, Room 10 is dangerous. If anything unexpected happens, we would face supernatural attacks from both Room 10 and Zhu Jian, not to mention we were risking carrying that furnace with us."

"And most importantly, the Coffin Nail can't be used; I still have a vengeful spirit nailed."

"With the current situation and our bad condition, retreating first was the natural choice," Yang Jian said. "The ghost won't linger there indefinitely. After a rest, we'll go back and check it out."

"Thinking about it, this choice is the most prudent," Li Yang nodded, also indicating understanding.

They still had time, no rush, no need to make a decision at that critical moment, they could completely avoid that critical juncture and return later, after all, they knew the way, the exit was nearby, no need to worry.

At this moment, Tong Qian seized the time to talk about the earlier incident: "By the way, the matter on that notebook isn't over. Just now when I turned around, I could see a vengeful spirit standing behind me..."

"Is there such a thing?" Yang Jian's expression changed.

Tong Qian nodded, "But for now, there's no danger."

"That's good. Let's deal with it after we leave here; now's not the time," Yang Jian said.

"I think so too."

"There's the sound of running outside; it's Zhu Jian... he passed by the door and didn't stop. He's getting further away, seems like he's headed towards the exit," Li Yang was listening to the activity outside.

He again mentioned the sound of Zhu Jian running.

Right now, being inside the room, they were safe.

Zhu Jian didn't fixate on them but went straight past, which let everyone breathe a sigh of relief.

At least, one ghost had left, reducing the nearby danger.

Chapter 1204 - Everything Has Been Altered

Yang Jian, Li Yang, and Tong Qian listened to every movement outside from room 5. It took a full fifteen minutes for all the anomalies to disappear.

Only then did they cautiously open the door to peek at the scene outside.

Just as expected.

The corridor was empty, with nothing in sight, but at the crossroads, they saw the flickering glow of a stove's fire.

It seemed that the other ghosts were gone, but the stove remained without disappearing.

"This ghostly place is truly dangerous. I'll go out and check first, and you come out once it's safe."

Yang Jian stepped out of the room, moving into the corridor.

Looking to the right, he saw a hallway outside the corridor.

That was the connection to Caesar's Grand Hotel, the location of the exit.

Going left leads to another crossroads.

There were no supernatural occurrences around, and he wasn't attacked by any fierce ghosts.

Yang Jian decided to head right. He arrived at the crossroads and saw a stove placed in front of a closed door. In contrast with the other open rooms, it seemed out of place.

That room was... number 10.

"Indeed, it's a problematic room. Choosing it for temporary refuge had no issues before."

After a moment of hesitation, Yang Jian still walked towards the eerie stove.

He needed this supernatural object, believing it could be useful in the future, and wanted to take it with him.

As for room 10, Yang Jian hadn't made up his mind about exploring it yet.

With the rope tied to the stove still intact, he stopped a certain distance away, picked up the rope on the ground, and prepared to pull the stove.

Yang Jian used his strength, but the stove felt nailed to the ground, not moving an inch.

"Can't pull it?"

He was puzzled at first, then realized something, and immediately opened his ghostly eye to look at the stove again.

Beside the stove, an eerie figure with skin roasted red was gripping the other end of the rope tightly, and no matter how hard he pulled, there was no way to make that person move an inch.

"The rope is grabbed by a ghost. Relying solely on strength to move that ghost is nearly impossible unless I make another cut, dismember the ghost to silence the supernatural, or else it's difficult to move." Yang Jian thought to himself.

"But if that's the case, why does the stove remain in front of room 10's door?"

"What's really inside that room?"

Yang Jian felt puzzled and a bit curious.

However, to enter room 10, the stove must be moved. To move the stove, the Firewood Knife must be used again.

"There's no other choice. Having come this far and turning around would be too foolish."

Yang Jian sighed inwardly, put down the rope, and strode towards the stove.

In the vision of his ghostly eye, the fierce ghost beside the stove was getting closer to him.

When he got close enough, he lifted the Firewood Knife in his hand again.

His hand rose and the knife fell.

The fierce ghost beside the stove was once again split into two halves and fell to the ground immobile.

The fierce ghost was dismembered, the fire in the stove showed signs of extinguishing again, and Yang Jian took this opportunity to move the stove and opened the door to room 10.

At this moment, he was stunned.

After the door to room 10 was opened, a wall lay in front of him instead of a familiar living room.

The room was gone.

"How could this be?" Yang Jian felt somewhat incredulous.

It was his first time encountering such a situation here, where a room could actually disappear?

He touched the wall.

It was indeed real, and the vision from his ghostly eye was normal too; it wasn't an illusion.

"Is it that someone is indeed controlling everything here in the shadows? Previously opening all the doors to free the fierce ghosts, intending to wipe us out here. Luckily, the route I chose was right, avoiding most of the dangers. Now making room 10 disappear is probably to hide some important information."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered with suspicion about this change in his heart.

The information Xiang Lan wrote about room 10 must involve secrets about this place. It's irrelevant if the others trapped here know, as they can't escape and will continue to die here, but if an outsider like Yang Jian learns, it matters.

Perhaps everything here will be overturned.

Yang Jian didn't linger to ponder this; since room 10 had vanished, there was no point in staying here.

Taking the nearly extinguished stove at the entrance, he turned around and left.

"Things have changed, we leave here." Yang Jian said as he passed room 5's entrance.

Li Yang and Tong Qian immediately came out.

"Shouldn't we check room 1?"

As they evacuated, they passed a room, and Li Yang reminded him on a note.

"Everything here is being altered, information is being hidden; going to room 1 won't help. We need to hurry and find the gate of Caesar's Grand Hotel, and then leave here." Yang Jian said.

"Caesar's Grand Hotel is very big. It's not easy to find that gate right away," Tong Qian said.

Yang Jian said, "I hope our previous actions had some effect. Remember that golden door standing in front of the passage?"

"Wasn't that door useless?" Tong Qian asked.

"But the position we placed it was correct. Finding that door can lead us to the right place." Yang Jian said.

"Possibly." Li Yang pondered for a moment, then understood what Yang Jian meant.

The decision made before entering here was made before the golds, and the gold is unaffected. Even if the position has changed, theoretically that golden door should appear elsewhere in the Caesar Grand Hotel.

If we can find it, we can determine the real location.

Now, this is a haunted place, everything has changed, including positions, so it's impossible to find the previous location by habitual thinking.

The three people walked out of the corridor.

But the danger hadn't ended.

Right now, the Caesar Grand Hotel is the gathering place for all the ghosts, and those ghosts wandering out from the rooms are all lingering here.

All the ghosts can't leave because the real door hasn't been found.

That door leads to reality, the way to the outside world.

"Yang Jian, over here, I knew you guys would be fine."

At this moment, Yang Jian, who came out again, heard a voice nearby calling him.

A room near the corridor in the Caesar Grand Hotel opened, and Dong Yulan stuck out half her head, greeting them in a hushed voice.

"Hmm?"

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly when he saw her.

According to his previous speculation, Dong Yulan and the others should have already been attacked by spiritual events and likely killed by ghosts. How could they still be lingering here?

After all, he had just seen Zhu Jian resurrect in the corridor.

Several people being together, one dead and resurrected in a room, the others shouldn't fare much better.

Out of curiosity, Yang Jian went over to check the situation.

"This room is safe, we've checked it. You can rest assured," Dong Yulan said.

However, just as Yang Jian entered the room, a familiar voice rang out: "You shouldn't have gone back. I said before, going back has no meaning at all. Finding the right door to leave here is the current priority. You really wasted a lot of our time for nothing."

Zhu Jian stood in the room, looking at Yang Jian with some displeasure.

"Is it you?" Li Yang and Tong Qian's eyes widened when they saw him again, as if they'd seen a ghost, and they immediately became alert, even wanting to take action.

If Zhu Jian isn't dead, then who was the Zhu Jian seen in the corridor?

On the contrary, there's another possibility.

If Zhu Jian is already dead, then the Zhu Jian in the corridor is someone resurrected after death. Then who is the Zhu Jian in this room?

"Calm down, Zhu Jian means no harm. We are still in a cooperative state, there's no need for this deep-seated hatred attitude," Dong Yulan hurriedly said.

She thought Zhu Jian's words had agitated them.

Yang Jian coldly said, "Earlier, I saw you inside. At that time, you were being chased by a ghost behind you, asking us for help, then you ran out while crying, finally disappearing..."

As soon as these words were spoken, the room fell silent.

The others all looked at Zhu Jian in unison.

Wang Genquan was silent for a moment before speaking, "Although I don't doubt the truth of your words, Zhu Jian has been with us the whole time until now, never going deep inside. So it's simply impossible for him to encounter you."

"He's not wrong," Dong Yulan also nodded.

"Maybe the Zhu Jian you saw was impersonated by a ghost, and you were deceived," Zhu Jian sneered.

Yang Jian glanced over, "Why are you not the one impersonated by a ghost? Can you guarantee that Zhu Jian has never left your sight from the beginning until now?"

Dong Yulan and Wang Genquan immediately recalled.

Then Dong Yulan said, "Can't guarantee it. In the previous room, we found all the doors opened. Although we later closed them, the danger kept appearing. After a while, we felt it was too dangerous to stay, so we retreated. There was a short time when we were scattered."

"But that time was too short for a ghost to mix in, and if one did, we couldn't possibly not notice at all."

Li Yang said with a cold face, "Better to kill mistakenly, than to let go. Anyway, Zhu Jian can resurrect if dead, what if he's a dead ghost?"

"Just say you want to take us out, why find excuses,"

Zhu Jian said, "Ah Nan hasn't returned either. He must have been killed by you guys, right? I knew it, you outsiders would be eager to see us die, blocking this place, cutting off our hope of surviving."

"Although you keep saying it's for the consideration of the living outside, in reality, you're just selfish to the core."

Upon hearing this, the expressions of Dong Yulan and Wang Genquan also changed.

"We wouldn't need to spend so much effort if we wanted to kill you! Don't overestimate your value. A bunch of cursed things aren't even considered living humans. Even if the door to go out is in front of you, I doubt you could even step through it," Li Yang said angrily.

"Whether we can or can't get out is our business, it has nothing to do with you," Zhu Jian responded.

Li Yang no longer wasted words with them, but turned to ask, "Captain, in this situation, either our previous judgment was wrong, or there's something wrong with this Zhu Jian. I don't believe our judgment was wrong; we did see Zhu Jian and even tried to make a move on him."

"If the ghost was merely impersonating Zhu Jian, then it's not very likely. I suggest taking action."

Tong Qian said, "I think we still need to observe a bit more. If we really take action, it's not just against Zhu Jian alone."

He was considering safety.

Afraid that if they fought these three people, something unexpected might happen. After all, they've survived here for so long, they might have some tricks up their sleeves.

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes, staring at Zhu Jian.

He leaned towards Li Yang's suggestion, better to kill mistakenly than to let go.

If this Zhu Jian is really a ghost, then they are in danger next.

Earlier, when he encountered two Jiang Yan in the Ghost Dream, he didn't hesitate to stab the Jiang Yan closest to him with a knife.

No matter real or fake, as soon as he takes action, he can immediately tell.

"The possibility of Zhu Jian being a ghost isn't small. I can't let you exist. If you two want to stop me, go ahead. I don't mind killing two more people," Yang Jian said at this moment, clutching a cracked spear in his hand.

"Is it really going to happen?" Wang Genquan tensed up, pressed his voice, and prepared for a counterattack.

Being killed by a ghost and being killed by a person have different meanings.

At this point, who's willing to be taken out?

Chapter 1205 - A Crazy Idea

The atmosphere in the room at this moment was heavy, with conflict reaching an irreconcilable point.

The origin of the conflict is rather strange, merely because Yang Jian suspects Zhu Jian of being a ghost. Of course, this suspicion isn't baseless; earlier in the corridor, they encountered another Zhu Jian.

However, Dong Yulan and the others cannot prove that the current Zhu Jian isn't problematic.

They were separated during their escape earlier, and no one knows what happened to each of them during that time.

So there is a possibility that Zhu Jian has indeed been replaced by a ghost.

Everyone was staring at Yang Jian, nerves taut to the extreme.

Confrontation with supernatural forces often determines victory or defeat, life or death in an instant, without any exchange of blows.

"Whether it's a human or a ghost, it'll be clear after making a move."

Yang Jian holds a cracked spear, approaching Zhu Jian step by step with a cold expression, without taking action immediately.

"Let's fight. There are only three of them, and we're three too. If we fight, it might not necessarily mean we'll lose."

Zhu Jian shouted loudly at this moment, hoping for Dong Yulan and Wang Genquan to help.

But Dong Yulan and Wang Genquan didn't dare to make a rash move.

This balance can only be broken by Yang Jian; if they act directly, there truly would be no turning back.

After all, there is a bit of hesitation in their hearts.

What if Zhu Jian is really a ghost?

"What are you waiting for? Do you suspect I'm the ghost? If I die, it'll be your turn soon. Ah Nan has already been killed by Yang Jian. He doesn't intend to spare those cursed. His goal is to completely seal off Caesar Hotel, trapping all anomalies here, and we're among his targets."

Zhu Jian kept talking, urging the other two to take action.

However, Li Yang and Tong Qian are not passive; each fixates on a person, ready to strike without hesitation at any sign.

Dong Yulan, looking at Tong Qian's eerie crying face, felt she had unspeakable suffering.

Take action?

How to act? The most she could do was counterattack in desperate times, striving for a slim chance of survival. If they could take action on their own, they would have long since taken action, not waited until now.

"If you dare to act, I'll kill you. I advise you to be rational." Li Yang threatened, staring at Wang Genquan.

Wang Genquan gazed at Li Yang's arm, covered with corpse spots, silent.

He could feel the presence of a terrifying ghost residing within him, making him extremely dangerous.

"Speak up. Do you really want to watch me die?"

Zhu Jian cried out urgently again, his expression growing more out of sorts.

Yang Jian continued approaching, saying, "You're calling others to act but staying passive yourself. Do you truly believe others are stupid?"

He stopped.

He and Zhu Jian were only one meter apart.

Under such pressure, Zhu Jian did not choose to fight back. This was quite unusual, and not only Yang Jian noticed it; others felt it too.

"So, you're the problem." Yang Jian raised the cracked spear in his hand.

The Firewood Knife came down.

The rusty blunt knife was surprisingly sharp when it touched Zhu Jian, slicing half of his body open as if cutting tofu, effortlessly.

"Why aren't you acting, waiting for me to be killed before taking action? Hurry, kill them, or you'll be killed too."

Yet, Zhu Jian kept talking, even though half of his body fell to the ground with a thud.

But he wasn't dead yet. Despite constant bleeding, his expression remained calm and stern, yet somewhat eerie.

Even in this state, Zhu Jian kept urging Dong Yulan and Wang Genquan to act.

"Can you still survive after being dismembered by a Firewood Knife? What on earth are you?"

Yang Jian stared at the half-body in surprise.

"Stop looking at me, this is all Yang Jian's doing. Hurry and act, kill him, and everything will return to normal. I'm not dead yet, don't worry about my safety for now."

Zhu Jian spoke again, his face showing slight twitching, revealing a hint of a crying expression.

However, witnessing this scene brought a chilling feeling to the hearts of Dong Yulan and Wang Genquan.

This Zhu Jian was indeed not the previous Zhu Jian.

Still speaking after half his body was cut down, urging them to act—could a normal person do such a thing?

"Bang!"

In an instant.

Yang Jian's cracked spear fell, and the Coffin Nail directly pierced Zhu Jian's head.

Once nailed by the Coffin Nail, Zhu Jian, who had been speaking incessantly, instantly fell silent, motionless, and his body began to rot rapidly, emitting a foul odor.

Nailed by the Coffin Nail, without the support of supernatural power, he could no longer exist.

"So, do you still choose to act against us now?"

Tong Qian looked at Dong Yulan: "The result is obvious now; he indeed has issues. It's ridiculous you've been with him for so long without noticing."

"He must have been attacked by a fierce ghost during the time we were separated, and the ghost disguised as Zhu Jian to mix with us." Dong Yulan gritted her teeth.

Wang Genquan continued his silence; he couldn't act now.

Because facts proved Yang Jian's judgment correct.

"You're mistaken; the ghost didn't disguise as Zhu Jian. The real ghost is in this room. I've just killed the puppet controlled by the ghost. I believe the true ghost will appear soon; we must leave here quickly, or we might be targeted by the ghost." Yang Jian said, turning around preparing to leave.

"Then we should look for the coordinates of the golden door next." Li Yang said: "The real exit is there."

"In that case, let's move immediately." Tong Qian agreed.

They ignored Wang Genquan and Dong Yulan.

After Zhu Jian's death, the misunderstanding was cleared, and there was no need for conflict.

The three of them didn't stay and prepared to act.

Though at this moment, the light in the room suddenly dimmed, as if something was affecting the environment, causing the light to fade continuously.

The rotten smell in the air seemed to grow stronger.

As if a corpse were wandering near you, making you feel extremely uncomfortable.

Yet Yang Jian acted quickly, leading the two out of the room, looking around, then decisively heading towards the previous elevator location to rid themselves of the unknown ghost.

"Don't linger. There's too many ghosts here. We just need to find the door. We've looked at the first floor, second floor, and now fourth floor, none had the golden door. The only floor we haven't been to is the third floor, but a terrifying ghost haunts it."

"If the door is hidden there, it probably won't be easy to find, possibly at great cost."

Yang Jian walked quickly while talking.

"Maybe we can use that strange furnace from before."

Li Yang suggested: "The furnace can burn supernatural forces. Let's release the fire from the furnace, using the corpses on the third floor as perfect fuel."

"If everything goes smoothly, we might be able to ignite the third floor entirely, driving away all ghosts."

Tong Qian looked at him in shock, seemingly frightened by his crazy idea.

"Li Yang, if the fire gets out of control, we'll be burned alive. You know that fire can burn supernatural forces; under its blaze, our powers might completely fail."

"It's a relatively safe approach. If we slowly search for the door on the third floor, we won't survive either." Li Yang said.

Yang Jian slightly moved his gaze, looking at the nearly extinguished furnace, thinking quickly.

Li Yang's idea was undeniably creative.

Using the piled corpses on the third floor, setting fire to burn everything clean, even driving away ghosts.

Of course, the only uncertainty is how large a fire the third-floor corpses can produce and its impact.

But this method is far better than risking entering the third floor.

"Let's use Li Yang's idea, ignite the third floor's corpses with the furnace." Yang Jian quickly decided.

In a few words, a wild idea was formed.

Chapter 1206 - Each Taking Action

After making up his mind, Yang Jian no longer hesitated. He immediately sprang into action. While the fire in the stove hadn't reignited, he had to get to the third floor of the Caesar Hotel as quickly as possible.

For safety reasons, he couldn't use the stairs to get to the third floor; he had to use the elevator.

Although there was a ghost in the elevator, it was a safer route because it offered a way to promptly evacuate the third floor when necessary.

But if they used the stairs to reach the third floor, they might get trapped there.

Soon enough.

The three of them halted their steps and stopped again in front of the elevator.

They pressed the elevator button.

In such a weird place, this elevator still operated, accompanied by some clanking sounds of malfunction. Yang Jian heard the elevator inside the shaft descending.

Meanwhile.

Wang Genquan and Dong Yulan also dared not stay in that room any longer.

Because at this moment, the room had already been swallowed by darkness, and in that darkness, Dong Yulan and Wang Genquan caught the sound of footsteps coming quickly from the shadows, footsteps belonging to someone not among them.

"We need to leave here too; we can't stay here any longer." Dong Yulan fled the room, her heart pounding with fear, not sure which way to go for a moment.

Wang Genquan said, "Now that Ah Nan is dead, Zhu Jian is dead, our ability to act is severely limited. We have only two options: either shamelessly follow Yang Jian and his group—if they succeed, we might catch a break. Of course, following them also carries the risk of getting killed again."

"What's the other option?" Dong Yulan fell silent for a moment.

She really didn't dare stay together with Yang Jian any longer. This guy would act at the drop of a hat, kill without hesitation, not a bit caring.

More importantly, Yang Jian was extraordinarily capable; even the fierce ghost couldn't easily kill him. It was impossible for her to go up against such an existence.

"The dead can be resurrected, so we can find a way to gather Ah Nan, Zhu Jian, and the others again and then act together. But they would most likely just be novices without experience or skill and could become a burden after resurrection," Wang Genquan said.

Both options had pros and cons; it was crucial to make a choice.

"This..." Dong Yulan suddenly didn't know what choice to make.

Wang Genquan said, "If you can't decide, it's okay. Our priority now is to ensure our own safety and quickly leave this area. We can't stay here anymore; even Yang Jian and his group chose to evacuate. We don't have their capabilities; staying here will get us killed by the ghost."

With that, the two quickly fled the area.

But they didn't dare go to the third floor, instead staying on the fourth floor.

"Wang Genquan, Dong Yulan, why didn't you act? You all got me killed, I want revenge..."

At that moment, a familiar voice echoed from the darkness of the room behind them.

It was Zhu Jian's voice.

It seemed Zhu Jian was still alive, complaining about why his former comrades didn't attack Yang Jian, which led to his death.

"Even in death, controlled by a fierce ghost?" Wang Genquan couldn't help but glance back.

Inside that pitch-black room, he vaguely saw a person walk out. Whether it was Zhu Jian he couldn't tell; the environment was too dark to see clearly. He could only confirm it was a man with a somewhat familiar figure.

"Let's run and shake that thing off." Dong Yulan, hearing the voice, felt a chill down her spine and desperately wanted to escape from there.

The two ultimately decided not to reunite with Yang Jian. They thought Yang Jian was also very dangerous and posed a risk of getting killed, so they just wanted to find a safe place to stay first.

As they gradually distanced themselves from that dangerous area, their taut nerves slightly relaxed.

Even knowing that they could be resurrected after dying,

but losing all memories post-resurrection, essentially making it indistinguishable from dying once.

So they never wanted to die, always wanting to survive.

"Over here." Suddenly.

A woman's voice was heard, and in the middle of a corridor stood a woman in a qipao, her expression cold.

"Xiang Lan."

Seeing this, Dong Yulan's eyes widened in surprise and a bit of delight.

Being trapped here together, they had seen each other before and knew of each other's existence. The only difference was whether their memory of previous encounters was intact.

Coincidentally.

This time, Dong Yulan hadn't lost her memory, and because Yang Jian had resurrected Xiang Lan, she also retained her memories, reducing much of the hassle of communication.

The two immediately ran towards where Xiang Lan stood.

As the group reunited, an extra measure of safety seemed to be added.

"Follow me." Xiang Lan decisively led them forward to avoid danger and reach a safe place.

"Why are you here? Have you been resurrected again?" Dong Yulan asked.

Xiang Lan replied, "I never died; it was Yang Jian who restored me."

"Yang Jian?"

Hearing this name, Dong Yulan's expression clearly froze. She didn't expect Yang Jian to rescue Xiang Lan; she thought he only killed people.

Xiang Lan continued, "Time is running out. Everything here is spiraling out of control because someone is trying to erase Yang Jian's group, triggering a series of chain reactions and causing many unpredictable things. This presents an opportunity for us."

"How could that be? Is everything here being controlled by someone?" Dong Yulan exclaimed in surprise.

"Based on information I've recorded before, I can confirm there are ten people trapped here under the curse. Excluding me, Ah Nan, you, Wang Genquan, and Zhu Jian, there are five others we haven't encountered."

Xiang Lan said this as she walked.

"Among those five, some met special circumstances, being killed by ghosts, and didn't resurrect again. I don't know the exact number of those who died accidentally, but I know one of us succeeded."

"Succeeded in what?" Wang Genquan, who had been silent, couldn't help but ask.

Xiang Lan said, "Succeeded in controlling a particular fierce ghost, and through Supernatural Power, can manipulate everything here. The traces of that person have been completely erased, so I don't know who it is, but if he's trying to kill Yang Jian, he will definitely show himself."

"Perhaps we can break the curse and escape through that person."

"So what do we do?"

Dong Yulan said, "Whether facing that person or confronting Yang Jian, we have no chance of winning."

"I know, but we have been trapped here for so long, long enough to leave some backup plans." Xiang Lan said, "On one of our previous gatherings, similar to today, we managed to control Supernatural Power, even more successfully and powerfully than any other time."

"But we still failed, yet before failing, we left backups, right in a certain room. We need to go to that room to retrieve the Supernatural Power we once controlled, though we don't know what the outcome will be. But it shouldn't be worse."

"And I also need to find the resurrected Ah Nan and Zhu Jian again. Only by combining the strength of five can we change all."

"So that's how it is."

Dong Yulan and Wang Genquan suddenly felt enlightened.

Turns out that during a previous gathering, they had made so many preparations, just to turn the tables in a dire situation at a suitable opportunity.

"Now do we return to that dangerous place again?"

Dong Yulan asked with lingering fear.

Xiang Lan said, "Don't worry, I will first lead you to that room to let you harness Supernatural Power, and then we will search for the others."

"That way, it will be much safer." Dong Yulan slightly nodded.

As they moved, Yang Jian was also on the move.

The elevator, full of signs of damage, carried the three of them down continuously.

The lights in the elevator occasionally flickered, with no immediate sign of going out.

This indicated the elevator was functioning normally, with no supernatural interference.

Yet, in the middle of the elevator, a firewood stove was conspicuously noticeable.

The fire in the stove was nearly extinguished.

But as time passed, the fire in the stove showed signs of reigniting because the fierce ghost dismembered by Yang Jian with the Firewood Knife was resurrecting.

The fierce ghost in the stove was unusual, recovering quickly.

Other fierce ghosts, after being dismembered twice continuously, wouldn't resurrect anytime soon.

"Hopefully, we have enough time; otherwise, it will be very troublesome."

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly as he stared at the gradually reigniting stove.

The elevator would open on the third floor. If the fire was not reignited by then, they would have to face the attack of the fierce ghost on the third floor. But if it reignited too early, the elevator would be affected, and Yang Jian would have to hack it once again to stop the stove from reigniting.

He had to time it just right.

However, the supernatural was filled with various uncertainties; getting the timing perfect was something Yang Jian didn't see himself having the luck for.

So he prepared to control and adjust.

Chapter 1207 - The Disappearing Escape Route

The eerie elevator creaked as it descended.

The journey from the fourth floor to the third was supposed to be short, but inside this elevator, the distance seemed magnified endlessly. After several minutes of descent, they still hadn't arrived, and the strange sounds from the ceiling were growing louder.

The noise resembled fingers scraping against metal or perhaps a corpse being moved.

Blood dripped down from the crevices above, occasionally accompanied by strands of black hair.

"The ghost in the elevator is becoming more restless. I really want to deal with this thing," Li Yang said, suppressing his voice.

After all, having a ghost staring at you from above would make anyone uneasy, even if he was a ghost handler controlling three vicious ghosts. There's still the risk of being killed by a ghost if he wasn't careful.

"We still need this elevator to get to the third floor."

Tong Qian stated, "As long as we don't get attacked by the vicious ghost in the elevator, just pretend it doesn't exist."

"The furnace's fire is about to reignite, though."

Yang Jian remarked, "I know, I'm watching it. This thing is special. My firewood knife can only suppress it for about ten minutes or so. Judging by the time, it should be ready to reignite by now."

"Once the flames reignite, the vicious ghost in the elevator is bound to be affected as well. At that point, the elevator will most likely stop, making it difficult for us to reach the third floor," Tong Qian said.

"If worse comes to worst, I'll just chop it again," Yang Jian said.

Although there is a way, chopping again would mean that the furnace cannot be used for another ten minutes. If the elevator reaches the third floor, they'll face a dangerous period of about ten minutes.

"Would leaving the furnace on the third floor and then leaving help?" Li Yang suggested.

"If burning the body fails, we'll have to make another trip."

Yang Jian replied, "The best way is to wait at the elevator door, and once the furnace ignites the body, we seize the chance to leave the third floor."

"You're right. There's only one opportunity. Leaving the furnace behind and going could be problematic if something goes wrong and we want to act again," Li Yang said.

Yang Jian added, "The vicious ghost doesn't necessarily guard the elevator door every time. We got unlucky last time, intercepted by the third floor's ghost. Maybe this time, it's not around, and we can stay safely for a while."

The group discussed their next move as they spoke.

But doing so didn't prevent the furnace's fire from reigniting.

The strange flame burned again, the surroundings filled with an indescribable heat, a scorching sensation that was different from Li Jun's Ghost Flame, causing a burning sting.

Soon, Yang Jian and Li Yang's skin turned crimson as if sparkling with embers, close to igniting, and even the ghosts within their bodies were suppressed. Their supernatural powers quickly dissipated.

The only one less affected was Tong Qian.

He had a human body without supernatural abilities, so he was the least affected. However, his two Ghost Faces were slightly roasted red.

"The furnace's extinction previously had a great impact on us. Now with the flames reigniting, and us standing so close, we'll soon be roasted alive. Moreover, the elevator is still in operation, and it doesn't seem to be stopping. Under these circumstances, we won't last more than thirty seconds."

Li Yang couldn't help but want to retreat, but being in the elevator, there was nowhere to go, forcing him to endure the terrifying searing.

The flames, after reigniting, grew stronger and stronger, exponentially increasing their impact on the surroundings.

Yang Jian realized that it was absolutely impossible for them to withstand it any longer, and without hesitation, he once again raised his firewood knife.

With one strike, he slashed at the ghostly figure appearing beside the furnace.

Undoubtedly.

The ghost was dismembered once again, and the rapidly reigniting flames in the furnace were swiftly extinguished.

The feeling of being on the verge of being ignited quickly dissipated from everyone's bodies.

However, though the situation had improved, it wasn't completely resolved. The furnace's fire was still there, diminished but still emitting a faint glow, not enough to ignite Yang Jian and Li Yang, but still turning their skin red with an inexplicable prickling sensation.

Fortunately, this situation was bearable and not deadly.

"This thing is very dangerous. I'm a bit worried now that putting it on the third floor might make things go out of control."

Li Yang, with a bit of apprehension, watched the furnace.

"We've already started, so don't overthink it. If nothing is done, how can you be sure what the result will be?" Yang Jian said calmly.

He showed no hesitation or concern.

Because this was a matter for later. What he needed to do now was ignite this fire.

However, only a minute passed.

The elevator seemed to crash into something, letting out a loud bang then violently shook, and came to a halt, while the red numbers on the screen kept flickering, faintly revealing the number: 3

They had reached the third floor.

Creak

The crooked elevator doors slowly opened, revealing a darkness outside that was oppressive and stifling, causing one's heart to palpitate. Inside the elevator, the lights flickered frantically, faster than before, making it worrying when the only source of light might extinguish completely.

"As expected, the ghost isn't outside," Yang Jian breathed a sigh of relief.

He used his ghost eye to peer into the darkness but did not see the vicious ghost from last time.

After all, the third floor of the Caesar Grand Hotel is vast, and there's no reason a vicious ghost would linger at the elevator doors day in and day out, as this would not follow any logic at all.

"Now that the fire in the furnace has gone out, it will take seven to eight minutes to relight. In other words, we have to stay here for seven to eight minutes," Yang Jian glanced at the furnace again.

Indeed, the timing was not on point.

"If we don't stray too far from the elevator, it shouldn't be too difficult to hold our ground here for seven to eight minutes."

Saying this, he carried the furnace and walked forward.

The flickering light from within the furnace dispelled the darkness ahead, simultaneously revealing a horrifying scene hidden within the shadows.

Outside the elevator was a narrow corridor, through which various putrid fluids trickled. On both sides were rows of piled-up corpses arranged haphazardly, resembling walls. Some corpses had arms protruding, while others had heads sticking out, mouths agape, eyes refusing to close in death.

The bodies included both men and women, young and old, and even children. Their clothing varied greatly, some old and reminiscent of styles from decades ago, while others were trendy, matching contemporary societal fashion.

Yang Jian even noticed a female corpse with a flip phone hanging around her neck, which was suspended mid-air, still faintly glowing.

Could it still have power and be functioning?

Yang Jian glanced at it but had no curiosity to pick it up for a closer look.

After walking a little distance, he stopped, set down the furnace, and then turned back.

The distance was well calculated.

Too close would be influenced by the firelight of the furnace, too far, and it would be impossible to control the situation.

"Where on earth did all these corpses come from?"

Tong Qian, looking at the bodies reflected in the weak firelight, immediately paled.

Piles of bodies forming walls—how many people had to die for this to happen?

Li Yang also examined the scene carefully: "These bodies must have accumulated over a long period. Their clothing styles span a large timeline, and due to supernatural reasons, the corpses haven't decayed, so they've been preserved. Look at that corpse with the wristwatch from the 1980s; it indicates this person disappeared forty years ago."

"Perhaps this place had issues even back then, although it wasn't called the Caesar Grand Hotel at the time."

Just then, an anomalous sound came from the elevator behind them. The once-opened elevator doors now creaked and groaned, astonishingly starting to close.

"Hmm?"

Immediately, all three turned to look.

"Let me stop the elevator." Before Li Yang even finished his sentence, he rushed over and placed a hand on the elevator door.

Influenced by supernatural power, the elevator, which was about to close, stopped instantly. But soon after, the elevator creaked again, as if struggling with an invisible force trying to forcibly shut it.

"This elevator wants to move; it doesn't want to stay on this floor for long. It's also possible someone on another floor is using it. I can stop it temporarily but can't hold it indefinitely." Li Yang's face changed slightly as he felt the clash of supernatural forces, unable to maintain a prolonged stalemate.

After all, inside the elevator stood a ghost, whereas he was merely a ghost-handler, a disparity nonetheless.

"It's pointless to drag this out. Let the elevator leave," Yang Jian frowned, making a decision.

Tong Qian said, "Yang Jian, once the elevator leaves, if a ghost arrives, we have no retreat."

"Li Yang, how long can you hold it?" Yang Jian asked.

"The elevator's resistance to me is increasing, so at most, I can hold out for five more minutes," Li Yang replied.

At this moment, the elevator was deforming and twisting, its lights dimming to near extinction. However, beneath that dim light, a shadow was vaguely visible, pressing against the elevator doors to jam it from leaving.

"Holding off a supernatural force for five minutes is already quite long, but this time isn't sufficient for us. We need to hold for at least ten minutes. Let the elevator go for now, and we'll call it back later."

Yang Jian said, "Let go now; we can't waste energy for nothing. We need to conserve strength for the dangers on the third floor."

"Since the captain has decided, I'll ease up." Li Yang hesitated briefly but reluctantly withdrew his hand.

Without the interference of supernatural power, the elevator doors closed with a thud, followed by the sound of the elevator descending. By the sound, it was discernible that the elevator was moving further away until even the sound of its operation vanished.

Soon after, Li Yang pressed the elevator button again.

The elevator button glowed softly, but there was no sign of the elevator returning.

Clearly, this elevator wouldn't be coming back to the third floor anytime soon.

Although the elevator's departure cut off the retreat, it wasn't particularly important for Yang Jian at the moment. He could still connect to the outside and withdraw from the Caesar Hotel through the Ghost Lake Water, or attempt to leave the third floor by opening the Ghost Domain.

There were still ways, so the most important thing now was to complete the plan for this trip.

The furnace was gradually reigniting. People felt it was a bit slow at this time, but they couldn't leave and could only stand in place, staring at the continually reigniting furnace while being vigilant about the surrounding safety.

Fortunately, the faint firelight inside the furnace dispelled the surrounding darkness, restoring some visibility, so that they weren't completely blind.

Li Yang and Tong Qian could now see their surroundings clearly.

Although it was still dim, at least they could judge whether there was a danger appearing nearby.

Yang Jian's ghost eyes were not significantly affected here. His gaze ignored the darkness, and he could clearly see everything around, yet he couldn't penetrate the walls piled with corpses.

"Why would the ghost pile these corpses here? Is it a natural instinct to collect them, or is there something special about these bodies?" Yang Jian held a cracked spear, extremely cautious, and stopped at a wall piled high with corpses.

The ghost eyes slightly rotated.

He was observing the bodies on the wall.

Cold, putrid, rigid, and various gruesome death states that sent chills down one's spine.

However, these scenes were already commonplace for Yang Jian. Staring at the corpse close at hand, he felt no discomfort, much like someone standing at a meat stall in a market, looking at pork chopped into pieces on the chopping block.

"The corpses are infused with supernatural elements, so they can't be treated like ordinary bodies."
Yang Jian reached out and touched an arm that protruded out.

Evidently, the owner of the arm had been dead for a long time, but it hadn't completely decayed, only emitting a slight putrid smell.

Suddenly.

The arm, exuding a foul odor, moved and suddenly grabbed Yang Jian's arm, the icy fingers strong beyond belief, as if they intended to crush his arm.

"Can it still move in this state?" Yang Jian's eyes shifted slightly, feeling unafraid.

This thing held no lethality for a ghost master; its movement was merely driven by supernatural power, causing the corpse to behave oddly.

He raised his dark Ghost Hand and grasped the arm. The hand that had been gripping his arm immediately lost its strength and let go.

The mere supernatural presence of a corpse could never compete with the Ghost Hand.

After all, the Ghost Hand was a genuine ghost.

"It's not very dangerous, but if all the corpses here were to awaken, it could pose a problem for us." Li Yang witnessed this scene and spoke.

"That won't happen; should it come to that, I'll take action," Tong Qian said.

His cry would reverberate indiscriminately, forcing down any number of corpses, posing no threat.

"Five minutes left. So far, everything seems to be going smoothly. I hope nothing goes wrong in the next five minutes." Yang Jian turned around and glanced over.

The furnace continued to reignite, and by now, there were small flames, brightening the surroundings considerably.

But it was still far from igniting the corpses around.

"The ghost on the third floor hasn't appeared near here, but I feel a danger approaching, seemingly heading this way."

Tong Qian frowned, slightly tilting his neck, the Ghost Face turning, and the unease in his heart gradually magnified.

This feeling wasn't baseless; it was the ghost master's perception of the surrounding sinister supernatural events.

"If danger really comes, we'll confront it head-on; holding out for a few minutes shouldn't be a big problem," Li Yang said.

While waiting for the corpses on the third floor to be ignited, the group was guarding the furnace.

On another floor.

Xiang Lan, along with Dong Yulan and Wang Genquan, once again navigated the perilous corridor. Familiar with the route, they not only avoided danger but also reduced the time spent lost, ultimately finding Ah Nan near room 651.

Ah Nan was wandering here in doubt and confusion, like a newcomer who had just stumbled in, devoid of his prior courage.

"Ah Nan, come with us," Xiang Lan called out to him.

"Do you know me? Where is this place, and how did I get here?" Ah Nan, upon seeing Xiang Lan and the others, seemed to have met his saviors and hurriedly asked.

"You'll know when you follow me," Xiang Lan said.

Ah Nan didn't hesitate, immediately following them, knowing it was very dangerous for him to be alone here, and he needed the reliance of others.

"We haven't found Zhu Jian yet."

Dong Yulan said, "Should we go find him or head back now?"

"We must find him," Xiang Lan said coldly, without any hesitation.

The four set out once again.

During the process, they encountered danger a few times, but Xiang Lan resolved each encounter. After a slight delay, they finally found Zhu Jian in a corridor.

Zhu Jian had also died.

But at this moment, he too had resurrected, becoming a newcomer like Ah Nan.

The two were unfamiliar with everything here, having lost their memories. They only remembered living normal lives on the streets before opening their eyes, and suddenly found themselves here. Little did they know they had been trapped here for decades, and this resurrection was merely one of countless times.

"Now that everyone is here, we need to leave quickly. I feel that Yang Jian's side is succeeding, and we don't have much time left."

After finding Zhu Jian, Xiang Lan immediately took the shortest route out of there.

The place she aimed for was not Caesar Hotel but a very special room for them.

That room stored some of their past.

Including the supernatural powers they once mastered.

These things were only to be used at critical moments, and now was the critical moment.

If not used, with the exit sealed, they would remain trapped here, endlessly resurrecting and dying, never attaining release.

Yet, the true hazard for them didn't come from Yang Jian but from Caesar Hotel itself.

Or rather, from a certain terrible ghost.

As Xiang Lan's group headed to that special room, she saw something familiar in the corridor.

It was a series of black footprints.

More accurately, it was like the traces of rotten liquid dripping onto the carpet.

"That ghost is still here..." Xiang Lan felt an inexplicable terror.

She knew that a frighteningly terrifying ghost lingered around here, a ghost that had killed her several times. Only recently had the ghost vanished, and its disappearance was causing everything here to spiral out of control.

Xiang Lan also thought that the ghost might have already left the Caesar Grand Hotel.

Now it seems that the ghost is still here and hasn't left at all.

"A bit faster, there's even less time than I imagined." At this moment Xiang Lan became anxious.

Because this series of footprints extended outward.

In other words, the ghost she was always dreading is being drawn by something, emerging from somewhere, and then leaving this place.

Perhaps Yang Jian's plan over there is about to succeed.

"Where are we going, and who exactly are you people, what is this place?" Ah Nan kept questioning on the road, he was now bewildered and clueless, not even knowing there was a ghost here.

Xiang Lan said, "Once you get to that room you'll understand everything, there's a part of your memory there too, there was a contingency plan thought of for such a situation back then."

She didn't explain much, just hurried to act.

Very soon.

They arrived at a room not far from the exit.

This is room number ten.

The door to the room was also open, but there were no signs of life or danger inside.

"Follow me." Xiang Lan led the group inside and quickly headed to the bedroom.

She lifted the bed in the bedroom.

There were four paintings hidden underneath, depicting Ah Nan, Zhu Jian, Dong Yulan, and the others. However, their expressions in the paintings were eerie, blank, not like living people but more like dead ones.

Normally, there ought to be five portraits here.

The remaining one is Xiang Lan's, but she had taken that painting away.

That is precisely why Xiang Lan knows so much.

"My portrait..." Ah Nan looked at his own portrait and was momentarily dumbfounded, then was startled.

Because the Ah Nan in the portrait actually turned his eyes and was staring at him.

"Pick up your respective portraits, and then you can reclaim everything previously stored here." said Xiang Lan.

"Really?"

Dong Yulan was skeptical, but she still reached out and picked up her portrait.

As soon as she picked it up, an anomaly appeared.

The portrait began fading rapidly, and then Dong Yulan felt a chilling aura seeping into her body through the portrait.

It was as if another person was entering her mind, her body.

This feeling was very strange.

Soon after, a familiar yet unfamiliar memory emerged in Dong Yulan's mind.

"Ah!"

But suddenly, Dong Yulan let out a scream, her whole person suddenly turned immensely pained, veins popping, her face twisted, her body contorting in an unnatural way.

"She's okay, she's being invaded by a ghost, but she can control that ghost, and reclaim the memory stored in the portrait brings back the ghost stored in the portrait too." Xiang Lan immediately explained the situation to prevent panic.

The others were doubtful, clearly not very convinced by Xiang Lan's words.

But very quickly.

The pain on Dong Yulan's body gradually subsided, she slowly calmed down, although the bruising on her body still didn't disappear, but she could feel that she was possessed by a ghost.

"You can trust Xiang Lan, she's not wrong."

Dong Yulan took a few breaths, looked up at Xiang Lan, her eyes cold yet with a few traces of agreement.

It seemed that with the return of her memory, she also understood the current predicament, mutual explanations were unnecessary between them.

"Can I refuse?" Seeing this Zhu Jian had second thoughts.

"Refusing will lead to a miserable death, without supernatural power protection here, you won't last an hour."

Dong Yulan said, "Even if you don't agree, I will force you to, once you recover your memory, you'll understand everything, by then you'll not blame me but thank me."

With that said, she grabbed Zhu Jian and forcibly pressed him onto his portrait.

His face pressed against the portrait, the next moment Zhu Jian screamed.

His body was being eroded, and the figure in the portrait rapidly dissipated.

"Don't waste time." Xiang Lan also grabbed Ah Nan and forcibly pressed him onto his portrait.

Wang Genquan saw this and said nothing more, obligingly picking up his portrait.

The sound of agonized screams rang out, but soon everything calmed down again.

In just a few minutes they recovered the memories previously stored here, even mastering new ghosts.

"I see, it has reached the most critical moment, what is the situation this time?"

Zhu Jian's expression regained its calm, his pain gradually disappearing, he understood everything, and now he slightly raised his head to look at the others.

Xiang Lan also didn't waste time, quickly explaining Yang Jian's appearance and the current out-of-control situation at the Caesar Grand Hotel.

"Now Yang Jian is already in action, what he will do I don't know, I only know that this might be our last chance to leave here after being trapped for decades."

"Time is tight, so what are we waiting for." Zhu Jian said nothing else, promptly turning to head out of the room.

The others nodded and immediately began to move.

"Xiang Lan." Ah Nan called out, looking at Xiang Lan with a concerned expression.

"We have to escape from here, otherwise everything is meaningless." Xiang Lan said earnestly.

At several times before, she and Ah Nan had met, becoming lovers, even becoming spouses, and of course, also becoming enemies at times... Countless resurrections made them go through too much, but each time they died, they were reintroduced and restarted.

"I understand." Ah Nan nodded, putting away any romantic feelings.

Xiang Lan was right.

Unable to break the curse and leave here alive, everything is illusory, meaningless.

No matter how strong the bond is, it will vanish cleanly with one death and resurrection.

Chapter 1209 Cascading Corpses

Caesar Grand Hotel, third floor.

The furnace gradually reignited, the surrounding darkness dissipating, that strange furnace fire glowing more brilliantly like a bright light.

The ghost was resurrecting, the temperature around the furnace rising.

The supernatural was being ignited.

At this moment, Yang Jian could already see the corpse near the furnace turning bright red, as if sparks were rising, ready to catch fire at any moment.

A few minutes of waiting was enough for the furnace to burn again.

"In at most three minutes, the surrounding corpses will ignite, and by then the flames will continue to spread, burning all the corpses to ashes," Yang Jian estimated the changes in his mind.

For now, everything was going smoothly.

Although time was delayed, during this period no danger was encountered in the surroundings, just waiting, and he was still very patient.

However, luck wouldn't last forever.

At this moment, the originally brightening firelight suddenly dimmed rapidly, and strangely enough, even though the fire in the furnace was burning increasingly fiercely, the surrounding light grew darker, as if some special presence was absorbing all the light.

This change immediately gave an ominous feeling.

"The ghost on the third floor is probably nearby, I feel it's over there, and very close to us,"

Tong Qian whispered, pointing a finger beside him.

The place he pointed to was a wall made of piled-up corpses, and according to his perception, the ghost on the third floor was behind this wall, if the wall was pushed open now, they would probably immediately see the ghost wandering on the third floor.

"It's not surprising for the ghost to wander nearby after such a long time, but we shouldn't have been targeted by the ghost yet,"

Li Yang frowned, looking alert and ready to respond.

Yang Jian didn't speak, only listening to the surrounding movements intently.

The ghost eye couldn't penetrate corpses, he couldn't see what was behind this wall, he could only judge the approaching danger through some subtle movements.

In this silent, oppressive environment, even the tiniest sound would be infinitely amplified.

Yang Jian heard the sound of barefoot walking on the other side of the corpse wall, the sound was dull, each step heavy on the ground, seemingly without even an echo.

Recalling the situation when he passed the third floor in the elevator before.

At that time, he had thrown a Ghost Candle to drive away the ghost on the third floor, but at the moment the Ghost Candle burned out, he did see a pair of cold, corpse-spotted bare feet standing in the middle of the road, and those feet were definitely the ghost on the third floor.

"Wait, the footsteps are speeding up."

Suddenly.

While listening to the neighboring footsteps, Yang Jian found that the initially slow and steady footsteps gradually quickened, but from the sound, they were moving away, distancing from the group.

"The ghost is leaving?" Tong Qian also felt the danger was moving away.

"No, it's bypassing the wall, not moving away from us."

Yang Jian's face was solemn, as he looked ahead, realizing there was an intersection on one side of the road ahead.

The intersection was piled with corpses front, back, left, and right, yet it was the only road leading here, previously the ghost might have been approaching the group, but had taken a wrong turn midway, blocked by the piled corpses, causing a delay, and now had to take a detour.

But under normal circumstances, these corpses shouldn't be able to stop a ghost from advancing.

Or, was the ghost bound by some pattern of movement, unable to cross the corpse wall?

However, just as Yang Jian was thinking this, his previous speculation became reality.

At the end of the road ahead.

At that intersection, a strange corpse suddenly stood out there, surrounded by dim light, everything seemed shrouded in a layer of black mist, unclear, but the eerie and chilling sensation from the corpse was palpable.

"The ghost is here."

Yang Jian stared intently at the ghost with his ghost eye, holding a cracked long spear, prepared for combat.

"The surrounding corpses are about to ignite, this ghost didn't come at the right time, if we're lucky, we can retreat in time without confronting the ghost," Li Yang whispered.

At this moment.

The furnace was almost fully reignited.

The surrounding corpses were roasted to a bright red, like red-hot irons, with even small flames emerging.

Obviously.

The supernatural power of the furnace was influencing the surroundings, igniting the nearby corpses, causing these eerie corpses to burn.

Only now, the flames were still small, needing some time to brew a full-blown supernatural fire to sweep over everything.

"The elevator hasn't arrived yet, but I can hear the sound of it operating in the shaft. It should be here soon," Tong Qian reported about the situation behind them.

Although the ghost had appeared, the situation wasn't entirely dire.

Everything seemed to be moving in a positive direction.

"Something's wrong." Yang Jian's face was incredibly serious at this moment.

"Captain, what's the matter?" Li Yang asked.

He didn't have ghostly vision, couldn't see the ghost standing at the crossroad.

"Did you notice? After the ghost appeared, the corpses that had been set on fire are now extinguishing. The furnace's effect on the surrounding corpses is diminishing," Yang Jian observed the change.

"Indeed, there's something like that. The situation around seems to be reversing," Li Yang's expression shifted slightly.

Yang Jian said, "It's not reversing. The ghost interfered with the furnace, preventing its supernatural power from affecting the surroundings. In other words, if the ghost won't leave here, the furnace won't be able to ignite the surrounding corpses."

"This is indeed troublesome," Tong Qian and Li Yang felt a chill upon hearing this.

The situation they most dreaded had finally occurred.

Today, they feared there was no avoiding a confrontation with this ghost.

However, in the next moment.

Yang Jian, who had been observing the situation motionlessly, suddenly took action.

The cracked long spear in his hand was suddenly thrown forward.

Like a javelin, it flew rapidly through the air, directly piercing the bizarre corpse at the end of the road, and with tremendous force, pinned it against a wall formed by countless piled-up corpses.

As long as the Coffin Nail pinned the ghost, no matter how ferocious or terrifying, it would fall silent, unable to move.

"Did it work?" Yang Jian stared at the corpse at the end of the road, uncertain of the situation.

"Acting directly is too reckless. Doing so might cause you to lose this supernatural weapon here," Tong Qian reminded.

Yang Jian replied, "Can't worry about so much. This ghost is frightfully fierce. I have a premonition that pinning it directly would be a good thing. As for retrieving the supernatural weapon, I'll think about that later."

Tong Qian nodded and didn't say more.

In her heart, she had to admit, Yang Jian's boldness was indeed extraordinary.

It's well known that both the Coffin Nail and the Firewood Knife are important supernatural items. Losing them would mean a huge loss, yet in such times, Yang Jian could throw them out without hesitation, merely as a probing attack.

Perhaps due to the Coffin Nail truly pinning the ghost, the dim light around began quickly recovering.

The corpses that had been ignited suddenly started burning again, more intensely this time, forming a spreading trend, with the fire growing larger.

"It seems we succeeded. The furnace reignited completely, and the surrounding flames rose. The ghost is likely truly pinned down," Li Yang observed the changes around them and said.

Yang Jian was silent.

Could this really be so simple?

It was, after all, a ghost that occupied an entire floor of the Caesar Hotel and could easily intercept the paranormal elevator.

Even though the attack was swift and seemingly decisive, Yang Jian wasn't confident that it had truly resolved the ghost on the third floor.

Nonetheless, despite doubts, Yang Jian hoped he'd be lucky enough to have pinned the ghost dead.

But just then.

The wall formed by piled-up corpses suddenly shook.

At first, it seemed like an illusion.

Soon it was clear it wasn't.

The walls on both sides suddenly collapsed, and countless corpses lost their balance, surged toward Yang Jian and the others like two tides of corpses, leaving them defenseless.

"Fall back."

Yang Jian's face changed drastically; he shouted as he felt corpses smashing onto him.

These corpses were incredibly heavy and numerous. Even though he reacted quickly and pushed away many, the subsequent corpses still engulfed him.

"Damn it." Li Yang and Tong Qian's faces also changed, filled with shock.

They wanted to resist but were powerless. Even their supernatural powers couldn't instantly clear away all the corpses at this moment.

Moreover, these weren't ordinary corpses; they possessed supernatural qualities.

Under the flickering light.

The corpses continued to surge, filling the road they were on, burying the three at the bottom. Once the torrent of corpses stopped, everything returned to calm.

Chapter 1210 The Awakening Corpses

The corpses pouring down were like a tide, directly overwhelming Yang Jian, Li Yang, and Tong Qian.

After being pressed by the corpses, they felt that the number of corpses seemed far greater than what they had seen with the naked eye, as if all the corpses had gathered together to form a deep pit, burying them deeply within, with no sight of the outside.

What's terrifying is that these corpses were not stationary dead bodies.

When they hit him, Yang Jian felt that these corpses seemed to have a consciousness, continuously approaching him, countless hands and feet reaching out from unknown places to grab and entangle him tightly.

Moreover, the gaps around him were getting smaller and smaller.

The nearby corpses were wriggling, exerting a tremendous pressure.

This feeling was like being gradually built into a wall, leaving no room for resistance.

"Is this trying to bury me alive in the corpses and trap me to death?" Yang Jian's heart shivered as this thought popped into his mind.

At this moment, his body was being squeezed by the surrounding corpses, somewhat deformed. A strong sense of suffocation and crushing enveloped him, as if a living person was deeply buried underground.

This feeling was very uncomfortable.

But he was an anomaly, able to survive without breathing, even if his body was shattered, he would not die.

Yet Yang Jian absolutely refused to let himself be buried in this pile of corpses.

He attempted to resist.

No matter how strong the force, it was futile, the surrounding corpses always came crushing with more terrifying strength, making it impossible to struggle.

To push away these corpses, supernatural power was needed.

Ghost Shadow was shaking at the moment, like a dense darkness, spreading out from the center around Yang Jian.

Any corpse covered by Ghost Shadow immediately lost some supernatural power, becoming limp, no longer rigid, and ceased approaching Yang Jian.

A slight loosening occurred around, like wall bricks being pried away bit by bit.

But there were too many corpses elsewhere; as soon as it loosened here, corpses nearby surged forth again, trying to fill the gaps that appeared.

Ghost Shadow spread, blockading the approach of those corpses.

The supernatural confrontation officially began.

Yang Jian's Ghost Shadow was evidently at an advantage, even though the nearby corpses seemed endless, Ghost Shadow could still slowly spread outward, though at a somewhat slow pace.

"At least there won't be a complete entrapment risk, but Tong Qian and Li Yang will likely face certain dangers, so I must escape quickly."

He slightly moved his face, pushed away the surrounding corpses, and stretched his hands and feet through the gaps in the corpses.

Yet he was still completely engulfed by the corpses.

"Therefore, the Coffin Nail I threw earlier most likely didn't completely nail down that fierce ghost; otherwise, the corpses wouldn't be so troublesome."

Yang Jian's body was gradually seeping moisture at this moment.

He utilized Ghost Lake's supernatural power, deciding to send these corpses into Ghost Lake.

These corpses were not true ghosts, no matter how numerous, they couldn't fill Ghost Lake, hence he wasn't worried about Ghost Lake reaching its limit, unable to accommodate more fierce ghosts.

The seeping moisture increased from little to much, gradually saturating the surrounding corpses.

Eventually, the corpses began to melt, no, it wasn't melting, it was the limbs sinking into the stagnant water bit by bit, as if being swallowed.

Soon.

The surrounding corpses were completely gone, giving Yang Jian some space to move.

But it wasn't enough.

There were still many corpses.

The stagnant water needed to continue engulfing the corpses, and Ghost Shadow needed to continue spreading to prevent the surrounding corpses from surging forth again.

Everything was progressing smoothly.

It is believed it wouldn't take long before he could free himself from the constraint of these corpses.

However, just at this moment.

An unremarkable corpse suddenly opened its eyes, then quickly underwent changes, as the decayed parts reversed, restoring to the appearance of just shortly after death, the dark skin turned somewhat ashen, with corpse spots still lingering on it... soon, the dead silent corpse became peculiar, even raising an arm in activity.

It seemed that at some instant, an unseen terrifying fierce ghost had attached itself to it, granting this corpse a new life.

The eerily resurrected corpse was pushed by the surrounding corpses, approaching Yang Jian.

The erosion of Ghost Shadow could block other corpses but couldn't stop this one.

This corpse directly ignored the erosion of Ghost Shadow, suddenly dropping from above Yang Jian's head.

"What?"

Yang Jian immediately became aware, but the speed of the corpse ignoring Ghost Shadow's erosion was too fast.

The next moment.

The falling corpse swiftly extended its arms, reaching for Yang Jian.

Yang Jian reacted quickly, reaching out his hand to grasp the wrist of this corpse, halting its approach.

The blackened Ghost Hand possesses the ability to suppress a ghost, and usually can be used to handle some not-so-terrifying ghosts.

But the corpse that suddenly revived in front of him was clearly not an ordinary ghost.

Despite being grabbed by the Ghost Hand, the corpse still slowly stood up from the ground, and the immense strength from its arm made Yang Jian feel amazed.

"Has this thing already ignored the impact of the Ghost Hand?"

Yang Jian felt horrified, wishing he could immediately pick up the Firewood Knife to dismember the ghostly entity before him.

But unfortunately, the Firewood Knife was no longer by his side, he had thrown it earlier and hadn't retrieved it yet.

The eerie corpse stood completely up in front of Yang Jian, defying the suppression of the Ghost Hand.

Moreover, this corpse was different from the ghost he had seen before.

The appearance had changed.

But Yang Jian could assert that this was the terrifying ghost wandering on the third floor.

Thus, Yang Jian had reason to believe that this ghost seemed to be able to switch bodies and possess any corpse here.

"The ghost is targeting me because I've triggered the killing pattern of the ghost? Or is it that I've destroyed too many corpses, attracting the ghost over," Yang Jian's face was serious at this moment, as he had no way out,

In the narrow space, there were only him and the ghost in front of him, surrounded by piles of corpses, but if his guess was correct, these corpses could become the ghost's body at any moment, revive, and become a terrifying existence again.

However, before Yang Jian could think more.

The eerie corpse in front suddenly extended another hand and grabbed Yang Jian by the neck.

The grip wasn't very strong, yet it had a strength that couldn't be struggled against.

Crack!

A crisp sound of breaking bones resounded, as Yang Jian's neck was forcibly snapped by the eerie corpse, his head dropping helplessly towards one shoulder.

"This thing..." Yang Jian's face was cold, staring fiercely at the ghostly entity before him.

One by one, ghost eyes opened restlessly.

Five layers of the Ghost Domain were immediately activated, trying to send this terrifying ghost away.

Yet under the coverage of the five layers, the corpse still stood motionlessly as if unaffected.

Yang Jian couldn't even escape the hold of this corpse.

"This ghost is terrifying, much more than I imagined," Yang Jian felt uneasy in his heart.

Because he also saw that the feet of this eerie corpse were now stepping on the stagnant water, not only did it not get taken away by the five layers of the Ghost Domain, but it was also untouched by the silence of the Ghost Lake. Even though he had only stolen forty percent of the Ghost Lake's supernatural

power, it's worth noting that the Ghost Lake was an S-level supernatural incident, and even stealing just four layers of supernatural power was enough to swallow most ghosts.

Hoo!

Without further thought,

A red Ghost Candle was ignited at this moment.

Yang Jian chose not to resist head-on, knowing he couldn't withstand this environment, he had to rely on the power of some supernatural items.

The Ghost Candle, when lit in such a supernatural-filled place, immediately exploded.

A burst of eerie firelight rapidly expanded, and within mere seconds, the candle burned out completely.

However, the power released by the instant combustion of the Ghost Candle was terrifying.

The corpse released Yang Jian and took a step back.

Yet the firelight came and went swiftly.

Three seconds later, the candle flame was extinguished.

But seizing this opportunity, Yang Jian broke free from the restraints and directly burst out of the surrounding corpses, forcibly climbing out from among the heap of corpses.

The Ghost Candle not only dispersed the terrifying ghost but also removed the supernatural nature of the surrounding corpses, combined with the previous erosion of the Ghost Shadow, it provided him the opportunity to escape.

Standing atop the densely packed corpses, Yang Jian looked around and found countless corpses fallen, piled up who knows how many layers.

He didn't see Tong Qian or Li Yang.

He only saw a flicker of firelight in the middle of a heap of corpses, but the flame wasn't bright, seemingly affected by something.

That should be the stove placed on the third floor earlier.

In this situation, the stove couldn't ignite the corpses successfully either.

As for his supernatural weapon,

At this point, it was also unknown, buried underneath which pile of corpses, already impossible to find.

While Yang Jian was pondering restlessly,

Among the countless pile of corpses, another corpse bizarrely stood up, rapidly undergoing some transformation, standing there gloomily and motionlessly.

"Sure enough, the terrifying ghost on the third floor can switch corpses," Yang Jian's face was grim, he knew there was only one way to deal with this terrifying ghost.

Completely unleash the furnace's fire, burn everything here to the ground, only then will the terror level of this ghost be reduced.

Otherwise, in this terrifying place, Yang Jian has no way to fight against this thing.