

Revival 1211

Chapter 1211 The Constantly Reviving Corpses

The piled-up corpses covered the third floor of the Caesar Grand Hotel.

All the paths were submerged.

Yang Jian stood atop the corpses, his expression particularly grave, as the fierce ghost across from him had already set its sights on him.

This fierce ghost stood up once more from the countless corpses, appearing completely different from before. This time, it took the form of a lifeless, sparse-haired old man.

"It's impossible for this ghost to kill me in a short time, but if I keep confronting it for too long, I'll definitely be at a disadvantage, so....."

Yang Jian gazed toward the only bright spot in the area.

It was the location of the furnace.

Even though affected by the ghost, the fire inside the furnace was still burning, though not enough to ignite the corpses.

"Cannot waste time, need to act quickly."

Without another word, he briskly strode toward the furnace.

The ghost stood motionless not far away, its head turning slightly to follow Yang Jian's movements.

Yang Jian didn't cease acting; he swiftly stepped over the corpses, approaching the furnace.

However, at that moment, he stumbled and almost fell to the ground.

Looking down.

A long-dead female corpse was tightly gripping his ankle, preventing him from moving forward, and it was slowly sinking as if wanting to drag Yang Jian down with it.

The surrounding corpses surged, gradually drawing nearer to Yang Jian.

While sinking, countless corpses tried to reenact the previous scene to bury and engulf Yang Jian, making it impossible for him to break free again.

The Ghost Shadow under Yang Jian's feet struggled, breaking free from the female corpse's restraint and moving forward.

Yet, it wasn't just the female corpse; all other corpses seemed to come alive as well. When he stepped forward again, he found nothing underfoot, lost his balance, and fell amid a dense pit of corpses.

This pit seemed bottomless, as if leading into hell, having no end.

Just as he was about to fall in, Yang Jian halted his steps.

He opened the Ghost Eye, spread the Ghost Domain, forcibly departing from this supernatural realm to enter his own Ghost Domain.

Even so, Yang Jian still didn't feel relieved, since his Ghost Domain seemed to be interfered with, having a feeling of intermittent malfunction.

"Is it due to that ghost's existence?" he coldly stared at the old corpse in the distance.

The old corpse was also staring at him.

Man and ghost watched each other.

Yet, the fierce ghost still hadn't attacked Yang Jian, possibly due to attacking once before.

Hence, this was an opportunity for Yang Jian.

Even though his Ghost Domain was disturbed, it was still usable here.

Very soon.

He reached the furnace.

The furnace was covered with corpses, deeply buried within. To reach it, he had to move all those corpses away, otherwise, it was futile.

Yang Jian wasted no time, bent down, picked up a corpse at his feet, and lifted it up.

The Ghost Hand couldn't suppress the ghost on the third floor, but suppressing a corpse with supernatural powers posed no problem.

The corpse didn't resist and struggle, being directly tossed aside by him.

He quickly grabbed another corpse and tossed it aside as well.

Yang Jian was employing the most primitive method, removing corpses one by one, until the furnace was uncovered.

Maybe due to the furnace still burning, the surrounding corpses were peculiarly calm, showing no sign of surging.

As corpses were moved away, the light from the fire beneath them got brighter and brighter.

Yet this brightness carried no heat, instead filled with an indescribable chill.

"Still watching me?" Yang Jian glanced over.

The eerie old corpse stood among countless others, facing his direction, seemingly watching Yang Jian's every move.

"No, the corpse hasn't moved for a while, maybe the ghost has left that corpse."

Yang Jian remained cautious, suspecting the real ghost had shifted to another corpse.

Maybe the corpse possessed by the fierce ghost was close by, perhaps just beneath his feet.

His scalp tingled slightly.

However, Yang Jian understood he had no advantage against this fierce ghost. Only by igniting the entire third floor with the furnace's fire could he combat the supernatural here and clear all the corpses on the third floor.

Thinking of this, he quickened his pace.

Yang Jian possessed great strength, making heavy corpses in his hands feel almost weightless.

If everything went smoothly, it would only take a few minutes to uncover the furnace beneath the corpses.

Meanwhile.

Buried under the corpses, Tong Qian didn't look too well.

He's temporarily fine.

The Ghost Face's cries echoed, and the surrounding corpses surging toward him were blocked. Even if they got close, they lost their supernatural power and couldn't completely bury him.

But Tong Qian was not supernatural; his body was that of a normal person, and under the pile of so many corpses, he couldn't crawl out.

So, he is trapped now.

Li Yang's situation is similar to his, also trapped under the corpses, unable to break free in a short time.

As for the other side.

Xiang Lan and the others moved quickly.

They had already made it to the fourth floor of the Caesar Hotel, escaping from the corridor and the rooms.

"We must find Yang Jian and stop him from sealing off the Caesar Hotel. This person is very dangerous, possessing extraordinary supernatural power. However, the dangers here are numerous too, so his actions may not go smoothly. This gives us time to act."

Ah Nan said.

He carried some previous memories, so he was no longer a newcomer who had just been resurrected.

"Previously, because of Zhu Jian's presence, I had a conflict with Yang Jian. We followed Xiang Lan to retrieve memories, while his group headed to the third floor of the hotel," Dong Yulan said.

Wang Genquan said, "A very terrifying ghost roams on the third floor. That ghost has taken over an entire floor. To get down to the second floor, you can only use a supernatural elevator. If we use the stairs, we're likely to be killed by the third-floor ghost. If Yang Jian still goes to the third floor under such circumstances, then there's only one possibility."

"The door leading outside the Caesar Hotel is hidden on the third floor," Zhu Jian said, his eyes narrowing.

Dong Yulan said, "The analysis makes sense, I should have thought of this earlier. Before, Ah Nan went to the second and first floors before his resurrection, and we searched the fourth floor but found no exit. The only place we haven't searched is the third floor. It seems our hope is hidden in the most dangerous place."

"Someone deliberately placed the door on the most dangerous third floor. That person doesn't want anyone to leave here, not even ghosts, so the third-floor ghost is the best gatekeeper," Xiang Lan said.

"So we need to go to the third floor?" Ah Nan looked at the elevator entrance.

By taking the elevator, they too could reach the third floor.

"The third floor has ghosts, as well as Yang Jian and his group. Of course, there might also be the door to exit. Danger and hope coexist, so we must go, and we must go quickly. If Yang Jian finds the door on the third floor first, he will leave here first, then completely seal it from the outside. By then, it will be too late for everything," Zhu Jian said decisively.

"This is the last hope for the five of us. If we fail, we will continue to die and be resurrected here endlessly."

"Then what are we waiting for?"

Xiang Lan immediately walked towards the elevator, she pressed the elevator button, preparing to take this supernatural elevator to the third floor.

"Let's go," Zhu Jian also said immediately.

The five people showed no fear and boarded the elevator to the third floor with determination.

This supernatural elevator was very cooperative, arriving quickly without making them wait as long as Yang Jian did earlier.

"Found it."

At this moment, as corpses were being moved away, a furnace finally appeared in front of Yang Jian.

A corpse lay over the furnace, burned red but not ignited. Instead, it blocked the flames, preventing the firelight from affecting the surroundings.

When Yang Jian attempted to move the corpse, his hand hesitated halfway.

He stared at that charred corpse, his eyes flickering with thought.

"This corpse lying on the furnace hasn't ignited after being here so long, instead preventing the furnace from burning. This corpse can't be the ghost of the third floor... can't be, the ghost on the third floor had already attacked me before, it's unlikely to appear on the furnace again."

Yang Jian slightly looked up, cautiously glancing at the mysterious old corpse not far away.

The old corpse still stood there, facing him.

"No choice."

Despite having doubts, Yang Jian had no choice but to act due to the circumstances.

He reached out, grabbing the burnt-red corpse and lifting it.

Upon contact, his face changed.

It was incredibly heavy.

The weight was absurd, feeling completely different from previous corpses.

Under the Ghost Hand's suppression, supernatural power should be null, making the corpse light as a feather.

However, this corpse defied that norm.

The only explanation is... the Ghost Hand couldn't suppress the supernatural power on this corpse.

Furthermore, as this corpse left the furnace, the redness on its body rapidly dissipated, replaced by an ashen gray, cold and unfeeling.

This feeling was exactly the same as when facing the third-floor ghost before.

"This corpse is indeed a ghost," Yang Jian's face changed drastically.

In an instant, his suspicion was confirmed.

The corpse he held abruptly raised its head, facing Yang Jian, staring eerily at him.

This scene was eerily similar to the old corpse standing there not far away.

"Perhaps the third-floor ghost doesn't exist in an individual form, maybe my Coffin Nail didn't fail to nail it... "

At this moment, an idea involuntarily emerged in Yang Jian's mind.

Because only this could explain why there were three corpses, three ghosts on the third floor.

In fact, even this 'three' might not be accurate, the number might be beyond imagination.

Chapter 1212 Out-of-Control Blaze

Yang Jian understood at this moment that the Coffin Nail he used did indeed pin down a ghost, but it was just one of the ghosts on the third floor.

The old corpse staring at him from not far away was a ghost.

The corpse that was just moved from the furnace was also a ghost.

Daring not to hesitate.

Yang Jian grabbed the burning furnace and then dropped the revived corpse, swiftly retreating afterwards.

He couldn't activate the Ghost Domain.

The furnace burned, an intense heat surged, and everything around seemed to ignite. The Ghost Domain was strongly interfered with at this moment, unable to function normally, so he could only take the furnace in the most clumsy way.

The ghost on the third floor was terrifying, and the burning furnace was terrifying too.

Without the suppression of the Firewood Knife and with the corpse pressed on the furnace moved, at this moment, when Yang Jian held the furnace in his hand, he felt as if his whole body would ignite.

He felt as though he was inside a steel furnace, melting in an instant.

His skin instantly turned red, sparking, and even some parts of his body burst into flames, as if he was about to catch fire.

"If I keep holding it, I'll be burned alive."

Yang Jian shuddered inwardly, feeling his condition rapidly deteriorating.

"But I can't drop this thing; otherwise, I won't be able to ignite the corpse on the third floor, and if the ghost attacks, I'll be the unlucky one."

Realizing this, Yang Jian attempted to briefly resist the furnace's flames.

His body rapidly began to ooze moisture.

The supernatural influence of the Ghost Lake spread, beginning to corrode the body.

Yang Jian tried to use the supernatural force of the Ghost Lake to counteract the furnace's heat.

The result was very effective.

The flames on his body extinguished, and his red skin gradually returned to normal, but it wasn't enough to fully recover because Yang Jian was worried that the Ghost Lake might lose control and completely corrode his body, so he released it conservatively.

"That's enough. I don't need to fully counteract the furnace; I just need to endure its heat without being burned to death."

Yang Jian took a deep breath, carrying the furnace to one side.

His eyes were fixed ahead.

In the place where he had been standing, the corpse which was previously covering the furnace now also stood up.

The corpse stood motionless there like the previous old corpse, eerily facing this way, seemingly staring at Yang Jian, yet it did nothing.

This made Yang Jian feel both relieved and uneasy.

The ghosts on the third floor would definitely not let him ignite this place so easily or let him off easily.

Even if Yang Jian hadn't triggered the ghost's killing rules, any anomaly might occur in the presence of such a powerful ghost; after all, nobody in the supernatural circle can guarantee absolute safety without triggering the ghost's killing rules.

"Ignite the corpse as much as possible while the ghost hasn't acted."

Yang Jian slightly withdrew his gaze and stared at the flames in the furnace.

The flames burned vigorously, emitting astonishing heat.

This heat was special; it could cause people with supernatural abilities to feel the burning sensation, yet for ordinary people without such abilities, the flames weren't as fearsome as imagined.

Fixing his eyes on those strange flames, Yang Jian's gaze momentarily moved, then he steeled himself.

He placed the furnace down without hesitation and gritted his teeth as he directly thrust the blackened Ghost Hand inside.

As soon as the blackened Ghost Hand touched the flames inside the furnace, it sizzled like roasting meat.

The Ghost Hand spasmed uncontrollably, twitching, and the five fingers twisted and deformed grotesquely, causing intense pain.

However, just at this moment.

The corpse in front of Yang Jian suddenly toppled to the ground, and simultaneously, the distant old corpse also lost some supernatural support, similarly falling to the ground.

After the two corpses fell, the corpse lying motionless beside him suddenly opened its eyes, waking up.

Once this corpse awakened, the surrounding temperature seemed to drop by several degrees.

A chilling aura immediately spread.

The corpse then stood up, standing right behind Yang Jian.

At this moment.

Yang Jian's Ghost Hand was inside the furnace, suffering from its flames, the intense pain distracting him from the ghost behind him, so he didn't notice the terrifying corpse standing there.

This terrifying awakened corpse continued to approach Yang Jian with heavy footsteps.

The distance between them was already close; after only two or three steps, the corpse was already behind Yang Jian.

The terrifying corpse slowly raised its arm, covered in corpse spots and dreadfully stiff.

Yet, it was this stiff arm that suddenly gripped Yang Jian's neck from behind.

The force was astonishing; Yang Jian's neck immediately emitted the sound of bones cracking, his once-repaired neck by the Ghost Shadow twisted and broke once more.

But the ghost's attack didn't end with your neck being broken.

If it were just a broken neck, Yang Jian wouldn't worry about being killed by a ghost because top ghost handlers generally don't rely on bodily functions to survive; no matter how damaged the body is, one doesn't actually die.

However, after being strangled this time, Yang Jian felt an extraordinary heaviness in his body.

No.

Not just heaviness, he lost control of his body.

He felt like he was only a head left, his body gone, numb, and most frighteningly, even the Ghost Shadow seemed the same.

The next moment.

Yang Jian lost balance, falling to the ground, unable to move.

Shifting his gaze, he saw the corpse behind him.

"I was attacked by the ghost just now." He understood at this moment what had happened.

Meanwhile.

Due to Yang Jian's fall, his Ghost Hand smoothly withdrew from the furnace.

The Ghost Hand grasped a charred bone, which resembled coal burning in a furnace, with a peculiar flame dancing upon it.

However, the twisted Ghost Hand couldn't hold this burning bone firmly.

The bone immediately rolled down like a spark into the nearby corpse, then slipped through the corpse's gap, disappearing from sight.

After strangling Yang Jian's neck, the ghost no longer paid attention to him but walked forward before suddenly falling and landing directly on the still-burning furnace.

The burning furnace seemed less vigorous than before.

Once the corpse pressed down, the flames vanished in an instant, and even the burning sensation disappeared.

The surroundings once again became cold.

"I see, the ghost is blocking the furnace's burn, not wanting the furnace to ignite the corpses, but it lacks intelligence. The flame has already been drawn out; a single spark can start a fire. I don't believe all the corpses here are ghosts. As long as they're not true ghosts, these corpses are the best fuel for that spark."

Yang Jian, with his head tilted, watched this scene, quietly waiting for the flame to burst out.

"But I've been rendered immobile after the ghost attack; I can't lie here forever and must find a way to regain mobility."

Then, he attempted to regain mobility.

However, this time, when his neck was strangled, it was entirely different from before.

The first time the ghost broke his neck, Yang Jian's body could still move, but this time, for some unknown reason, he couldn't move at all, the Ghost Shadow also remained silent, unable to operate, with only his head remaining conscious.

This scene reminded Yang Jian of the time when his head was cut off by the Ghost Scissors.

However, at that time, his Ghost Shadow had revived and acted on its own, while now, his Ghost Shadow showed no movement.

"In other words, a single attack from the ghost caused all the supernatural entities within me to become dormant, almost as if dissected by a Firewood Knife," Yang Jian's gaze flickered.

He hadn't tried to reboot.

Yet part of the Ghost Eye also went dormant, preventing him from activating 70% of the Ghost Domain to reboot himself.

However, the supernatural power of the Ghost Lake was still present.

Yang Jian's body once again became drenched at this moment.

"I can only use the supernatural power of the Ghost Lake to fend off the ghost's attack on the third floor. Indeed, only S-level supernatural powers can be effective. The Ghost Shadow is still somewhat lacking against such a level of ghost, as it is merely the shadow of a ghost, not complete."

He gradually realized that what he could rely on now was the Ghost Lake, which he couldn't fully control.

As the water from the Ghost Lake soaked through him, Yang Jian felt the sensation of losing his body completely fading gradually.

But the fading was rather slow.

Just like healing a wound, it could only recover slowly.

Yet the situation waits for no one.

At this moment, Yang Jian saw a flicker of fire emerge from the pile of corpses nearby.

It was where the charred bone had rolled previously.

The firelight grew from small to large, starting very slowly, but as the flames gradually increased, the expansion speed of the fire quickly accelerated.

Clearly, Yang Jian's previous plan had succeeded; he had ignited the heap of corpses on the third floor.

However, the dreadful part now was that he was very close to the ignition point, and if nothing unexpected happened, he might be burned alive by the spreading fire before he managed to recover his actions.

"Is there time?"

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, for now, he could only watch this scene unfold helplessly.

The flames had already erupted completely from the piled corpses, causing the nearby bodies to sizzle and crackle as they burned. The air was filled with the acrid smell of burning flesh.

The greater the fire, the stronger the supernatural power, and the stronger the supernatural power, the more dreadful the burn speed became.

At this moment, the flames epitomized an out-of-control risk, like a snowball rolling downhill.

Even the fierce ghost on the third floor could no longer extinguish such a fire.

Only when all the corpses here were burned completely, lacking a medium for the supernatural power to spread, would the fire calm down and everything return to its original state.

Meanwhile.

Another event occurred.

A supernatural elevator with its lights on suddenly returned to the vicinity of the elevator entrance on the third floor.

But when the elevator doors opened, they were completely blocked by piled corpses.

After a brief pause, the stacked bodies were cleared away.

Someone crawled out from inside the elevator, down the heap of corpses.

It was Xiang Lan, Ah Nan, Zhu Jian, and the other five of them.

"Is this the situation on the third floor? Corpses piled up like mountains, even the elevator's blocked. If a ghost targets us, we'd die miserably," Zhu Jian frowned, looking very grim as he stood on the heap of bodies, feeling a sense of dread.

But very quickly.

He was attracted by the glare of fire.

In the not too distant pile of corpses, there was a cluster of flames burning the bodies and spreading towards them.

"That's Yang Jian; I see him lying there." The light from the flames revealed Yang Jian's collapsed form among the corpses to Dong Yulan immediately.

Yang Jian was too conspicuous.

Because he was out of place with the other corpses.

"He seems unable to move, was he attacked by a ghost?" Ah Nan speculated.

"The fire will soon spread to him. It's best to let him burn to death here, so he won't cause us trouble later," Zhu Jian said calmly.

"Right." The others nodded in agreement.

They were enemies, not allies with Yang Jian, there were irreconcilable conflicts and contradictions between them.

Even though they were unwilling to fight Yang Jian directly, they were happy to see him die amidst the supernatural events on the third floor.

"No, not right."

Xiang Lan noticed the surrounding situation: "This fire was set by Yang Jian. He intends to burn away the corpses on the third floor to find the hidden door that lies amongst them. It's a very extreme method, but he's undoubtedly succeeded."

"We can't stay on the third floor; we need to retreat temporarily, or else the out-of-control fire will burn us alive as well."

"Hm?"

The others' faces changed upon hearing this.

They thought Yang Jian came to the third floor searching for an exit, unexpectedly, Yang Jian came to set the corpses on fire.

"Go back." Zhu Jian moved quickly, immediately turning to leave.

However, the next moment, he halted.

The elevator behind them was already gone.

The supernatural elevator wasn't under their control; it wouldn't remain on the third floor indefinitely.

"A mistake on my part," Zhu Jian's face looked grim.

"Keep pressing the elevator button; the fire won't spread that fast," Ah Nan returned to press the elevator button.

But the elevator that just left obviously wasn't coming back quickly, similar to the situation Yang Jian and the others encountered before.

"Everyone, quiet down for a moment; there's movement around," Xiang Lan suddenly signaled everyone to keep quiet.

They immediately ceased their conversation and began to listen.

One after another, wailing cries echoed from the depths of some corpse, resonating throughout the third floor.

Soon, the overlapping cries made the sound grow even louder.

"Someone's crying?" Zhu Jian tried to pinpoint the origin of the sound.

But it couldn't be locked down.

The cries were everywhere, making it impossible to determine the source.

"Is it the ghost from the third floor?" Ah Nan asked softly.

"I don't think so. I think it's the supernatural entity controlled by the person named Tong Qian beside Yang Jian. They have three faces, one or two of which are crying faces, but it's also possible that the person called Tong Qian is already dead," Dong Yulan said, having seen Tong Qian and analyzed some intel.

Before the others could speak.

At this time, in the pile of corpses not far away, a corpse was turned over.

Tong Qian emerged with great difficulty from the heap of bodies.

He panted for breath, finally having escaped the predicament.

"Indeed, it's Tong Qian, the one beside Yang Jian. What do we do, should we get rid of him? If we kill them, no one will stop us from finding the exit," Zhu Jian glanced at Xiang Lan.

The others fell silent, pondering deeply.

Considering whether to take advantage of the situation while Yang Jian and the ghosts are locked in a struggle to strike a fatal blow.

Chapter 1213 The Group's Sneak Attack

Anyone could see that Yang Jian and his group suffered during their confrontation with the ghost on the third floor. At this moment, not only was Yang Jian lying there motionless, but Tong Qian had just crawled out from the pile of corpses. In addition, Li Yang seemed to be missing, as there was no trace of him around.

Anyone who witnessed such a situation would be moved.

They retrieved their previous memories, and their mindset was no longer that of newcomers, so they understood the rarity of the present opportunity.

"If we make a move and an accident occurs, failing to take them down, they might stop confronting the ghost and turn against us. By then, the situation could become even worse. If we help them now, there might be a chance for cooperation again. Together, the two groups could not only confront the ghost on the third floor but also find that door successfully."

The relatively silent Wang Genquan shared his perspective.

He wasn't in favor of kicking someone while they were down; he leaned more toward cooperation for mutual benefit.

He always felt that choosing to make a move would be a mistake and that the person named Yang Jian wasn't so simple.

Moreover, the conflict between the two sides wasn't irreconcilable, and their common enemy should be the ghost here, not each other.

"They are not one of us, and saving them might lead them to turn against us later. Sometimes, people can be more malicious than ghosts. I think we should take them down to prevent any future trouble. The corpses here have been set on fire, and the flames are growing. What's left is to find the door, and collaborating with them isn't as beneficial as imagined."

Zhu Jian's attitude also indicated a desire to take action against Tong Qian.

"Ah Nan, Dong Yulan, what are your thoughts?"

Xiang Lan's expression was cold as she glanced at the two of them.

Ah Nan's eyes shifted; he had heard from Dong Yulan on the way here that his last resurrection likely resulted from his death at the hands of Yang Jian. Although after this resurrection he had no acquaintance with Yang Jian, learning about his previous death made him very cautious about this Yang Jian.

"We can't be soft-hearted now. I suggest we take action, eliminate these people, and then find the door to leave together. Zhu Jian is right; if we help them and they turn against us, it would be a disaster."

"Although I don't think taking action is good, their group is indeed very dangerous. We have no say in front of them, but now they are in bad shape. I think we don't need to mind them, just focus on our own tasks. After all, the ghost on the third floor is still here and could target us at any time. If we spend time on other matters, unexpected accidents may occur."

Dong Yulan said seriously.

Clearly, she maintained a neutral attitude.

Nevertheless, it was also a reasonable choice.

Xiang Lan's eyes shifted.

Now Ah Nan and Zhu Jian suggested taking action, while Wang Genquan wanted to help, and Dong Yulan chose to watch coldly.

Everyone had different ideas and judgments.

So Xiang Lan's decision was crucial at this moment.

"There's no time; we can't think too much. We must decide quickly."

Zhu Jian pressed his voice, occasionally glancing at Tong Qian not far away.

At this moment, Tong Qian was standing on the pile of corpses. He observed the situation around him and noticed the presence of Xiang Lan and others, but he didn't mind them and instead looked toward Yang Jian by the fire.

"There's a problem."

His expression changed, and he immediately rushed towards Yang Jian's position.

Although he didn't know what happened, the fire lighting up the corpses was terrifying. If Yang Jian couldn't move away in time, he might be burned to death.

Therefore, what Tong Qian needed to do now was to move the motionless Yang Jian away from the fire.

"The others have already moved, and he is going to save Yang Jian. If we don't decide now, we won't be able to decide at all," Zhu Jian said.

"This Yang Jian cannot be saved; otherwise, he'll take charge here," Ah Nan immediately said. He understood Yang Jian's weight very well.

Tong Qian's actions put pressure on them, leaving no time for hesitation or contemplation.

Xiang Lan immediately said, "Stop him."

That statement made it clear she chose to side with Ah Nan and Zhu Jian, deciding to eliminate Yang Jian's group.

Although Yang Jian had saved her before, she hadn't forgotten his assertive nature.

Once someone like him recovers, they would be at his mercy.

"That's right; the five of us teamed up shouldn't be afraid of just one person," Zhu Jian laughed immediately.

"Let's hope everything goes smoothly," Xiang Lan said coldly.

At this moment, although Tong Qian knew that Xiang Lan and the others were discussing something, he paid no attention, focusing solely on rescuing Yang Jian as the top priority. Everything else could wait.

Of course, he still needed to be wary of the appearance of the ghost around him.

"The ghost hasn't attacked me." Tong Qian's pace was swift, quickly reaching Yang Jian's side.

At this point, the flames had grown larger again.

The surrounding corpses were all ignited, and even those nearby turned bright red from the heat, resembling hot coals. Flames soon flickered up.

The darkness of the entire third floor was dispelled.

The flames completely illuminated this place, and the fire had begun to spread rapidly around with an unstoppable momentum.

Yang Jian was right beside the fire, even one hand had already touched the flames.

His arm was ignited.

The only fortunate thing was that his body did not catch fire, because at this moment his body was damp, and the supernatural protection from Ghost Lake saved him.

"Yang Jian, are you okay?" Tong Qian rushed over, not too affected.

This flame could ignite supernatural entities, using the bones inside corpses as fuel, but had very little impact on the living. This was similar to Li Jun's Ghost Flame; otherwise, Tong Qian would have easily set himself on fire by approaching recklessly.

Yang Jian's head was clear at this moment. He saw Tong Qian coming over: "I was attacked by a ghost, and my body lost mobility, but this is only temporary. I'll recover in a while, but where I'm laying isn't good, the fire will soon engulf me, get me out of here, and I'll be fine soon."

He was now relying on the Ghost Lake's supernatural forces to actively corrode himself, trying to offset the effects of the previous ghost attack. Although it was very effective, he was too close to the flames, and the Ghost Lake's supernatural influence was also disturbed, causing the effect to be slow.

"It's good you're okay, but I haven't found Li Yang. I don't know if he's still pinned under these corpses. Our action this time doesn't seem to be going smoothly, but that's also normal, the ghosts on the third floor are too terrifying, just surviving is good enough..."

Tong Qian nodded, feeling relieved.

However, at this moment, Yang Jian's Ghost Eye glimpsed a blurry figure suddenly appearing behind Tong Qian.

The figure was almost illusory, only revealing traces under the light of the fire.

And at this moment, the nearly illusory figure rushed directly at Tong Qian.

"It's definitely not the fierce ghost from the third floor."

Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly, realizing something, he immediately said, "Tong Qian, be careful behind you."

"What?"

Tong Qian instinctively turned his head slightly, a weeping face turned to look behind him.

But he didn't see that illusory figure, instead saw a bizarre corpse behind him, it was the fierce ghost that had walked out of the room earlier, which had been following Tong Qian all along, whenever he turned back he could see this thing.

The illusory figure then disappeared.

Tong Qian paused, and then his expression began to turn dazed, he stumbled and fell to the ground, with blood continuously flowing from his nose and ears.

"It's a human-induced supernatural attack." Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, staring at that group of people not far away.

"It's succeeded," Zhu Jian's low voice drifted over.

"Is he dead?" Dong Yulan asked.

Zhu Jian said, "Not dead, just passed out, this guy just turned his head, a Ghost Face blocked most of the supernatural attack, otherwise he would surely have been dead by now."

"A few rats, finally daring to make a move at this time?" Yang Jian's eyes were cold, staring at those people.

Several people looked at Yang Jian, some remained silent.

"If you don't die, we can't leave here alive. To survive, don't blame us for taking advantage of your trouble." Ah Nan took a few steps forward, seeing Yang Jian being engulfed by the flames.

At this moment, the flames had already engulfed one of Yang Jian's arms, and the bodies around him were blazing, seeming ready to consume him completely.

"A good choice, but it's a pity you chose the wrong path." Yang Jian said.

"At this point, you're just putting on a brave front." Zhu Jian coldly said, "You're almost about to be burned to death, I don't believe you have any other means."

He had observed Yang Jian earlier, if this guy really had any other means, he would have used it long ago, not waited until now.

"At most a few dozen seconds, and he will be completely consumed by the flames."

Dong Yulan's expression moved slightly, "But the opponent still has someone named Li Yang who hasn't shown up, we should be on guard."

"It's already too late, even if Li Yang appears, he can't save him. We just need to stop him a little, it seems our decision was correct, this is the best opportunity to deal with these people, if we miss it, when he recovers, our end will definitely be very bad." Ah Nan said.

"How bad could it be, at worst we'll fight, we can't die, even if we die, we can resurrect, but if they die, they're really dead." Zhu Jian dismissively said.

Though he said it, he remained vigilant, others were also alert to the surroundings, not wanting any accidents.

He must see Yang Jian burn to death with his own eyes before feeling at ease, before daring to carry out the next actions.

Yang Jian kept a cold face without speaking, his body now began to rapidly turn red, and then sparks rose, about to ignite.

But the other arm was wet, as if just pulled out from the water, even able to drip water.

In this environment, the corrosion speed of Ghost Lake covering the whole body was not fast enough, but eroding a part of the limb might not be the same.

In the next moment.

His other arm twitched, regaining mobility.

The supernatural power of Ghost Hand had recovered.

Chapter 1214 - Charred Hand

Xiang Lan and the others seized the opportunity to block Tong Qian from rescuing Yang Jian. They hoped that this fire would not only dispel the supernatural forces here but also burn Yang Jian and the others to death.

Only then could they search for that door with peace of mind and escape this cursed place.

The plan was indeed very successful.

Tong Qian succumbed to the supernatural attack and fainted.

This was Tong Qian's weakness; he wasn't an anomaly, making it difficult for him to withstand such attacks. Part of the reason was also that he didn't expect someone from behind to strike suddenly.

Xiang Lan, Ah Nan, Dong Yulan, Wang Genquan, and Zhu Jian, the five of them stood not far away, staring at Yang Jian, who was beside the fire.

They remained vigilant, not wanting any surprises to occur. They needed to see with their own eyes that Yang Jian was burned to death before they could be at ease.

"He doesn't have much time left; the fire has already burned half of his body, and the corpses around have caught fire. Even if that other person called Li Yang were to appear suddenly, it would be of no use. The five of us stopping him would surely not be a problem."

Zhu Jian began to feel confident at this moment.

Reaching this critical point, he didn't believe the other party had any chance to overturn the situation.

"We still have to be careful of the ghost here. The ghost on the third floor hasn't appeared, and it might be hiding among this mountain of corpses," Dong Yulan reminded, hoping the others wouldn't forget the other danger.

"Perhaps this Yang Jian was just fighting the ghost, leading to a mutual destruction which allowed us to take advantage," Zhu Jian sneered.

"Something's wrong."

Suddenly, Wang Genquan frowned, whispering, "That Yang Jian seems to have moved."

"Probably just convulsing from the burns," Ah Nan said.

"What?" Wang Genquan remained doubtful.

However, in the next moment.

Yang Jian, who had been lying there completely still, suddenly shook, sank a bit, and then fell downwards, disappearing into the crevices of the pile of corpses out of sight from everyone else.

"Gone?" They froze for a moment upon seeing this scene.

"Was the surroundings burnt so badly that the ground collapsed and dragged Yang Jian down with it?" Ah Nan said.

But the others didn't respond; while Ah Nan's explanation could be possible, there was also a chance of an unexpected incident.

"Could he have been rescued by that person called Li Yang? Maybe Li Yang is hiding underneath these corpses," Dong Yulan suggested.

Zhu Jian glanced around, "That's possible, but I think it's unlikely. The flames were terrifying; standing here we even felt burnt. With Yang Jian so close to it earlier, approaching recklessly might have set him on fire directly..."

But before he finished speaking, Tong Qian, who was unconscious not far away, also suddenly sank into the pile of corpses on the ground.

Hmm?

The others quickly realized something was wrong upon witnessing this scene.

"There's an issue, Yang Jian wasn't burned to death. He might have escaped already. Everyone, be careful," Wang Genquan said in a low voice.

"Escaping under such circumstances? Who are you kidding?" Zhu Jian looked rather grim, beginning to feel a wave of anxiety in his heart.

The group began to get nervous.

They glanced around.

Yet the place was eerily calm; the corpses on the ground were silent, except the flames not far away were growing, spreading out at least a meter, engulfing the spot where Yang Jian had just been lying.

Suddenly.

A blackened, stiff, but scorched-smelling dead hand stretched out from among the countless corpses, grabbing Dong Yulan's ankle.

In an instant.

Dong Yulan felt her Supernatural Power being suppressed, followed by a tremendous force pulling her downward continuously.

"I'm under attack, help me," she immediately called for help.

This kind of attack wasn't something she could resist.

"Did it target Dong Yulan?" Zhu Jian, Ah Nan, and the others were startled, immediately wanting to assist.

However, Dong Yulan was quickly pulled into the pile of corpses on the ground, disappearing from everyone's sight in the blink of an eye.

Supernatural attacks followed one after another, yet there were only corpses nearby, their attempt to intervene failed, only striking empty air.

"Damn," Zhu Jian cursed angrily upon failing to help.

Xiang Lan said expressionlessly, "It's not the ghost from the third floor, it's Yang Jian who made a move. That hand had burn marks; earlier, when Yang Jian was lying there, his other hand had burn marks too. He's targeting us for revenge."

"And it allowed him to turn the tables? What a joke," Zhu Jian looked around, but still couldn't see Yang Jian's figure.

He could only guess Yang Jian was hiding among these corpses.

But faced with these corpses, he couldn't possibly uncover them one by one to find him, it would be like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Wang Genquan's face also looked grim, "Yang Jian's power is terrifying; otherwise, he wouldn't dare confront the ghost on the third floor. Just now, we only got lucky, but now, it seems this luck is about to cost us. Having torn the facade, either we kill him here, or we die at his hands today."

"He attacked Dong Yulan first, indicating his strong sense of revenge."

"Why is that? Shouldn't he have targeted Zhu Jian and me first?" Ah Nan asked.

Wang Genquan replied, "Because Dong Yulan and I had contact with Yang Jian before. Although he clashed with us, he hadn't made a move against us. Otherwise, it's unlikely we'd be alive now. So he saw that we got away before, and now we're adding insult to injury, which is the most hateful."

The others shuddered at his words. So, that's how it is.

"Cough, cough, it's not that complicated."

The sound of coughing echoed, and amidst the corpses not far away, a figure was suddenly standing upright, emerging out of nowhere.

That person was charred all over, with crimson eyes, resembling an Evil Ghost from hell, chilling to behold.

"I killed her first simply because she was easier to kill, nothing more." Yang Jian, despite his stiff body, was holding someone.

To be precise, he was gripping the person's neck.

The charred, cold hand had almost sunk into the person's neck, and the sound of bones cracking one after another was faintly audible.

"Let her go." Zhu Jian immediately shouted.

He saw the person in Yang Jian's hand was undoubtedly the previously vanished Dong Yulan.

At this moment, Dong Yulan's face was contorted in extreme pain. She was still alive but unable to resist, unable to move at all.

Yang Jian stood in the distance, his crimson eyes coldly watching him: "You've harnessed some Supernatural Powers, gaining some capital to survive, but it's still not enough; the outside world is not as simple as you think."

"We've been dying and resurrecting countless times here. How could we not compare to you?" Zhu Jian was skeptical that Yang Jian could really be so powerful.

"Your endless resurrections are countless opportunities; I have only one. You've had too many chances and gone astray. Otherwise, you should have toppled Caesar Grand Hotel and escaped by now. A group that cannot even control its own fate dares to lay a hand on me; I could kill you all with one hand."

After Yang Jian finished speaking, his hand suddenly exerted force.

Dong Yulan had no time to struggle before her neck was snapped.

Strangely, Dong Yulan's neck began to redden and smoke, and then flames flared up.

The corpse was inexplicably ignited.

Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged, casually tossing the burning corpse away.

The flames did not extinguish and fiercely burnt, using Dong Yulan's body as fuel, with a tendency to spread around.

"This guy has grown again; he acquired the Supernatural from within the furnace." Zhu Jian's pupils shrank suddenly.

Yang Jian remained silent.

He knew he hadn't harnessed the Supernatural fire within the furnace; the Ghost Hand had ignited and was burning uncontrollably. If the fire didn't go out, he might spontaneously combust to death.

Yet the Ghost Hand now had the ability to ignite corpses, theoretically becoming stronger.

"Most of my body remains immobile, compounded by the burning Ghost Hand, making the situation worse than I expected."

Yang Jian thought inwardly: "If I'm attacked by the ghost on the third floor again, I might be completely paralyzed here. But right now, the most important thing is to eliminate these remaining few. Without their deaths, the action cannot continue."

Immediately, he set his sights on Zhu Jian.

Although he didn't know why this guy could immediately harness the Supernatural after resurrection, it didn't matter.

The Supernatural powers Zhu Jian could wield posed no threat to him.

"Am I the next target?" Zhu Jian himself sensed being targeted.

Without much hesitation, he opted to act.

Behind him, an invisible specter suddenly leaped out and rushed towards Yang Jian.

However, when Zhu Jian took action, he felt something wrong inside his body.

Instantly, a searing pain made him collapse to the ground.

He felt fire burning inside and something stirring.

"Wow!"

Opening his mouth, a charred hand was lodged in his throat, gripping his mouth tightly, while dense smoke emerged, and flames started sprouting from his body.

Confronting the menacing ghost figure rushing at him, Yang Jian did not evade, enduring it head-on, yet he did not fall. Such a Supernatural assault could not kill him.

"Zhu Jian lost, he's going to die." Xiang Lan remarked.

Seeing this, Ah Nan immediately rushed out, grabbing Zhu Jian and pulling hard.

Zhu Jian's arm was forcibly elongated and then detached, while the charred hand was also pulled out of his body.

Yet the crisis was not averted; the flames on him did not go out but began to escalate gradually.

"Why are you unharmed," Zhu Jian gritted his teeth, glaring at Yang Jian.

Both suffered mutual assaults; why was he close to death, while the other seemed fine?

"You can't comprehend the existence of anomalies at your current level, maybe Xiang Lan understands a bit," Yang Jian remained unfazed.

Xiang Lan gazed at Yang Jian briefly and said slowly: "Perhaps this guy is no longer human, indistinguishable from a real ghost, so your Supernatural assault can't kill him."

"How is that possible." Ah Nan was in shock.

Only those who harnessed Supernatural powers could grasp the extreme danger it entailed, risking being corrupted into a living dead, while becoming a real ghost without that corruption seemed impossible.

Because the essence of Supernatural power is a ghost.

"But his current state isn't good; let's not hesitate to act together, or we won't survive." Xiang Lan stated seriously.

The remaining Wang Genquan and Ah Nan's expressions flickered.

In a brief moment, they had lost two people. Could the three of them together really handle Yang Jian?

Chapter 1215 - An Unbeatable Existence

Even though Yang Jian could only move one hand now, taking out this group of people still wasn't a problem.

Because he was an anomaly, not easily killed, unlike them. Although they harnessed supernatural powers, they were fragile, and any supernatural attack would claim their lives.

Moreover, Yang Jian's attack was not simple.

The Ghost Hand ignited by the furnace not only could invade their bodies but also set them on fire.

That fire, capable of burning the supernatural, was undoubtedly their nemesis.

Of course, this fire also restrained the current Yang Jian.

Only because Yang Jian harnessed the supernatural from Ghost Lake, the two canceled each other out, preventing the fire on the Ghost Hand from spreading.

"This fire, though only using bones as fuel, can spread; flesh, skin, and body oils will also ignite. Yet, the ghost cannot be killed, becoming the carrier of this fire, helping it spread, like a different kind of puzzle piece."

Yang Jian glanced slightly at his charred hand.

The Ghost Hand could still move, and the flames remained, as if the two supernatural elements had merged together to form an even more terrifying hand.

At the same time.

Xiang Lan, Ah Nan, and Wang Genquan stepped over corpses, each spreading out, slowly approaching Yang Jian.

They were ready to make a move, intending to join forces to kill Yang Jian here.

Zhu Jian was still alive, but essentially crippled.

Though Ah Nan had helped pull out the Ghost Hand from his body, the strange furnace fire still clung to his damaged body, burning.

Zhu Jian was in agony, wailing, unable to stay conscious any longer.

But at this moment, he couldn't be helped.

"Still want to make a move?"

Yang Jian stood rigidly in place, unable to move. He was standing entirely supported by the Ghost Hand.

Ghost Hands gripped his legs, supporting his body, keeping him from easily falling.

"We're already at this point; we have no choice. Even if we stop, you won't spare us, right," Xiang Lan said impassively.

Yang Jian replied, "I shouldn't have spared you before. I always knew you guys, cursed and lingering at the Caesar Hotel, were a hidden danger. I just have principles; I'll give a chance to those who don't directly threaten me. It's a pity you didn't seize it."

"We have countless chances to make mistakes. Even if you kill all of us, we'll reunite in a few years and continue looking for a way out. But this time, we don't want to miss out," Ah Nan said gravely.

Yang Jian responded coldly, "There won't be such a chance. You're cursed, surviving on that curse, unable to leave the Caesar Hotel ever. Even if you find an exit, you can't leave. The moment you do, the curse will fail, and you'll die, not even understanding the truth, yet still fighting me here."

"Impossible," Ah Nan immediately retorted, his eyes narrowing.

Wang Genquan's expression changed. He had heard such words from Yang Jian before their falling out. But this time, after Yang Jian returned from that supernatural corridor, he seemed even more convinced of this.

It seemed Yang Jian had learned something.

"Impossible?"

Yang Jian revealed a cold smile, "You never wondered why you resurrect every time you die? Coming back to life—such a good thing doesn't come free. Involving the supernatural always has a price, and constantly resurrecting like that comes with an even higher cost."

"I've been to that room you claim can resurrect people. Guess what I saw in there?"

"He's in poor condition, trying to buy time. Stop listening to his nonsense and let's take action," Xiang Lan immediately said.

"No, let him finish,"

Wang Genquan unexpectedly stopped Xiang Lan and Ah Nan from acting.

"This truth is important. If what he says is true, then our actions this time are meaningless."

Ah Nan furrowed his brows, saying nothing at this moment.

"You want to know the truth? Too bad I don't want to tell you now. Before me, you're not worthy of knowing all this."

Yang Jian said stoically, "You should just keep reincarnating here. I hope one day you can find an unprecedented path, break the curse, and take control of the Caesar Hotel."

"But with your potential, that chance is nearly impossible. Being trapped here for decades with no progress, likely it will be the same in decades to come."

"Damned," Ah Nan couldn't help but feel anger surge within him.

Wang Genquan remained silent, "Unworthy of knowing the truth? You're right. Decades of being trapped still don't compare to your brief visit. We've indeed failed. In that case, we can only proceed with our previous plan. After all, we don't want to sit and wait for death."

At this moment, the three of them acted together.

A strange music echoed immediately on the silent third floor.

The music was similar to the Eight-Tone Music Box's curse yet had a distinct tune.

"Fatal Curse music—the curse music should be stored on that old piano, not something you can control," Yang Jian's eyes moved slightly, glancing at Xiang Lan.

This music seemed targeted solely at him, continuously surrounding him, elusive.

"Supernatural matters are hard to explain. I survived a ghost attack too," Xiang Lan said.

She had previously been attacked by a ghost, nearly losing her body, remaining in a state of neither life nor death. That situation allowed her to gain the ghost's supernatural power, capturing a portion of the curse music.

Accompanying the music, Ah Nan became particularly eerie at this moment, his skin turning deathly pale instantly, and his limbs strangely lengthening.

His entire appearance became unfamiliar and terrifying.

The next moment,

he vanished into the darkness and then reappeared, that tall, slender, eerie figure emerging from the darkness beside Yang Jian once more.

Ah Nan grabbed Yang Jian, attempting to pull him into the darkness.

Strangely, a phantom silhouette wavered around Yang Jian's body, as if his soul was being pulled out, reminiscent of that eerie hook used by the Soul-Reaper Zhao Feng encountered at the post office before.

Uncertain if that hook was related to the ghost controlled by Ah Nan.

Yang Jian's Ghost Hand lifted, the charred hand firmly grasped Ah Nan, standing rooted in place, immovable.

"You think this bit of supernatural will take my life? You overestimate yourself. The essence of supernatural confrontation is between ghosts; the supernatural I control is beyond your imagination."

With that, he forcefully pulled.

In the darkness, Ah Nan was dragged out bit by bit, his body covered in charred hands, and gradually returned to its original form, as if the supernatural was being suppressed.

"Ah!"

Ah Nan let out a painful scream, his skin turning red, as if those ghost hands were branding irons, nearly setting him aflame.

At this moment, he experienced Zhu Jian's fate.

"I can kill you once, I can kill you a second time, a third time..."

Yang Jian was expressionless, released his arm, and then grasped Ah Nan's neck the next moment.

Crunch!

Without hesitation, a crisp bone-cracking sound echoed.

Ah Nan's neck was directly twisted, yet he wasn't dead, still writhing in agony, as his neck was ghostly pale and unnaturally elongated.

This wasn't his body; a ghost had replaced a part of his body, preserving his life.

But the supernatural presence accelerated the flames consuming him.

This exacerbated his torment.

Crack!

However, at that moment, another sound arose, as if something split open.

The next moment, a crack appeared on Yang Jian's face, extending deeply from his face to his body, and the fissure continued to widen, as if he might shatter entirely.

"I don't believe you're that difficult to deal with." At this moment, Wang Genquan made a move, holding a small mirror reflecting Yang Jian's form.

Wang Genquan attempted to crush the mirror with force continuously.

Cracks appeared on the mirror, and in reality, Yang Jian bore cracks as well,

As long as the mirror fully shattered, Yang Jian would also completely shatter.

"A curse that kills?"

Yang Jian ignored the cracks on his face, instead looking at him: "When I entered the Caesar Grand Hotel for the second time, I passed by a room and heard the sound of porcelain shattering inside, similar to this sound."

"I control the ghost from that room," Wang Genquan said.

"So that's how it is."

Yang Jian said, "A terrifying curse, even affecting me, but it seems your strength isn't enough to crush even a piece of glass."

Wang Genquan's expression turned sullen; it wasn't that he couldn't crush it, but a supernatural force resisted from the glass.

This reaction indicated to him that the person he wanted to curse was terrifying, scarier than ordinary ghosts.

Because ordinary ghosts aren't this hard to break.

"Seems like you fall short of a real ghost, you have your limits," Yang Jian immediately saw Wang Genquan's predicament.

It wasn't the curse's failure, but his own failure.

Crack!

Another crack appeared, yet this time not on Yang Jian, but on Wang Genquan's face.

He was being corroded by the supernatural, beginning to suffer from the curse's side effects.

"Xiang Lan, stop playing music, that thing can't kill me, I control another cursed music piece that can neutralize your Fatal Curse." Yang Jian finished speaking and opened his mouth.

No words came out, but an eerie ringing emanated from inside his stomach.

The two overlapping into a symphonic harmony.

But soon, the music clashed, both slowly quieting, until they vanished entirely.

The Fatal Curse failed.

"Another piece of music?" Xiang Lan's expression changed involuntarily.

Yang Jian said, "So, is this all you have?"

After saying this, he casually tossed Ah Nan away.

At this moment, Ah Nan was ablaze, writhing and wailing in the fire; though lively as ever, he was enduring the agony of being burned alive.

"If this is all, then please go to your deaths."

He raised that charred Ghost Hand.

At this moment.

Xiang Lan and Wang Genquan immediately sensed a foreign presence invading their bodies, an intense pain ensued.

It seemed Yang Jian truly intended to eliminate them all single-handedly.

Chapter 1216 - The Reappearing Male Corpse

"In this situation, can't we get rid of him? Imagine how terrifying he'd be at full strength."

At this moment, Wang Genquan's face looked extremely grim. He glanced at Ah Nan, who was wailing in the raging fire beside him, and Zhu Jian, who was now barely alive, gradually turning into a charred corpse.

The two of them were beyond saving.

The furnace flames had ignited them, and extinguishing them was out of the question; being burned to death was only a matter of time.

Moreover, both himself and Xiang Lan were not in great shape either.

He could feel an alien sensation invading his body: the searing heat, the twisting pain—if no measures were taken, they would meet the same fate.

"Hands that can invade the living body's interior?" Xiang Lan stared at Yang Jian, her expression serious, disregarding the pain within her body.

At this moment, Yang Jian's body had mostly recovered. He could now move, albeit stiffly. It seemed the effects of the previous ghost attack were diminishing.

This was good news.

At least it proved he could still withstand the attack of the third-floor ghost, although enduring it came at a certain cost.

"You can't even withstand the Ghost Hand's attack, yet you want to kill me? That's a pipe dream. However, the two of you have tamed more than just one ghost, possessing another kind of supernatural power. If you don't want to die, you can try to fight once more, to see if you can succeed." Yang Jian slowly approached.

His ghost eyes opened again, quickly recovering after enduring the moment of immobility.

Xiang Lan fell silent for a moment: "No, we've already lost. When we made our move earlier, I knew it would fail, but we had no choice. If we missed this chance, who knows when the next would come. We've lost this time, but there will be another time. After countless failures, we will surely succeed one day."

"Wang Genquan, let's go. We need to leave the information from this time."

She had no intention of continuing to fight, deciding to retreat, record this crucial information, to lay the groundwork for the next success.

At this moment, many parts of Wang Genquan's body had turned red, with a feeling like they were about to catch fire. However, using the supernatural power within him, he extended the time before being ignited, forcibly sustaining his life.

But if he continued to fight, he and Xiang Lan would be burned to death immediately.

Forget about defeating Yang Jian; even if they did manage to win, they wouldn't live much longer.

So, they had already lost, and it's better to save some strength for the next resurrection.

"Leave?"

Yang Jian sneered coldly at this moment: "Did you think it was child's play just now, coming and going as you please? I told you, none of you are leaving alive; you'll all die here. As for leaving information? Stop dreaming. I'll erase every trace of information, trapping you here forever."

He sensed the Ghost Hand that invaded their bodies was suppressed by supernatural forces, so they weren't dead yet.

But while the Ghost Hand could be suppressed, the mysterious furnace flames couldn't be restricted.

Both Wang Genquan and Xiang Lan currently had red marks exposed on their skin, like red-hot charcoal, with flames about to burst forth.

"Your current state hasn't recovered. The Ghost Hand invading our bodies can't kill us yet. We're leaving now; you can't stop us."

Xiang Lan said, then signaled with a glance to Wang Genquan.

Without saying a word, Wang Genquan turned and left.

The two of them ignored Zhu Jian and Ah Nan, rapidly retreating, intending to take the elevator to escape.

"Bang!"

However, in the next moment.

A massive force came from behind, a charred, burning hand grasped Xiang Lan's nape, pinning her directly against the elevator doors.

Xiang Lan let out a muffled groan, blood spurting from her mouth immediately.

She looked back in surprise.

Only to see Yang Jian already behind her, his eyes emitting a red glow, cold and eerie.

"I don't want to repeat myself. I said you couldn't escape, and you can't."

Yang Jian's expression was indifferent, like a life-demanding fierce ghost, unavoidable.

Xiang Lan gritted her teeth, refusing to back down. She turned around, grabbed Yang Jian's arm, and suddenly, another arm extended from her sleeve. No, not just one arm—two, three, four... These arms continued to extend, overlapping, covering Yang Jian layer by layer.

"Wang Genquan, I'll hold him off while you take the elevator and leave. Act quickly; his supernatural power is recovering, and I can't hold him for long."

She employed the supernatural of the second ghost, intending to hold Yang Jian back with her life.

"Okay, we'll meet again next time." Wang Genquan decisively pressed the elevator button, with no intentions of a rescue.

He was also injured and wouldn't live much longer. Among the five of them, someone had to survive to convey the information.

Otherwise, the operation would be meaningless.

Only by recording the message, could they know everything upon their future resurrection and increase the chance of survival.

The appearance of the second supernatural power rendered the Ghost Hand's suppression ineffective.

Although Yang Jian's power was immense, he couldn't pin Xiang Lan down. Those countless hands extending from the sleeves, overlapping, actually forced him to retreat a few steps.

But that was all it was.

The power of the ghost eyes had partially revived, and the power of the Ghost Shadow had partially revived as well.

"It's useless. The elevator won't arrive so quickly, and you can't hold me off for long." Yang Jian glanced a bit: "Even if he takes the elevator back to the fourth floor, I have ways to kill him. Escaping before me is meaningless."

He just needed to retrieve the spear.

A single strike from the Firewood Knife was enough to kill Wang Genquan, regardless of the distance.

"He doesn't need to live long, as long as the information is left behind." Xiang Lan was now smoldering, with flames bursting from her skin.

She was being ignited, enduring the agony of burning.

Ding!

Whether it was luck or perfect timing.

At this moment, the mysterious elevator arrived on the third floor. With a ringing sound, the crooked elevator doors opened.

"The elevator's here, I'm leaving first." Wang Genquan was somewhat delighted at this moment.

He immediately prepared to take the elevator to leave.

But when the elevator doors opened, the delight on his face turned to shock, and then his eyes widened, revealing a look of incredulity.

The lights inside the opened elevator flickered, strong supernatural interference appeared.

A tall, heavily decayed male corpse now stood like a wall inside the elevator. The male corpse was wrapped with filthy cloth, but it wasn't covered completely; most of it had fallen off, exposing the blackened skin.

A thick stench of decay emanated from the elevator, seemingly lowering the surrounding temperature by several degrees.

In the next moment.

Wang Genquan's skin began to dull, then darken, and then rot. Within just a few seconds, he transformed from a whole person to a rotting corpse, collapsing to the ground and dying on the spot.

"What?"

Xiang Lan was stunned upon seeing this scene.

Yang Jian at this moment recognized the tall, rotting male corpse.

There was no doubt that this was the previous owner of the Firewood Knife and Ghost Shadow, also the Vicious Ghost wandering in the Caesar Grand Hotel.

The Corpse Wrapping Cloth on him was left behind when this ghost was imprisoned.

But what on earth happened that the ghost wrapped in the Corpse Wrapping Cloth could move again?

It's understood that the Corpse Wrapping Cloth is a paranormal object, any ghost wrapped in it should theoretically be unable to move, and its ability to imprison ghosts is akin to that of the Coffin Nail.

"Is it because the Corpse Wrapping Cloth fell off?"

Yang Jian stared at the loose Corpse Wrapping Cloth on the corpse, and could only make this judgment in his heart.

However, Wang Genquan's sudden violent death sounded an alarm in his heart.

Obviously, this rotting male corpse, aside from having controlled the Ghost Shadow and Firewood Knife during his life, harbors other terrifying ghosts.

"Retreat."

Intuition made Yang Jian immediately release Xiang Lan's hand and retreat swiftly.

His Ghost Domain was employed, and he appeared over a dozen meters away.

However, Xiang Lan was left behind in place.

But she won't live long.

Forcing the use of the second ghost's ability made her unable to resist the invasion of the Ghost Hand, resulting in her body catching fire now.

"Ah!"

A scream came, Xiang Lan could no longer hold on, collapsing painfully to the ground in struggle.

The tall male corpse, with most of its face covered by the Corpse Wrapping Cloth, showed no expression, but reeked densely of corpse stench as it took heavy steps out of the elevator.

Every step left a black footprint on the ground.

Even when stepping on the corpse on the third floor, the footprint remained quite obvious.

"This male corpse is different from before, becoming more dangerous. During the previous two encounters, I was unaffected as long as the footprints weren't stepped on, but this time, Wang Genquan mysteriously died upon approaching, does it mean other ghosts have taken up residence in this corpse?" Yang Jian squinted slightly, scrutinizing, his mind beginning to speculate.

His speculation wasn't baseless.

Because he stored the male corpse at the exit, if any other ghost wanted to exit, it must pass through the corpse's position.

Perhaps over time, ghosts attempting to leave have taken up residence inside the male corpse's body.

More ghosts, terrifying paranormal power, the Corpse Wrapping Cloth gradually losing effectiveness, resulting in the current situation where the Corpse Wrapping Cloth fell off.

Maybe it's fortunate that the Corpse Wrapping Cloth didn't entirely fall off, otherwise this male corpse would be even more terrifying now.

"If my conjecture is correct, my unintentional act back then might have nurtured an incredibly frightening ghost." Yang Jian felt apprehensive.

"Regardless, we can't confront this ghost for now, given the ghost on the third floor is still there, and the flames are spreading, the situation isn't favorable..."

Yang Jian decided to temporarily retreat, letting the fire on the third floor burn for a while.

Once the corpses are sufficiently burned, the hidden door will be revealed among them, allowing him to take Tong Qian and Li Yang out of here, before sealing the exit entirely.

However, at this moment, the tall male corpse didn't stop its steps.

It was indeed walking toward the area where the flames were fiercest.

As if something there was attracting it.

Yang Jian cared little about this; he retreated to the side, then uncovered a corpse, revealing Tong Qian's figure beneath.

Tong Qian was unconscious at this moment; Yang Jian had hidden her within a corpse earlier to save her.

Now, with Xiang Lan and the others dealt with, he had to take Tong Qian to a safer location.

"Hasn't Li Yang come out yet? Did he disappear, or did he die?" Yang Jian frowned, still seeing no trace of Li Yang up to now.

However, given Tong Qian survived, it's unlikely that Li Yang, who controlled three ghosts, would have died beneath this pile of corpses.

"The ghost from the third floor hasn't reappeared. Could Li Yang be confronting the third floor's ghost?" Yang Jian couldn't help speculating.

This possibility was quite high.

The ghost from the third floor attacked him, so it would presumably also attack Li Yang.

Now both the ghost and Li Yang have disappeared for a period, the likelihood of an encounter is high.

Carrying Tong Qian to a place considered a safe spot.

Yang Jian's ghost eye locked onto every move of the male corpse, daring not be careless for a moment.

He could now confirm he wasn't targeted by this male corpse.

Meaning he hadn't triggered its killing pattern.

But this thing also wasn't planning to leave, being a significant potential hazard.

The flames at the moment kept spreading.

Zhu Jian and Ah Nan, who had been struggling and wailing earlier, were completely silent, their positions engulfed by a fire, those corpses swallowed by the flames.

Now only Xiang Lan was still struggling.

That Wang Genquan was also dead.

The corpse rotted.

Wait... Wang Genquan's corpse wasn't burning; the fire on him went out.

Yang Jian noticed this detail, looked at the tall male corpse again, and his face suddenly changed.

Could this tall male corpse extinguish fires?

Or maybe it could restrain the spread of the flames.

"This ghost is heading for the out-of-control flames." Yang Jian understood at this moment.

Chapter 1217 - Everything Burns

The tall male corpse is very mysterious, with multiple vengeful spirits attached to it, extremely terrifying.

Yang Jian is actually quite entangled with this male corpse; the Ghost Shadow and Firewood Knife he controls were acquired from this tall male corpse, yet even so, this tall male corpse remains mysterious and frightening.

No one knows how long this male corpse has been wandering around Caesar Grand Hotel.

It's only known that this corpse has always been in a state of advanced decay but has never completely rotted away or collapsed.

The supernatural power on its body keeps this corpse always active.

Therefore, the current male corpse is an extremely terrifying vengeful spirit, and its appearance now has undergone some changes, completely different from when Yang Jian saw it last time.

The deceased Wang Genquan is the best evidence.

"Is this decaying corpse now attracted by the firelight? Or is it here to deal with the out-of-control fire?" Yang Jian is watching from a distance, observing the tall male corpse walk toward the fire assuredly, mulling these thoughts.

"No matter, now is a time when less trouble is better than more. If it's here to put out the fire, then I must continue to set fires, striving to make the blaze bigger."

Yang Jian took a look around.

Three locations are currently on fire on the third floor.

One is where the fire previously raged out of control, and the other two spots are where Zhu Jian and Ah Nan's corpses are.

The former blaze is already massive, while the latter two fire spots have just started burning but also show a tendency to escalate.

If this tall male corpse is truly here to put out fires, it wouldn't be possible for it to extinguish all the blaze spots in a short time either.

Yang Jian did not hesitate at this moment.

He began using the burning Ghost Hand to ignite dead bodies in various corners.

Just to be safe, Yang Jian increased as many blaze points as possible to prevent any accidents from happening.

The process went smoothly.

In just a moment, there were seven or eight more blaze points on the third floor.

At this moment, the dim third floor became extraordinarily bright, a strong smell of burning permeated the air, and the firelight reflecting on Yang Jian's skin made him feel a stinging pain.

"Li Yang, can you hear me? If you're still alive, hurry out, or you'll be burned to death here." He shouted again, hoping Li Yang could hear him.

But his voice echoed several times here, yet no one responded to him.

Even though the fire had spread to this degree, there was still no sign of him.

"He must have encountered trouble; continuing to shout wouldn't be effective, just have to wait."

Yang Jian stopped shouting to avoid drawing any dangerous things over.

He then looked again at the distant tall male corpse.

The corpse, draped in Corpse Wrapping Cloth, stepped into the flames gradually, but then something bizarre occurred; the burning flames did not ignite this corpse, instead were affected, dissipating directly.

However, the extinguished flames were just a part of it; the surrounding burning area was too large, so although the flames near the corpse disappeared, the fires at a little distance continued burning.

"Sure enough, this corpse can limit the flames' burning; thankfully, the fire is large now, even such a terrifying vengeful spirit can't extinguish all the flames here."

Upon seeing this scene, Yang Jian first felt tense, then slightly relaxed.

As long as the fire isn't extinguished, it's fine, otherwise, the situation would become a mess.

The tall male corpse continued to move forward.

Though the flames around the corpse were extinguished, as the male corpse advanced, the extinguished flame locations behind reignited again.

Gradually, the corpse delved deeper into the center of the inferno, eventually becoming completely engulfed, unseen anymore.

Even Yang Jian's ghost eyes couldn't see the scenario amidst the flames.

"What's inside the flames? The furnace, the third-floor ghosts? So is this corpse headed for the furnace or aimed at the third-floor ghosts?" Seeing this scene, Yang Jian pondered another thought.

Luckily, the plan was quite successful.

With over ten blaze points now burning corpses simultaneously, the entire third floor was nearly becoming a sea of fire.

"Since the male corpse went into the flames, I can start searching for that door now."

At this point, Yang Jian was mindful of everything within the fire sea; according to normal circumstances, the hidden door on the third floor would surely appear once these corpses were burned.

With luck, he could quickly find the door's location.

But he also had to prepare for a timely retreat.

Yang Jian brought the unconscious Tong Qian to the vicinity of the elevator entrance; if he failed to find the door smoothly, he would have to take the elevator and temporarily leave the third floor.

His ghost eyes couldn't look around now.

Under the reflection of flames, he felt a burning pain when opening his ghost eyes, although they wouldn't go blind, the severe pain was unbearable.

Fortunately, now the light was very bright, with good visibility; he could see everything around clearly without a special need for ghost eyes.

While the corpses burned, their numbers were also continually decreasing.

The mountains of corpses began collapsing, quickly turning into charred dried corpses once burned, and if they continued burning, they'd be reduced to ashes, probably leaving nothing behind.

Under such eerie furnace burning, the things that can remain would probably only be ghosts and supernatural items, along with gold that supernatural cannot affect.

So Yang Jian was not worried about losing his spear here; as long as this place was burned by the furnace, any lost items would emerge.

"That door is crafted from gold, so its shape and size are unchangeable; the only possibility for the third-floor ghosts to hide such a door is to cover it with corpses, and the door has a height of two meters, completely concealing a two-meter-high door is quite difficult."

"However, it can't be ruled out that the door is laid flat."

Yang Jian pondered this in his mind, attempting to use reasonable judgment to determine the door's location.

He looked at the places where flames soared high, trying to find traces of the door there.

Sadly, the flames were too great; his eyes were painful from looking yet he saw nothing.

"Li Yang hasn't appeared, is he struck down by ghosts among these piled corpses?" Yang Jian also searched for traces of Li Yang.

However, up to that point, Li Yang had not appeared; he had to suspect Li Yang might have encountered the third-floor ghosts and been killed.

He wasn't an anomaly; being targeted and done in by the third-floor ghosts seemed quite likely.

"Wait for a while longer, if the door is not found nor Li Yang reappears, then I must retreat from here." Yang Jian reached back, pressing the elevator behind him.

The sound of the elevator operating immediately came from the elevator shaft behind.

Once the elevator arrived, he'd promptly evacuate with Tong Qian.

The fire continued spreading; half of the third floor was now engulfed in flames.

The supernatural-burning furnace is dreadful yet perilous.

Through the blazing flames came all sorts of strange sounds, those sounds emitted by corpses, obviously corpses dead for some time, once burned by fire, cried out with shrill screams, but the screams were short-lived; once screamed, the corpses sank completely silent, no longer making any sound.

Some corpses even opened their eyes amidst the fire, woke up, and spoke such words as "I don't want to die, help."

Yang Jian knew that these corpses spoke because the supernatural balance was broken; some memory or consciousness of the deceased before death briefly revived, albeit shortly, but such behavior did not mean the corpses were alive; it's just supernatural preserved a bit of their past.

Just like some Ghost Slave, clearly dead, yet still retaining memories from life.

A few minutes later.

Yang Jian's position was getting hard to endure; the fire was so strong, his skin was baked red, intense pain flooding him, difficult to bear.

He had to pick up a dead body from the ground to shield himself, blocking the firelight.

The effect was significant.

The impact brought by the firelight had vanished, but the corpse in his hand was quickly emitting smoke and then burst into flames, soon burning as well.

"We can't stay here any longer, we must leave immediately."

This situation told Yang Jian that the third floor was no longer suitable for the living; even ghost tamers couldn't stand their ground, and must evacuate.

But now the elevator didn't arrive, Li Yang wasn't found, and the door on the third floor couldn't be seen.

Even if Yang Jian wanted to leave, he couldn't.

Moreover, with the flames spreading, he couldn't do anything but continue to wait.

"Wait a few more minutes. If nothing unexpected happens, I will have to leave here through Ghost Lake."

Yang Jian took a deep breath and threw the burning corpse far away, then continued to lift another corpse to shield in front.

The corpse could block about ten seconds of roasting, reducing his pain, but after those seconds, the corpse would catch fire and had to be thrown far away.

Strangely, the corpses lying on the ground didn't catch fire despite the roasting flames, only those particularly close to the flames were ignited.

As time ticked away.

The situation worsened.

The speed at which the fire was engulfing everything increased, Yang Jian's prior method no longer worked because all the corpses on the third-floor ground turned crimson under the fierce roasting flames, none could escape.

In at most two minutes, everything here would be swallowed by flames, with no place to stand.

The elevator behind hadn't arrived, causing Yang Jian's heart to sink.

Tong Qian was still unconscious, though his condition should be fine since there was no sign of burn marks on his body, only blood continuously seeping from his nose.

It seemed Zhu Jian's previous attack had affected him greatly.

Another thirty seconds passed.

The elevator still hadn't arrived.

Yang Jian felt he could wait no longer; he couldn't risk leaving in the last second, if anything unexpected happened, it would be disastrous.

"After another thirty seconds, I will leave." He prepared himself mentally.

But at this moment.

Suddenly.

A corpse, not far from him, cooked to redness, stirred, revealing a hand from beneath it.

"Damn." The revealed position exposed a deep hole, from which Li Yang's voice emanated.

His face contorted in pain.

Because behind him, a cold corpse gripped his neck fiercely, pressing against his back.

Obviously, Li Yang was targeted by the ghost on the third floor.

But the corpse attacking him wasn't the one that previously attacked Yang Jian, nor the one nailed by Coffin Nail.

Clearly, the fourth ghost appeared on the third floor.

Li Yang tried to crawl out from the multitude of corpses but found it difficult since the ghost held his neck tight, yet inside his body, the supernatural powers were resisting, allowing him to survive.

But he couldn't waste time.

Li Yang knew the outside plans were still underway; if he couldn't escape in time, he would surely be burned by the out-of-control fire on the third floor.

"Is it too late?"

Li Yang pushed the corpse aside, witnessing the inferno outside.

He felt a sharp sting just being illuminated by the firelight, like his whole body was igniting.

Under such conditions, it was impossible for anyone to stand.

"Not too late, I thought you were dead." The next moment, Yang Jian's voice appeared.

Then a charred, foul-smelling hand grabbed the corpse behind Li Yang.

With a slight exertion.

The corpse, along with the entangled Li Yang, was lifted up.

After leaving the ground, the corpse in Yang Jian's hand quickly let go, fell silent, then turned crimson and flames were ignited.

Apparently, it was just an ordinary corpse, no longer a ghost.

Yang Jian paused momentarily, then pondered.

He seemed to understand how the ghost on the third floor existed.

"No time left, we must hurry and leave, everything here is burning, if we don't go, we'll be set alight too." Yang Jian didn't give Li Yang much chance to catch his breath, as they needed to escape now.

Li Yang's neck was exposed, and his body distorted, clearly tortured by the ghost here.

"How is Tong Qian? Is he okay?" Li Yang struggled to stand, then asked.

"Temporarily okay, just attacked by a supernatural force, now unconscious." Yang Jian turned back, checking, the elevator hadn't arrived.

This supernatural elevator really failed at crucial times.

He estimated he couldn't wait for its appearance.

Should he use Ghost Lake's supernatural powers to leave?

Yang Jian needed to use Ghost Lake now, to connect the outside.

"Captain, I saw the door's position when attacked by the ghost. Perhaps we can escape through it."
Suddenly, Li Yang conveyed crucial information.

"Where is the door?" Yang Jian immediately asked.

Li Yang straightened up in a direction behind him.

Fire raged there, already a sea of flames.

Yang Jian's body was soaked, water kept dripping, yet he squinted and looked toward that direction.

But saw nothing.

"There's nothing."

Yang Jian wasn't blind; he looked all around, if there was a door, he would have seen it long ago, not waited until now.

"Just in that direction, I'm sure, I touched the door and left traces, I can feel it." Li Yang affirmed confidently.

"Finding it now doesn't help much, we can't afford to charge into the sea of flames..." Yang Jian shook his head, deciding to leave using Ghost Lake.

But at this moment.

A figure appeared in the flames, no, it wasn't human, but a tall male corpse.

As the male corpse walked closer, the surrounding flames extinguished.

And as the flames vanished, the shriveled corpse, a golden door stood straight there.

It was the only door to the outside, finally revealed.

Hmm?

But such a situation made Yang Jian's eyelid twitch.

Because beside the door, that tall male corpse remained still, seemingly watching him.

Chapter 1218 Lingering Consciousness

The flames were almost on the verge of consuming everything on the third floor.

Yang Jian, carrying the unconscious Tong Qian and the injured Li Yang, was preparing to escape.

If they didn't leave now, all three of them could end up being burned to death by the fire.

The evacuation route had been planned: through the waters of Ghost Lake, they would be transferred outside and directly leave the Caesar Hotel.

But the scene in front of him left Yang Jian stunned.

Amid the out-of-control blaze, a golden door stood tall, and beside the door was a towering, decayed male corpse.

The corpse made no movement, yet just its presence extinguished the flames in that area, leaving a path leading straight to the door.

"I knew I wasn't mistaken, the door really is there." Li Yang was fixated on that door, having also noticed the corpse beside it.

Danger and opportunity coexist.

Crossing that door grants direct escape from here, returning them to the real Caesar Hotel.

Moreover, using this door to leave would fully secure their access route in and out of here.

If they were to leave through Ghost Lake, even if they came back and found the golden door, it would be impossible to return here through it.

The external link must first be opened from the inside, for the supernatural passage, and only then would the door's function be realized.

"Why is this male corpse here, is it just a coincidence? Or is it also trying to leave through this door? If that's the case, then this door must not be opened."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, scrutinizing the male corpse.

Yet his intuition told him the appearance of this corpse was no coincidence.

The timing was too crucial.

It appeared just as the fire was about to completely engulf the area, and it stood near the door isolating surrounding flames.

This scene was like intentionally pointing Yang Jian a way out, suggesting he leave through this door.

But such behavior is something a specter would never do.

Unless this male corpse still possessed a consciousness...

A terrifying guess suddenly emerged in Yang Jian's mind.

The corpse, not fully dead, suspected to have consciousness.

But how could that be possible, he had encountered this corpse several times, long confirming it was a terrifying ghost, incapable of having a living person's consciousness.

"Whether this male corpse still retains some consciousness from its life doesn't matter right now. What's important are the two choices before me." Yang Jian began analyzing quickly.

He must evacuate immediately.

There were only a few dozen seconds left.

Now he could either leave through Ghost Lake or risk opening that door to escape here directly.

The former was stable, the latter profitable, offering control over the access route here.

Li Yang, despite feeling the burning pain on his body, didn't urge Yan Jian, as he could see Yang Jian was making a choice, and as a team member, he could only trust the captain's decision.

"Let's go."

The time Yang Jian took to think was very brief; the more critical the moment, the faster he decided.

At this point, he abandoned the option of leaving through Ghost Lake and instead unhesitatingly led Tong Qian and Li Yang directly towards the door.

The surrounding flames raged, almost swallowing them.

Yet Yang Jian persisted forward through the fiery glow.

Quickly.

He traversed the burning area and reached a vacuum zone.

The absence of fire here was due to the influence of the male corpse, so it didn't mean safety had been secured; the danger merely shifted from the inferno to the corpse.

"Will it attack me?" Yang Jian eyed the decayed male corpse, but his feet moved restlessly as he rapidly approached the door.

The corpse remained standing there, unmoving.

Then, Yang Jian had passed by the side of the towering corpse, the pungent stench of rot assaulting his senses. He was ready for a confrontation with this ghost.

Yet, the situation remained precariously safe.

The corpse stayed immutable.

The prior situation with Wang Genquan's death didn't occur.

Yang Jian reached the door smoothly.

"Succeeded?" Yang Jian was quite surprised; he hadn't expected the process to be this easy.

Close to the door, his urgency slightly diminished. At least here, he needn't immediately worry about being burned to death all over.

"Let me open the door."

Li Yang, despite his injuries, could still move and decisively slammed into the door with all his might.

The door, made of gold, was immune to supernatural influences and could only be forced open with sheer strength.

Bam!

A loud crash.

The tightly shut door was now flung open.

The cool air from outside hit them, and looking up, it was indeed the Caesar Hotel—though covered in dust like it had been sealed for ages, but without any supernatural occurrences.

"Success, it was definitely through the outside path," Li Yang said, amazed.

"Naturally, when reality and the supernatural overlap, our previously laid golden door becomes the only channel. Let's get out quickly, let the fire burn for a few days, then return to check it out," Yang Jian commanded, without hesitation.

Yang Jian didn't hesitate and immediately crossed the door to leave.

However, at this moment.

From the flames beside him, a corpse suddenly emerged, its entire body glowing red, with wisps of fire flickering, yet despite the fierce flames, the corpse could still move.

This corpse, moving quickly, headed straight for the door.

"It's the ghost from the third floor, trying to leave through the door."

Yang Jian, along with Tong Qian and Li Yang, had already crossed the door, safely retreating, yet his face still changed upon witnessing this scene.

The terror level of the ghost from the third floor was evident to all. Once it leaves the supernatural realm, it might trigger another S-level paranormal event.

"Close the door quickly." Yang Jian dropped the unconscious Tong Qian and immediately pushed the heavy door, attempting to close it.

Li Yang reacted swiftly as well and followed suit.

With their combined efforts, the door closed quickly.

But the speed of the third-floor ghost was not slow either.

At this moment, the flaming red corpse was already wedged against the door, making it seem stuck, unable to move even an inch further.

Creeaaak!

The golden door twisted under the confrontation of these two forces, emitting a sound of metal friction.

Li Yang and Yang Jian had enormous strength, enhanced by their supernatural bodies many times beyond ordinary humans.

Yet still, they couldn't close the door.

The burned red corpse was like a nail, firmly embedded there.

"Can't close it." Li Yang was both shocked and furious.

He wished it were a normal door, so his curse of death upon opening would erupt, forcing the ghost to retreat.

"Can a corpse have such strength?" Yang Jian's face darkened as well.

Even with strength, he and Li Yang lost to the third-floor ghost.

But the situation worsened.

The door, seemingly stuck, was slowly opening, and a dreadful force pushed Yang Jian and Li Yang back.

The ghost behind the door was moving forward.

"Li Yang, light the Ghost Candle, force it back." Yang Jian immediately said.

"Captain, I used it when attacked by the ghost before, I don't have a Ghost Candle now." Li Yang said urgently.

Yang Jian didn't have one either.

Because they had been too extravagant and reckless before, they used up all the Ghost Candles, and at this critical moment, neither of them could produce a single Ghost Candle.

"If this continues, the door will be forcibly opened, and the ghost will come out."

Yang Jian said, "That ghost is terrifying, ordinary paranormal confrontation can't make it retreat, and my weapon is lost inside. The only way is to withdraw in time and let the ghost escape."

The door kept pushing them back.

The ghost's figure emerged from the widening gap of the door.

And more crucially, the flames burning on the ghost were dwindling, and its glowing red skin was returning to a cold and deathly pale appearance.

This indicated that the ghost was gradually escaping the searing furnace.

Without the furnace's restraint, Yang Jian even suspected the ghost would start killing the next moment.

In this situation, whether Yang Jian or Li Yang withstands an attack from the ghost, the situation would spiral out of control. Perhaps then, not just one ghost from the third floor would escape, but others might escape together.

The golden door, isolating the paranormal, now also obstructed Yang Jian.

"Seems I'll have to go in and hold back that ghost."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered, making a very risky decision.

"No, you'll die in there." Li Yang refused flatly, "The situation isn't that bad yet. At worst, we let this ghost out and find a solution afterward."

"I won't necessarily die inside, I can leave through the Ghost Lake. Now that the door connecting the paranormal is controlled, I can leave anytime. The decision is made, you guard this door."

Yang Jian didn't want to let the ghost escape.

Nor did he want to leave the issue for later. If this situation couldn't be resolved now, upon what basis could it be solved if the ghost was allowed out?

Immediately.

He acted,

But as soon as Yang Jian moved.

The obstruction from the door disappeared suddenly.

The ghost behind the door kept retreating.

Just about to rush inside again, Yang Jian froze, seeing an incredible scene through the door gap.

A dirty, old white cloth wrapped around the ghost's neck, forcibly pulling the ghost back, preventing it from advancing.

"It's the Corpse Wrapping Cloth." Yang Jian's eyes widened.

Following the cloth, he saw the tall, rotten male corpse at that moment chose to act against the third-floor ghost.

At this moment, Yang Jian was almost certain.

This decayed male corpse possibly had consciousness and was not entirely dead.

Without a doubt, it was helping him.

From killing Wang Genquan, dispersing flames, and now blocking the third-floor ghost... These actions were not unconscious mechanical behavior of a ghost but very purposeful.

Chapter 1219 - Methods of Treatment

Bang!

The heavy golden door shut with a thud at this moment.

The supernatural passage was blocked, and all crises were temporarily averted.

Yang Jian and Li Yang finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Although this door wasn't locked, nor was it impossible to open, for the supernatural this golden door was the greatest barrier, because gold isolated the supernatural, and the ghosts from that haunted place couldn't sense anything outside, so for the ghosts, the door essentially didn't exist.

The probability of a ghost wandering and hitting the door was very small, and even if it did hit, it was impossible for it to forcibly open the door.

So as long as it's closed, the supernatural passage is blocked.

Of course.

The only possibility is if the people trapped inside find this door, then there's a chance it could be opened.

But Yang Jian only temporarily closed the door, he hadn't hidden it yet. However, this final task would be done in a few days, because right now, the inside was ablaze and he couldn't set foot inside.

Li Yang panted, still shaken, leaned against the golden door, then slowly slumped to the ground:
"Captain, do you think that tall male corpse really has consciousness? It helped us in the end, forcibly pulling the ghost back in, otherwise this door wouldn't have closed."

"I don't know, maybe it does have consciousness, or maybe it was driven by instinct, it's a mystery, unsolvable."

Yang Jian's eyes flickered, though he was sure the male corpse was helping him, he wasn't certain if it had consciousness.

"That's true, it's been dead for so many years, rotting for so many years, if it had consciousness it would have awakened long ago, it wouldn't wait until now, maybe at that moment some instinct really kicked in." Li Yang said.

In the supernatural world, if a ghost tamer dies after the ghost's revival, the living memories can influence the ghost, making it occasionally exhibit some behavior from its living self, even uttering phrases often said by the ghost tamer. It's not incomprehensible but rather a result of the intertwined relationship between humans and the supernatural.

A ghost tamer can be influenced by the ghost, and similarly, the ghost can mimic some behaviors of the ghost tamer.

"Forget it, whether that male corpse really has consciousness isn't important, what's important is that the plan succeeded, we can now completely seal off the Caesar Hotel, burying this place forever." Yang Jian stared at the golden door before him.

"There're still Xiang Lan, Ah Nan, Zhu Jian, and those five people constantly resurrecting inside, they will eventually find the door and open it again." Li Yang pointed out a potential risk.

Yang Jian said: "That's why I will hide the door, I can't change the location of the door but I can change the positions of other constructions, but you're right, those five constantly resurrecting individuals are a perpetual risk, an unsolvable one. Once they find a new way, the golden door will inevitably be found."

"But that day is far, far away, these five aren't as potent as I thought, trapped there for decades with no progress, another fifty years might be tough."

Li Yang nodded, figuring it was unsaid.

Though not a permanent solution, at least in their lifetimes they could monitor the area, and if they died someday, their layout would hold off for decades.

As for decades later... who knows what it'll be like.

"The fire inside will probably burn for a while, now we need to recover and check what's up with Tong Qian. He's unconscious after a ghost attack and I'm worried he might die."

Yang Jian retracted his gaze, looking over at the unconscious Tong Qian nearby.

At this moment, blood was flowing from Tong Qian's ears, eyes, nose, and mouth, his face pale, like the dead.

But Yang Jian confirmed, Tong Qian was still alive, still breathing and his heart was beating.

It's just the supernatural attack had done him serious harm, whether he could survive remained unknown.

"Let's head to the city, I need to take Tong Qian to a hospital, use some equipment to examine him, and ideally wake him from his coma, you also need treatment, your situation isn't great either." Yang Jian said.

Various memories of doctors surfaced in his mind.

Without needing other doctors, Yang Jian could use medical techniques combined with supernatural powers to cure any patient, no matter how terminal.

"What about here?" Li Yang was a bit uneasy.

Yang Jian said: "The city isn't far from Caesar Hotel, I'll use the Ghost Eye to constantly monitor movements here, I'll return immediately if anything is off."

"That should do it." Li Yang nodded.

Yang Jian immediately took Li Yang and Tong Qian and left there.

Outside, it was already late night.

He remembered when they entered, it was still daylight, the sun was bright, yet half a day had gone by.

The next morning came swiftly.

In a city hospital.

Parts of the hospital facilities, as well as some doctors, had been commandeered by Yang Jian using his authority as a captain.

Li Yang got off the hospital bed.

His body was back to normal except for the skinny arm with corpse spots which remained grotesque and eerie, shaking his neck a bit: "Captain, it's really unnecessary to go to such trouble, using Deceiving Ghost's power to heal would suffice, no need for a hospital trip, I'm not that fragile."

"I know you're fine, but Tong Qian is different, he's got a regular human's body. If possible, I don't want to use Deceiving Ghost's supernatural powers on him. Moreover, Tong Qian's problem stems from here, and he has two Ghost Faces, in this case, it's better to check with conventional medical methods. If that doesn't work, I'll use supernatural powers."

Yang Jian pointed to his head.

He believed Tong Qian's coma was related to the consciousness level, and a living person's consciousness was decided by the brain.

If the brain's damaged, naturally comas would occur.

Yang Jian was cautious, not rash to conclude, he needed evidence.

Soon.

The hospital room door was knocked on.

"Come in." Yang Jian didn't turn around; he stood by the window, gazing into the distance.

That was the direction of Caesar Hotel.

"Mister Yang, the examination report is ready."

Several authoritative doctors entered, holding various examination reports.

"Look, these are the patient's MRI scans... there's varying degrees of bruising here and here, though the images aren't clear due to interference. This attempt was our most successful yet, but many areas remain obscured. I suggest running an angiography and, other than that, the patient's organs and limbs are all normal."

A doctor pointed at a chart, suggesting this to Yang Jian.

Yang Jian took the chart, then gestured.

The authoritative doctor stopped talking immediately, remaining silent.

He knew that the patient today was very special, and the person in front of him was also very special.

After all, no one in this world has three faces at the same time... if it weren't for being prepared in advance and having a strong enough mentality, he estimated he would be trembling in fear.

"We must operate as soon as possible. With this level of blood clot, even if they wake up, they might be an idiot, or they might never wake up," Yang Jian said calmly.

"The clot is pressing on the nerves, it could indeed cause permanent memory damage."

The authoritative doctor was a bit surprised, although Yang Jian's words were straightforward, there was no doubt that the young man in front of him had a considerable level of medical expertise.

He then added, "I suggest making an incision here, and here, to first drain the clot and ensure the patient's safety. However, it's uncertain whether there are more clots in the distorted, blurred areas of the images. If there are, surgery must not proceed... "

"You're worried that the intracranial pressure imbalance might directly cause a blood vessel to rupture in that unclear area?" Yang Jian glanced over calmly.

"Mister Yang is absolutely correct, which is why I advise first determining whether there's damage in that area." The authoritative doctor nodded.

Yang Jian said, "No need to be so troublesome, I already know what to do. You can go rest first, I'll take care of the rest."

"Alright, Mister Yang, if you need any assistance, just let us know at any time." The doctor did not linger any further and quickly left.

"Is Tong Qian's situation really bad?" After they left, Li Yang finally spoke.

Yang Jian replied, "It's a bit bad, there are supernatural powers lingering, constantly eroding his mind. Fortunately, Tong Qian has the Ghost Face, otherwise he would've been dead already."

"Can he be saved?"

"I don't know, it depends on whether Tong Qian's consciousness is in the brain or in the Ghost Face. If it's the former, saving him would only make him an idiot; if it's the latter, he'll be fine." Yang Jian said, "But no matter what, I have to try, so we can only leave it to fate."

With that, he turned around and headed to the operating room.

Soon.

Yang Jian saw Tong Qian on the operating table.

Tong Qian was still unconscious, his face pale, blood continuously flowing from his nostrils.

Yet the two Ghost Faces clung tightly to his face, cold and eerie.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye opened, unable to see Tong Qian's brain condition through the Ghost Faces, he could only rely on instruments and experience to act.

The supernatural had saved Tong Qian's life but also caused supernatural interference, having both good and bad effects.

Yang Jian said nothing, just washed and disinfected his hands, then walked over to Tong Qian and stopped.

After a brief pause, he suddenly reached out his hand.

A hand passed directly through Tong Qian's brain.

By the time he withdrew it, a handful of blood clots had accumulated in Yang Jian's palm.

"The body of an ordinary person is too fragile." Yang Jian shook his head slightly, clearly aware of Tong Qian's shortcomings.

But to truly wield a supernatural body is easier said than done.

It's easy to inadvertently trigger a ghost's resurrection, and it is constantly eroded by supernatural forces, unlike Tong Qian's state.

Strictly speaking, Tong Qian's living human state is actually a good thing.

Soon.

Yang Jian acted again, and more clots were continuously removed.

At this point, Tong Qian's nostrils had stopped bleeding.

However, he was still not waking up.

The remnants of the supernatural power were still there, causing ongoing damage to Tong Qian.

Just like when Yang Jian's neck was snapped by the ghost, he was unable to move for a while afterward.

The same goes for Tong Qian.

In such a situation, one either waits for the supernatural force to dissipate or forcibly dispels it.

"Can't wait for him to wake up on his own, waiting longer would likely lead to death."

But Yang Jian hesitated, as to whether to choose the latter option.

Because the latter also carried risks.

After hesitating for a moment, Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, deciding to take action.

At this moment, he extended a charred Ghost Hand, then directly opened the Ghost Eye, using the Ghost Domain.

His Ghost Hand jerked, grabbing directly at Tong Qian's head.

Immediately.

A chilling aura accompanied by a piece of darkened brain tissue was forcibly extracted.

Soon, the chilling aura dissipated.

But Tong Qian's brain was severely damaged, suffering serious trauma.

Yang Jian didn't hesitate to immediately use the Deceiving Ghost's powers.

The impaired brain was repaired.

The injuries on his body also began to improve.

However, after all this, Tong Qian remained unconscious, even though his complexion improved significantly and his heart rate returned to normal, there were no signs of waking up.

"..." Yang Jian was silent.

The emergency measures he took were not wrong, but the supernatural matters were filled with uncertainties, and he could not determine what exactly was happening to Tong Qian.

"Let's draw him into a dream and see, if he's dead, he won't be able to enter the dream."

Yang Jian's low voice echoed in the empty operating room.

A dog's bark quickly responded.

The lights in the operating room flickered, the building distorted, reality became illusory, and a terrifying supernatural force forcibly drew Yang Jian into a dream.

Chapter 1220 - The Charred Floor

Yang Jian at this moment, forced into a dream through the Evil Hound to determine whether Tong Qian's consciousness was still present.

This method, although a bit unconventional, proved effective.

This is the world of dreams.

Even though it is still the operating room.

However, outside this operating room is no longer the hospital.

After Yang Jian walked out, he arrived at a familiar yet eerily quiet village. This village was his old home, a place he arrived at every time he entered the Nightmare World. As for why this happens, he doesn't know.

He looked slightly into the distance.

Besides this village, there was a small path leading to a European-style ancient castle in the distance.

However, that was the source of another supernatural event.

"No sign of Tong Qian." Yang Jian stood inside the empty village and did not find any other people here.

No one can hide in the dream of the Evil Hound.

"Is Tong Qian's consciousness having issues? Or is it that the Evil Hound cannot pull Tong Qian's consciousness into the dream?"

Yang Jian lowered his head into contemplation.

This situation can only lead to two conclusions.

Either Tong Qian is dead, or her consciousness has issues.

"If Tong Qian's consciousness has vanished, then the trouble is huge. But this matter is not yet confirmed; it needs further observation. If Tong Qian does not wake up in a few days, then it's necessary to consider the aftermath."

Such was Yang Jian's thought process.

Soon, he exited the world of dreams.

Everything in the operating room was as usual; Tong Qian was still in a coma, but her current state was already indistinguishable from a normal person, with vital signs approaching normal.

"Keep him at the hospital for observation for a few days."

Yang Jian checked briefly and believed that he had done all he could; the rest was up to Tong Qian.

After leaving the operating room, Yang Jiang instructed the doctor to move Tong Qian to the intensive care ward for observation. If there was any movement, they should contact him immediately.

Taking advantage of this time, Yang Jian also took a rest.

Time reached the second day.

This day of rest was uncomfortable for Yang Jian.

His Ghost Hand remained charred, occasionally sparking, at any moment ready to reignite. Fortunately, the Supernatural Power from Ghost Lake was continuously corroding itself, making it difficult for the Ghost Hand to reignite, barely maintaining a relatively fragile balance.

But Yang Jian understands that this situation is dire; once he continues using supernatural power, this balance will undoubtedly fail.

Either he would be thoroughly melted by the Ghost Lake's Supernatural Power, or ignited by the charred Ghost Hand.

Of course, there's a way not to get charred, which is to chop off this hand and abandon controlling the Ghost Hand.

But if Yang Jian did so, then the erosion by Ghost Lake couldn't be blocked.

At that time, he might only survive in the Ghost Shadow state, and as Ghost Lake's Supernatural Power further erodes, his consciousness might also be affected...

After all, Ghost Lake is an S-level supernatural event, and Yang Jian isn't sure a dead Ghost Shadow can ignore the erosion of Ghost Lake's supernatural power.

"Indeed, as long as you're in the supernatural circle, frequently dealing with the supernatural, even if you're an anomaly, you will eventually face the outcome of supernatural imbalance and ghost resurgence again. In hindsight, those people from the Republic era living till now and meeting their demise is quite a feat." Yang Jian slightly shook his head.

The longer you stay in the supernatural circle, the more you can appreciate the previous generation's resilience and intimidation.

Time turns out to be the greatest enemy of those who control ghosts.

Surviving half a year, a year driving ghosts isn't much, but living ten, twenty, or even many decades while constantly interacting with the supernatural is truly remarkable.

"Forget it, let's stop thinking about it. It's time to carry on the wrapping-up tasks."

Yang Jian decided to head to the Kaiser Hotel once again.

The fire that burned for two days should have extinguished by now.

He prepared with Li Yang before setting off again.

Once more standing before the Kaiser Hotel, long sealed off.

"A burnt smell." Li Yang sniffed the air. Although everything was normal at Kaiser Hotel, there was a peculiar scent in the air.

This was the smell of burnt corpses.

If someone works at a crematorium, they could clearly identify this scent.

"Has the supernatural scent reached reality? It seems the last fire was terrifying."

Yang Jian frowned: "Be careful, a fire may scatter lots of supernatural, even ghosts, but what remains in such circumstances is the most frightening."

"Captain, rest assured, I understand." Li Yang nodded.

The two entered the hotel once more.

On the fourth floor of the hotel, they found the golden door.

However, at this moment, the eerie passageway behind the golden door had vanished. The door stood solitary here, gleaming in the dim environment, appearing very striking.

"The passage has disappeared? It seems the fire altered the terrain over there." Yang Jian said.

Li Yang attempted cautiously to open the door.

The heavy solid door was not locked; anyone could open it, but it might be different for a ghost, as ghosts lack human intelligence and cannot affect gold; to a ghost, this door was nothing more than a wall, ghosts wouldn't even notice it.

Cre-eak!

The door opened.

The black dust splattered as the pungent smell of burning intensified in the air.

Behind the door was a vast open space, as if in a burned-out building on the first floor, with charred walls and ground filling the area. Just opening the door kicked up a large amount of black dust, making one cough.

This black dust should be the ashes of burned bodies.

There's just an overwhelming amount of ashes here, covering the ground in a thick layer.

Yang Jian turned on a flashlight he had prepared long ago, then walked in.

He didn't need a flashlight due to his Ghost Eyes, but Li Yang couldn't see, so the flashlight was for Li Yang.

As he stepped onto the thick ashes, Yang Jian seemed to feel residual warmth underfoot.

"Captain, the plan was a success, all the bodies have disappeared." Li Yang also entered, turning on his flashlight and remembering to close the door.

This was to prevent any ghosts from taking advantage of the gap to escape.

"Look around, under normal calculations, that furnace should still be there, and the ghost on the third floor should still be here as well because a ghost can't be killed. Even if burned, it can't be reduced to ashes." Yang Jian started looking around.

Soon after.

He caught a glimpse of a faint flickering of firelight.

Immediately, he strode over.

Underneath the piled ashes, a furnace was buried. Just approaching it, Yang Jian could feel the heat.

But this heat was bearable for now.

He immediately reached over, brushed aside the ashes, and lifted the furnace.

Without the ashes covering it, the furnace emitted a glow once more.

The flame wasn't large, but it was quite noticeable.

Yang Jian's expression shifted slightly, he put down the furnace and quickly retreated: "Don't get close, the ghost beside the furnace is still there."

In the Ghost Eyes' view, an eerie red-skinned figure gradually emerged around the furnace.

However, as Yang Jian quickly retreated, this red figure slowly disappeared again.

Li Yang didn't dare to approach, knowing the fearsome nature of the furnace.

Fortunately, the supernatural item's impact range was limited, once more than ten meters away, it essentially had no effect.

"Let's leave this furnace here, don't touch it, we might need it in the future." Yang Jian said.

He didn't plan on taking it away, as this item was dangerous, better left inside the Kaiser Hotel.

"Captain, we should find your weapon first," Li Yang suggested.

"No rush, one step at a time. My weapon won't run away if left here, nor can the ghost take it away." Yang Jian replied, not worried about losing his weapon, therefore not anxious to search for it.

Then, the two cautiously continued searching the post-fire third floor.

Li Yang tripped over something while walking.

After brushing away the ashes, his expression changed dramatically, it was a charred corpse.

The body was intact, with nothing missing, and there seemed to be flickers of flames beneath the charred skin.

"This should be a ghost." Li Yang's eyes shifted as he reached this conclusion.

Any corpses holding supernatural power would be burned to ash, only ghosts wouldn't be destroyed by fire.

"Let me take a look." Yang Jian quickly approached, observing the charred corpse.

"Indeed it's a ghost, but not the ghost from the third floor, probably another ghost wandering from other floors during the fire. This ghost seems to be in a dead state now because the furnace fire inside it hasn't gone out. Once it does, the ghost will awaken again."

Yang Jian crouched down, prying open the charred corpse's mouth.

Sparks immediately emerged from its mouth.

This indicated the corpse was still burning.

"No immediate danger, let's keep looking." Yang Jian picked up the mummy and tossed it beside the furnace.

Li Yang nodded and continued searching.

At this moment, Yang Jian followed his memory and found his cracked long spear.

The cracked long spear, standing in the dust like a charred stick, was covered in black dust.

Yang Jian walked over and blew on it.

The dust dispersed, and the golden cracked shaft gleamed, still bright and undamaged.

Grabbing and lifting it.

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, feeling something heavy beneath the cracked spear.

Soon after.

After scattering the ashes, he saw that a corpse had been nailed beneath the cracked spear.

Though covered in ashes, this corpse showed no signs of charring.

"As expected, when I first used this spear, I did indeed pin a ghost, but the third floor's ghost wasn't entirely within one body, so the ghost I encountered later was just a part of it."

Yang Jian could now confirm this.

He had pinned part of the third floor's ghost, but another part had hidden in other corpses, reawakening by borrowing another body.

"Even after pinning a portion, the third floor's ghost remained terrifyingly ferocious, had I not pinned part of it back then, I might have fallen victim to this ghost." Reflecting on this, Yang Jian couldn't help but feel a tinge of fear.

He dared not remove the Coffin Nail, fearing the third floor's ghost would immediately revive.