

Revival 15

Chapter 15: Conditions for the Old Man to Appear

Seeing the words on it, he hesitated for a long time.

In the end, Yang Jian did not throw away the brown skin parchment.

The reason was very simple. He did not want to follow in Zhou Zheng's footsteps and die from the revival of the malicious ghost.

Although the parchment had its evil and strange nature, it was an unknown opportunity for Yang Jian. Perhaps it could really reveal some important information to him, or perhaps it did know the future.

"I have the feeling that keeping the parchment is definitely not a good thing... .. But I don't have any other choice at the moment. No matter how bad the situation is, at worst it's just death. It's better than the revival of the malicious ghost," Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he thought, "If I'm more vigilant and take more precautions, perhaps the situation won't be too bad."

Gritting his teeth, he rolled up the skin parchment and stuffed it into his pocket.

He had already decided to keep it.

At this moment, Zhang Wei's cell phone that was in his hand suddenly rang again. Fang Jing's name was displayed.

Yang Jian came back to his senses at this moment. When he saw Fang Jing's name, his gaze moved slightly.

He had almost forgotten that Fang Jing was still nearby.

After thinking for a moment, he still chose to answer the call.

“Hey, Yang Jian. I’ve already given you the thing. You can’t just hang up on me. Quick, tell me how to leave this place. Tell me quickly,” Fang Jing’s voice was very panicked. It was obvious that he was very afraid now.

This was because he was now alone. There were no other classmates around him.

Although he had gotten rid of the footsteps behind him, he was still in the ghost realm. As long as he did not leave the ghost realm, his safety was only temporary.

Yang Jian’s eyes flickered as his mind was rapidly thinking.

He decided to use Fang Jing as an experiment.

Soon, he said, “Fang Jing, I won’t take the initiative to bring you out of here, but I will teach you a method. I also survived through this method.”

“What method? Quickly teach me, quickly,” Fang Jing urged.

Yang Jian said, “Your phone can still connect to the Internet, right? Now, I’ll send a URL over. Open the forum and find a post from a netizen called Leidian Fawang.”

With that, he sent the URL of the forum ghost story he had read previously.

Within a few seconds, Fang Jing received the message and said, “I’ve found the post by Leidian Fawang, it’s quite popular.”

“Open it and block the replies of the others. Then, scroll to the end,” Yang Jian said.

Fang Jing’s fingers were sweating. He tapped on the phone screen and opened the post, then flipped to the end as instructed.

As soon as he reached the end, his body trembled.

It was a photo.

In the photo was an old man in a long robe. His body was covered in livor mortis, and his face was numb and ashen like he was dead.

This old man was standing outside the glass window in the photo as if he was passing by.

That's right, the photo was of the old man who had knocked on the door outside the classroom.

"Do you see the photo? Save it," Yang Jian said.

"Okay, okay," Fang Jing swallowed his saliva and saved the picture with fear.

After he finished doing as he instructed, Yang Jian immediately looked around and paid attention to the situation in all directions.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes... ... The old man didn't appear. He seemed to have left this place and went somewhere unknown.

However, Yang Jian knew that the ghost realm was still here, so the old man hadn't left.

It was just that he was out of sight.

After all, the school was huge. It wasn't strange that he couldn't see the figure of that thing.

"Yang Jian, Yang Jian, say something. I've already done as you said, but nothing happened," Fang Jing's voice came from the other end of the phone.

Yang Jian frowned and thought to himself, "Is my guess wrong? It seems that the old man didn't appear outside the classroom because I saw his photo."

He had three hypotheses in his mind.

In the forum post, the netizen Leidian Fawang had posted that all this happened in a hospital in a city in another province.

That place was at least a few hundred kilometers away from Dachang City.

What was the probability of bumping into the same ghost from a hospital in another province in his school?

Yang Jian felt that it was very, very small.

There was only one possibility, that the old man was lured here by something.

A signal, a condition, or someone.

Therefore, his first guess was that it had something to do with Zhou Zheng.

The old man could be looking for Zhou Zheng. After all, Zhou Zheng was a ghost rider, so he must have dealt with ghosts before

However, with Zhou Zheng's death and the fact that this was the first time he had seen the old man, this assumption could be overturned.

His second guess was that it was related to Fang Jing.

However, from the beginning the old man had appeared, Fang Jing was still alive, so this speculation could be ruled out too.

Moving on to the third hypothesis... ... The old man had been attracted here by himself.

If the hypothesis was true, the only connections between Yang Jian and the old man were that he had read the story on the forum, saw his photo, and heard the knock on the door recorded by Leidian Fawang...

"If it's not the photo, then it must be the knocks on the door," Thinking of this, Yang Jian continued, "Fang Jing, do you see the audio file below? Click on it. This is your chance to leave this place."

"Okay," Fang Jing clicked on the audio file.

"Thump, thump thump..." The dull knocking on the door that seemed to be knocking on one's heart reverberated in the dark environment.

Fang Jing held his phone up to light up the surroundings, and said, "Yang Jian, nothing happened..."

However, on the other side of the phone, Yang Jian's pupils abruptly shrank, and his face revealed a look of shock.

An old man in a long robe, his face ashen and covered in livor mortis, had appeared on the school's greenbelt. His footsteps were stiff and his movements were slow as he walked toward Fang Jing step by step.

As expected, he appeared...

And the way he appeared didn't make sense at all. It was as if the old man had been standing there the whole time.

“Damn it, my guess is right. That old man came looking for me because I heard the knocking on the door...” Yang Jian felt a chill in his heart.

“Yang Jian, hey, Yang Jian, say something,” Fang Jing didn’t know that the old man was walking towards him, so he continued to speak.

Yang Jian slowly retreated, avoiding the old man’s sight. He carefully left as he instructed, “Continue listening to that audio file. Don’t stop.”

“Is this really useful?” Fang Jing repeatedly clicked the audio file open and asked.

“Thump, thump thump.”

The phone in his hand kept playing the strange door-knocking sounds.

Although it did not seem to have any effect, Fang Jing realized that there were no more footsteps around him. Although it did not seem to be useful, it was not completely ineffective.

“Yang Jian’s method should be effective,” Thinking of this, Fang Jing heaved a sigh of relief.

However, what he didn’t know was that behind him, the old man dressed in a black long robe and covered in livor mortis was gradually approaching him.

At this moment, Yang Jian had immediately left the afforestation forest and distanced himself from the old man, returning to the sports ground from before.

After he had run at least a few hundred meters away and could no longer see either Fang Jing or the forest, Yang Jian suddenly asked, “Fang Jing, are you still alive?”

“Nonsense, of course I’m still alive,” Fang Jing said.

Yang Jian said, "Sorry, I apologize to you. I lied to you."

"What did you lie to me about?" Fang Jing was stunned and confused.

"The old man who appeared outside the classroom knocking on the door was lured here by me. That thing came to find me," Yang Jian said, "I didn't know about it before, but now I do. I think the condition to lure that old man out is related to that audio file. Yes, the door-knocking sounds you were listening to just now."

"What?" Fang Jing's heart abruptly constricted in fear, and his face revealed a look of shock.

If the door-knocking sounds could lure that old man over, and he had played it so many times just now...

Fear once again surged through his body, and he subconsciously took a few steps back.

"Bang!"

His body seemed to have bumped into something cold and stiff.

Turning around, Fang Jing saw an old man covered in livor mortis with an ashen face looking at him numbly.

His body... could not move.

An old, skinny, and cold hand slowly lifted and gradually covered Fang Jing's face... .. The hand was very strong. He felt that the bones on his face were being crushed.

"Yang, Yang Jian..." Fang Jing's terrified and resentful screams came from the other end of the phone.

Yang Jian was unmoved. He said to the phone, "You taught me not to be too naive."

With that, he hung up the phone.