

Revival 236

Chapter 236 A Family

This place is a warehouse of a small logistics company in Dachang City.

However, it was bought by Zhao Kaiming a while ago, and he turned it into a private space.

And he lived here.

Today, as usual, Zhao Kaiming arrived here on time.

After making sure no one had visited by doing a round outside, he finally felt relieved to unlock the large door of the warehouse with his key.

The warehouse, without piles of goods, was spacious and quiet.

Zhao Kaiming turned on the light, closed the warehouse door, and walked straight in.

His clear footsteps echoed in the empty warehouse, and he, leaning on a cane and limping, had a somewhat gloomy expression on his face.

"I'm back," Zhao Kaiming said, as if informing his family of his arrival.

"Today I ate out, so I won't be eating at home. You haven't eaten yet, have you? I'll make you some food now."

He talked to himself alone; no one in the empty warehouse answered him, but it all seemed so natural.

Zhao Kaiming went to a corner of the warehouse where lots of boxes were piled up.

Once opened, they revealed all sorts of fresh fruit, like apples, cherries, cantaloupes, as well as some frozen steaks and fish. From the packaging, it was clear that the fruits were imported, and the steaks and fish were top-quality ingredients, which looked quite valuable.

And there were hundreds of boxes of these items.

"How about pan-fried steak for today? Right, can't forget the fruit; these cherries are your favorite, my daughter," Zhao Kaiming said with a smile as he began to cook skillfully in the simple kitchen.

He was happy while cooking, as if immersed in it, as though everything outside was of no concern to him.

He spent well over an hour.

He made a total of twelve lunches.

The warehouse was filled with a tempting aroma of food, and the sight of those plates with the steaks cooked to a perfect crisp on the outside and tender on the inside was enough to make one's mouth water.

However, once he had finished preparing the last portion of fruit, Zhao Kaiming's face instantly turned dark.

Without saying a word, he went to another cardboard box, took out paper money, incense, and the like.

He pushed these items slowly on a cart into a separate room inside the warehouse.

There was a humming sound coming from the room, the sound of an electric motor running.

Inside, twelve exquisite and luxurious coffins were neatly arranged.

The coffins contained old people, middle-aged men, young women, and even children under ten years of age.

Each person placed in the coffins was dressed cleanly and beautifully by professional beauticians, with neat and proper clothes, and exquisite, unique makeup.

But no matter how carefully they were dressed, the icy coldness and stiffness of those corpses couldn't be concealed.

"Daughter, time to eat. Daddy made you a pan-fried steak and sweet cherries," Zhao Kaiming said as he placed a lunch in front of the small table by the coffin, then removed the fish steak that had completely cooled and spoiled from the day before.

In the coffin was a cute little girl under ten, dressed in a dress.

But at that moment, the little girl's body was covered in a thin layer of frost, having been placed in this coffin for quite a while.

"Wife, I'm sorry, I failed to take care of our daughter. But don't worry, everything will be okay. I promised you and I will fulfill it. Our daughter will surely grow up healthy, become a beautiful young lady. Now, I'm almost there; just be patient, wait a little longer, give it a few more days," Zhao Kaiming said as he went to the second coffin, touching the glass of the coffin.

Inside was a beautiful woman in her early twenties, currently with her hands crossed over her stomach, as though she had fallen asleep.

"You eat first, don't starve yourself. You have to take good care of your body."

After placing down the lunch, Zhao Kaiming then collected the spoiled dinner from yesterday and moved on to the third coffin.

At that moment, he suddenly fell to his knees with a thud and started to cry like a child; "Mom, I'm sorry. It's my fault for being useless. I lied to you. Xiao Li and Guoguo didn't refuse to come back for your birthday; they can't come back anymore. I killed them, and I killed you too. Your son had finally made something of himself, why did everything turn out this way?"

"Mom, I didn't want it to be like this, but I can't do it, I really can't. I thought about suicide, but if I died, none of this would end, and I can't go back anymore."

He bowed his head, crying, tears streaming down his face, in unbearable pain.

After a good while of crying, Zhao Kaiming wiped his tears and lifted his head to say, "Mom, rest assured, everything will get better. We will be reunited as a family. Mom, just stay here for now, and soon I'll take you away from here. We'll go traveling, shop abroad, and take vacations by the seaside..."

Mid-sentence, Zhao Kaiming suddenly noticed that the dinner he'd placed in front of the ice coffin had bite marks on it, as though a rat had nibbled at it.

Instantly, he stood up with a ferocious look on his face: "Which damned rat dared to steal my mom's dinner."

"Anyone who dares to disturb my family's belongings must die." Zhao Kaiming immediately drew his pistol, chambered a round, and then strode out of the room, seething with rage.

Soon, gunshots echoed through the quiet warehouse.

The sound lasted for nearly ten minutes.

A fat rat, shot to a bloody pulp, was brought before the ice coffin by him.

"Mom, you saw it, this is the thief that stole your dinner, and now I've killed it. You can be at ease now, and I definitely won't let this kind of thing happen again," said Zhao Kaiming with a smile.

After talking to himself in front of the ice coffin for a while, he again pushed the meal cart to serve food in front of the other coffins.

The people lying inside these coffins were Zhao Kaiming's wife, daughters, parents, uncles... all were his very close relatives.

After doing all this, he stood before the shrine he had set up nearby, burning paper money, offering incense, and respectfully kowtowing three times before twelve memorial tablets.

"Give me a little more time, and I won't let your deaths be in vain."

Zhao Kaiming shouted loudly, "I am determined to kill that Yang Jian. I absolutely can't let him ruin my plan..."

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Before he could finish speaking,

A cold draft suddenly filled the room.

Zhao Kaiming whipped around and bellowed, "What are you doing here? Is this a place for you, you ghostly thing? Get out!"

Behind him, there was no one. Only a firmly closed door had somehow opened and was now ajar.

"I told you to get out, and you dare to come in?" Zhao Kaiming abruptly stood up, grabbed the gun, and fired repeatedly at the wall beside the door.

"Get out, I said get out..."

His shout was strained and hoarse, like a wild beast in a frenzy. The sound of the gun firing was especially rapid. After emptying one magazine, he immediately loaded a second one, and it was only after the last magazine was emptied that he stopped, gasping for breath, his eyes red, looking straight ahead,

"Don't be smug for too long. Once you've met my terms, I'll make you regret coming into this world."

The walls were riddled with bullet holes.

Though somewhat irregular, these bullet holes vaguely resembled the shape of a person.

Especially at the head, where the bullet holes were most densely packed.

"Beep beep. Beep beep."

The satellite phone rang at this moment.

"Zhao Kaiming, you've hung up on me again. How many times have I told you, this is a critical time. We need to maintain 24-hour communication. You're making things difficult for me. Do you know how much flak I've taken because of this?" came his operator's voice from the phone, sounding like a woman from the tone of it.

"Stupid woman, do you want to die for speaking to me like that? Don't think you're safe in the call center. You believe I can't have you dead at your desk right now?" Zhao Kaiming roared.

The operator seemed to be frightened, her voice somewhat unnatural: "I... I'm trying to inform you of an emergency situation. A sudden supernatural event has broken out in the hospital in Dachang City, and Ghost Eye Yang Jian and Professor Wang have been involved. You need to rush there for support right now. Sun Yi is already on the way."

"I know, I'm on it," Zhao Kaiming regained some composure, "Also, let me remind you one last time, next time you disrespect me, I've sworn to kill your entire family, including you. Even kneeling before me will be useless then. You know I have the capability."

"Understood, understood," the operator's voice now trembled.

"You don't need to understand, just remember," Zhao Kaiming said.

He then set off immediately, heading to the hospital where the incident occurred.

Chapter 237

"At last, something's finally happening in this city. It's getting weirder by the minute. Without an incident soon, we might be the next ones in trouble."

"Let's solve this quickly. I don't want to wait for the supernatural event to brew into an irreversible catastrophe."

"Yang Jian needs backup too? Looks like things are pretty dire."

At this moment.

In front of the hospital, several cars ran red lights and rushed here in the shortest time possible.

They were undoubtedly the remaining ghostbusters in Dachang City.

"Sorry, sorry, my car ran out of gas on the road, so I had to come by bike. I hope I didn't hold up anything?" At this time, a man on a bicycle rushed over like a gust of wind.

"Sun Yi, this won't do. No wonder Yang Jian doesn't want to deal with you. Even I want to curse you out. You say you're poor, that's one thing, but you don't even know how to make money. Isn't being a ghostbuster this shabby a bit too embarrassing? And what time do you think it is?"

You're actually still worried about

your mortgage, wondering if you'll get reimbursed for gas." Zhang Han couldn't help but say.

Sun Yi said, "Don't talk like that. Sometimes I despise myself too."

"You all made it? Good, let's begin the operation." At this time, Wang Xiaoming walked over calmly from outside the hospital's cordon.

"Professor Wang, are you alright?"

Wang Xiaoming said, "I retreated in time and am alright for now. It's confirmed that the hospital has been invaded by ghosts. I can't determine what type of ghost yet, so we need to solve this supernatural event together. If successful, it could very well change the current situation."

Upon hearing this, everyone looked up abruptly at the hospital before them.

Gloomy, dismal, shrouded in a dark turquoise aura, silent and still, without any light or cries for help, it was eerily quiet.

Thinking of the confirmed presence of ghosts inside, everyone felt a sinking feeling.

"Isn't it too risky to just go in like this? Yang Jian, do you have any information?" Zhao Kaiming asked with a cold expression, looking toward Yang Jian who was sitting nearby on the greenbelt.

Yang Jian answered, "I left with Wang Xiaoming before the supernatural event erupted here, we never came into direct contact, so I can't provide any valuable information."

He was telling the truth and hiding nothing.

To be cautious, he had indeed not made direct contact with the ghost.

What could be confirmed, however, was that the ghost had opened that nonexistent street within its own Ghost Domain and stepped out from it; something exceedingly unusual.

It was very likely an entity stronger than a third-stage Ghost Infant.

It might even be the source of all supernatural events.

"If we're to blindly rush in without supporting information, it is certain we'll suffer significant casualties."
Zhao Kaiming said, "Professor Wang, any suggestions?"

Wang Xiaoming replied, "Sorry, I can't provide any informational support."

"Damn, so we're just heading to our deaths?" Someone immediately complained.

Yang Jian glanced at the unfamiliar ghostbuster, "Facing supernatural events always involves risking our lives. If you're unwilling, you can leave. No one is forcing you. But be clear, if all of us die, you won't last long on your own either."

The ghostbuster was at a loss for words.

Indeed, retreating might allow one to live temporarily, but death was almost certain afterward.

Even if the others managed to resolve the supernatural event, there would likely be a reckoning later on.

"So when do we act? I came in a rush and didn't have time to prepare some things," Zhang Han said.

Wang Xiaoming answered, "What do you need to prepare? Weapons? Ammunition? Are those of any use against supernatural events? If you need containers to confine fierce ghosts, I have already prepared them in advance."

He pointed to a stretcher placed beside him.

On top of it was a box large enough for barely one person to lie down in, made of solid gold.

"If that's the case, then I have no objections," Zhang Han said.

"If no one has any objections, let's move out now. Yang Jian, how about you?" Wang Xiaoming looked toward Yang Jian again.

"I'll go to my car to grab some stuff," Yang Jian stood up, turned around, and said.

He had gathered all the necessary items in the car, human-skin paper and Ghost Candles, even the uncontrollable Ghost Rope, hoping that in a dire moment, the indiscriminate attack following the revival of the Ghost Rope would play a crucial role.

Actually, before these people arrived, Wang Xiaoming had already explained to him the importance of this operation.

Detaining the ghost was one aspect, but more importantly, they wanted to see if they could enter the so-called Seventh Street through the suddenly appeared street entrance and find the source of this paranormal event.

Therefore, this time, Wang Xiaoming would also participate personally.

"Let's move," said Wang Xiaoming calmly, without a trace of fear, as he crossed the cordon and walked towards the hospital again.

"Are you coming with us, Professor Wang?" Zhang Han blinked in surprise.

Wang Xiaoming replied, "Of course. Essential actions at critical moments cannot be avoided. If you're just worried about my safety, there's no need. The situation is rapidly deteriorating, and we don't have time to proceed step by step."

Zhao Kaiming glanced at him, said nothing, and followed the others towards the hospital, limping with the aid of his cane.

Soon.

Seven people, including Wang Xiaoming, entered the dim hospital building through the main entrance.

They had only walked a few meters when the darkness swallowed them up; the way back was no longer visible.

Someone had prepared a powerful flashlight, but even its light could not penetrate the thick gloom and extended only five or six meters ahead before it blurred.

The empty hospital lobby was now deserted except for their own clear footsteps echoing around them.

"Ah~!"

From deep within the hospital, they could faintly hear the sound of agonized screams.

"What's that sound?" someone exclaimed in alarm.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Don't be nervous. Those are the patients who didn't evacuate in time. They all have Ghost Infants in their bellies. It should be just the Ghost Infants acting up for now. According to my calculations, those Ghost Infants are not ready to be born yet, so we are safe for the time being."

"..."

"How many patients are there?"

"Probably around twenty or thirty."

"Damn," muttered the group quietly.

All of these were potential ghosts, and the timing of their birth wasn't something a professor could simply predict. Who knew if the ghost here might induce the Ghost Infants to be born prematurely.

If that were possible, the danger index of the hospital would climb even further.

"Such a big hospital, and we're just looking for one ghost. Sounds quite difficult," Zhao Kaiming suddenly said.

Wang Xiaoming replied, "That's why before we look for that ghost, you guys need to accompany me to my office to get some things. If we encounter any patients along the way, we'll rescue them. We can't ignore them; their death here would only worsen the situation."

Upon hearing this, the group felt as if they had boarded a ship of thieves.

Fighting against one ghost was already a task, but they hadn't expected so many additional complications to be involved.

Yang Jian didn't speak. He knew that Wang Xiaoming had his reasons for entering this place again. If it were possible, how could he risk his own life?

He wasn't worried about the other situations. What he was concerned about was the ghost that had managed to walk out of his Ghost Domain.

That was the greatest danger.

"With the Ghost Candle, no matter how special the circumstances, one can still manage to protect oneself," Yang Jian thought to himself.

Compared to the less reliable human-skin paper, the Ghost Candle was his greatest reliance.

Soon.

Following Wang Xiaoming's lead, they gradually went deeper into the hospital.

It could have been an illusion, but the hospital seemed to be much larger than usual. They hadn't finished crossing one hall, and there was still a path ahead.

"The route has been altered; this is no longer the hospital's layout," Wang Xiaoming suddenly stopped and frowned. [Read latest stories on empire](#)

"What kind of joke is this? Are you trying to scare us right off the bat?" one person said in horror.

Wang Xiaoming replied, "No joke. I've counted. From the moment we started, I've taken one hundred and seventy-six steps. Based on the distance, I should have already left the lobby and even reached the front of a patient's room, but we are still in the lobby."

"The ghost's appearance has affected the space here, or so I believe."

Chapter 238 Sudden Death

Before a supernatural event, it is not uncommon for people to experience hallucinations or find themselves trapped in a weird space they can't escape from.

This is the result of a malevolent ghost's power beginning to affect the surroundings.

When such power is strong enough, it can give rise to a Ghost Domain.

However, because ghosts differ, the Ghost Domains they form can also vary; as of now, Yang Jian had yet to encounter two identical Ghost Domains.

The Ghost Domains created by his spectral eye often cause people to hallucinate, even affecting ghosts within the domain to experience illusions. As for the characteristics of other Ghost Domains, that remains a mystery.

"Are you saying we've fallen into a Ghost Domain..." Yang Jian glanced at Wang Xiaoming.

Wang Xiaoming replied, "It's possible. After the ghost appeared, the entire hospital was affected. Even if it hasn't formed a true Ghost Domain, this place resembles one closely. While I can't be certain, you should assume that you're within this Ghost Infant's domain."

"Things have gotten complicated," Zhang Han said softly. "If it's anything like the incident in Huanggang Village, we're doomed."

Yang Jian's expression shifted.

During the Huanggang Village Ghost Coffin incident, while those who entered the village didn't find themselves in a Ghost Domain, who could have imagined that the entire village was an apparition created by a malevolent ghost?

"Just keep moving and stay alert," Wang Xiaoming seemed not too worried as he calmly continued forward.

Shrouded in a blackish-green haze, the hospital did appear to have grown significantly larger; it took a full ten minutes to reach the first corner from just the lobby.

A deep passage, its end out of sight.

On both sides of the corridor were outpatient departments and some hospital rooms, their doors tightly shut, exuding an aura of gloom and doom.

Under normal circumstances, no one would enter such a place.

But now was different. All the spirit tamers from Dachang City were here, and they had to find a way to deal with the ghost, or nobody would make it out of this city alive.

"Something's not right."

Zhao Kaiming, leaning on his cane, said gravely, "If we brazenly walk through this corridor, something is bound to happen, possibly even casualties. If that ghost is really in the hospital, it's sure to appear."

"If we don't take this route, we'd have to take the elevator. Wouldn't that be even more dangerous?" mused Sun Yi.

"Indeed, taking the elevator in a haunted hospital—if we really run into danger, it'd be like being trapped all at once. This corridor does look a bit off, but since we're here, that ghost is bound to show up. No matter how careful we are, a clash is inevitable.

Now, it's not about avoiding the ghost but finding it and dealing with it," Yang Jian said calmly as he pushed a trolley behind him, which held a gold box.

This was a containment device prepared for the malevolent ghost.

"I'm just offering a suggestion," Zhao Kaiming said. "As for the decision, that's up to Professor Wang."

"Let's not waste any more time, keep moving," Wang Xiaoming showed no hesitation and stepped into the deep corridor.

Everyone else followed silently, on high alert for anything around them, even above and below.

If a malevolent ghost attacked, they would use their own ghostly powers to protect themselves immediately.

Before long, the eight of them quickly disappeared into the passage, swallowed whole by the blackish-green haze. Just a few steps in and the hospital's lobby behind them vanished from sight, no longer visible, the entrance to the outside world drowned in the murkiness.

Turning back now, one would find that the way back had disappeared.

Keep moving forward.

Passing by one tightly shut door after another, they briefly noted signs like "Orthopedics," "Neurology," "Dermatology" hanging above the doors, appearing quite normal with nothing unusual.

Yet from some rooms, through the gaps beneath the doors, flickered strange lights.

As if someone were toying with the switches, turning the lights on, then off, on, then off, creating a ticking, ticking sound.

As they passed these doors, everyone's heart skipped a beat, no one daring to make a sound, let alone push open the doors to satisfy their curiosity about what was inside.

"The patients have disappeared." Suddenly, Wang Xiaoming remarked as they walked.

"Professor Wang, at a time like this, can you not say things that are so frightening?" Sun Yi's face was tight, somewhere between a laugh and a sob, looking particularly grim.

Wang Xiaoming continued, "From the outbreak of the incident until now, only half an hour has passed. Even if that ghost really came from Seventh Street to the hospital, it's unlikely it could kill all the patients in such a short time. If the patients were still alive, they would be calling for help, but we haven't heard a single sound."

"The hospital's alarm has stopped too, as if it were turned off. It's unlikely the patients would do that; it's probably the doing of that entity."

"I now have reason to believe the malevolent ghost has taken complete control here; this has become their territory. We've become the intruders. If that's the case, maybe we won't have to look for it. It will soon come looking for us."

Yang Jian narrowed his eyes and looked at Wang Xiaoming.

If all cries for help had ceased, then Wang Xiaoming's earlier deduction was correct. A third-stage Ghost Infant would kill anyone who heard its voice.

But now, he spoke as they walked, clearly aiming to attract the ghost with his voice.

Rather than passively searching for an unknown horror, it was better to actively draw the ghost to them.

Theoretically, with so many spirit tamers, they still had a chance to prevail.

"Wait."

Suddenly, a spirit tamer at the front urgently whispered.

"Hmm?"

Everyone instinctively stopped, looking ahead, faces paling with the realization.

Ahead.

A clinic with an orthopedic sign had its door opened completely at some point without anyone noticing.

The light from inside shone out, casting reflections on the dim corridor and illuminating an area of about four or five square meters around it.

However, it wasn't simply the opening of one clinic's door that made everyone so wary—what made them uneasy was the tall silhouette left in front of that clinic's door.

It seemed as if something was standing at the doorway, waiting for everyone to arrive.

"Who's there?" someone whispered.

No one in front answered him; the shadow on the ground remained motionless, like a statue. Stay tuned for updates on empire

"It's not a patient, and it's not a survivor from the hospital. What do we do, Professor Wang...." Sweat broke out on the man's forehead as he turned to ask.

"There's no need to be so scared, just keep moving forward. If it's a ghost, find a way to detain it," Wang Xiaoming said calmly.

Easy for you to say~!

Many thought to themselves.

Even ghost handlers only had slightly better chances of protecting themselves when facing ghosts; in a real confrontation, ten ghost handlers wouldn't be enough for one ghost to slaughter.

And now, with no clear information or intelligence about this ghost, trying to capture it might cost several days' worth of lives.

But complaints aside, they could only grit their teeth and continue forward.

They were getting closer and closer to the clinic with the open door.

The shadow remained still, unresponsive to anything.

"Seeing, encountering, hearing. If the Ghost Infant's first three killing patterns are like this, then we've only fulfilled the third condition. If there's a ghost in the clinic, it should've acted by now—it has heard us," Yang Jian furrowed his brows seriously, somewhat bewildered.

Indeed, the real pattern had to be verified by testing first; no wonder Wang Xiaoming did not speculate about the fourth stage of the Ghost Infant,

Recklessly drawing conclusions could easily lead to death.

"Creak~!"

However, as the ghost handler in the front approached within two meters of the door, the orthopedic clinic's door suddenly closed.

The light disappeared, the shadow disappeared, and the door shut tight.

Everything returned to normal.

What?

The ghost handler in front was stunned.

What does this mean?

Had it fled?

Did the ghost sense that it couldn't bully these people and thus felt afraid?

"Go to hell, whatever is trying to scare us here. Come out if you dare—we're not afraid of you, one single ghost, with so many people here. Today, I'll lock you up."

Feeling taunted, another ghost handler, perhaps infuriated out of fear, stepped forward boldly and kicked at the clinic's door.

"Bang~!"

The clinic's door was kicked open.

Inside, darkness enveloped the room, and a cold, musty wind rushed at them, carrying a faint scent of decay.

"Are you insane? Why are you causing trouble at a time like this? If you don't want to live, we do!" Zhang Han exclaimed in shock.

As expected, Yang Jian was right: in a group, there's always an idiot.

The man sneered, "What's there to fear? We came here to stir things up. If we don't draw out that ghost, we'll be at a disadvantage as time drags on. That ghost can afford to wait, but we who control only one ghost each cannot. I don't want to die slowly at the hands of a revived fierce ghost. I'd rather do something drastic."

"Uh..." Zhang Han was at a loss for words.

That seemed to make some sense.

Wang Xiaoming seemed to tacitly approve of his seemingly reckless actions, asking, "What did you see inside?"

"Nothing, just pitch darkness. It doesn't look like a clinic at all, more like..." But before he could finish his sentence, a pair of dark green arms suddenly reached out from the darkness, grabbing the man's neck.

"Hmm?"

The man's eyes bulged, and his head instantly tilted to one side as his neck was snapped.

Then the dark green arms pulled the man into the darkness behind.

"Bang~!" The door closed, and all fell silent again.

Everyone was stunned.

They didn't even have time to react.

The incident happened so quickly, within just a second, that there wasn't even enough time to utilize the power of a fierce ghost.

Even Yang Jian managed only to barely open his ghost eye.

Chapter 239 The Extinguished Ghost Candle

"Are you kidding me? That's one down already?" Zhang Han was stunned; he couldn't even hear the struggling from the ghost controller inside.

A dying toad still hops a few times, or at least twitches its thigh.

Zhao Kaiming sneered, "Who else can he blame for his own death? Thinking he could act recklessly just because he's controlling a ghost. This is a fully revived spirit we're dealing with, the incident has been classified as S-level. The ghosts you people carry aren't even in the same league."

"Once targeted, death is all but certain, and they don't even realize their own limitations. You should know, even Ye Feng met his doom."

Hearing this, and recalling the recent scene, a chill washed over the others, leaving them cold all over.

Wang Xiaoming saw this too, but remained indifferent, simply saying, "Keep moving forward, and stay further away from that door next time, don't touch it again."

"Keep going forward? Professor Wang, if we continue like this, we're all likely to die here. Maybe we should think of some other way," Sun Yi said fearfully.

Wang Xiaoming replied, "You might die, I might die. If I, an ordinary person, am not afraid, why should you be?"

But that's not the point. You are a world-renowned professor, and I'm just a poor sucker who hasn't even finished paying off my mortgage. How can it be the same? Sun Yi felt heartbroken inside, thinking he too had a high chance of dying here.

The ghosts here kill without a second breath.

Watching Wang Xiaoming bravely continue forward, the others had no choice but to follow.

"Yang Jian, think of something. This isn't looking good. A ghost controller died within minutes, and if this keeps up, we're probably not going to make it out of this hospital," Zhang Han came over and whispered urgently, "Wang Xiaoming is being reckless, we can't afford to be reckless with him."

"Actually, he's not wrong. If we don't resolve this paranormal event, we are all going to die. It seems like we have many choices, but in reality, we have none. We can only fight with all we've got," Yang Jian said calmly while pushing the cart.

"But to sacrifice in vain is still wrong," Zhang Han said. "If we're to go all out, we need to choose the right direction."

Yang Jian responded, "Wang Xiaoming is currently finding the way. Do you think that man died in vain? No, Wang Xiaoming was using that man's life to test the movement patterns of the ghost. It's just unexpected that the man was somewhat weak, or maybe the ghost was too strong, dying quicker than estimated."

"What? Is that so?" Zhang Han looked shocked, hardly able to believe it.

Wang Xiaoming is so ruthless, using our lives for experiments?

"No need to think like that. As long as you survive a ghost attack, everything will be fine. If you don't survive, you can't blame anyone else," Yang Jian said.

And... the bluish-black arms from before looked like those of a child, most likely the Ghost Infant's Second Stage.

Perhaps somewhere between the Second Stage and the Third Stage.

In any case, it's definitely not the Third Stage yet. Your journey continues at empire

Which means, there's more than one ghost here.

"My ghost eyes are getting blurrier; they're being eroded by this bluish-blackness, and in this clash, my ghost eyes are completely at a disadvantage, currently being suppressed," Yang Jian said, as the red in his ghost eyes rapidly disappeared, reverting to a dim blue-black world.

The ghost eyes, drowsy, wanted to close, and even seemed beyond control, like they might fall into an eternal sleep.

If it were any other time, this would be good news for him, but now, this was clearly very bad news.

"Wang Xiaoming, wait a second."

After moving forward for a while, the corridor seemed endless. At that point, Yang Jian realized that his ghost eyes had closed, and he reluctantly called everyone to a halt.

"What's the matter?" Wang Xiaoming said.

Yang

"Are you planning to use it now?" Wang Xiaoming frowned, "There's only two-thirds left; it won't last very long."

As the developer of the Ghost Candle, he was of course very clear about its purpose.

But he felt that it should be used against the source, and in the absence of external support, it was the last bit of strategic-level resources.

"It doesn't seem like the time to be sparing," Yang Jian said, "and the thing you're going back to your office to retrieve, if I'm not mistaken, should be that finger."

Wang Xiaoming calmly said, "Exactly, getting that thing will increase our chances of winning just a bit more."

"That's right." Yang Jian led the way, while simultaneously lighting the Ghost Candle.

The eerie green flame flickered, illuminating the surroundings.

Immediately, the dark green aura filling the nearby area dissipated rapidly, and everything around them recovered some light.

The nearby paths became clear to see.

However, at this moment, Yang Jian noticed that the Ghost Candle he held was burning at a surprisingly fast rate, as if accelerating, and started burning quickly. The emerald flame crackled and leaped as if it were struggling to unleash all its energy against something.

While the Ghost Candle was burning, they were able to get a clear look at their surroundings.

What they saw made them gasp in shock.

Below the sign that was supposed to mark the clinic's door, there wasn't a door at all. Standing there were figures with dark green bodies, stiff and unmoving, no longer people—they were all Ghost Infants that were in the midst of growing... true ghosts.

These ghosts had their eyes tightly shut, rigidly still as if they hadn't been awakened.

It turned out that the clinic they had seen before was entirely transformed by ghosts. No wonder the person who kicked the door open died—it must have been a ghost that got woken by that guy. If he didn't kill you, then who else?

"Hoo~!"

But in the next instant, Yang Jian felt someone blow a breath near his ear.

Suddenly, the Ghost Candle went out.

The surroundings plunged back into darkness once again.

"Impossible." Yang Jian looked at the extinguished Ghost Candle in his hand with shock.

Since acquiring the Ghost Candle, this was the first time he had encountered it being extinguished.

And he was sure it was not extinguished by himself, but was forcibly blown out by something.

The chill was as if a fierce ghost was perched on his shoulder, blowing air.

Looking in the direction from which the chill was coming,

Yang Jian saw Zhao Kaiming's gloomy face.

Was he involved in what just happened?

Or was it Zhao Kaiming who had used the power of his own fierce ghost to blow out the Ghost Candle?

"Follow me."

However, before he could think further, Wang Xiaoming had already taken the initiative to start running forward.

The light emitted by the Ghost Candle just now had allowed him to clearly identify the path ahead, knowing how to get out of this ghastly place.

Chapter 240 Separate Actions

"Hey, did you see that just now? There wasn't any outpatient room at all; every door down the corridor was haunted. Those things were just standing there, stiff as boards, not moving an inch. How many doorways have we passed since then?"

"Ten, twenty?"

Sun Yi said with some panic and unease.

Thanks to the appearance of the Ghost Candle, they had successfully found the way out. By this time, everyone had left that terrifying place and was walking up the hospital's stairwell through the safe passage.

"Shut up, no one would think you're mute if you don't speak," someone snapped at him.

Thinking back to the scene they had witnessed just moments before, everyone felt a lingering fear in their hearts.

If they had continued to stay in that place, once all the ghosts awoke, everyone there would have died.

"What's the deal with those things? Why didn't they attack us proactively? Normally, they wouldn't pass up the opportunity when we just walked past them so boldly," Zhang Han also said uneasily.

Wang Xiaoming replied, "Maybe they're undergoing some kind of change and haven't fully transformed into third-stage Ghost Infants yet. Or it could be due to some other reason that those ghosts haven't woken up. But that isn't important. What matters is that the hospital's situation is deteriorating further.

I originally thought there was only one ghost, not even counting the Ghost Infants inside those patients' bellies."

"Now it seems there's only one possibility."

"What possibility?" Zhang Han asked.

"The ghosts have been released and have already taken over this place. If that's the case, then the origin of this entire situation, the unknown ghost, doesn't seem to want us to discover its existence, perhaps even preventing us from finding it."

Wang Xiaoming's expression shifted as he said, "Previously, I was merely using the other Ghost Infants to locate Seventh Street, and I was discovered. That ghost immediately came looking for me. If we hadn't retreated quickly enough, Yang Jian and I might already have been trapped in the hospital."

"Perhaps this operation shouldn't have been carried out; it should have been called off."

Yang Jian didn't speak at that moment; he was just wondering what exactly it was that had so abruptly blown out his Ghost Candle.

Recalling the speed at which the Ghost Candle had burned before, he had encountered such a situation previously.

A ghost standing under the streetlight, visible only from behind, its face obscured.

During that encounter too, the Ghost Candle had burned intensely.

And the faster the Ghost Candle burns, the more vicious the surrounding ghosts are.

"The thing that snuffed out my Ghost Candle just now definitely wasn't a Ghost Infant from this hospital, but another ghost... a ghost that has been following us, yet remains unseen. This ghost's Terror Level surpasses all the Ghost Infants we've encountered so far."

Such an astonishing hypothesis emerged in Yang Jian's mind.

But no sooner had this thought appeared did it cause him to break out in a cold sweat.

If there truly was a ghost more terrifying than the current Ghost Infants lurking amongst them, then their lives might be in danger at any moment.

"When, exactly when did that ghost start following? Has it been tailing me since the Ghost Door Knocker incident, or has it always been following someone else? No, it definitely hasn't been following me; I've used the Ghost Candle before and there was no reaction from the candle flame, which means there were no ghosts around me."

Sweat formed on Yang Jian's forehead, a mix of nervousness and anxiety as he tried to quickly analyze the situation: "If that ghost isn't following me, then there's only one possibility—it's following Zhao Kaiming."

"In the last Ghost Door Knocker incident, there were four ghost controllers involved: me, Wang Yue, Tong Qian, and Zhao Kaiming."

"Wang Yue's ghost is the Ghost Rope, Tong Qian's is the Ghost Face behind her head, but only Zhao Kaiming's ghost is unknown, a complete mystery. Considering the ghost I saw under the streetlight last time, I have reason to believe that Zhao Kaiming and that ghost are somehow related; otherwise, it couldn't be such a coincidence." Stay updated through empire

"Whether it's true or not, a ten percent chance is enough."

With that thought,

Yang Jian suddenly stopped and said, "Hold on, I think with the current situation, it's too risky for us all to act together. I believe it's necessary to split up."

At those words, everyone looked at him as if he had lost his mind.

In this situation, to suggest splitting up? Was he courting death?

"Yang Jian, how could you come up with such an idea? So many of us were moving together before, and there were still casualties. You want to split up? If I didn't see you acting normally, I'd even suspect you're not yourself," someone immediately retorted.

"What are you thinking?" Wang Xiaoming asked.

Yang Jian responded, "Nothing much, I just feel that it might be more convenient to split up. I don't need a team; I can go alone."

"If you run into a ghost, you'll have a miserable death," Zhao Kaiming said coldly.

Wang Xiaoming said, "Although I don't know what you're thinking, I refuse your suggestion. It's indeed irrational to separate at a time like this."

"I'm just letting you know, I don't need your agreement," Yang Jian said.

He really couldn't feel at ease acting alongside an unknown ghost, especially when even the Ghost Candle couldn't withstand that ghost's terror.

Compared to the unknown, Yang Jian would rather face the swarming Ghost Infants alone.

Even if he were to die, he wanted to die with a clear understanding.

"Has Yang Jian noticed something? What a sharp guy. No wonder he has survived paranormal events over and over again. Not only is he cautious, but he is also decisive in action."

Zhao Kaiming watched Yang Jian's distinctly determined demeanor and couldn't help but have his gaze flicker.

Although it was just a minor detail, he had confirmed that his ghost had been exposed, and Yang Jian had noticed it.

"Professor Wang, which floor is your office on? We can regroup there," Yang Jian said.

"On the top floor, because it's convenient for helicopter pick-up," Wang Xiaoming said, 'Since you've made up your mind, I won't insist. Just be careful.'

"You too." Yang Jian said his piece but still insisted on leaving.

Zhang Han was indecisive at this moment. He wanted to leave with Yang Jian, but in the end, he couldn't make up his mind. However, he knew that Yang Jian must have a very important reason to choose to leave the group at this time; he must have discovered something and didn't dare to act with the others.

But as much as he understood, he wasn't sure, so he couldn't make up his mind either.

After a while, Yang Jian disappeared into the corridor on the sixth floor, planning to take an alternate, safer route to the top floor.

After separating from the others, whether it was psychological or a genuinely correct choice, the strong feelings of disapproval and danger in his heart seemed to disappear.

However, to be safe, he lit the Ghost Candle again.

The crimson Ghost Candle emitted its green light once more, eerie and mysterious.

But this time, the burning speed of the Ghost Candle noticeably slowed down a lot, almost back to normal.

This indicated that there were no ghosts near Yang Jian, and for the moment, he was safe.

"My guess was correct. That ghost wasn't following me, but someone among them, with Zhao Kaiming being the most suspicious, and Zhang Han and Wang Xiaoming the least," Yang Jian sighed with relief but then became solemn again.

He then blew out the Ghost Candle, not wanting to waste the half that remained.

"Things have gotten complicated now. It's not just the Ghost Infants we have to be wary of, but also the people around us."

Thinking of this gave him a headache.

This was no longer just a difficult mode; it felt like he had prematurely entered a hellish paranormal event.

But there was no choice, the Hungry Ghost incident was a major event. No matter how difficult, he had to find a way to resolve it, so he hardened his resolve and continued to be involved.

Even though he was acting alone, with no worries behind him, Yang Jian didn't care as much. He moved quickly, taking advantage of the fact that he hadn't yet awakened any fierce ghosts and sprinted up the stairs.

The Ghost Eye was being suppressed at the moment; the Ghost Domain couldn't be used normally.

If he wanted to use it, he would have to give up suppressing the Ghost Shadow, which could lead to danger if it got out of control.

So for now, Yang Jian chose to play it safe, reasoning that it wouldn't be too late to take action if he truly encountered a dire situation.

However, while Yang Jian and Wang Xiaoming were acting together, something uncontrollable happened.

In the corridor they had previously passed through, the ghosts that stood on both sides with closed eyes, seemingly in deep sleep, suddenly opened their eyes all at once, revealing pitch-black, hollow sockets without pupils, exuding sheer viciousness.

They were no longer rigid in one spot, but began to move.

Heavy footsteps echoed in the dark corridor, like corpses walking on the ground.

Soon, all the ghosts vanished, melting into the darkness in various directions.