

Revival 351

Chapter 351 - 350 Curse Against Curse

"The Ghost Fog encompassed a much larger area than I had imagined. From the outside, it seemed to only cover the area of a hotel, but walking into it felt like entering a world shrouded in mist, where distance seemed to lose its meaning."

Yang Jian opened his ghost eye and unfolded his own Ghost Domain, having already walked in the Ghost Fog for five minutes.

Normally, by now he should have entered the Caesars Grand Hotel, but at the moment, he was still on the road, with not even a shadow of the hotel in sight.

The space within the Ghost Fog seemed to have expanded manyfold.

However, Yang Jian wasn't worried about that, what concerned him more was the ghost hidden within the Ghost Fog.

From the moment he had entered the Ghost Fog, Yang Jian faintly sensed that something within the dense, gray fog was following him.

Occasionally, the fog would condense as if forming the silhouette of a person standing by, watching him, and sometimes a vague sound of footsteps would follow from behind.

These subtle noises all proved that there was indeed something in the thick Ghost Fog.

Fortunately, the Terror Level of this ghost didn't seem high and it hadn't invaded Yang Jian's Ghost Domain, so he had been safe up to this point.

"We're here."

It took nearly ten minutes for Yang Jian to finally move through the Ghost Fog and stand in front of the Caesars Grand Hotel.

The journey was unexpectedly smooth.

The hotel looked no different from when he had visited the day before; it appeared normal but exuded strangeness from every corner.

This time, however, Yang Jian's purpose was not to find people or to confine any ghosts. His goal was to minimize the potential dangers of the hotel and facilitate his next move.

If he were to barge in as he did last time, even if Yang Jian believed he could make it out alive, Xiong Wenwen and Luo Su Yi would surely perish here.

Though Yang Jian could remain indifferent to the lives and deaths of Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei, from a broader perspective, the death of any ghost controller was not a good thing.

Yang Jian walked into the hotel lobby and saw many footprints on the tiled floor, as if someone had been repeatedly entering and leaving the hotel. These footprints varied in size, but they were all the same in texture: dry, darkened, with a faint stench of decay.

It was as if they were left by shoes soaked in the liquid from decomposed corpses.

"Is this the trace of the ghost from the second floor?" Yang Jian looked up towards the direction of the hotel's second floor.

The deep hallway extended into darkness, void of any light, yet oddly enough, the door to the second floor was wide open, as if someone had recently walked up the steps to the second floor.

"There are ghosts on the second floor, while Guo Fan and Feng Quan went missing on the fourth floor, which is even more dangerous. Current information suggests that the first floor of the hotel is relatively safe for the time being. But since the ghost on the second floor is actively moving, it might wander down to the first floor at any moment."

"So I must act quickly. If the ghost that alters memories has successfully attacked Guo Fan and Feng Quan, they must be aware of my arrival. Just like them, as an Interpol officer, I have a GPS-enabled phone that can track my location."

With a slight shift in his gaze, Yang Jian immediately strode forward.

He was headed to the hotel's surveillance room, the location of which he had learned the previous night while doing his homework.

He had a rough yet clear understanding of the hotel's layout and architectural structure in his mind, even having consulted the hotel manager through staff members to confirm the hotel's internal structure.

The information was without error.

Yang Jian passed through the lobby, remaining very careful and cautious along the way.

However, he noticed that as he ventured deeper into the hotel, the Ghost Fog that enveloped the outside seemed to have less of an effect here. At first, outside the front door, there was a thick fog, but as he moved into the hotel, the Ghost Fog grew less dense.

This was not good news, but rather a sign of potential danger.

The inability of the Ghost Fog to penetrate the hotel indicated that something even more terrifying within the hotel imposed restrictions on the Ghost Fog.

"This should be the place."

Yang Jian didn't follow the hotel corridors; instead, he used the power of his Ghost Domain to move directly through walls, proceeding straightforwardly until he reached a room with a firmly locked door.

This was the hotel's surveillance room. He had asked the hotel manager about it, and the room also had broadcasting equipment that could transmit announcements throughout the entire Caesars Grand Hotel.

What he intended to do was to upload an audio file from his phone and broadcast it throughout the entirety of the Caesars Grand Hotel.

This audio file contained the knocking sounds of the Door Knocking Ghost that Yang Jian had always kept.

It might also be the only remaining recording on the internet. This recording has a terrifying ability to summon the Door Knocking Ghost, and all those who hear the knocking sounds will be sought out by it.

"In this situation, there's no need to explore the hotel slowly. By broadcasting the knocking of the Door Knocking Ghost through the hotel's PA system, I can have the Door Knocking Ghost deal with the potential terrors within the hotel for me.

I am also curious to see what happens when a ghost hears the knocking sounds—will the result be the same as it is for humans, who get killed by the Door Knocking Ghost?"

As Yang Jian uploaded the audio file, he thought to himself.

As for Feng Quan and Guo Fan, who had lost contact on the fourth floor, he had given up on rescuing them because the cost was too great and not worth it, and he couldn't guarantee whether they had already become Ghost Slaves.

Of course, if they were really okay and could survive the Ghost Door Knocker incident, they would naturally be able to escape the trap after Yang Jian's next move.

However, Yang Jian would not jeopardize his own plan for their sake at this moment.

This was the only safe and viable plan at present.

Soon, the audio file was successfully uploaded, and after fumbling on his own for a while and consulting a professional through his smartphone, he learned how to broadcast.

"The curse is spread through sound, so as long as one doesn't hear it, they are unlikely to be affected. But just to be on the safe side, I should leave this place temporarily after the broadcast is effective," Yang Jian set the time for the broadcast.

He set it for half an hour.

The time is a bit long.

This was to ensure that the Door Knocking Ghost could be lured over as quickly as possible, in order to avoid unexpected changes over a prolonged period.

After setting everything up, Yang Jian pressed the play button and then rapidly evacuated the Caesar Hotel without looking back.

"Tss tss~!"

As he was evacuating, the hotel's PA system started blaring, first with a burst of chaotic electrical noise that was somewhat piercing to the ears.

Following that, a dull, eerie knocking sound began to emanate from the hotel's speakers: thump, thump-thump, thump, thump, thump-thump...

The curse of the Door Knocking Ghost began to spread.

Since the hotel was already in a state of lockdown, Yang Jian wasn't worried about innocent people getting involved. Those who could stay in the hotel were either Ghost Slaves of the memory-altering ghost or real ghosts. The only ones at risk of unintended harm were possibly Guo Fan and Feng Quan.

But they should have seen the files on the Door Knocking Ghost incident. If they were still alive, they might be able to guard against the Door Knocking Ghost's deadly knock.

Using Ghost Domain to move through walls, he left the hotel in just a few seconds.

Yang Jian once again found himself enveloped in the Ghost Fog.

The Ghost Fog cut off all the sounds from the surroundings; the broadcast should have taken effect by now, but there was no sound to be heard.

"With this Ghost Fog, the knocking sounds should be well contained, not allowing them to spread indiscriminately," Yang Jian bravely left his Ghost Domain and stood in the Ghost Fog to listen for a while.

Only once he was certain he couldn't hear anything did he feel at ease.

However, just after stepping out of the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian suddenly saw a human silhouette emerging from the thick, grey mist ahead of him.

"Do these ghostly things appear anytime and anywhere? But now the Ghost Fog is still effective, at least it can block the hotel for me. Once I solve this supernatural incident, thinking about how to get rid of this Ghost Fog won't be too late," he thought.

He still decided not to interact with the ghosts in the Ghost Fog at that moment.

Firstly, he didn't want to waste energy, and secondly, he didn't want the Ghost Fog to disappear at this time.

Immediately, Yang Jian used the Ghost Domain again and quickly left behind the dense fog.

If he didn't have the Ghost Domain, he believed that even a necromancer who controlled two ghosts would get lost here and find it difficult to leave.

Very soon.

Yang Jian walked out of the Ghost Fog and quickly moved away from the Caesar Hotel.

Chapter 352 - 351 Peril Reduced

"Yang Jian, the one with the ghost eye, really has some guts. He dares to venture into such a complex supernatural event all by himself, and not just once but twice. If it were me, I probably would've been dead by now. Being able to casually walk in and out like that isn't something any ordinary ghost charmer can pull off."

Outside the area covered by the Ghost Fog, near the second security line, Luo Su Yi squatted by the road, eating instant noodles he had just made, and spoke.

"You brat, do you know what Yang Jian intends to do by venturing into that place alone? He's definitely not going in to restrain the ghost; otherwise, he wouldn't have left us behind. He said he needs to make some preparations. Could it be that he's planning to negotiate with whatever's inside and ask for a favor?"

"Who are you calling a brat? Your whole family is full of brats," Xiong Wenwen retorted upon hearing Luo Su Yi call her that, cursing, "With a mouth as foul as yours, you're definitely going to be the first to die if we encounter any danger."

Luo Su Yi smiled, "Whether I'll be the first to die, I don't know, but I'll surely outlive you, you little twerp. You're really unlucky, becoming a ghost charmer at such a young age. No more youth for you. Who knows, you might accidentally kick the bucket one day. Zhao Jianguo really is willing to let you come to Z City."

"Mind your own business," huffed Xiong Wenwen.

But even as he spoke, Luo Su Yi kept observing the state of the Ghost Fog nearby. He hoped that Yang Jian wouldn't be able to come out, yet he also hoped he would.

If Yang Jian died on this solo venture, he and Lin Luomei could then leave in good conscience, avoiding involvement in this incident. But if Yang Jian came out unharmed, although there might be danger after they entered, with Yang Jian leading the way, it shouldn't be too problematic.

With this thought, Luo Su Yi felt quite at ease.

"He's coming out."

Suddenly, the personnel on guard nearby couldn't help shouting when they saw Yang Jian's figure emerging from the Ghost Fog.

Yang Jian once again walked out of the Ghost Fog, his face calm as he approached.

"You managed to make a round inside so quickly?" Luo Su Yi, still eating his noodles, was somewhat incredulous.

That thick fog clearly indicated a problem; once inside, it wasn't guaranteed that one could come out easily. But it hadn't been long, and Yang Jian had already returned, as if he had just casually strolled around inside.

"So, did you handle it?" Xiong Wenwen hurriedly ran over and asked.

"It's not that easy. I just made a few minor adjustments inside. Now it's time to wait. If everything goes well, we should see results before noon. Get ready for action. If the preparations I've made work, we need to act immediately," Yang Jian replied before glancing at Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei nearby.

These two hadn't lost their senses and chosen to run away.

"Let's find a high spot to rest for now, which will also be convenient for observation," Yang Jian said, checking the time. He then scanned the surroundings, planning to go to the rooftop of a nearby building to observe.

And while he opted to wait,

unexpected changes were already taking place inside the hotel.

"Thud, thud-thud~!"

Following the already set audio file, the dull, eerie knocking sound reverberated through the hotel via the loudspeakers. If not for the Ghost Fog's blockade, the sound might have even reached outside.

Nothing unusual occurred on the first floor of the hotel under the spread of this knocking sound.

But on the second floor, in the restaurant where Yang Jian had been attacked the day before,

several bodies sat stiffly at a few tables, long dead. They weren't killed by a ghost but had starved to death due to a lack of food and water. Their memories had been tampered with by the ghost, making them unable to eat, drink, or sleep normally. Without the ability to maintain such activities, anyone would succumb.

Yet even though they no longer had any signs of life, these corpses still sat, statuesque.

They each wore a smile, their eyes ashen, motionless as if waiting for some command.

"Thud, thud-thud~!"

The eerie knocking sound suddenly echoed in the restaurant.

An inexplicable scene unfolded: the bodies that were previously sitting rigidly in their chairs now all simultaneously collapsed to the floor as if they were under some incomprehensible attack.

The bodies no longer maintained their seated posture.

It seemed they had reverted to the state they should have been in after death, and even the bizarre smiles on their faces gradually faded away.

If the ghost that alters memories and the ghost with the smiling faces are considered a curse, then the Door Knocking Ghost's voice is a curse far more powerful than theirs.

At that moment, the curse of the Door Knocking Ghost had replaced the original curses on the corpses, so they had returned to normal.

Although for those who had died, the return to freedom came a bit too late, for Yang Jian it invisibly resolved many potential troubles.

The voice continued to spread.

This was the kitchen on the second floor of the hotel.

The kitchen door was closed due to the shutdown, but as the broadcast of the knocking sound began, the door suddenly burst open with a bang.

Someone stood behind the kitchen door that had unexpectedly flung open; swathed in darkness, their features were indiscernible, just a towering silhouette... No, there was something else faintly visible within the darkness.

A kitchen knife.

A kitchen knife that seemed to be full of notches and covered with rust.

The tall figure, clutching the strange knife, slowly stepped out of the kitchen.

One step, another step, each one unnaturally heavy, like a corpse walking, with a dull echo, and every step left a footprint on the floor.

The footprints were sticky, as if stained with fresh blood, but they also emitted a stench of decay.

And on the fourth floor of the hotel.

The curse of the Door Knocking Ghost, embedded in the broadcast voice, reached this place as well.

"Thud, thud-thud~!"

The sound echoed in the hallway, rapidly spreading into the depths of the darkness, and in mere moments had traversed the entire floor.

Initially, nothing particularly unusual happened on this level.

But as the knocking reached an inexplicable area on the fourth floor, everything changed.

This was an invisible corridor on the fourth floor of the Kaiser Hotel, with rooms on either side that normally went unoccupied, but now, inside one of the rooms...

It was dimly lit inside.

And on top of the living room's TV cabinet, there was an old wooden spirit tablet with nothing on it but a black and white obituary photo. The person in the photo was none other than Guo Fan, the international ghost hunter who had entered the hotel earlier.

The moment the knocking penetrated the room, the old spirit tablet on the TV cabinet suddenly toppled to the floor.

A person who had been kneeling in front of the tablet for a long time jerked their head up sharply, appearing utterly shocked.

When the knocking reached Room 13, the door, which had always been closed, suddenly opened at that moment. Simultaneously, the door to Room 31 in front also opened.

The light from inside spilled out, illuminating the dark corridor.

But this situation did not last long; soon after, both doors swiftly closed again.

The curse kept spreading, and for this hotel, riddled with innumerable dangers, it is uncertain whether it would reduce the peril as Yang Jian speculated, by utilizing the Door Knocking Ghost's method of killing.

Chapter 353: 352

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"Three of a kind."

"Can't follow."

On the top floor of a residential building near the Caesar Grand Hotel, Yang Jian, Luo Su Yi, and Xiong Wenwen were playing Landlord to kill time while waiting.

Xiong Wenwen widened his eyes at Luo Su Yi: "You can't follow three of a kind? What kind of crap hand do you have?"

"Mind your own business. If I can't follow, I can't follow. What can I do about it?" Luo Su Yi said.

"What a waste of space. All grown up for nothing." Xiong Wenwen said disdainfully and then played a pair of eights.

"Pair of nines," Yang Jian said calmly.

"Pass."

Squatting on the ground, Luo Su Yi waved his hand and said, "Hey, is it really good for us to be this laid-back? The fog over there is getting bigger and bigger, and it's spreading this way. If this continues, we'll have to evacuate the second line of defense too."

"That hotel is a trap for us right now, who enters dies. I'm not stupid enough to break in with you rookies. Feng Quan might have already bitten the dust, and Guo Fan has lost contact. Under these circumstances, the only thing to do is wait for the hotel's danger level to decrease." Yang Jian said seriously.

"Let's just wait and see a bit longer; I believe we'll have results soon."

"Pair of kings," Xiong Wenwen, who was not listening to Yang Jian, focused on the cards in his hand, seemingly more concerned about winning this hand than solving the supernatural incident at hand.

"Bomb," Yang Jian declared.

"Crap, do you even know how to play? I put down a pair of kings and you throw down a bomb?" Xiong Wenwen said.

Yang Jian said, "A straight, three with one, a single 4, that's all."

"Wait, hold up, isn't that cheating? Who plays like that?" Xiong Wenwen said angrily.

"You can't follow my hand, see for yourselves," Yang Jian replied.

A look of frustration crossed Luo Su Yi's face as he tossed his cards down: "Good thing we're not betting money, otherwise I'd definitely go bankrupt."

Xiong Wenwen checked his hand and almost jumped up in frustration: "Can't take a single card, what use are you, truly a pitfall."

"Look at the hotel, it's getting dark," someone called out.

At that moment, Lin Luomei next to them suddenly picked up the intercom and broadcasted to the group.

It's getting dark?

Luo Su Yi looked up at the hotel in surprise.

Sometime when no one was watching, the mist enveloping the hotel had started to turn dark. No, not that the fog was turning dark, but the environment around it was darkening, as if the area surrounding the hotel had suddenly entered the night, and everything in front of them was rapidly vanishing from sight.

That black night seemed like it could swallow everything.

"Holy moly. It's really getting dark. What kind of ghostly thing is coming out now? This hotel is way too freaky," Xiong Wenwen exclaimed in shock.

This bizarre change, even for a Ghost Domain controller, clearly meant something, even if he was just a ten-year-old kid.

Yang Jian squinted his eyes: "Is it coming? The Door Knocking Ghost."

The persistent broadcasting over half an hour, the incessant door-knocking heard by everyone in the hotel, the curse spreading, there was no reason why the Door Knocking Ghost wouldn't visit here.

What surprised him a bit was exactly how the Door Knocking Ghost had managed to get to the Caesar Grand Hotel in Z City.

Was it traveling through the Ghost Domain, or did it just appear out of nowhere chasing the curse?

"Get ready, we're going into the hotel immediately," Yang Jian stood up, stretched his body, and said with a grave expression.

"But, isn't it more dangerous to go in now?" Luo Su Yi exclaimed in alarm.

"No, now is the safest time," Yang Jian said, staring at the gradually disappearing area: "I've summoned a ghost. That ghost will take away most of the dangers there and move them into its own Ghost Domain. Even though it's the same place, it's actually in a different space. Hmm, for now, you can think of it like that."

"Don't waste time; this is our last run. We need to be quick."

The Ghost Door Knocker's domain is mobile, and soon the vanished hotel will reappear.

After being swept over by the Ghost Door Knocker's domain, the hotel's danger level will be very low.

At least, compared to before, it would be.

Who would have thought that the curse left on the cell phone would play such a big role later on?

Yang Jian quickly turned around and went downstairs to prepare all the necessary things.

Although Luo Su Yi was reluctant to get involved, Lin Luomei had been conscripted, so there was no choice but to steel himself for what was to come.

Fifteen minutes later.

Yang Jian and his group were standing near the first line of defense again.

Somewhat miraculously, the Ghost Fog that was visible just then had mysteriously vanished.

Yes, the thick fog that could disorient was gone.

The Caesar Grand Hotel, which had disappeared from view on the rooftop, had once again manifested before their eyes without truly disappearing completely.

Yang Jian's deduction was correct.

After the Door Knocking Ghost's arrival, it moved again, and this movement included shifting the Ghost Domain as well; hence the hotel previously covered by the Ghost Domain, after vanishing, reappeared again.

The Ghost Fog hadn't vanished; it was simply taken into its Ghost Domain by the Door Knocking Ghost.

"However, we can't guarantee that the hotel is completely safe now. There's still the presence of those not taken into the Ghost Domain, and those kind of ghosts generally have a very high Terror Level," Yang Jian did not relax his guard.

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Perhaps the danger within the hotel had lessened, but the remaining risk was extraordinary.

"Just stroll in like that?" Luo Su Yi was stunned upon seeing Yang Jian heading towards the hotel without hesitation.

Yang Jian turned back with a stern face, "You talk too much. If you don't want to come, just wait outside. To tell you the truth, I haven't completely trusted you yet, so do whatever you need to do now. If you interfere with me during the supernatural event, I'll deal with you first."

Luo Su Yi's neck shrank involuntarily out of fright.

In front of others, he could be arrogant and confident, but in front of this "Ghost Eye" Yang Jian, he was like a mouse in front of a cat, unable to muster any boldness.

This guy could easily kill him without a second thought, it was no joke.

Soon.

Yang Jian arrived at the Caesar Hotel's lobby for the third time.

Just like the previous two times, everything looked normal on the surface, showing no sign of anything strange, just like a hotel that was closed temporarily.

"Lin Luomei, call out, help me find where Zhao Lei is," Yang Jian said.

He still didn't look for room number 13 or number 31. Choosing that way was risky. If he relied on Lin Luomei to find people, he could directly get an accurate location without having to make a dangerous choice.

Lin Luomei had no choice but to follow Yang Jian's instructions. Although she usually didn't speak, she wasn't mute; she just couldn't speak. Her voice was a ghost, every word uttered carried an inexplicable supernatural power, and if she ever said someone would die.

Then that person would indeed be killed by a mysterious force in her voice.

Therefore, Lin Luomei chose to play mute, communicating with a voice playback software on ordinary days.

"Zhao Lei, where are you?" Lin Luomei uttered these words, her voice indescribable.

It was like an evil ghost whispering, sending chillingly eerie vibes, a tone no normal person could produce.

The sound didn't spread immediately but rippled out in a fixed direction, like ripples on a pond.

This way of spreading was unique; only those nearby would hear it. Once out of range, you would never hear the sound again.

"Zhao Lei, where are you?"

The voice, like a death-seeking specter, wandered on the first floor, the Wanderer.

It passed through the lobby, through walls, into the rooms on the first floor, and every reachable place, bringing potentially fatal consequences to anyone who accidentally heard it.

In less than a minute, this eerie voice, transformed into an invisible specter, made its round on the first floor.

"There's no Zhao Lei on the first floor," Lin Luomei said with a pale face, speaking through the player.

Yang Jian said, "The second floor, third floor, fourth floor, search from the bottom up. Since you've already used your ability once, it should have the expected effect. Don't worry, after this event is over I won't treat you badly. I still have a quota to control a second Evil Ghost that I haven't used at Wang Xiaoming's place.

If you can help me resolve this supernatural event smoothly, I might consider giving it to you."

A quota to control a second ghost?

Hearing this, Lin Luomei looked at Yang Jian with a mix of shock and joy, her eyes glittering with delight.

She was reaching the limit of controlling one ghost to stay alive, and to prolong the ghost's resurrection, she had to steel her heart and control a second one.

Though this method wasn't exactly a secret, the success rate differed from country to country. And in Asia, the plan offered by Wang Xiaoming had the highest survival rate, making his quota extremely precious, usually reserved for international ghost controllers who had proven their merits. For local ghost controllers like Lin Luomei, it was almost impossible to get a slot.

Just like how Yang Jian had to go through the Ghost Coffin event in Huanggang Village for a shot at a quota, he had barely survived.

The strange voice continued to spread, this time climbing the stairs to the second floor.

There was a kitchen on the second floor, a dining room, and various sizes of private rooms.

The voice reached the dining room; there was no response. Under the dining table lay several stiff corpses long dead, no longer affected by the curse of the Door Knocking Ghost, just ordinary corpses now.

Then, the voice moved into the kitchen.

The kitchen, with its door wide open, was pitch-dark. The voice lingered there for a moment before retreating.

Still no response.

But amidst the darkness, a series of black footprints emerged from somewhere in the kitchen, stretching out and disappearing on the stairs leading to the third floor.

"There's nothing on the second floor either, neither Zhao Lei nor anything else," said Lin Luomei, her body tense, through the broadcaster.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

This result was somewhat unexpected for him, because from the first search, he was almost certain there was a ghost on the second floor, and it was one whose condition was unclear but had a very high level of danger.

"Nothing at all? That's impossible. Where did that ghost on the second floor go?"

Xiong Wenwen's eyes widened with a hint of terror, speaking out his fears as just a child, without much contemplation.

"Last time with Yang Jian, I encountered Tong Qian's Ghost Face in the dining room on the second floor, but another ghost got attracted by the Ghost Candle. I can't predict the exact details of that ghost, because no matter how I try to foresee it, the outcome for me and Yang Jian was death, our bodies sliced into pieces, our heads displayed on the dining table...

We were as dead as could be," Xiong Wenwen said.

Listening to this, Luo Su shuddered uncontrollably, "Really? You foresaw your own death along with Yang Jian?"

From previous conversations, he knew that Xiong Wenwen's ability was to foresee the future, predicting things related to himself within the next hour.

Looking somewhat scared, Xiong Wenwen nodded in agreement.

"My god," Luo Su was internally collapsing.

Even those who were considered a strong support could have their moments of failure; the danger here had skyrocketed.

Yang Jian said calmly, "Kid, don't talk nonsense. The future you foresee is just the worst-case scenario you could face right now. Since it can be foreseen, it can be avoided. It's like there's a pit ahead, and I'd fall and die if I walk three steps forward. Would I still fall in that pit if I knew about it beforehand?"

"Your ability is like insurance. With you around, the chance of dying is the lowest, so don't worry about foreseeing death."

"Oh, that seems to make sense," Xiong Wenwen said, feeling reassured by the analysis.

Chapter 354 - 353 The Nonexistent Road

"Zhao Lei, where are you?"

The eerie voice issued by Lin Luomei wandered within the hotel, like an invisible ghost incessantly shuttling through the various floors of the hotel, searching for its own target.

She had already searched the first and second floors.

Very clean, nothing at all.

Had not encountered a ghost either.

According to Luo Su Yi, as soon as Lin Luomei's voice encountered a ghost, there would surely be a collision, an interference, and through this way, one could almost determine which areas were dangerous. This would allow the team to possibly avoid danger during their movement.

Indeed, it was because of her that Luo Su Yi and Huang Fei had been able to survive until now.

Of course, in return, they had to protect Lin Luomei's safety and prevent her from encountering danger, especially from being killed by a fierce ghost.

Finally, her voice crossed over the third floor and arrived at the fourth floor.

The fourth floor was where Feng Quan and Guo Fan had lost contact; like Tong Qian before them, their fate was unknown, so this floor was the most mysterious. What puzzled Yang Jian even more was that he had previously asked about the situation of the hotel.

Yang Jian found that there was no such thing as a room number 13 in the hotel, nor a room number 31.

That was one of the doubts in his mind.

The voice entered one of the rooms, the sinister voice searching for Zhao Lei echoed within this room.

No one responded, and after the voice made a full round, it left; right after the voice left, however, the door of this room suddenly opened a small sliver.

An eye peeked out from the darkness within the crack of the door, scanning the outside.

"Bang!"

Soon after, the door slammed shut quickly, and tranquility was rapidly restored inside.

The voice continued to delve deeper into the fourth floor of the hotel, carefully exploring each room; this safe and meticulous exploration method surpassed any ghost charmer's personal investigation.

Finally, after probing who knows how many rooms,

it came to an area that no one had entered.

This area was weirder, with an additional corridor, and on both sides were rooms with door numbers styled unlike the rest of the hotel's room numbers. As Lin Luomei's voice continued to search along these rooms, finally, upon entering room 13, there was a reaction.

"Zhao Lei, where are you?" the voice echoed.

However, another voice responded from within the pitch-dark room, rigid, as if controlled, mechanically answering, "I'm here."

The voice searching stopped immediately upon receiving a response and began to withdraw quickly.

Lin Luomei was only looking for Zhao Lei's whereabouts, not to kill or harm him, so this was enough.

But as the voice was retreating, a tall, dark figure had somehow appeared at the entrance of this strange corridor.

It stood motionless, like a wall blocking the voice's way back.

"Found it, in a room on the fourth floor. Although I can't see the room number, if I follow, I can definitely help you determine the exact location of that room,"

At that moment, in the lobby on the first floor, Lin Luomei's face showed a trace of relief as she continued to speak through the recorder.

"The fourth floor? Good, let's take action," Yang Jian nodded, finally a bit of progress had been made.

However, just as they were about to depart, Lin Luomei suddenly turned pale and shivered uncontrollably, "No, it's not good, my voice has encountered another ghost on the fourth floor."

She typed shakily on her phone and then played it out loud.

"Is there a ghost on the fourth floor?" Yang Jian's expression changed slightly.

"I knew this operation wouldn't go so smoothly; this is even after I minimized the danger. If the Ghost Domain of the Door Knocking Ghost hadn't carried away some of the dangers, there might be even more ghosts here,"

But the presence of danger on the fourth floor was expected.

"Ghost or not, we must go to the fourth floor; I'm not sure if the current situation in the hotel might suddenly worsen, so we need to move fast, even if we have to face ghosts head-on. Follow me, I'll take the lead. Xiong Wenwen, follow behind me, Luo Su Yi, you cover our rear,"

After finishing quickly, Yang Jian immediately sprang into action.

Even though the Ghost Domain of the Door Knocking Ghost had taken away the danger, ghosts could not be killed, so one couldn't guarantee that those dangers and supernatural entities wouldn't break free from the Door Knocking Ghost's domain and return to the hotel in a short time.

Hence, one must consider this and quicken the pace of the operation.

After ascertaining that there was no danger ahead, Yang Jian hurried along, passing directly through the second and third floors via the staircase to the fourth floor.

The fourth floor.

This was a layer teeming with danger and confirmed to have the presence of ghosts.

Merely standing at the entrance of the fourth-floor staircase, everyone felt an immense pressure.

Looking ahead at the pitch-black corridor, the faint-hearted began to tremble uncontrollably, as if once they entered, they would never be able to come out alive.

"I'll lead the way, Lin Luomei, you direct." Yang Jian checked his equipment, making sure there were no mistakes, and then opened his "Ghost Eyes".

With the Ghost Eyes, darkness was no longer an obstacle.

A world bathed in red light emerged in his mind, making everything around him clearly visible.

To be on the safe side, Yang Jian still chose to cover everyone with the Ghost Domain, which would make it easier for him to escape.

Even though he knew his Ghost Domain had been perfectly countered by the ghost that could manipulate memories, it still provided some self-protection. Moreover, his biggest advantage was that after mastering the Ghost Shadow, he felt unrestrained in using the power of the Ghost Eyes, not currently worried about the revival of fierce ghosts.

If it were anyone else, they wouldn't be able to so casually waste their power.

With the emergence of the Ghost Domain, the others could also see the surroundings clearly.

Inside the Ghost Domain, all the surrounding buildings seemed to be emitting a red glow, unnaturally alien, as if a ghost might suddenly spring out from any corner.

Had they not known this was Yang Jian's ability, they would have been even more afraid.

"Keep going straight ahead," Lin Luomei commanded.

Without a word, Yang Jian didn't use the power of the Ghost Domain to teleport; instead, he chose to walk forward step by step, so that he could handle any emergencies.

"Turn left," Lin Luomei pointed to the left.

Yang Jian passed by the first guest room with the number 001 on the doorplate.

"Something's wrong," he froze the first time he saw the room numbers inside the Caesar Hotel.

He pulled out the room number he had obtained after dealing with the Ghost Cabinet from his pocket.

He found that the two doorplates were completely different styles, whether or not the numbers were the same at this moment was irrelevant.

"This is definitely not a room number from Caesar Hotel," Yang Jian's heart sank.

Could the message obtained from the Ghost Cabinet be false?

But why did Lin Luomei's voice lead them here to find Zhao Lei?

It couldn't possibly be a coincidence.

"To the right, keep going," Lin Luomei pointed again.

However, when Yang Jian turned right, he halted his steps.

Because after the turn, there was no road ahead, only a window for ventilation, with no room next to it.

"Did you get it wrong?" Yang Jian looked back at her.

Lin Luomei was also taken aback. Seeing that there was no road ahead, she couldn't believe it, because she was sure the sound had continued straight ahead after getting to this point.

"I'm not mistaken, it has to be here," she typed a few words on her phone, then showed them.

"Walk a bit further, and you'll reach the spot where the ghost previously stood at the first intersection."

Seeing her so certain, Yang Jian trusted that Lin Luomei hadn't made an error; there had to be a path here, and it was necessary to find it.

The only possible reason they couldn't see the path was that they were in the Ghost Domain.

That area must be some special space, only accessible by retracting the Ghost Domain.

"I'm going to retract the Ghost Domain now, prepare yourselves for an attack," Yang Jian thought it over and still wanted to find a way to enter that non-existent area.

"I can predict the danger in advance," Xiong Wenwen tensed up and grabbed hold of his clothes.

Yang Jian patted his head, "No need, I'll let you know when to use your ability. Right now, it's just a waste."

Those who had tamed a ghost simply couldn't squander their powers recklessly.

After reminding everyone, as the Ghost Eyes closed, the surrounding red light began to rapidly dissipate.

Darkness enveloped them from nearby.

Yang Jian was prepared; he switched on a specially-made flashlight. In strong light mode, this flashlight could maintain uninterrupted lighting for ten days, a kind of black technology.

Of course, what mattered now was not the battery life of the flashlight, but the fact that when he shone the flashlight ahead, the window which had been in front of them vanished.

In its place stood a deep, elongated passageway.

A path that didn't exist in the hotel appeared eerily before him.

Chapter 355 - 354 Crisis in the Corridor

The flashlight's beam cut through the darkness ahead.

A dim and profound path appeared before them, stretching into the depths of darkness where the light could not reach.

Standing at the entrance of this path felt like standing at the gates of hell itself, a nameless chill had already enveloped the body without notice, especially with the closed doors on either side of the corridor, hinting crises at every turn; afraid that upon walking in, one of those doors might suddenly swing open, unleashing some horrific spectral entity.

Even if every room they passed was safe, there was at least one certainty.

A ghost had just appeared ahead and collided with Lin Luomei's Ghost Sound.

But from this position, the ghost was currently out of sight.

One thing was certain, though, that thing was still lurking inside.

Under such circumstances, Luo Su Yi, Lin Luomei, and Xiong Wenwen were all extremely tense, fear apparent in their eyes.

Only someone like Yang Jian, who had confined S-level Hungry Ghosts, could remain calm in the face of such supernatural phenomena.

"Move out."

Yang Jian's voice was low. He hadn't opened the Ghost Domain, but he still kept a Ghost Eye on his forehead to watch for any nearby disturbances.

The others didn't speak. At a time like this, they didn't dare make a sound, uncertain if their voices would trigger the ghost's killing pattern and draw its attention to them.

They crossed that corridor line, which seemed almost taboo, stepping onto the soft carpet.

The surrounding silence was terrifyingly palpable, not a single sound to be heard except for their own heavy breathing echoing in their ears.

Yang Jian reached out to touch the wall beside him, then brought his hand to his nose to sniff.

It was clean, without any strange odors.

The cleanliness was terrifying—there wasn't even a speck of dust. It was as if someone had been tending to it constantly. The lack of odor meant that no one had died in this hallway, or at least there hadn't been any incidents of blood splattering or bodies being dismembered. Otherwise, there would surely be some residue or smell.

"We're about to walk past the first room," Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, and he moved the flashlight toward the direction of that guest room.

The room door was still.

There were no signs it was about to open.

He kept walking.

"Be careful," Luo Su Yi swallowed, whispering a warning. He noticed how relaxed Yang Jian seemed in his pace, not tense at all, fearing that Yang Jian might not be cautious enough in leading the group.

Yang Jian paid him no heed and soon reached the first guest room door.

The door bore an old European-style design, seemingly with years behind it. Some of the paint on the door was flaking off. Above the door, a copper room number hung, engraved with a number: 1.

This indicated it was the first guest room.

But the room Yang Jian sought was number 13, so he had to continue further ahead.

Out of curiosity, Yang Jian tried pushing the door to see what was inside, to be better prepared mentally.

However, when he pushed with force, the door didn't budge.

When he tried again, it still wouldn't move.

It was as if he wasn't facing a door, but a wall.

"Can't push it open? Or does it require some special method?" Yang Jian's eyes flickered. He felt that he might be able to force the door open with ghostly abilities.

But since his target was not room one, he wouldn't waste time.

He continued to walk forward.

Quickly, they passed room two, room three, room four...

The style of every room's door was the same, and they were all impossible to open upon trying.

"Yang Jian, could you not mess around? I'm about to start crying from fear," Luo Su Yi said as he watched Yang Jian seemingly courting death by trying to open the doors, his legs almost giving out from fright.

He couldn't believe that in such a situation, Yang Jian would still dare to do such things.

Didn't he know that the more you do in a paranormal event, the more dangerous it becomes?

The intelligence they had so far did not indicate there was only one ghost in this place. What if one of these rooms housed another ghost? Yang Jian's actions were akin to digging a grave for them all.

"I wanted to understand this place a bit more. It might be risky, but I believe it's worthwhile," Yang Jian said calmly.

His instincts told him that there was a reason Zhao Lei was hiding here.

In other words, the danger Yang Jian was likely to face might not be Zhao Lei, nor the memory-altering ghost, but the place they were currently in.

That was why he wanted to understand it better.

But ordinary exploration yielded little effect, and Yang Jian didn't gain any useful information.

"We're going to cross the first intersection ahead," Lin Luomei reduced the volume on her player to a minimum before cautiously playing it out, "My ghostly voice encountered a ghost at the first intersection before."

When they reached the ninth room, a small crossroads appeared ahead, with branches stretching into the darkness on both the left and right, the corridors lined by rooms just like the ones they had passed, all tightly shut with no signs of opening.

The room Yang Jian was looking for, number 13, lay just ahead, seemingly only a dozen or so meters away.

But at this intersection, everyone stopped in their tracks.

The flashlight illuminated the dark red carpet below, and everyone could clearly see the scattered shallow black footprints. Some of the prints extended toward room 13 ahead, while others stretched into the dark depths on either side.

"These footprints are fresh," Xiong Wenwen, though just a child, had also noticed this detail.

Yang Jian squinted and said, "Indeed they are fresh, as if someone just passed by. The prints are so chaotic, it's impossible to figure out which direction the ghost went. If it happens to block our path while we're working, that would be bad, since there's only one way back."

"However, now's not the time to think about that. Since we've confirmed that the ghost has temporarily left, we need to act quickly."

Having said this, he quickened his pace, not pausing for a moment, and headed straight for room 13.

Finding Zhao Lei was the first step in solving the problem.

Soon, they passed rooms 10 and 11 one after the other.

In no time at all, they were faced with a door that lacked a room number.

The door's number appeared to have been deliberately taken by someone, leaving behind only the mark of a nail.

Yang Jian felt in his pocket and pulled out a copper room number, upon which the number 13 was inscribed.

He fitted it onto the door and compared it.

It matched perfectly, as if it was the original.

"What kind of existence is that Ghost Cabinet that it can even take away the room numbers here?" a sense of horror inexplicably rose in Yang Jian's heart.

Such an ability was beyond comprehension, impossible to understand.

"Is this the place?" Xiong Wenwen, following behind, glanced at the room, "I think we should predict what's inside first. There's definitely danger here."

The suggestion was good.

But Yang Jian still didn't want to use Xiong Wenwen's abilities. The child's abilities could save lives at critical moments and should be conserved if possible.

"If we really encounter that ghost, I can handle it. At worst, I can hold on for a while. The danger hasn't appeared yet, so it's not time to use your abilities."

After rejecting Xiong Wenwen's suggestion, he attempted to open the door.

He had no intention of using brute force to break it open since he had already concluded that the door could not be opened by strength alone.

Therefore, Yang Jian immediately used the ability of Ghost Shadow.

The shadow at his feet gradually thickened and began to rise in an impossible manner. In just a moment, a headless black Ghost Shadow appeared in front of everyone.

"Yang Jian's second ghost."

Everyone felt a chill in their hearts upon seeing this.

Luo Su Yi, in particular, stared intently at the Headless Ghost Shadow, feeling the cold aura emanating from it. That same sensation had once suppressed the ghost inside him, reducing him to helplessness in the face of Yang Jian, ready to be slaughtered at will.

"How on earth does Yang Jian control such a terrifying ghost?" he wondered.

Logically, the higher the Terror Level of a ghost, the more uncontrollable it should be due to the risk of it getting out of hand.

Yet Yang Jian had managed to do just that.

"Get ready, I'm about to open the door," Yang Jian cautioned seriously before controlling the Ghost Shadow to adhere to the door.

The ability of Ghost Shadow was not only capable of piecing together corpses but other objects as well.

In fact, the Headless Ghost Shadow had once patched together mannequins in a mall.

Yang Jian didn't need the Ghost Shadow to damage the door, just to open it.

As expected.

The door, which couldn't be forced open through brute strength, was easily opened by the Ghost Shadow.

"Creak..." the sound of the door opening echoed.

But just at that moment, as Luo Su Yi in the rear scanned his surroundings, his flashlight's beam accidentally swept across a corner of the crossroads behind them, and he was horrified to feel his hair stand on end.

There it was... a person, a tall and stiff figure.

At this moment, that person was staring blankly ahead with a face devoid of expression; their eyes seemed to be rotting away, continually dripping foul-smelling bodily fluids, and they moved with a heavy gait, resembling a walking corpse.

The flashlight beam fell upon the figure, but it seemed to have no effect whatsoever.

It continued to walk forward, unconcerned with Yang Jian and the others nearby, as if there would be no interaction between them.

"Will it leave?" Luo Su Yi's palms were sweaty, and his body stiffened from the tension.

Watching the figure walk forward step by step, he hoped it would just leave, but then the worst happened.

As the figure passed the crossroads, it stopped dead in its tracks right in the middle.

Yes.

It stopped, utterly motionless.

"Yang Jian," Luo Su Yi screamed in terror.