

Revival 356

Chapter 356 Death Prediction

Yang Jian had just used Ghost Shadow to open the tightly shut door, his focus entirely on what lay beyond it, and he hadn't paid much attention to his surroundings; of course, he also trusted that the people by his side would stay alert.

However, Luo Su Yi's sudden scream made his heart jolt violently.

Almost instinctively, he realized something was amiss nearby.

Several of his ghost eyes opened in an instant, shifting his attention to the vicinity.

Immediately, Yang Jian's pupils constricted.

The dim hallway they had just passed, at the crossroads blanketed with dark footprints, a tall man with a dark complexion, exuding a strong stench of decay, had appeared at some point, standing stiffly, facing forward, presenting a sidelong profile to them all.

At this moment, Luo Su Yi, who was the first to spot the man, held a flashlight, trembling all over with sheer terror in his eyes.

Although Luo Su Yi was also a ghost controller, he had handled too few supernatural events and almost lacked any experience in resolving such occurrences, thus he had no idea how to deal with this situation.

After all, ghosts can't be killed.

"Is that the ghost Lin Luomei mentioned before?" Yang Jian's expression turned extremely grave, he hadn't expected this kind of apparition to show up at the worst possible time.

Such rotten luck.

Wait, that's not right.

Why was that ghost not taking any action?

Even though they were only about ten meters apart, neither he nor Luo Su Yi, who had first spotted the ghost, had been attacked. The fact that all four of them were still alive meant they had not yet triggered the ghost's killing pattern.

Xiong Wenwen had also turned around by this time and saw the ghost standing in the hallway. She instantly shrank back in fear, hiding behind Yang Jian, while Lin Luomei subconsciously covered her mouth and began to retreat as if fleeing.

If it weren't for Yang Jian's calm presence, these two would have already run off in panic.

"Yang, Yang Jian, what, what do we do now?"

Luo Su Yi backed away, shaking, trying to put more distance between himself and that entity, even a meter's worth would do.

"Stay calm, that ghost might just be wandering around here and not necessarily targeting us to kill. Based on what I've observed so far, the ghosts in this hotel don't seem to have the characteristic of indiscriminate killing, otherwise the casualties in Z city would not have been just that few."

Yang Jian stared intently at the distant ghost, his voice suppressed as he spoke, meanwhile urging them to stay calm and not do anything rash.

"Let's not worry about it for now, follow me into the room, maybe this way we can temporarily avoid that thing. We aren't equipped to handle two supernatural events at once, so we must choose one to deal with."

It wasn't terrifying to encounter ghosts, as getting used to them somewhat quelled the fear.

What was truly terrifying was when a ghost set its sights on you.

The fact that the entity outside wasn't moving indicated that the situation wasn't too dire just yet.

"Creak..."

In this perilous moment, Yang Jian still chose to open the door to room 13, making his choice.

As the door opened, there was no light inside, just pitch darkness, and a musty odor, as if it had been locked and left uninhabited for a very long time, assaulted their senses.

"Come in with me."

Yang Jian used his ghost eyes to take a quick look inside; the interior was outdated but showed no signs of abnormality. There was no trace of the ghost, nor Zhao Lei to be found. It was just that some parts of the room hadn't been thoroughly examined; perhaps the oddities simply hadn't revealed themselves yet.

But now was not the time for contemplation. The priority was to take refuge inside the room to momentarily dodge the roaming ghost outside.

He had a premonition that if the ghost outside started targeting them, they would meet a horrific end.

Seeing Yang Jian stride into the room, Xiong Wenwen, who was clutching his clothes, was immediately pulled in after him. Lin Luomei, in a bout of panic, quickly followed, not even considering whether it was safe or dangerous inside. As long as someone was leading, she was willing to go anywhere as long it meant not standing still, awaiting death.

"We're just going in like this? What if there's danger inside? Maybe we should think it over..."

Luo Su wanted to utter such a statement, but as soon as he began to speak, everyone else had already entered, and it was too late to stop them.

Realizing the situation, he felt he had no choice but to follow. It wasn't like he could stay out there with that ghost, after all.

Immediately, he rushed into the room as if fleeing and promptly closed the door behind him, terrified that the thing outside would follow them in.

In the pitch-black room, only the lights from a few handheld flashlights were visible; everything else was obscured by darkness. If something was hiding in the room, they had absolutely no escape.

However, considering there was a ghost outside, Luo Su could only brace himself against the door, locking it securely, and pray fervently that it wouldn't burst in.

"The room seems safe for now."

Yang Jian scanned the area several times before finally coming to this conclusion: "But there must be something odd about this room, so don't let your guard down."

"So, what now? Don't forget there's still a ghost outside," Luo Su pressed against the door, his forehead slick with sweat. "That close just now, it must have seen us, shouldn't you be concerned about the situation outside?"

He thought Yang Jian was being too nonchalant, having already had a close encounter with a ghost and yet remaining unbothered.

Yang Jian still did not respond to him, instead, he turned his gaze to Xiong Wenwen.

"Why are you looking at me?" Xiong Wenwen widened her eyes and said.

"I need to foresee the future. I need to know whether the ghost outside will attack us and what is happening in this room. It's too risky to search this place thoroughly under our current circumstances. Knowing the outcome in advance is the best approach; otherwise, it'll be too late when something actually happens," Yang Jian said seriously.

This was the best time to use Xiong Wenwen's ability.

The danger and source were nearby. As long as the result of the precognition was good, Yang Jian's goal would be achievable.

"Okay, fine," Xiong Wenwen hesitated for a moment but finally agreed.

He too was scared and wanted to know what would happen next in such a perilous environment.

"Hurry up and foresee the future. We're in a very dangerous situation right now. Lin Luomei and I don't want to die here with you," Luo Su Yi urged anxiously.

"Shut up," Yang Jian glared at him coldly, "I hate people like you who are no help but bring others down. I knew I shouldn't have let you come along. You're scared? You're at least an adult. He's just a ten-year-old child, and he's not enduring any less than you."

"If you continue to talk like that and affect morale, I'll throw you out immediately. In the supernatural events I've experienced, at least a dozen exorcists like you have died. One more today wouldn't make a difference."

Luo Su Yi was immediately silenced by the rebuke and didn't dare to say another word, nor did he dare to look straight at Yang Jian.

In such a dangerous situation, he also knew that he should not have spoken those words to add to the psychological pressure of others, but sometimes he just couldn't help it.

Very soon.

Xiong Wenwen activated his ability, beginning to foresee the future.

As his little face gradually turned pale and his aura grew colder, a mysterious and eerie presence seemed to weave around him, making everyone feel as if something was watching them from the shadows.

This surveillance was inescapable, making everyone feel uneasy, as if under this watchful eye, one had no secrets left.

With eyes closed, a different scene appeared in Xiong Wenwen's mind.

He moved with Yang Jian, exploring this room.

They first opened the door to the bathroom, which was empty except for an old-fashioned flush toilet, not even a mirror in sight.

Then, in the foreseen future, they opened the door to the bedroom together.

At that moment, Xiong Wenwen's pale face showed a hint of shock; he saw people in the room.

People stiff in posture, sitting on the bed, on the bedside tables, standing in the room—all of them without facial features, their faces smooth and eerily featureless.

Wanting to continue with the precognition, Xiong Wenwen's mind showed a terrifying outcome.

His body suddenly collapsed to the ground, and then his head eerily fell from his neck, as if severed by something, blood spattering, eyes wide open in death.

In the foreseen future, Xiong Wenwen was dead.

Startled by this vision, Xiong Wenwen let out a cry.

"What's happening? What does the situation look like next?" Yang Jian immediately held his hand and pressed for details.

Frightened and trembling, Xiong Wenwen's tears welled up: "I...I'm going to die. Yang Jian, save me. I'm about to die here. I don't want to die, wuwu..."

Seeing his own death, he couldn't bear the pressure and burst into tears.

"Don't be afraid, calm down. Last time you also foresaw your own death, and you were fine, right? Tell me about what you just foresaw," Yang Jian continued to question.

He could only detect and avoid danger by knowing the process of Xiong Wenwen's death.

"And ask if you foresaw anyone else's death; just don't..." Luo Su began to speak again, but his words were cut short as Yang Jian glared him into silence.

With fear and a sobbing voice, Xiong Wenwen precisely recounted what he had just foreseen.

Hearing this, Yang Jian immediately furrowed his brows deeply.

There were many faceless people in the room.

After they opened the room door, Xiong Wenwen's head fell off; he died.

Then the foreseen future came to an end.

The process and outcome were very straightforward.

"Is that all? Didn't you foresee any other ghosts appearing?" Yang Jian asked immediately.

Last time, Xiong Wenwen foresaw his and Yang Jian's death, which involved encountering a ghost, but this time there was no ghost, and he still died.

The situation was different from last time because the death was especially bizarre.

Chapter 357 Death Time

Xiong Wenwen had a premonition of her own death.

It would happen right in this room, with the body lying in that bedroom inside, her head severed on the ground, blood splattered everywhere.

But such an outcome was supposed to be impossible for Yang Jian.

It was quite normal for the people inside to be faceless.

Perhaps one of the faceless persons was the ghost, but the ghost that could only tamper with memories wasn't supposed to have such a murderous method. The ghost attacked by covering people's faces with bloodied newspapers, then stealing their faces and altering their memories, turning others into Ghost Slaves under its control.

Its method of murder was too gentle to be this violent.

Could it be that she was mistaken and there was another ghost in this room?

Yang Jian's expression fluctuated as he tried to analyze something from these scant clues.

The information was simply too sparse. After all, Xiong Wenwen was just a child. Her process of foretelling the future surely wasn't comprehensive enough, resulting in limited outcomes; otherwise, she could boldly clarify the entire event.

"Let's go, let's leave this place. You still have the Ghost Candle; we can definitely leave safely. I don't want to die here; I feel that as long as we remain in this room, we will all die here," Xiong Wenwen pleaded fearfully with a cry in her voice, pulling Yang Jian's hand.

"Don't worry, with me here, you won't die. Now you need to tell me, roughly when did you die, what time was it, and tell me if there's anything else in the room? Have another premonition about what's outside the room, try from a different angle and see if the result is the same," Yang Jian said.

If she tried more times, the outcome might change.

Anyway, since Xiong Wenwen was already in a state of premonition and her ability had been activated, if she only saw one result, that would be too much of a loss.

"Shall I try again?" Xiong Wenwen still seemed a bit scared.

"If the situation still can't be changed, I can take you away from here first, ensuring that you won't die here," Yang Jian made a promise as well.

Xiong Wenwen nodded her head and continued to keep her eyes shut, foretelling the future.

This time, her mind once again revealed the events that were about to unfold.

Her future self was still dead, with her head severed and lying on the ground, her body collapsed beside it.

But this did not prevent her from continuing to use her Premonition Ability; although she was dead in the future, the current Xiong Wenwen was still alive. As long as she was alive, she could continue to know what would happen next.

At this moment, Xiong Wenwen was like a ghost, her head resting on the ground as she watched the surroundings with open eyes.

Then, she saw the future Yang Jian picking up her head and reattaching it to her neck.

However, it was to no avail.

Even though she saw her own head successfully placed back on her neck, she did not come back to life; the situation was obviously not improving.

Nevertheless, at that moment, Xiong Wenwen saw the time on the watch worn by her corpse: ten minutes past two.

That meant her time of death was in ten minutes.

"I died at two-ten," Xiong Wenwen said nervously, revealing a critical piece of information.

"Continue, what else did you foresee?" Yang Jian immediately noted the event, preparing to take precautionary measures when the time came to prevent Xiong Wenwen from being killed.

"I saw that Luo Su Yi was dead too, his body severed in half," Xiong Wenwen continued the precognition process and soon discovered Luo Su Yi suddenly collapsed to the ground without warning, his body cleaved in two at the waist.

Blood splattered as well, and he died on the spot.

"What? I died too?" Luo Su Yi turned pale with fear.

He thought the kid had only foreseen her own death, but she had also predicted his demise.

Yang Jian's expression darkened: "What time was it?"

"Two-fifteen."

Xiong Wenwen opened his mouth to speak, but before he could finish, his eyes still shut, he cried out in terror, "Lin Luomei is dead too. Her body split right down the middle... it's so gruesome..."

Upon hearing this, Lin Luomei immediately widened her eyes.

How could this happen?

In ten minutes, they would start dying one after the other. What on earth had happened?

"What about the ghosts? Did you see any ghosts appear?" Yang Jian asked.

"No, no one. The faceless people in the room haven't budged, I didn't see any other ghosts enter the room, what do we do now? Wait, I saw you—you opened the door and ran out, you vanished, alive and out of here."

Hearing this, Luo Su Yi suddenly gave him a strange look.

Unexpectedly, the three of them would die, but Yang Jian would survive.

But he said with a cold face, "That's impossible. If it really comes to that, I will absolutely light the Ghost Candle to save my life first; I won't let the situation deteriorate. Your premonition is off, stop it at once."

Yang Jian felt that Xiong Wenwen's Premonition Ability had been led astray by something, or perhaps the influence of the malevolent ghosts had deepened, leaving him no longer able to predict outcomes autonomously.

His accuracy was beginning to wane.

Either situation could spell bad news.

Xiong Wenwen was very obedient to Yang Jian's commands and immediately stopped his premonition, retreating from the state of using his ability.

"Yang Jian, let's just go. It's just like when we first came into the hotel; if we stay here any longer, we're bound to die. Only by leaving can we change the outcome, only then can we safely survive." Xiong Wenwen tugged at him, still pleading for them to leave.

Indeed, based on the result of the premonition, abandoning this mission would be the wisest decision.

"Don't rush, we don't just retreat now, we still have five minutes, no, four minutes of action time." Yang Jian spoke calmly, "You died after two-ten, so you definitely won't die now. Since you won't die, that means you're very safe."

"Luo Su Yi, you're in charge of monitoring that ghost outside, to see what exactly it's up to. If you spot it, report every move it makes to me. You two stay here; I'll go check out that room. If there's danger, light the Ghost Candle immediately."

Yang Jian handed the Ghost Candle and the lighter to Lin Luomei, "Watch over Xiong Wenwen for me; he's just a kid."

Lin Luomei, though nervous and frightened, was relatively calm. She gripped the red candle tightly and nodded quickly.

"Remember, if there are no accidents, you should light the Ghost Candle in three minutes," Yang Jian instructed her once more before immediately setting into action.

"Yang Jian, you're asking too much of me. I'm only responsible for protecting Lin Luomei. You want me to monitor that ghost; why exactly?" Luo Su Yi spoke up.

"If you don't want to die in a quarter of an hour, just do as I say. The danger doesn't come from inside the room; it's very likely from the ghost outside. The ghosts in here, I have dealt with before, they're not high risk. Their danger lies in altering memories, not in killing. So, the aggressor must be another ghost. After my initial handling of the hotel, its danger level is at the lowest."

"If there is real danger, it would only come from that thing outside." Yang Jian stared at him, "Figure out its pattern, find a way to survive. There is no other choice."

"Know this, you all have been marked."

Having said that, he no longer concerned himself with whether Luo Su Yi was willing to undertake the dangerous task of monitoring a ghost's movements. He now had to use this safe period to enter that room, locate the Source Ghost and contain it.

If he failed, they would have to use the Ghost Candle to escape.

With that, Yang Jian headed straight for the bedroom inside.

As death loomed, Luo Su Yi mustered enormous courage; he gritted his teeth, trembling as he opened the door to the room, and then stuck his head out to see what exactly the ghost outside was doing.

Whether the deaths of their group were connected to that entity.

The operation began.

Armed with Xiong Wenwen's premonition, they were able to avoid many detours and accurately grasp the timing of each person's death, thus making the necessary preparations.

Without this premonition, they might end up just as Xiong Wenwen predicted, dying one after another right here.

Chapter 358 Turn Around and Come Back

Although taking separate actions isn't usually a good decision under most circumstances,

with only five minutes left until death occurs nearby, the clearest course of action was to quickly resolve the present situation and then leave.

Yang Jian didn't need help; he could handle that thing by himself. What he worried about were the reasons why, starting with Xiong Wenwen ten minutes later, the others would sequentially die. If they had indeed fallen into some trap, then it was necessary to ascertain the reasons.

At the moment, he focused his suspicion on that ghost in the corridor outside the door.

It was a ghost of an unknown terror level, with an unknown method of killing, one that had never been recorded in the archives. Moreover, the most important point was that the previous time Yang Jian had drawn out the Door Knocking Ghost, it had not taken this entity out of the hotel.

This meant that the curse of the Door Knocking Ghost couldn't affect it.

Because of the urgency,

Yang Jian immediately charged into the bedroom inside.

No abnormalities were found in other places; there was no need to investigate. This outcome had been foretold by Xiong Wenwen, saving considerable time.

He pushed the door open.

The room was pitch-black.

But through Ghost Vision, everything in the room was clearly visible to him.

It was exactly as Xiong Wenwen had foreseen.

In the room, there were people standing, sitting, lying on the ground—all of them without their facial features.

The clothes of these people were different: some were males and females, some dressed in suits were middle-aged men, some in hoodies were young men, and there were youthful girls in dresses... But at this moment, regardless of the person, they all lacked facial features, standing or lying quietly with unknown statuses of life or death.

Yang Jian stared at their faceless heads.

Unlike before, their faces were not peeled away along with the facial features and flesh; instead, they simply had lost their features, leaving behind flat stretches of skin.

"Did that ghost take away their faces? Or is the true identity of that ghost a faceless one?"

His Ghost Vision restlessly moved about, glancing left and right at every featureless person, hoping to find something suspicious.

Perhaps the ghost was hiding among these faceless individuals.

But unfortunately,

although there were many faceless people in the room, in his view, none was the real ghost.

Because of one detail.

If these people had no faces, then how could the smiling face from Tong Qian's body be fitted onto them?

From the current situation, the real ghost must be the one with that Ghost Face, and only the real ghost could control the Ghost Face from Tong Qian's body—others couldn't manage it.

In other words, the ghost was the one with a smiling face.

"So it seems I'm late. The ghost had been here before but is not in this room anymore... But if the ghost is gone, it means it has abandoned Zhao Lei. Hence, Zhao Lei should be here."

Yang Jian's gaze sharpened, and he immediately began to search.

Although these people had no faces, he could find Zhao Lei through his familiarity with his body size and attire.

No, maybe by the time he was found, he would already be a corpse.

But even so, he felt it was his duty to bring Zhao Lei's body out, at the very least to return it to Dachang City and present it to his parents. One couldn't simply let the body decay and disappear here.

The room wasn't large, but the faceless people were numerous, with the air filled with the stench of decay.

It was evident that some of the bodies had already begun to rot and were completely dead here. However, he noticed that some bodies still maintained body temperature and heartbeat; medically speaking, they should still be considered alive and not dead. But to Yang Jian, they were no different from the dead.

Without faces, even if their bodies maintained signs of life, what use was it? They were only prolonging their suffering for a few more days.

After quickly scanning the room, Yang Jian lastly saw a person standing by the window, facing away.

The physique and characteristics of that person were exactly the same as Zhao Lei's.

"Is it Zhao Lei?" Yang Jian's heart chilled, and he cautiously and rapidly moved through the crowd toward him.

During this time, everything around him was normal, without any movement.

Clearly, the ghost had given up on Zhao Lei. If he was still in here under the guise of Zhao Lei, it definitely wouldn't be this quiet. The thing knew it couldn't approach him, as once Yang Jian got close, and the Ghost Shadow invaded the body, it would surely be restricted. So, he became even more certain that Zhao Lei was no longer the ghost.

As he approached, Yang Jian extended his hand onto that person's shoulder.

Upon touching, he felt a sense of surprise, as warmth emanated from Zhao Lei's shoulders.

Yes, that's right; Yang Jian actually sensed body temperature.

"Is Zhao Lei not dead yet?"

A sudden thought sprang up in his mind, and oddly it was tinged with slight joy.

If Zhao Lei wasn't dead, it meant there was still a chance to save him.

However, when Yang Jian swiftly turned the body around, his countenance immediately darkened.

Although Zhao Lei's body was correct, the face was that of a stranger. This stranger's face didn't fit on his head, skewed and twisted, with several areas already rotting. If this continued, his body would soon rot away as well.

Yang Jian's face darkened, and he immediately tore off the severely damaged face.

...

He used the power of Ghost Shadow, so after tearing off the face, Zhang Lei became a faceless person again.

"Did that thing take away everyone's faces when it left this place?" Yang Jian made another round and failed to find Zhao Lei's face in this room, which made him somewhat annoyed.

What kind of ghost is it that needs so many faces?

Or does it have a collecting obsession, specifically enjoying the collection of human faces, and will not stop its actions until it finds the Ghost Face?

But the ghost should have already obtained Tong Qian's smiling face; it should need no others.

So where would it keep those faces?

Room 31?

Suddenly.

The room number popped into Yang Jian's mind for no apparent reason.

That was a very important clue left by Zhao Lei when he was attacked by the ghost; he said the ghost was in room 31 of the Caesar Hotel.

The clue given by Ghost Cabinet was room 13.

But the question Yang Jian originally asked was where is Zhao Lei?

Zhao Lei was indeed in room 13, because his body was here.

But what if the ghost also went to room 31?

Perhaps the faces were there.

"Could it be that I need to take the risk and venture deeper into this hotel?" Yang Jian's gaze shifted as he looked at Zhao Lei's body, undecided.

Although there is no problem going deeper into the hotel, there is another ghost roaming the corridors outside. With so many people involved, there might be casualties to some extent.

But he was not content to avoid room 31.

The ghost had abandoned Zhao Lei and chosen to hibernate in another way. Its source was very likely in that room.

Having come this far, it would be a pity to back down now.

However, time was running out.

Over three minutes had passed; he could feel that Lin Luomei outside the bedroom had already lit the Ghost Candle to protect Xiong Wenwen inside.

But this might not be effective. Once five minutes were up, Xiong Wenwen would still be attacked by the ghost as foretold; she might not die, but from then on, Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei would be killed one after another.

The Ghost Candle could protect them for a moment, but not indefinitely.

However, while Yang Jian was acting and thinking, Luo Su Yi on the other side was trembling with fear, but still mustered the courage to open the door and kept observing the condition of the ghost outside.

In the pitch-dark corridor, only the light from his flashlight was on.

Barely dispersing the darkness, it lit up the corridor.

But the distance still seemed dim.

Under the dim light, the intersection they had just passed was now empty.

The ghost that had eerily appeared and was wandering around the intersection was gone.

"Where did that thing go?" Luo Su Yi panicked inexplicably, searching for the entity with his flashlight.

If it had left, at least he needed to know its approximate direction. That way, he could be somewhat prepared when it was time to leave. If it hadn't moved, he had to observe its actions.

Knowing that Xiong Wenwen was about to die in a few minutes, and after her death, he would die in another five minutes.

Luo Su Yi did not dare to step out of his room; he just dared to stick out his head and search.

But in this way, the places he could search were very limited.

However, to his surprise, he actually found the location of the ghost outside.

From the direction he had just come, a tall figure with heavy footsteps and stiff movements was slowly walking away,

"I found it. Is it trying to leave this place and return to the hotel?" Seeing the ghost leaving, Luo Su Yi's tense heart relaxed a little.

As long as the ghost left the area, moving far enough away, it meant he was relatively safe for the moment.

Wait a minute.

That's not right.

Suddenly, Luo Su Yi was startled again, realizing a very bad situation.

If the ghost had turned its back to him and left, then why would Xiong Wenwen die? Why would he then die?

As he realized this, the tall figure in the distance that was about to leave the corridor stopped and slowly turned around, facing this way again...

An inexplicable sense of urgency and fear immediately enveloped his whole body.

Indeed, they had been targeted by the ghost.

Although Luo Su Yi was afraid of death, that didn't mean he was stupid. With a hint of panic, he said to the room, "I saw the ghost. It was about to leave the corridor and return to the hotel, but just at that moment, as it was about to exit, it stopped and turned around, heading our way."

"I guess that Xiong Wenwen's death will definitely be related to this ghost. You'd better come up with an idea quickly. If all else fails, leave now. Any later will be too late."

Chapter 359 The Candle That Burns Out Instantly

Yang Jian didn't take long to think, as making urgent decisions was not new to him, having faced similar situations several times before, he had developed his own way of judging.

At that moment, Luo Su Yi's voice came from outside again, informing him that the ghost outside had made a move.

From what Luo Su Yi said, it was clear that the ghost outside had indeed taken action; whether this action inevitably related to Xiong Wenwen's subsequent death was unknown to anyone.

But from the current situation, it could be inferred that Xiong Wenwen's death was most likely connected to the ghost outside.

Because there was only that one ghost nearby.

"Luo Su Yi, there's no need to be so tense and scared. Even if we really encounter a ghost, it doesn't mean we have to run or hide. We are necromancers ourselves, and in essence, we're also a kind of different ghost. If I don't gain anything this time, that ghost outside will be our next target,"

"The source of the Head Balloon Incident in D City could also be it; it's within our consideration."

Yang Jian, carrying Zhao Lei's body on his back, walked out of the room with a calm expression, not panicking at all.

When Luo Su Yi heard him say this, he was startled, "What? We're going to deal with that ghost thing? Let's forget it. That thing doesn't look easy to mess with. Direct contact with the ghost might lead to death. I've had such an experience before, and I don't want to go through it again."

To become a necromancer, he had also experienced life and death.

It was precisely because of these experiences that he feared, and someone like Yang Jian, who could overcome fear and move through supernatural events, was rare in reality.

"Sometimes you might not have the option not to act. Don't forget you're also being targeted by the ghost. If we time it, once Xiong Wenwen dies, you will also die within five minutes of his death," Yang Jian said as he approached, "The ghost has already set its sights on you. You just don't know it yet."

"It will be too late once it really makes its move."

He glanced at the living room, where Lin Luomei was now holding a Ghost Candle that had been lit.

The green flame flickered, enveloping her and Xiong Wenwen within it.

Yang Jian didn't need the two of them to do much on this trip, just to stay alive and help him search for the source and avoid danger, so it was especially important for the Ghost Candle to be with them for their protection.

"I need to go to another room to look for something else. Are you going to stay here and wait for my return, or will you come with me? With the Ghost Candle, you should be safe for what comes next."

Without hesitation, Xiong Wenwen replied, "I'm not staying here with her. I'm going with you. If I stay with them, who knows, by the time you return, my body might be cold. Hurry, take me away from here."

"In that case, let's go together. Lin Luomei, take the Ghost Candle and lead Xiong Wenwen with you," Yang Jian said without further ado, carrying Zhao Lei's body and heading out.

With the Ghost Candle in hand, Lin Luomei's palms trembled slightly, but she still followed resolutely, not understanding why Yang Jian would head outside when there was a ghost, but the situation left her no choice but to obey his orders.

If she disobeyed the orders at this time, the consequences would be dire.

"Luo Su Yi, move aside. We're leaving here," Yang Jian said.

"Big brother, think it through, there's a ghost coming our way outside, and this could be deadly," Luo Su Yi stuttered with unmistakable fear in his eyes.

"I have my considerations," Yang Jian replied coldly, "Follow me, and you can live. If you don't listen to me and you die, I won't be responsible."

Luo Su Yi had no other choice, although he regretted coming along, Yang Jian hadn't forced him into this event; he had come voluntarily. Now he could only open the door with a forlorn expression.

Yang Jian, without saying another word, carried Zhao Lei's body and walked out.

"Where are we going? That ghost has blocked the way," Luo Su Yi said, shining his flashlight toward the tall figure in the distance.

That tall silhouette continued approaching slowly, with heavy footsteps.

The air grew thicker with the scent of decay.

The figure in the distance was clearly a walking corpse.

However, if it were merely reanimated, it would be better; this was unmistakably a ghost whose Terror Level was unknown, and they might all die at its hands once certain conditions were met.

Yang Jian's ghostly eye, through the dim hallway, glanced at that thing for a moment.

A face blackened and reeking, eyes oozing corpse fluids, wearing an old coat that matched its large and imposing stature... It was like a vengeful spirit from the depths of hell, aimlessly wandering this narrow passage, effectively blocking the not-so-wide corridor.

Moreover, it was facing this way, inching closer step by step.

"That's right, this is the ghost I encountered on the second floor," Yang Jian remarked upon seeing the footprints left behind by the tall corpse.

The footprints were not black, but stained with corpse fluid after decay, which had formed black footprints.

These footprints were exactly like those he saw when he first entered and exited the Caesar Hotel.

"What's that..."

Suddenly, he noticed something in the ghost's hand.

A kitchen knife.

No, it shouldn't be called a kitchen knife, although similar in shape; more accurately, it was a Firewood Knife, much like those used for chopping wood in rural areas.

Rusty, full of notches, as if it had been buried in the ground for many years, with a particular kind of mud clinging to it.

"A ghost holding a knife... That's a first," Yang Jian thought with a shiver.

His instinct told him that the rusty Firewood Knife was anything but ordinary.

He had never seen a ghost holding a weapon before; even a Ghost Rope was essentially just a hanging rope, a common object, while a Firewood Knife leaned more towards being a special weapon.

Yang Jian, with his extensive experience in supernatural events, had only once come across a similar object in the headquarters' archives.

It was in Dachang City, in the mysterious room of the basement of Hongfa Temple, where a Coffin Nail was used to pin down a tall figure.

The Coffin Nail and this Firewood Knife were very similar, both being rusty iron implements.

But how effective was the Coffin Nail?

The Source of a Terror Level S supernatural event, codenamed Hungry Ghost, was directly nailed to death by Yang Jian using the Coffin Nail, losing its ability to move.

"Big brother, stop looking, time's almost up. Speak up, should we run or walk? That thing is coming this way. I'm not keen on dying, and Lin Luomei and I definitely can't afford to be let down by you here," Luo Su Yi was almost kneeling as he pleaded with Yang Jian, gripping his hand.

If calling him Daddy could save his life, he wouldn't mind shouting "Daddy Yang" at all.

"Ghosts kill according to certain patterns, this thing is very special. It doesn't indiscriminately kill nor does it kill randomly. We've seen it, and it keeps moving without altering its course; we, too, are still alive.

From these observations, I can deduce that this ghost must meet specific conditions to kill, and it only kills one person at a time," Yang Jian said, retreating backward with Zhao Lei's body on his back.

He needed to observe every action of this ghost to find out its killing pattern to avoid this danger.

Looking at that rusty Firewood Knife, Yang Jian felt it was better not to mess with it.

At least not now.

"Why are you so certain it only kills one person at a time?" Luo Su Yi was both shocked and doubtful.

He had no idea where Yang Jian got the information to make such an accurate judgment.

"If this ghost had caused widespread casualties, Dachang City would have had more deaths by now. Just based on the casualties in this event, this ghost is categorized as C, restricted level," Yang Jian continued to walk backward, "but just because it's not very harmful doesn't mean it's not dangerous. This type of ghost, which often kills one person at a time, is a nightmare for ghost manipulators."

The Dried Corpse Bride they had encountered on the supernatural bus was one such example.

It killed one person at a time.

But the person was killed within Yang Jian's three-layer Ghost Domain, even before the Crying Face Ghost could preemptively kill the Dried Corpse Bride's target.

This was a form of extreme terror.

"I hope it's not as bad as I imagine," Yang Jian said again, partly to reassure himself.

Now surrounded by a bunch of weaklings, if they encountered a ghost on the same level as the Dried Corpse Bride, casualties were inevitable.

But just as everyone followed Yang Jian deeper in, continuing to distance themselves from the ghost behind them,

the time of death that Xiong Wenwen had predicted arrived.

Ten minutes past two, it was time.

Beeps immediately emitted from Xiong Wenwen's cartoon watch.

This was the time he had set.

"Yang Jian, my, my time of death has come," Xiong Wenwen said with fear in his voice, gripping Yang Jian's hand tightly, and staring at him with wide eyes.

At the same time, the tall male corpse that had been wandering in the hallway stopped.

This was an anomaly.

Yang Jian, who had dealt with supernatural events many times, immediately realized this.

Xiong Wenwen's death was caused by this type of ghost.

"Don't be scared. You'll be safe inside the Ghost Candle," Yang Jian said in a deep voice, "Trust in what Wang Xiaoming has made. As long as the Ghost Candle doesn't go out, no ghost can kill you."

Xiong Wenwen nodded, but the terror on his face didn't diminish at all.

After all, he had foreseen his own demise.

At that very moment,

Yang Jian saw the tall male corpse, after stopping, slowly raised its hand holding the rusty, notched Firewood Knife.

It was raised to about waist level.

At this height, Yang Jian quickly compared it to his surroundings... which was exactly at the height of Xiong Wenwen's neck.

"No way," Yang Jian suddenly realized something and his face showed an expression of disbelief.

Next, the tall male corpse took the rusty, jagged Firewood Knife in its hand and swung it through the air, as if cutting through empty space.

The next moment,

the Ghost Candle in Lin Luomei's hand erupted into flame, like a basin of cold water poured into boiling oil.

The green Ghost Flame rapidly expanded.

The entire Ghost Candle was burning in an unbelievable manner at that moment.

In just an instant, less than one-tenth of it remained.

Xiong Wenwen didn't die.

Chapter 360 Searching Patterns

A single Ghost Candle, Yang Jian had only used it once since he received it.

He didn't carry it during that incident on the supernatural bus, so it wasn't used.

The only time was on the second floor of the hotel, but not much of it was used then, so the candle was essentially still intact.

Even so,

it had only resisted one ghost attack before it was nearly burnt out. The explosion of light that burst forth like a fireball seemed to have exhausted all the energy of the Ghost Candle, leaving only a small section remaining.

"Ah~!"

The incident happened too suddenly. After the light of the Ghost Candle burst open, Lin Luomei who was holding it couldn't help but scream, her voice indescribable and eerie, but it couldn't hide the fear and terror in her heart.

The remaining bit of the Ghost Candle, still burning with a green flame, fell from her hand.

It fell on the carpet at her feet and then extinguished with a click.

The light around them once again became dim.

A scent of death suddenly rose from the bottom of everyone's heart, creating a feeling of despair and collapse.

The Ghost Candle had gone out, the one thing that could ensure everyone's safety was now gone.

And the ghost was right in front of their eyes, blocking the way back.

The situation suddenly became extremely bad. Although Xiong Wenwen hadn't died, if things continued like this, the predicted time of death for the others would soon arrive, and then the vengeful ghost would launch another terrifying attack.

Next time, the Ghost Candle would no longer withstand the ghost's attack.

"Follow me, keep away from this ghost," Yang Jian said urgently, picking up the small section of the Ghost Candle that had fallen to the ground.

His loud growl finally woke the somewhat dazed and confused group.

Everyone hastily retreated, following Yang Jian deeper into the eerie hotel.

As they retreated, the tall and terrifying corpse in the corridor remained rigid, staying in place without moving, just like it had at the corridor crossroads before – the same posture, the same gesture, except now the ghost was facing their direction.

While retreating, Yang Jian rapidly thought things through, trying to analyze the ghost's pattern of killing.

"Why did the ghost stop walking to kill? Did it see us? No, definitely not. Or is it because it was facing our direction, it would randomly kill one of us in front? No, that's not it either. Xiong Wenwen had premonitions of his own death while he was in his room; he had predicted his death even then."

"In other words, being seen by the ghost or facing it doesn't matter, the ghost doesn't rely on its senses to lock onto its victims, but rather a more stringent method of selection."

But what could this pattern of killing be?

Although all the information was right before them, it seemed almost impossible to consider every detail in such a short time.

Without sufficient data, even someone with high intelligence like Wang Xiaoming couldn't analyze it.

"Yang, Yang Jian, is it my turn next? Am I going to die soon?" At this moment, Luo Su Yi turned pale, sweat pouring down his face as he looked at Yang Jian in utter terror.

This was because Xiong Wenwen's premonition had him dying at the hands of the ghost at 2:15 a.m.

It was now already 2:11 a.m.

In other words, he only had four more minutes of safety left. Once that time was up, he would probably die on the spot, just like the premonition.

"I'm not sure, this ghost's method of killing is simple and brutal, but the pattern is very peculiar. Xiong Wenwen didn't die, and I don't know if the ghost will skip to the next target or is relentless in not giving up until it kills its first target. If it is the latter, then the second attack will also target Xiong Wenwen, not you," Yang Jian explained while walking quickly.

Although he was carrying the body of Zhao Lei, he was very focused, constantly observing the environment while looking for room number 31.

The way back was already blocked, there was only the option to move forward.

Even if they suffered heavy losses, they needed to take out the ghost who could manipulate memories; if they chose to run away at this time, it might make all their sacrifices in vain.

The ghost had already started killing; leaving the hotel probably wouldn't help.

"What, what? It might still attack me, I'm done for," Xiong Wenwen was so scared he was nearly crying, tears swirling in his eyes.

"What about the Ghost Candle? Don't you still have the Ghost Candle? Get it out quick, I don't want to die here. You promised Zhao Jianguo you'd bring me back to J city alive, you can't lie to me... Just get me out of here, and I'll introduce you to my mom, okay?"

Yang Jian ignored the latter part of the young kid's plea and said gravely, "I have only one Ghost Candle left in my hand, and to block that last attack, the Ghost Candle nearly burned out completely, leaving only a tiny section. That little bit of candle surely won't withstand the next attack, so we can no longer rely on the Ghost Candle to save us."

"If there isn't a turn for the better within five minutes, the next person the ghost targets is certain to die."

Although it was cruel, Yang Jian didn't hide any information at this critical moment – he had to tell them the reality of the situation.

"To be honest, I've never seen anything like this before. The Ghost Candle burned so violently, even when I faced the Hungry Ghost it wasn't this bad. From now on, prepare yourselves for the possibility of dying here, though I will do my utmost to ensure your safety."

"I just don't know if I can stand up to it when the time comes."

Yang Jian's expression was extremely solemn; a Ghost Candle almost entirely consumed – this situation made his own heart tremble.

He was very clear that in such a situation, even he himself, if targeted by that ghost, might hardly escape death.

"Are we done for?" Luo Su Yi said with a trembling voice.

"No, not necessarily, there's still a chance, as long as we figure out the ghost's killing pattern, and if we can resolve it, we will be safe. The rules of ghosts are actually not complex, it's just hard to determine in a short time. If we fully understand them, not to mention us ghost controllers, even ordinary people could survive," Yang Jian said.

Ordinary people implicated in supernatural events weren't necessarily doomed to die, unless they entered the Ghost Domain and couldn't get out. Otherwise, in most cases, they could survive on their own strength.

For example, in the Headless Ghost Shadow event Yang Jian experienced, as long as one didn't turn their back on the Ghost Slaves, they could avoid being attacked and then find a way to get out.

Even in the S-class Hungry Ghost event, ordinary people could still survive, as long as they were not seen, heard, or touched by the Ghost Infant.

"But there's just over three minutes left. How can we figure out that ghost's killing pattern in such a short time? It's simply impossible," Luo Su Yi said somewhat despairingly.

He wasn't wrong.

While being attacked by the ghost, they were already too frightened to think about analysing the ghost's killing pattern.

So although it seemed like ordinary people could survive, their own fear had already snuffed out their last glimmer of hope.

"If we try a few times, we'll figure it out. You might be the next one to die. Don't you want to try?" Yang Jian turned and looked at him.

"Of course, I do," Luo Su Yi said.

Yang Jian stopped in his tracks; he had already come to the outside of another room.

Room 31.

This was a very important clue left behind by Zhao Lei before he died. Without this clue, Yang Jian wouldn't have known that Room 31 was linked to the memory-altering ghost.

"Xiong Wenwen, foresee the future one more time. We don't have time to figure out the ghost's pattern right now. The only way is to try various possibilities in a short period based on your premonitions. This is our only chance to survive," Yang Jian said as he put down Zhao Lei's body, squatting down to look at Xiong Wenwen.

"This time, we must succeed, not fail."

"I... I'll try," Xiong Wenwen said with a sob, hugging Yang Jian's arm, too scared to let go.

"Good, it's all on you now. Find the ghost's killing pattern in the future. I believe you'll succeed, and no matter what happens, I'll protect you. You absolutely won't come to harm, just like just now," Yang Jian encouraged him, giving him confidence.

At this moment, it seemed everyone's life was on his shoulders.

It was imperative to have Xiong Wenwen foresee the future in a relatively good state.

Xiong Wenwen nodded, and then his body gradually became ice-cold, his complexion turning to a deathly pallor, his breath slowly fading... as if, in a moment, he had gone from a living child to a cold, sinister corpse.

Since entering City Z, this was his third time using the Premonition Ability.

The frequency of use was a bit high, and Yang Jian had already noticed something was off when he used the ability in the room before.

While using the Premonition Ability, Xiong Wenwen was interfered with by the ghost inside his body.

The ghost was gradually awakening.

This was a sign of a malevolent ghost's revival.

"Tell me, who is the next to die? Is it you, or is it Luo Su Yi, or maybe Lin Luomei?" Yang Jian asked.

The order of death was crucial.

He needed to figure out if the ghost would skip that target after failing to attack Xiong Wenwen.

Xiong Wenwen, with his eyes closed, struggled with an expression of agony on his face, as if trapped in a terrible nightmare from which he could not awaken, experiencing unimaginable horrors in the world of the nightmare.

"I... I didn't die, Luo Su Yi, he... he died, the time is still the same as before, 2:15 AM."

Hearing this statement,

Yang Jian's expression changed.

Clearly, after the ghost failed to attack Xiong Wenwen, it skipped that target and chose another for its attack.

This, in turn, was a good thing.

It indicated that the ghost didn't have to kill a specific person; it was only that a person coincidentally fit the pattern, and after one attack, whether successful or not, it wouldn't attack again, unless... the person once again met the criteria.

"How about now? Is Luo Su Yi dead?" Yang Jian immediately opened the Ghost Domain, enveloping Luo Su Yi within it.

Xiong Wenwen, with his eyes still closed, foresaw the future again, he struggled and said, "He's still dead, died in your Ghost Domain."

From the results of the premonition, the Ghost Domain couldn't save Luo Su Yi.

It was a terrifying killing move that could not be prevented just by covering with the Ghost Domain.