

Revival 361

Chapter 361: Strength Works Wonders

“Luo Su Yi, try not to face that ghost head-on,” Yang Jian said. “The ghost’s killing behavior started after it passed through the corridor and turned back, which it hadn’t done before. In other words, the pattern of the ghost’s killings lies within those actions, and during that period the only changes in the ghost’s behavior were its direction and line of sight.”

“Changing the direction might be useful,” he continued.

Yang Jian had Luo Su Yi continue to try different approaches, and Xiong Wenwen would predict the outcomes.

Luo Su Yi nodded in agreement. He did as instructed, and didn’t look back at the ghost lurking in the dark hallway behind him.

But the result was suffocating.

“It’s no use. He still died,” Xiong Wenwen said, revealing the outcome of his death.

Direction was not the key.

“Could it be the line of sight? We were seen by that ghost before, so...” Luo Su Yi grew increasingly terrified.

“Impossible,” Yang Jian said, “it must be related to the ghost’s turn. Remember, Xiong Wenwen had predicted the future, and we didn’t die in that future, which means we were safe. The onset of death started after the ghost turned around.”

“Besides, there was a very obvious action when the ghost killed—it stopped walking.”

“Do you remember the first time you saw that ghost? It was the same situation, standing there eerily still. I didn’t understand it then, but now I do.”

“The reason the ghost stopped was that someone met the conditions. In other words, the ghost was killing someone when it stopped, not just standing there for no reason. It was the same this time. The ghost turned toward us, stopped walking, then Xiong Wenwen was attacked, followed by your death five minutes later, and then Lin Luomei...”

Yang Jian’s eyes flickered. He knew he was getting close to the truth.

But the closer he got to the truth, the harder it was to discern the ghost’s killing pattern.

The conditions were simply too few.

Walking, turning, stopping, killing... just four actions, as simple as could be.

And if you analyzed each condition one by one, you'd find none of them fit the current pattern of the ghost's killings.

"No," he concluded, "there's a very important prerequisite action the ghost takes before it actually starts to kill: it eerily stops while roaming. That moment it stops marks someone being targeted by the ghost. If I can't figure out the ghost's killing pattern, then there's only one option left: prevent the ghost from continuing to walk, or stop it from stopping."

Only... that was an enormously difficult task.

It was almost like restraining the ghost, which would inevitably lead to direct contact.

Contact with such a terrifying ghost was extremely dangerous.

Ghosts kill according to certain rules, true, but Yang Jian also knew that once you make direct contact with a ghostly entity, the entity's eerie nature would override the rules. As a ghost manipulator himself, if a ghost began to overpower him, he would be rendered powerless in its presence.

If the ghost inside the ghost manipulator was suppressed, their life would become incredibly fragile.

So, when facing a ghost, you might be able to avoid being killed, but restraining it was a monumental challenge.

“Yang Jian, there are only two minutes left. There’s not much time,” Luo Su Yi said, glancing at his watch again. Seeing that he had only two minutes left to live, he trembled all over.

“I know we’re pressed for time. Can’t you see I’m busy analyzing?” Yang Jian replied gravely. “I don’t want to see you die here either. It would do me no good for the ghosts inside you to awaken.”

“If all else fails, I’ll have to resort to extreme measures.”

He touched the old, worn grass rope tied around his wrist.

If he tried using the Ghost Rope to tie up the ghost’s legs and stop it from walking, the situation might change.

“Xiong Wenwen, predict what will happen if I take this action,” Yang Jian instructed while holding the Ghost Rope.

He didn’t even need to take action; as soon as he was ready to move, Xiong Wenwen would immediately see the outcome. This would minimize the risk of casualties from a failed attempt.

Xiong Wenwen's complexion grew even paler. Each prediction hastened the revival of the ghost inside him, since he had only managed to control one ghost so far.

But now, there was no time for such concerns.

Xiong Wenwen's face was a mix of struggle and fear: "Don't, don't go, please don't. I saw you die. You died at the ghost's feet, your head falling to the ground, and the rope in your hand... the rope snapped."

"What?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

He died, and the Ghost Rope broke?

How could this be possible?

He had perfectly mastered the Headless Ghost Shadow, virtually being able to use the ghost's abilities without limits. Yet, under these circumstances, he had still died, and even the Ghost Rope had broken.

Although he knew that direct contact with a fierce ghost was very risky, such a result was too terrible to contemplate.

"Was it the rusty firewood knife?" Yang Jian then turned his gaze towards the tall dead man in the far end of the hallway.

Especially that broken and dilapidated knife in his hand.

The Ghost Rope had broken; it must have been cut by that knife.

“There’s only one minute left. I’m going to die in one minute, Yang Jian. Please, think of something, save me, I beg you,” Luo Su Yi was so frightened he was close to tears. He was sweating profusely and shaking all over.

Death was right before his eyes, and no one could fathom the immense pressure and fear he was feeling at that moment.

“I know, calm down, I’m still trying to find a solution,” Yang Jian said, now frantic.

Because Luo Su Yi died right in front of him, the situation here would become particularly complicated again.

And at this moment.

In Yang Jian’s Ghost Eye vision, the tall male corpse standing in the hallway started moving again.

Moving with heavy steps, dragging its stiff body full of the stench of decay, it walked step by step towards this side.

With such speed, even a three-year-old child could outrun this ghost.

But this ghost didn't need to catch up with a person to kill; as long as the conditions were met, it would stop and swing the firewood knife in its hand.

This type of swing was an inescapable death blow, and so far, aside from using a Ghost Candle to withstand it, Yang Jian could not imagine a second method to withstand this terrifying attack.

"Can't stop the ghost's action, nor dare to risk getting close to it, and it's sure not feasible to trap this thing in the Ghost Domain, even the Door Knocking Ghost's Ghost Domain couldn't take this thing away, mine definitely won't... According to my previous deduction, this ghost will stop after a minute and then swing its blade to kill Luo Su Yi."

"Damn it, why would Luo Su Yi be attacked within this minute? Even the Door Knocking Ghost at least has a weird knocking sound,"

Yang Jian was still staring dead fixed at the ghost in the distance.

Every move it made was clearly seen in his eyes.

But the ghost's every action was very normal, not showing anything suspicious worth doubting, if there was such a situation it was unreasonable not to notice.

No, there must be something I've overlooked, there must be.

This ghost wouldn't kill Luo Su Yi for no reason, just like the previous attack on Xiong Wenwen, it's definitely not a random choice.

This time, Yang Jian opened both his Ghost Eyes.

A total of three Ghost Eyes stared at the walking corpse in the distance.

Seemingly observing everything at 360 degrees without a blind spot.

Relying on the power of the Ghost Controller to blindly resist this ghost is now unrealistic; getting close to this thing means death for both me and others.

"Twenty seconds, only twenty seconds till it's 2:15am, either way it's death for me. I'll fight it out with that ghost, and worse comes to worst, the fierce ghost revives, at this rate I'm a goner," Luo Su Yi couldn't help but shout out loud in desperation, driven almost mad as he wanted to bet all on an escape from this predicament.

Maybe taking the risk of the fierce ghost's revival could stop that ghost.

“Shut up, even I died in Xiong Wenwen’s premonition, do you think you can withstand it? Don’t be stupid, fighting with a ghost, how many lives do you have to gamble? Your death isn’t the issue, but once the fierce ghost revives, you will drag us all down,” Yang Jian growled, grabbing his collar.

“I already have a hard time dealing with one ghost, I don’t want to collect your corpse too. If you want to go and get yourself killed, I’ll be the first to deal with you, send you ten thousand meters underground, at least so your fierce ghost revival won’t affect me.”

“But I don’t want to sit here and wait for death,” Luo Su Yi cried out as he yelled.

He was close to breaking down.

At this moment, only ten seconds were left.

“I know, let’s try one last time, no need for premonitions now, I’ll see if I can physically intervene with that ghost,” Yang Jian gritted his teeth, deciding to use the simplest method.

He tried to trip the ghost.

No need to use the Ghost Domain, nor to utilize anything special.

Without a word, he immediately grabbed the carpet on the ground.

The carpet in the hallway was one continuous piece; he was at one end, while the ghost was walking toward the other end.

Having harnessed the power of the Headless Ghost Shadow, Yang Jian's strength had become surprisingly great. He grabbed the carpet and yanked sharply, attempting to trip the ghost.

As long as it couldn't walk, it would prevent it from killing Luo Su Yi.

The carpet underfoot shook violently, which would certainly make a normal person trip and fall flat to the ground.

However, the outcome was terrible.

The tall corpse was heavy like a stone and did not fall, continuing to walk with heavy steps on the carpet.

At this time, the designated time for Luo Su Yi's death arrived, and he himself was holding his head, screaming in agony as he waited for death to come.

“Luo Su Yi’s not dead, Yang Jian, he is not dead, he survived, the ghost changed its action, it didn’t kill Luo Su Yi,” yet, at this time, Xiong Wenwen shouted excitedly.

“What?” Yang Jian was stunned for a moment.

But in the end, he found that the outcome had indeed changed.

The ghost did not stop to kill, but continued to move forward with its heavy, stiff steps.

The situation of stopping to kill was broken.

What is this, then?

I only wanted to trip the ghost, and it didn’t trip, but Luo Su Yi was saved instead.

Did sheer force work a miracle?

Chapter 362: Stepping on Footprints

The so-called miracle, of course, was impossible.

The only explanation was that Yang Jian's very ordinary action just now had disrupted the ghost's murder pattern, allowing Luo Su Yi, who would have been chosen as the target and killed at 2:15, to escape the fierce ghost's targeting.

The pattern had been broken.

But why?

Just what method was the ghost using to select its targets, and could it really be changed by simply moving a carpet?

If that were true, it would mean the ghost's murder pattern was actually quite simple, so simple that any person could easily do it.

"The carpet's position changed, then Luo Su Yi survived, and the ghost didn't stop to start killing as before... Is the carpet the key? No, the carpet isn't the key, it's the footprints the ghost left on the carpet that are the key."

In the dim hallway, the deathly still corpse of the tall man was still wandering eerily.

Its heavy footsteps continued, leaving behind a trail of putrid footprints.

The footprints were not clear, only a hint of a black outline, which only became distinct after a few days when the liquid from the footprints decayed and deteriorated, as Yang Jian had seen when he first entered the hotel, those black, rotten marks, were particularly conspicuous.

“So someone died because the ghost’s footprints were left on the carpet? No, that’s not right either. The ghost is still wandering now, the footprints are still being made, but there are no deaths nearby, which means the ghost leaving footprints is just one condition, and another condition is the key.”

Yang Jian’s eyes flickered; he knew he was very close to the truth.

That Luo Su Yi had survived gave him a great reminder, directly negating some far-fetched ideas, leaving only one condition close to the truth.

“Re-enacting the scene we just walked through in the hallway might reveal the truth,” he vaguely felt that the reason he and the others had been targeted by the ghost was partly because they had all walked down that hallway.

Because the ghost had been lingering in the hallway they had just passed through when it started killing.

If the two were not related, he would never believe it.

Otherwise, why hadn’t Xiong Wenwen foreseen their deaths when the ghost was wandering elsewhere?

The pattern was right here.

“Yang Jian, the next person to die is still me.” Suddenly, Xiong Wenwen, who could foresee the future, opened his eyes in terror again, and he had once more perceived a very bad outcome.

“It’s the same as before; I can’t see the process, I can’t see the ghost’s pattern, I only see my body split into two, lying on the ground bleeding...”

“You’ve got to be kidding me, are you being targeted by that ghost again?” Luo Su Yi, who had just escaped death, had not even had time to celebrate before he was dumbfounded by Xiong Wenwen’s words.

“I, I don’t know what’s going on either, do you think I want to be targeted by that ghost...” Xiong Wenwen was so anxious that he had already started to cry.

Luo Su also began to panic; he knew that Xiong Wenwen absolutely must not die. If he died, there would be no one here to foresee the death of others, and then they would truly die once, and not just in a foreseen future.

“Yang Jian, why not pull the carpet again, maybe another miracle will occur.”

“No, there’s no need, I think I have figured out the ghost’s murder pattern, but I’m still missing the last bit of clarity. I need to replay the scene when we walked in just now, give me some time. By the way, Wenwen, when is your next death?” Yang Jian immediately asked.

"In two minutes," Wenwen trembled.

"There's still a little time, it should be enough."

Yang Jian took a deep breath and once again entered the Ghost Domain. This time, the range of his ghost eye was not large, only covering the area about three meters ahead with the Ghost Domain.

The Ghost Domain did not conceal, but appeared as a red projection before everyone.

"I use the Ghost Domain to create an illusionary realm that simulates everything that happened in the hallway just now. Look, this is what it was like when we came in here," Yang Jian controlled the Ghost Domain, and immediately a red ghost domain with a carpeted hallway appeared inside.

"This is the ghost's route of movement, and it's very accurate. I saw the footprints left by the ghost."

"The ghost first walked back from this intersection, leaving a trail of footprints along the way. Pay close attention to the position of the footprints. And this is what it looked like when we came in," he said.

Within the Ghost Domain, the images of Yang Jian, Luo Su Yi, and the others appeared, exactly as they were when they had just walked in.

“The ghost didn’t kill anyone on its way back.”

Inside the Ghost Domain, the phantom ghost and the illusory figures of Yang Jian and others crossed paths in a corridor, and everyone was unharmed.

“The problem started when the ghost turned around to head back,” Yang Jian’s ghostly gaze shifted, and the scenery within the Ghost Domain changed. The ghost began to turn and head back, which was when it met others face to face.

“The movements of the ghost were very slow, so pay attention to the time. The first murder occurred at 2:10, which was also when Xiong Wenwen was first attacked.”

“I can’t see anything unusual,” Luo Su Yi said, widening his eyes in an attempt to discern any tricks, but he discovered nothing.

Yang Jian calmly said, “The information is already very clear. I’ll re-illusion our appearance when we first entered at this time.”

Then, in the Ghost Domain, the figures of Yang Jian and his group appeared again.

At that moment, in everyone’s eyes, the ghost was walking forward along the passageway together with them.

However, at a certain moment, something very noteworthy happened.

Inside the Ghost Domain, just after 2:10, the ghost's footprints overlapped with Xiong Wenwen's footprints in the passage.

No, to be precise, the ghost had stepped exactly on top of the footprints Xiong Wenwen had left on the carpet.

The scene in the Ghost Domain froze.

It was deliberately paused by Yang Jian. His eyes narrowed. "You see, just after 2:10, when the ghost turned and traversed the corridor, its ghostly footprints perfectly overlaid the footprints previously left by Xiong Wenwen. Then the ghost stopped and began to kill—Xiong Wenwen was attacked."

"If you look at the position from which the ghost swung its knife, I had already taken note of it earlier. The ghost swung its knife precisely at the neck of Xiong Wenwen, which is why his head fell off."

"However, the ghost wasn't swinging at the present Xiong Wenwen, but at the Xiong Wenwen from when the footprints were left."

The scene within the Ghost Domain began to operate once more.

The ghost raised its rusty firewood knife, then swung down.

Xiong Wenwen, who had stopped where his footprints were left, was struck by the firewood knife, and his head fell off.

"This is exactly the same as the death scene I foresaw earlier," Xiong Wenwen shrieked in terror at this sight.

"Oh my god, so that's how it is. This ghost starts to kill as soon as it steps on someone's footprints," Luo Su Yi exclaimed, almost jumping up in shock.

At this moment, seeing the scene simulated inside the Ghost Domain, Xiong Wenwen grabbed Yang Jian's arm and yelled, "Hurry, the time is almost up, the ghost is about to step on my footprints again."

"No, stepping on the footprints isn't the key part. Could the footprints that the ghost steps on while traversing the corridor be less frequent? To really meet the conditions, the ghost's footprints must completely cover ours. Only then does the ghost begin to kill," Yang Jian said, as he grabbed the carpet beneath his feet and flipped it over.

All the footprints previously left by everyone were now on the underside.

Two minutes passed, and Xiong Wenwen was unharmed once again.

The ghost continued to wander through the corridor.

Seeing this, Yang Jian breathed a sigh of relief.

His judgment was correct; this ghost's murder pattern was to begin killing as soon as it stepped on someone else's footprints.

As such, it's no wonder that he and Xiong Wenwen were not harmed during their first encounter with the ghost. It was only when the Ghost Domain was on the verge of breaking due to the laughing ghost that Xiong Wenwen had foreseen the death scene for the two of them.

Without the Ghost Domain, the footprints naturally became exposed. The ghost that was loitering on the second floor of the restaurant could easily step on their footprints.

"Damn, such an easily discovered rule almost killed several of us. No wonder you, Yang Jian, were never attacked. It's because you've been walking along the wall since you came in. Your footprints were on the side, not in the middle. The ghost, walking down the center, could never step on your footprints," Luo Su Yi remarked as he fumbled for a cigarette but couldn't find his lighter to light it.

"From the replay of the scene just now, it's indeed the case," Yang Jian said.

Chapter 363: The Face on the Wall

"Flip over all the carpet here to cover the footprints we left when we passed by before, making sure the ghost won't step on our tracks when it comes this way."

“We don’t need to bother with the rooms for now. This ghost doesn’t seem like the type that would wander into rooms, but for safety’s sake, this thing must absolutely not leave the hotel. If it roams outside, a single step could land on someone’s footprint, and who knows how many people it would kill in a day.”

Yang Jian then started to instruct Luo Su Yi and Lin Luomei to flip the carpet over and erase the traces of their own footprints.

Such a terrifying ghost, an entity that could deplete nearly a whole Ghost Candle just to fend off one attack, had a killing pattern so shockingly simple.

It was as simple as a child’s game.

Stepping on footprints.

But the simpler it was, the more frightening it became. No one could guarantee when they might step on a footprint they left behind at some moment, then get killed by this ghostly thing.

“Is this good enough?” After doing all this, Luo Su Yi was still somewhat apprehensive.

Yang Jian glanced over; “As long as we don’t get close to this ghost, there shouldn’t be a problem. I’m afraid if we get close, the ghost may show other abnormalities. Right now, it wandering in the hotel is relatively better. If it goes out, it would be difficult for us to clear the footprints we’ve left in the hotel in a short time.”

“That thing is still coming this way, get into the room with me immediately.”

He looked up at the room next-door, number thirty-one.

The ghost that manipulated memories was most likely inside. They didn't open the door before because they were worried about being attacked from both sides, but now it shouldn't be a problem.

He could focus on dealing with it.

“There won't be any danger in the room, right?” Luo Su Yi cautiously asked.

“Could it be more dangerous than outside? In any case, we need to avoid it for now, at least until the ghost has left this corridor so we can leave.” Yang Jian didn't waste any more time; he forcefully opened the door to room thirty.

The door cracked open slightly, surprisingly revealing light from within.

The faintly yellow glow illuminated the dim hallway.

Yang Jian's expression darkened, he didn't care anymore and rushed inside.

If he couldn't handle the ghost outside, surely he could handle the one inside, couldn't he?

Seeing him enter, Xiong Wenwen hurriedly followed, and with the ghost approaching, neither Luo Su Yi nor Lin Luomei dared to linger outside the corridor. Heaven knows if the ghost would change its killing pattern once they got close and attack them immediately.

They couldn't joke about their lives.

"It's different from room thirteen earlier." Yang Jian's gaze sank.

Only after walking in did he realize the room was large and not at all dim; on the contrary, the lights were bright enough for even a normal person to see the inside of the room.

But when he carefully surveyed the walls around him, he trembled slightly.

The walls of the room were covered with old newspapers splattered with bloodstains, and in the center of each newspaper hung a life-like human face, with eyes closed and all the features intact—men, women, children, elders... all kinds of people.

Just a rough estimate revealed at least two or three hundred faces, and judging from the coagulated blood on the newspapers, these faces hadn't been there for long, probably no more than about ten days.

“The ghost put the victims’ bodies in room thirteen, and their faces in room thirty-one. There’s no danger in these two rooms; the source of the danger is not inside, but outside. To find this ghost, I have to go deeper into the Caesar Hotel. To reach it, I must come to this place. Once I leave footprints here, I’ll inevitably get stepped on and be killed.”

“The danger I encountered on the second floor earlier was because the footprint-stepping ghost was on that floor. Hence the newspaper ghost made a noise to lure me to the restaurant. It didn’t need to deal with me personally; just limiting my Ghost Domain was enough.”

“It’s tough that after taking control of Zhao Lei, the newspaper ghost would choose such a place. It’s a perfect trap for a ghost. Whoever comes dies.”

Yang Jian gazed at the faces on the wall and understood completely the trap the ghost had set.

It needed to do nothing, just wait for him to walk into its lair.

“No, there’s a question here. I learned about the existence of Room 13 and Room 31 through the Ghost Cabinet and the message Zhao Lei left before his death. Coming to City Z, I almost avoided most people and directly came to Caesar Hotel. How could that ghost be certain that I would definitely come here?”

Clearly, this place couldn’t have been chosen in just a day or two, there must have been premeditation.

This is a trap that’s been planned for a long time.

Yang Jian started to think but couldn't come up with a clue. It was probably because Zhao Lei had been controlled, or perhaps it was due to the familiarity with himself.

He discarded these thoughts.

He continued to search the room.

However, the result left Yang Jian somewhat disappointed. There was no trace of that ghost here. Although the ghost had once stayed here, it was clearly not present now.

"Yang Jian, look here, look at this face," suddenly, Xiong Wenwen's surprised and scared voice rang out.

He suddenly pointed at an old, blood-stained newspaper on the wall, with a human face hanging on it.

It was the face of a woman, with well-proportioned features, her complexion rosy as if she were asleep.

But it looked very familiar.

This was... the likeness of Tong Qian.

“This can’t be possible. How could Tong Qian’s face be here?” Yang Jian had planned to find Zhao Lei’s face to see if it could be returned to Zhao Lei, but when he saw the face of Tong Qian that Xiong Wenwen had discovered, he was immediately shocked.

Tong Qian’s face being here, then who was the Tong Qian that he had sent to the hospital ward before?

Two identical faces?

Yang Jian’s expression changed, and although he was reluctant to believe it, from the moment he saw Tong Qian’s face, he had already started to realize.

The Tong Qian that he had sent to the hospital might very well be the real ghost.

It possessed Tong Qian’s body, as well as Tong Qian’s face,

But that’s impossible.

If the ghost had used Tong Qian’s identity, then where was the Ghost Face that belonged to Tong Qian herself?

A ghost might discard the faces of others, but it definitely couldn’t discard the Ghost Face.

Yang Jian had previously guessed that this ghost had always been looking for the Ghost Face, and the others were just innocent victims caught in the middle.

“Yang Jian, could there be something wrong with the Tong Qian in the hospital?” Even the child Xiong Wenwen felt something was off.

Of course, Yang Jian knew there was something wrong with Tong Qian, but his mind was pondering where that Ghost Face could be?

Finding that Ghost Face would lead him to the source.

However, recalling the first time he entered the hotel, the Tong Qian who had pretended to be the front desk service had always had a smile, which made Yang Jian feel a chill gradually rising in his heart.

What made him feel that after the ghost reclaimed its smile, it still had to keep smiling?

The ghost might have taken control of the Ghost Face and perhaps no longer needed to smile.

After everything became clear, there was only one answer left.

Tong Qian is the ghost.

The real Tong Qian is only left as the face on the wall now.

Chapter 364: Newspaper

To be cautious, Yang Jian searched the entire room again.

Without a doubt, the result was the same; there were no ghosts in the room, and the likelihood that Tong Qian lying in the hospital was a ghost was extremely high.

That ghost could change others' memories, steal their faces, and it was too easy for it to obtain an identity that no one would suspect. The clear human faces on the walls of this room were the best proof.

It was just that this ghost had chosen Zhao Lei and Tong Qian out of many victims.

Zhao Lei was an assistant needed in the early stages, but once he had a better identity, the ghost did not hesitate to abandon him.

As an exorcist with an international reputation and connections to headquarters, if the ghost fully possessed an identity like Tong Qian's, the future harm it could cause would be unimaginably great.

“Take down all the faces on these walls; we’re preparing to leave here,” Yang Jian suddenly said.

“What? Take them down and bring them with us? Yang Jian, what do you want these for?” Luo Su Yi asked, shocked and puzzled.

Yang Jian said, “Behind each face is a red newspaper. This is another type of supernatural phenomena. I can’t find the ghost to take the newspaper from its hands, so getting these papers is a good haul. But there are so many on the wall, it’s hard to discern which one truly belongs to that ghost.”

“So we might as well take them all. It’s not too late to look for it slowly after I deal with things outside.”

If Tong Qian was a ghost, then the blood-stained red newspaper must have been left in this room when I took her away that day.

The ghost surely couldn’t take it, because it wouldn’t be able to deceive my eyes.

“There are so many faces; how long is it going to take?” Luo Su Yi complained but still began to tear off the faces from the wall.

“Lin Luomei, don’t help, just stand there with Xiong Wenwen, and that will be enough,” Yang Jian spoke again. “These things might be dangerous; after all, they belonged to that ghost at some point and could possibly be a ghost themselves.”

“What? There’s danger and you didn’t say it earlier?” Luo Su Yi was so scared that he immediately threw the newspaper he had just torn off onto the ground.

Yang Jian looked at him and said, “When dealing with supernatural events, when is there no danger? I think even if it is dangerous, you should be able to handle it. I have dealt with this newspaper before; it’s not hard to handle. The only thing to be aware of is that it can affect people’s memories... I don’t know the exact method it uses, but I believe it shouldn’t be hard to figure out.”

“However, that’s about it. It’s not very dangerous. Even if your memory is tampered with and you try to attack me, I can restrain you immediately.”

“Damn, so that was your plan all along. No wonder you didn’t do it yourself,” Luo Su Yi couldn’t help but curse, feeling that this guy was too despicable.

Yang Jian said, “If I don’t take this stuff, the ghost might return to the hotel to retrieve it. Do you think it’s better in my hands or in the ghost’s? You don’t need to be angry. I just saved your life, so you should give something back. Or are you telling me you’re unwilling to take on even this small risk?”

“I can’t beat you, nor can I outargue you. Considering what happened just now, I’ll do you this favor,” Luo Su Yi said through gritted teeth.

Although resentful, what Yang Jian said was also true.

If it weren’t for him discovering the ghost’s pattern of killing and using Xiong Wenwen’s method of foreseeing the future to learn about his own time of death, he would have definitely been doomed here.

Though Yang Jian's attitude was somewhat off-putting, it had to be acknowledged that he did have some principles.

He wouldn't casually endanger someone else, and he was willing to save someone in need, which was much better than other exorcists.

"As soon as Luo Su Yi is done, we'll leave. For now, you two can rest for a bit to recover your strength. You won't be able to hold up with your physical stamina under prolonged mental stress," Yang Jian said, glancing at Lin Luomei and Xiong Wenwen.

They couldn't compare to him, who had controlled the Headless Ghost Shadow, and had seemingly infinite stamina, provided his body could withstand it and not collapse.

Lin Luomei nodded, glanced at the faces on the walls still with unease, but indeed tired, and found a relatively safe place to sit down.

Xiong Wenwen's complexion was not good. He looked exceptionally pale, as if he had a severe illness.

Yang Jian saw this and, although he did not inquire, he had an idea.

The time for Xiong Wenwen's ghost resurrection was not far.

If Wang Xiaoming could not come up with a plan to extend the time for Xiong Wenwen's ghost resurrection, then this would be his last mission.

"Every exorcist is always on the brink of death, even a ten-year-old child is no exception," Yang Jian sighed inwardly.

Identity and age are not the factors that determine whether you'll die. From the day one becomes an exorcist, everyone knows that one day they will inevitably be killed by a fierce ghost.

Even for Yang Jian, it was only a temporary reprieve from immediate danger.

Although the crisis of the ghost resurrection was temporarily averted, because of this ghost's actions, he had fallen into another crisis, and he didn't know how much longer he would be able to hold on under these circumstances.

Time passed bit by bit.

Luo Su Yi kept tearing off the blood-stained old newspapers from the wall, along with the faces on them.

During this time, Yang Jian tried to contact headquarters.

The satellite phone had no signal, and no messages could be sent out.

“It seems we’re no longer in the Caesar Hotel in Z city; this is a supernatural space. Having no signal is understandable, but this also proves that my earlier refusal to call for help was the right choice. Guo Fan’s call for help was fake; it was a bait to lure me here.”

“Who knows how much preparation that ghost has done in secret to kill me. Ghosts may not have intelligence, but once they control a person, it’s different. Once someone becomes a Ghost Slave, they’re essentially working for the ghost, indirectly increasing the ghost’s Terror Level, making it even harder to deal with.”

Yang Jian thought while looking at the faces hanging on the wall.

Among these faces, he still could not find Zhao Lei’s face.

It was unclear whether Zhao Lei’s face had been discarded by the ghost or if it was not here at all, perhaps worn by someone else?

“Without finding Zhao Lei’s face, there’s no way to resurrect him, and then he’s truly dead,” Yang Jian said as he looked at Zhao Lei’s body.

There were still signs of life in the body.

But if his face isn't found soon, death will come within a few days at most.

"Yang Jian, there's something off about this newspaper." About twenty minutes later, Luo Su Yi, who was working hard, suddenly spoke out.

"Hmm?" Yang Jian immediately turned his ghostly gaze, which was somewhat eerie, to look over.

In front of Luo Su Yi laid a blood-stained red newspaper with a human face attached to it, no different from the other newspapers.

However, the only difference was that this paper was covered with dense text.

The handwriting was... Zhao Lei's.

Yang Jian and Zhao Lei were classmates who often copied homework together; he could not mistake Zhao Lei's handwriting.

The handwriting on the paper appeared hasty and scrawled, with letters of varying sizes, looking as though it was written quite casually.

"Find Yang Jian... watch him."

“You are a ghost.”

“Forget your past, you are a Ghost Slave.”

...

These words surrounded another man’s face—a middle-aged man’s face—that Yang Jian did not recognize, seemingly an innocent victim.

“Step back.” Just at that moment, Yang Jian suddenly saw the red newspaper on the wall swell up as if something had puffed it up, then it tried to cover Luo Su Yi’s face.

“Damn.” Luo Su Yi was prepared; although not very brave, there was probably a reason he had survived until now.

At the very least, his reactions were quick.

He immediately backed away frantically, as tiny holes opened in his skin, revealing the crimson flesh underneath as if something was about to burrow out.

He subconsciously wanted to use the power of the fierce ghost.

“Is this paper the source?” Then Yang Jian stepped forward and grabbed the blood-stained newspaper, which seemed to have a life of its own.

The blood-stained newspaper struggled for a moment, and the face on it let out a strange cry, like a fierce ghost shrieking, chilling to the bone.

But that struggle was brief.

The next instant.

The red newspaper calmed down again.

A layer of black shadow, thick as ink, covered the red paper.

“False alarm.”

Luo Su Yi breathed a sigh of relief as the tiny holes in his body closed up quickly, with countless thin threads wriggling beneath his flesh, eerie and terrifying.

“It seems this Ghost Newspaper only attacks the person closest to it. You must have entered its attack range just now. Although its abilities are strange, fortunately its Terror Level is not high, and I can easily contain it,” Yang Jian’s eyes flickered.

The Ghost Shadow could suppress this Ghost Newspaper; it seemed similar to the Ghost Rope.

Even less formidable than the Ghost Rope after its Resurrection.

After the Ghost Rope awoke, those ropes dangling from the sky could cover at least several streets, but this... seemed only capable of attacking a single person.

Once it was contained, the faces on the wall immediately began to fall off, one by one.

The other newspapers lost their strange powers and began to return to normal.

“The rest are just derivatives of a fierce ghost’s power. With the source contained, the others are no longer important,” Yang Jian thought to himself.

“However, from what just happened, it seems that in order to alter someone’s memory, the newspaper first removes a person’s face, writes content on it, and then sticks the face back on, completing the process of memory alteration... But ordinary people who get too close, even if they’re not robbed of their faces, seem to be affected to some extent,”

Yang Jian recalled the first time he saw the newspaper.

He had indeed been affected.

“Ghost Newspaper, the weeping face from the supernatural bus, and if I retrieve the smiling face from that ghost, the method described on the human skin for perfectly controlling the Ghost Faces will be complete,” Yang Jian silently rolled up the Ghost Newspaper, wrapped it in gold paper, and placed it in the Gold container.

“But the human skin targeted Tong Qian. Did it know she’s a ghost and said that on purpose? Wanting to harm me by sending the other face to the ghost too?”

“Once that ghost gets both the weeping and smiling Ghost Faces, it could potentially turn around and kill me instantly,”

With that thought, his heart sank gradually.

Although the information on the human skin was not wrong, not a single word of it was, the choice of identity contained a huge misdirection.

This misdirection was fatal.

Chapter 365: Feng Quan’s Phone Call

He had been in room 31 for about two hours now.

During this time, the room had always been safe, at least so far, although the surroundings looked eerie and scary, but in reality no supernatural events had occurred, and the ghost wandering outside had not deliberately come into the room, unless Yang Jian himself sought death by lighting the white Ghost Candle.

“We’ve rested enough, it’s time to leave, the ghost outside is probably not by the door anymore,” Yang Jian decided to leave the Caesar Hotel at this time.

His mission was still unresolved, and he needed to take further action.

As for the hotel-related balloon-head incident... he would have to let it go for the time being.

Between the two incidents, the one involving the memory-altering ghost was definitely more harmful. This ghost had now taken on Tong Qian’s identity, and he dared not believe what it would do next.

“You’ve finally figured out the ghost’s pattern of killing outside, don’t you want to restrain that thing now? If it gets away one day, the trouble will be big. That thing steps on other people’s footprints randomly, who knows when it’ll step on ours next, and then we won’t even know how we died.”

Luo Su Yi had just finished with what she was doing and spoke up to remind him.

Yang Jian looked towards the direction of the door, "You make sense, but now is not the time. To thoroughly imprison a ghost and understand its killing pattern is just the prerequisite for your survival. To truly resolve the situation, you need restraint means and the qualifications to confront the ghost directly. If you only imprison without restraint, high-level ghosts will escape eventually."

"Of course, enough Gold can satisfy this condition, however, the key is contact. The ghost currently only kills by following footprints. Once I make direct contact, some unpredictable change might occur. You saw that thing before, one attack can consume one of my Ghost Candles, even I can't withstand that."

"Let's not worry about it now, I have more important things to do at the moment. Besides, you need to keep this confidential, don't speak of it publicly, I will find a way to trap this ghost in the hotel so it can't get out."

"Not even report to Zhao Jianguo?" Xiong Wenwen asked.

Yang Jian said, "I will explain it personally to headquarters."

He would certainly report, but he would also keep something back, because he needed the Firewood Knife in the ghost's hand.

It might be a thing of horror, but there was no doubt that it was also a powerful weapon.

And since he was the first to discover the ghost, Yang Jian saw no reason not to take advantage of it, of course, provided he could find a way to completely imprison the ghost outside.

After packing up.

The others had also recovered their strength, and the tension and fear on their faces had eased a lot. Although they were still tense, it was much better than before.

Having experienced another supernatural event and walked on the edge of death several times, even those with poor mental fortitude could make some progress, not appearing as incapable as before.

And the most dangerous time had already passed.

“Creak...”

As the door to room thirty-one opened, the dim corridor outside seemed to be invaded by darkness again.

Just looking outside was suffocating.

In such an environment, even without ghosts, ordinary people would be scared to death.

“Follow me, I’ll use Ghost Domain to take you out, so we won’t leave any footprints,” Yang Jian looked around as he stepped out.

Especially on the way back, he specifically searched for the wandering ghost outside.

As he had guessed, the ghost was no longer there, probably having wandered off to another place, giving them a chance to breathe, for the moment.

Ghost Domain covered the other people.

After he made sure there was no danger, he extended the Ghost Domain to the outside corridor.

Immediately, the pitch-black corridor was shrouded in a red glow, but eerily, his Ghost Domain could not cover any of the rooms nearby; each room was like a forbidden area, immune to the Ghost Domain's reach, as if some taboo and unknown terrors were dwelling inside.

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, and he didn't force himself to investigate.

For him, there were still many dangers in this place that he didn't know about.

For example... Along the endlessly stretching corridor next to these countless rooms, could there really be no danger?

Not necessarily.

This was, after all, a Supernatural Space, which surely possessed inherent dangers.

Yang Jian didn't dare to delve deeper into the Ghost Domain for fear of triggering some unknown horror; he merely covered the path back to ensure that they wouldn't leave any footprints, which might give that ghost an opportunity to kill.

"Let's go."

Once he had made sure there was no danger, Yang Jian immediately used the Ghost Domain to lead the group out of the room.

He also took with him the countless faces in the room.

Even if those faces were of no use to him, Yang Jian would never leave them for that ghost. After all, each face represented an identity, and the ghost switched identities indiscriminately, blending into the crowd. This was a latent horror, more unsettling than those overtly visible ghosts.

What if one day that ghost turned into a woman and, unbeknownst to others, shared a bed with that woman... the very thought sent shivers down one's spine.

"We've made it out."

In the blink of an eye, Yang Jian was standing by a window on the fourth floor again.

The corridor they had traversed before had vanished.

This wasn't a true disappearance; rather, Yang Jian was unable to see it within the Ghost Domain and had to leave it to see that object.

"I have taken all the carpets, and I will burn them. This place won't retain any footprints anymore and it will also prevent the ghost from killing others," Yang Jian said. He immediately covered the entire hotel with the Ghost Domain and took away all the carpets lying on the ground.

To be cautious, he even pried away the floor tiles in the lobby on the first floor.

Not a single one was left.

Any place they had walked over the past few days, or might have walked, he resolutely left no opportunity for footprints because he couldn't be sure when the ghost would return to the hotel.

"After leaving here, I will seal off the entire hotel forever." Yang Jian thought to himself resolutely.

However, just when he had finished all these things.

Suddenly.

The satellite phone rang.

“Hello.” Yang Jian hesitated for a moment, then answered.

“You came to the hotel? You’re planning to just leave like this?” Feng Quan’s voice came through the other end, sounding a bit strange, as if weak and powerless.

Before Yang Jian could speak, Feng Quan continued, “I’m in a bad way. Take me with you. You don’t want me to die here and become another ghost, right?”

“You’re still alive?” Yang Jian’s gaze shifted slightly. He checked the location and indeed saw Feng Quan’s location information on the fourth floor.

But he had not paid any attention to it.

Because in his heart, he had already assumed that Feng Quan was gone.

After all, the Ghost Fog had appeared, which was a sign of a fierce ghost's revival.