

Revival 606

Chapter 606 Xiang Lan

After making up his mind, Yang Jian hesitated no longer, even if it meant continuing deep along the corridor carpeted in red, he needed to figure out what exactly happened in this room and why the cursed chime of an Eight-Tone Music Box would play.

Accompanied by the creak of a door opening.

Yang Jian pushed the door open and entered, moving as quietly as a specter into the room while within the third layer of the Ghost Domain.

Perhaps alerted by the sound of the door, or because the woman playing the piano had noticed something entering, her body, with its perfect curves, stiffened slightly, and the piano music she was playing became intermittent and unstable.

Yang Jian surveyed his surroundings while approaching the woman in the cheongsam, intending to see her face and determine whether she was indeed a ghost.

If she was a ghost, what connection might she have with the Eight-Tone Music Box?

As Yang Jian drew closer, he encountered no interference. His ghost eye gave no warning, and he did not fall victim to any mysterious attacks. Even as he approached the woman in the cheongsam, he caught a faint yet distinct scent of fragrance.

The fragrance was that of a woman's perfume, subtle but undeniably real.

"This is impossible."

Soon, he saw the woman in the red cheongsam sitting at the piano, and as he looked at her face, his eyes narrowed with a hint of surprise.

This woman was alive.

And not just any woman, but a healthy and beautiful one, with a fair complexion, dark hair coiled atop her head, and a perfect figure cloaked in a cheongsam—a beauty in any era.

However, the woman's face seemed troubled.

It was nervousness.

The kind of tension that seeped through under extreme fear and panic.

Her lips pressed tightly together, her whole body appeared to tremble, yet she resisted the fear and panic, staunchly continuing to play the piano as if there was some compelling reason for her to do so.

Yang Jian just stood beside her, staring at her intently.

His ghost eye scanned over the woman, seemingly confirming something over and over again.

"How can there be a normal, living person here? There's a ghost wandering in the corridor outside, ready to trigger its deadly pattern at a step on the footprint, and Caesar Hotel has long been sealed off. In this environment, it's impossible for anyone to survive, let alone have the interest to sit here and play the piano."

While still immersed in the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian stood beside the woman watching her play the piano, yet she did not notice him at all.

But from the look on her face, she knew he had entered the room.

It's just that the woman did not think a person had come in; she most likely felt a ghost had entered the room after the door opened, which explained her fear and why her piano playing was fraught with errors, given Yang Jian now bore a striking resemblance to a ghost.

For Yang Jian, finding a living person was more incredible than encountering a ghost.

If a second ghost had appeared, Yang Jian would not have found it strange at all.

But the presence of a living person was different.

Because it had already been confirmed: Caesar Hotel was locked down tight; no one could have sneaked in.

Considering the decaying corpse encountered previously in the private room, Yang Jian now suspected that the people here did not enter from within Caesar Hotel, but through another entrance.

This other entrance was not in the hotel, but in someplace deeper within the corridor, presumably also connected to a certain location.

The fourth floor of Caesar Hotel could be serving as an exit.

Only that could explain why living people were turning up in such a bizarre place.

"This woman has come from somewhere deep in the corridor; she was lucky enough to avoid the ghost's attack and entered this room," Yang Jian surmised in his mind about the woman's appearance.

But that was all he deduced.

He was keen to ask her more.

Yang Jian stepped out from the third layer of the Ghost Domain and asked with an expressionless face, "As an ordinary person, how did you come to this place?"

In the previously silent room, such a question suddenly resounded.

The woman in the red cheongsam jerked in fright, her gaze filled with immense terror as she fixed her eyes on Yang Jian, who had suddenly appeared beside her, and her piano playing abruptly stopped.

"Oh no, Xiang Lan, are you alright?"

The next moment, a twenty-something man dressed in a Sun Yat-sen suit burst out of the neighboring room, seemingly very concerned for the woman and fearful for her safety.

"There's another person?"

The walls blocked Yang Jian from the Ghost Domain, so much so that he didn't even notice there was a second person hiding in the room next door.

At this moment, Yang Jian was even more astonished.

There was more than one living person in this place.

The woman in the red cheongsam seemed to be called Xiang Lan. She hurriedly stood up, left the piano, then grabbed the young man's hand and tried to rush outside, "Ah Nan, let's run fast."

The man called Ah Nan didn't hesitate and fled with Xiang Lan as if escaping from something.

"Without my permission, none of you are allowed to leave," Yang Jian blocked the door and said coldly, "Tell me, why are you here in the first place?"

"You're not a ghost?" Ah Nan's eyes widened dramatically, finding it incredibly bewildering.

Xiang Lan, standing beside him, was also shockingly staring at Yang Jian as if looking at the most inconceivable thing in the world.

"You think I'm a ghost?"

Yang Jian countered, "Or do you know there are ghosts here? If you know there are ghosts, why did you still come here? And judging by your reactions just now, it seems it's not your first time... I don't have much time left. I hope you answer me in detail and concisely, do not be evasive."

Faced with such a counter-question, Ah Nan was at a loss for words; he didn't know what to say.

This person was not only not a ghost, but he was also completely oblivious to the situation here and did not recognize either him or Xiang Lan. He was simply an... outsider.

Suddenly.

Xiang Lan, as if realizing something, violently grabbed Yang Jian's arm and urgently asked, "Did you come from the exit? Tell me, where is the exit? Take us out of here, lead us away..."

Yang Jian frowned slightly, the ghost eye on his forehead eerily observing her.

He didn't understand what this woman was saying.

"Xiang Lan, don't trust him, he's odd, doesn't seem like a normal living person. We can't waste time here, we need to leave now," Ah Nan, standing to the side, pulled the woman away, creating some distance.

"Information asymmetry? They seem to have been trapped here for a while now, with a feeling of being disconnected from the outside world. Looking at the situation, it seems only if the three of us sat down and talked things over could we clear up the whole matter," Yang Jian speculated inwardly.

This was yet another strange occurrence, requiring some time to figure out.

In the past, Yang Jian would have pressed for answers, but now.

He was in a hurry to retrieve the rusty firewood knife to confront Fang Shiming.

"Moreover, they don't seem to want to keep talking to me," Yang Jian noticed that the two people were still eager to leave the house.

It was as if an imminent danger was approaching, urging them to leave.

The two people skirted around Yang Jian and rushed out in a burst of energy, then they quickly ran along the dim corridor outside.

That direction was.

Deeper within, not the way Yang Jian had come in.

Yang Jian watched coldly, without attempting to stop them or asking further questions.

The world had already become very strange after the emergence of paranormal events; many incomprehensible things were happening, and these two were just a chance encounter for today.

"So boldly walking out in the open, aren't you afraid of being killed by a ghostly thing in one strike?"

Yang Jian also stepped out of the room, his curiosity growing about the direction the two were heading off to.

If he were to follow these two deeper inside, where would he end up?

After a brief moment of contemplation, Yang Jian gave up.

He turned and walked in another direction, preparing to look for the wandering ghost elsewhere.

However, just as he had walked only a few steps.

Suddenly, Yang Jian stopped in his tracks, a chill surging through him.

The sound of a piano started to echo again from room 71 behind him.

But this time, the melody was no longer that of the Eight-Tone Music Box.

Was there a ghost in the room just now?

Chapter 607 Incomprehensible Peril

Having just left the room — confirmed empty — the sound of a piano began to play once again.

The melody differed from that of an Eight-Tone Music Box; it was a piece of music Yang Jian had never heard before. His unfamiliarity with Western piano music left him unable to recognize the tune, yet it was soothing in its ethereal reverberations. It somewhat resembled a foreign lullaby, albeit slightly altered upon the lullaby's framework, casting an eerie and darkly oppressive sensation.

"Is there something wrong with that piano, or is there actually a ghost in the room?"

At this moment, Yang Jian felt an inexplicable chill run down his spine. He had entered the room just a short while ago and hadn't detected any anomalies, not even a reaction from the ghost within his body; everything seemed perfectly normal.

He stopped walking subconsciously.

He turned and looked back at room 71.

The wooden door was not fully closed; a sliver of space remained, revealing a stream of dim, yellowish light spilling forth, coupled with the haunting lullaby melody that echoed in the otherwise still surroundings.

"The woman named Xiang Lan and the man named Ah Nan were not in a hurry to leave just because they were scared by me, but because they knew there was a ghost in the room. My sudden appearance made them mistake me for the ghost, and when I started asking questions, they quickly realized I was just an unexpected complication and that the real ghost was still inside."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as he then looked towards the dark corridor ahead.

The two people had already run far away, passing the crossroads; even with his ghostly sight, he couldn't spot their figures anymore.

"So when they snapped to their senses, they didn't even bother to ask about the exit any further, because they knew if they didn't leave that room soon, they might very well be killed by the ghost. When life is at stake, nothing else matters."

"But if they knew there was a ghost in the room, why did they come in here to play the piano? Both of their reactions and adaptability are first-class; they have the potential to be Ghost Envoys. It's unlikely for such people to come to this room to court death without reason... unless they had some pressing need to come here."

These thoughts ran through Yang Jian's mind.

Afterward.

He lingered at the doorway, and although the door could easily be pulled open with a gentle tug, he chose not to do it.

Unlike before, he was now certain there was an unknown ghost inside; entering again would not be out of curiosity, but rather seeking death.

Additionally, the clue related to the Eight-Tone Music Box wasn't in this room but on the person of the woman in the cheongsam named Xiang Lan.

As to why he didn't forcefully stop those two people,

Yang Jian felt he didn't have enough time.

Because thorough questioning required time, following the clues needed time, and resolving the situation would take even more time.

His purpose for coming here was to retrieve the supernatural item from the Ghost Hand, kill Fang Shiming, and deal with the curse later. He must keep priorities in order; if he failed to eliminate Fang Shiming this time, he might face retaliatory actions from him.

No one can withstand vengeance from a top-tier Ghost Envoy.

Yang Jian dared not stake the lives of his family and friends back in Dachang City on gambles about what a nearly resurgent fierce ghost might be planning.

Moreover, the flurry and genuine fear exhibited by the two people as they left swiftly gave Yang Jian an ominous premonition, prompting him to realize he shouldn't linger in that room any longer. As soon as the two had fled, he hurriedly left as well.

Sure enough.

His judgment was correct; there was indeed something abnormal about the room.

"There's no need to go back and mess with the ghost in there again; who knows what level of supernatural event this could be? I have no intention of risking my life to find out."

Yang Jian, who had lingered at the door, ultimately opted not to open it again, suppressing the curiosity within as he chose to retreat.

Moving back in the direction he came, Yang Jian took a different path from Xiang Lan and Ah Nan, who had vanished deeper into the corridor.

He had no desire to delve further into this eerie place at this time, nor did he want to pursue the two people any further.

As Yang Jian gradually moved away, his ghostly eye kept a vigilant watch on the partially open door, filled with wariness and caution. What if the ghost within were to suddenly open the door and emerge?

Or perhaps it was lurking just beyond the door, waiting for a chance to strike?

He could not afford to lose his cautiousness.

After Yang Jian had walked some distance, room 71 remained undisturbed, the haunting piano lullaby continuing to resonate, its sound wafting out into the dim, serene environment, lending an extra air of dread.

But just as he returned to the crossroads,

"Bang!"

A great noise erupted as the wooden door of the room suddenly slammed shut, and the piano sound inside ceased abruptly.

In an instant,

A chilling, bone-penetrating cold enveloped Yang Jian; he felt as if his consciousness might vanish then and there. His body numbed, he stood motionless on the spot for a good ten seconds before another eerie melody dragged his mind back.

"Are you kidding me? I almost died?"

Yang Jian snapped out of his daze, then staggered and instinctively braced himself against the adjacent wall, slightly shaken.

"Could the piano sound in that room be another dreadful curse? The moment the piano stopped, I felt like I was about to lose consciousness and die immediately. Was it the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box that saved me..."

Unawares, he had skirted the edge of death.

At that moment, Yang Jian realized he had inadvertently come into contact with something terrifying.

If it wasn't for the lingering curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box in his mind, even with three ghosts under his command, he would have been killed in that instant, without any hope of resistance. This was a certain kill, far more lethal than the Crying Tomb Ghost he had encountered before.

And Yang Jian had left that room at the first opportunity; had he still been inside,

He even doubted whether the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box could withstand such supernatural forces.

"This place is too dangerous, even more horrifying than my previous encounter on the haunted bus. Back then, at least the bus itself was a safe place, but here... outside the door lurks that footprint-leaving ghost, while inside hides an unknown supernatural entity. Venturing here rashly, one wrong step could mean death."

At this moment, Yang Jian even felt somewhat relieved.

Thankful for his ignorance and fearlessness when he had barged in here, and for having promptly blown out the white Ghost Candle he had lit in the hotel, he was also grateful for his vigilance at the time, having only entered rooms 13 and 31, which had been visited by the memory-altering ghost.

Had he been more curious and ventured deeper, or had he barged into any other rooms, they would have been wiped out without a doubt, without any chance of survival.

With a sense of unease,

Yang Jian started to quickly make his way back the way he had come, not wanting to delve any deeper into this cursed place, nor did he care to consider why those two living people had appeared there.

Before he had completed his own tasks, he didn't want to foolishly lose his life there.

The unimaginable strange curse this time had been blocked by the Eight-Tone Music Box, but what if, next time, the box couldn't hold it back?

When he reached the fourth intersection, Yang Jian slowed down a bit.

He smelled a stench of decay.

It was potent.

It was as if a rotting corpse had recently passed by nearby. Aside from that, Yang Jian also saw the foul-smelling drops on the carpet, which were corpse water formed by the decay of a body, and it seemed that they hadn't been there long.

"The ghost is near."

Yang Jian discarded his previous tangled thoughts and began to focus on tracking down the ghost.

"It went that way."

After assessing the clues on the floor, Yang Jian moved swiftly through the Ghost Domain in pursuit.

The ghost didn't have its own domain, and its movements were sluggish; as long as he had a rough idea of its location, it should be relatively easy to find.

But as he was passing a room with the door-lamp lit, he heard a sound of something shattering inside, like porcelain being broken. Upon closer listening, however, the room was eerily silent, with no other sounds coming through.

Yang Jian's heart skipped a beat, and he couldn't help but pay attention.

"Another problematic room?"

After quickly passing by, the door of that room didn't open, which relieved him a bit.

What Yang Jian feared most at that moment was a ghost emerging from that room.

Before long,

Yang Jian saw a person standing in the dim corridor ahead.

It was a tall man, but this man wasn't alive; he was a highly decomposed corpse, emitting a strong stench of decay, with corpse water seeping through his ragged clothes and dripping down to the floor, leaving behind blurry footprints.

What caught his attention most, however, was the knife that the tall, rotting corpse was clutching in its hand. The knife was an old firewood knife used in the countryside, once a common farming tool. This knife was severely rusted, with mud on it and some black stains that looked like coagulated blood.

"Found you."

Yang Jian stopped about ten meters away from the tall decaying corpse. His expression was grave, and he dared not approach rashly.

Because the last time he faced this ghost, he had impulsively tried to use the Ghost Rope to trap the ghost, but Xiong Wenwen was in his team at the time, and Xiong Wenwen had foreseen his own death by this ghost's knife, even the Ghost Rope would be cut.

So, besides stepping on footprints, approaching the ghost seemed to prompt an attack.

It could be indiscriminate attacks, or it could be another kind of curse.

Yang Jian wasn't clear, only knowing it was very dangerous.

"So, I need to test it out, determine the situation with this ghost, and then find a secure method to take away this paranormal artifact."

At that moment, he was in no hurry.

"Let's try with the Ghost Hand."

Yang Jian looked at his own pale, stiff palm.

Without getting close, using the Ghost Hand was safer. If successful, this hand could help steal the artifact for him.

After all, he had also stolen the Ghost Envoy's Ghost Coffin before. He had experience.

Once he got it, he would make a quick escape, without hesitation.

The rotting, tall corpse began to manifest several pale, ghastly, rigid hands.

The Ghost Hand could invade anyone's body, and also appear on a ghost. Although not powerful, it had acquired some characteristics of the Ghost Envoy and held the quota to suppress three ghosts.

This time, Yang Jian planned to use the quota for three ghosts to suppress the tall, decaying corpse, not giving it any chance.

But as soon as the Ghost Hand invaded the body of the tall corpse, some rule seemed to be triggered, or perhaps the ghost sensed something.

The stagnant corpse, which had been motionless, suddenly turned around, facing Yang Jian's direction behind it. Yang Jian was hiding within the three layers of the Ghost Domain, which the ghost shouldn't be able to detect. However, Yang Jian failed to notice that the eerie firewood knife clenched in the ghost's hand swung through mid-air.

In a moment, it seemed as if something had forcefully torn open a gap in the three layers of the Ghost Domain.

The next moment.

Yang Jian, within the Ghost Domain, spurted blood, cut in half at the waist, his upper body plummeting to the ground with a thud.

"Damn."

His eyes widened in disbelief, and he couldn't help but curse under his breath.

And the tall, rotting corpse ahead slowly turned back and continued to walk along the deep corridor with stiff, heavy steps, ignoring Yang Jian, who lay bleeding on the ground.

Chapter 608 The Identity of the Shadow

Yang Jian was chopped in half at the waist and clumsily collapsed onto the ground, his blood flowing everywhere.

At this moment, his body was rapidly cooling, and his heartbeat was gradually stopping. After sustaining such severe damage, his body was dying again quickly, but Yang Jian's consciousness still existed. He was alive in an incomprehensible way and hadn't died from the bizarre cut of the Firewood Knife.

"Sure enough, Xiong Wenwen's prediction was right. If I had rashly approached this ghost, I would have been killed on the spot," he muttered.

The remaining upper half of Yang Jian was struggling; he lifted his head to look in the direction where the tall male corpse was departing, his expression changing uncertainly.

What exactly was that attack just now?

Is it that touching this ghost is not allowed, or is it just because I got too close?

"Wait a second, why does the back of that ghost look so familiar?" Yang Jian watched as the tall male corpse distanced itself, gradually disappearing into the darkness, leaving behind a humanoid silhouette.

The silhouette resembled a shadow, even more, it looked like the Headless Ghost Shadow.

No, it wasn't just similar; the silhouette of the Headless Ghost Shadow overlapped almost perfectly with that of the tall male corpse. The only difference was that the Headless Ghost Shadow lacked a head, while the rotting tall male corpse had one.

Immediately, Yang Jian glanced back at the Headless Ghost Shadow.

In an instant, he was stunned.

The Headless Ghost Shadow behind him was also severed in two, cut at the waist just like his corpse, with no connection in the middle.

"The Headless Ghost Shadow is severed? What a joke. Can that thing even attack a ghost shadow?" Yang Jian looked at his own feet still standing in place; behind them, there were only the shadows of legs, with the shadow of the upper body missing.

He looked down.

The remaining half of the shadow was on his upper body.

At that moment,

Yang Jian finally understood why in Xiong Wenwen's premonition the Ghost Rope was cut—it seemed that the eerie Firewood Knife had the ability to contain ghosts to some extent.

No, more precisely, it had the ability to dismember ghosts.

A whole ghost was dispersed by the bizarre Firewood Knife.

"But why does the wound on the waist of the ghost shadow look the same as the one on the neck?"
Yang Jian noticed that both the head of the Headless Ghost Shadow and the waist that had just been cut bore a perfectly straight line.

The wounds were identical.

This definitely wasn't a coincidence but evidence.

"The Headless Ghost Shadow used to have a head, and it suffered the same misfortune as me—it was chopped by that eerie Firewood Knife, and its head fell off, so the complete ghost shadow was dismembered, broken into a puzzle; the body became the Headless Ghost Shadow, and the head became another ghost..."

After realizing this, Yang Jian was astonished.

He had unintentionally discovered some connections in the ghost puzzle, and it could even be said he had found a part of the original puzzle of the ghost.

"The Headless Ghost Shadow is very likely the shadow of this ghost. The back silhouette is exactly the same. The head of the ghost shadow was likely chopped off by the Firewood Knife in this ghost's hand," Yang Jian's eyes flickered as he speculated, "So, did the ghost sever its own shadow?"

It sounded almost unbelievable.

Would a ghost that had completed its puzzle scatter its own pieces?

The rotting body, the Headless Ghost Shadow, and the Ghost Shadow Figure were divided into three parts.

"Then, if my guess is true, where would the final Ghost Shadow Figure be? Also in the Furen Mall of Dachang City as before? But when I detained the Headless Ghost Shadow last time, I didn't notice it... or did I miss it unintentionally because I wasn't careful enough?"

Yang Jian felt there was a greater possibility that he had missed something.

Of course, there was another possibility—that the head of the ghost shadow was not there, but in another place in this world.

"Now doesn't seem like the time to think about that. Even if the ghost shadow is the shadow of this ghost, the ghost shadow has already crashed, and I am the one in control, and I will not hand over this puzzle piece to the ghost."

The ghost shadow of Yang Jian's upper body gradually extended, trying to connect to the lower half shadow and reassemble.

However, he soon frowned.

Although the upper and lower ghost shadows were piecing themselves together, the speed was much slower than he had anticipated, and it would take several hours to return to the previous state at this rate.

"Can a dismembered ghost not recover quickly? It seems not just the ghost shadow, even my Ghost Domain has gaps," Yang Jian looked up at his three-layered Ghost Domain.

A huge gap had appeared, which couldn't be repaired in a short time either.

In the vision of his ghost eye, there seemed to be a blind spot, and the area was unclear.

"This is truly a terrifying and bizarre object," Yang Jian maneuvered his body within the Ghost Domain, fusing the two severed halves together before joining them with the upper body's Ghost Shadow.

Instantly, his body returned to normal.

But he felt no sensation in his legs and couldn't walk.

The gap in the Ghost Shadow hadn't healed, and he couldn't control the lower body's Ghost Shadow to move his legs, because his own body was already dead, incapable of movement. Previously, he could move only because the Headless Ghost Shadow was manipulating him, not because his corpse could actually move by itself.

"Coffin Nails from Dachang City, Fang Shiming's Ghost Scissors, and the strange Firewood Knife from here, these kinds of supernatural objects are very special... If I can't take it with me this time, I may even consider prying up some of the floor tiles Fang Shiming walked on and leaving them here for this ghost to step on the residual footprints."

Having his legs rendered useless by a single cut didn't bother Yang Jian, as he could still move using the Ghost Domain.

But upon closer consideration, he abandoned this plan.

Because the uncertainty was too great.

This place is so vast, even if we bring Fang Shiming's footprints, when will the ghost cover them thoroughly enough to step on them?

If lucky, it might not even happen in several years.

Yang Jian couldn't wait that long.

"Continue to try other methods. I can't waste this opportunity while the Eight-Tone Music Box curse is still in effect. If I miss this chance, it will be impossible to encounter this ghost again later. That kind of assault would probably be unbearable for any ghost master."

Yang Jian pursued the ghost once more, determined to outlast it.

Without taking this object, there would be no way to confront Fang Shiming's Ghost Scissors.

The ghost hadn't gone far.

Yang Jian quickly caught up, and this time he was even bolder, approaching closely.

From ten meters away, the distance between them slowly closed.

He was willing to risk his life to probe the ghost's second mode of attack.

Nine meters, eight meters, seven meters....

Yang Jian followed behind the tall, decomposing corpse, but this time he wasn't attacked.

The ghost continued its heavy, stiff walk, utterly unaware and indifferent to Yang Jian following behind.

"The ghost's mode of attack isn't about distance," Yang Jian concluded after approaching within five meters.

Being close wouldn't provoke an attack from the ghost. If it wanted to attack, it would have done so by now.

"The likelihood is contact," Yang Jian thought of the situation just before.

The Ghost Hand made contact with this ghost, triggering the killing rule, and the ghost turned around.

But that cut probably wasn't aimed at him. It was likely meant for the original body of the Ghost Hand; he might have been an accidental casualty, after all, the killing rule was triggered by the Ghost Hand, not his own.

But this was only one guess and not necessarily the truth.

"Even if it's not contact, it's definitely related to it. So, what I need to consider is how to take the supernatural object from the Ghost Hand without touching the ghost," Yang Jian's gaze flickered as he thought of another supernatural object he had taken from headquarters earlier.

The Corpse Wrapping Cloth.

This artifact is said to be able to suppress any ghost without fail, and so far, there has been no record of failure. The only caveat is that the ghost must be wrapped up, and the process is very slow.

The phrases "very slow" nearly made the Corpse Wrapping Cloth sound useless.

To restrain a ghost, immediate effects are needed. Who has the time for slow measures?

But Yang Jian had chosen this artifact for two reasons: one for himself and one for the ghost in front of him.

Thus, he carried the Corpse Wrapping Cloth with him.

Thinking this, Yang Jian took out the Corpse Wrapping Cloth from his clothes, which was stored in a golden box.

This object, folded inside the box, didn't take up much space and was no trouble to carry.

Upon opening it,

The inside greyish-white thick cloth bore the imprint of a human outline; he could even discern the vague face and body traces on the Corpse Wrapping Cloth, proving that at some point it had wrapped around a body... or a ghost.

The cloth wasn't damaged, which indicated that a ghost had once been tightly suppressed by it, but for some reason, the ghost escaped, leaving behind only the empty Corpse Wrapping Cloth.

Chapter 609 Wrapped and Motionless

Although Yang Jian had never used the Corpse Wrapping Cloth before, he believed it wouldn't disappoint him, as it was a paranormal item collected by headquarters.

"So, how should I wrap this ghost up?"

Yang Jian didn't rashly touch the Corpse Wrapping Cloth; instead, he put on gloves before taking it out.

The gloves were made of gold material, able to isolate the influence of the supernatural. He certainly didn't want to touch the Corpse Wrapping Cloth directly without any precaution—what if it suddenly attacked and wrapped him up?

"No anomalies." Holding the light Corpse Wrapping Cloth, nothing unexpected happened to Yang Jian.

But he immediately had a bold idea.

If he wore the gloves and directly grabbed the eerie Firewood Knife from the ghost hand, could he avoid being attacked?

It sounded rash, but it might actually work.

After all, it was highly possible.

"Forget it, what if the corpse and that eerie Firewood Knife were two different ghosts? If I took the knife, breaking some balance, it could make things worse. It's better to be safe. I'll wrap the body first then take away the Firewood Knife while still wearing gloves—it's the same principle."

Yang Jian quickly dismissed some immature ideas.

Although he had the curse of the Eight-Tone Music Box to allow for some mistakes, he couldn't assure that he would survive after every mistake.

After clarifying his thoughts, Yang Jian acted without hesitation.

He carried the Corpse Wrapping Cloth and continued to approach the body, this time even bolder, coming within a meter behind the tall, rotting corpse.

The stench of decay hit him, causing Yang Jian to feel slightly uncomfortable.

The corpse still moved forward with stiff, heavy steps, showing no reaction to Yang Jian's closeness.

"So it cannot be touched directly? Whether it's touched by me personally or by the ghost inside me, it will trigger its killing rule. Like when I used the Ghost Hand to probe earlier, that's why I also can't cover the ghost with my Ghost Domain, or else I'm likely to be attacked again."

Yang Jian's gaze shifted subtly as more information was confirmed: "It's a pity this isn't outside. Otherwise, I could've dug a pit at the hotel to create a trap or something..."

Though he hadn't determined all the circumstances surrounding this ghost, his multiple contacts had led him to some key inferences.

At this moment, he took action.

Yang Jian unfolded the Corpse Wrapping Cloth in his hands, letting it fall over the head of the tall, rotting corpse, intending to first restrict the ghost.

Once the Corpse Wrapping Cloth was spread out, the vague human outline imprinted on it seemed to become much clearer. The indistinct face contorted with the swinging of the cloth, sometimes showing a bizarre smile, other times a painful wail, and if you looked closely, it changed into a sad cry.

Moreover, even the positions of the arms, legs, and body twisted. At this moment, the Corpse Wrapping Cloth seemed to stand upright as if possessed by a ferocious ghost, emanating an incomprehensible and terrifying strangeness.

Yang Jian felt inexplicably creeped out, as it seemed to him that the imprinted vague outline on the Corpse Wrapping Cloth was opening its arms, trying to embrace the tall, rotting corpse in front of him.

"To be wrapped by this thing is just like being tightly entangled by a ferocious ghost..."

He instinctively stepped back a few paces, creating some distance, fearing he might accidentally touch it.

Now he understood that it wasn't the Corpse Wrapping Cloth itself that was terrifying; it was the imprinted human outline, suspected to be an unknown ferocious ghost.

So the Corpse Wrapping Cloth can restrict other ghosts because the thing itself is a ghost.

Quickly.

The Corpse Wrapping Cloth that had spread out in midair fell down, covering the rotting corpse before us.

As soon as the Corpse Wrapping Cloth touched the corpse, a terrible thing happened.

The cloth that covered the corpse began to bulge, where the protrusion formed a very clear humanoid outline; it was the fierce ghost of the Corpse Wrapping Cloth emerging from inside the fabric, now crawling incessantly over this tall rotting body.

Where the ghost in the Corpse Wrapping Cloth passed, the strips of cloth followed suit, covering as if wrapping it up on their own accord.

The pace is a bit slow.

The tall, rotting corpse covered in cloth was still moving, not stopping because of the ghost in the Corpse Wrapping Cloth.

"Can't it immediately restrict the corpse's movements? Lucky that the ghost moves slowly and doesn't have a Ghost Domain; otherwise, it would have already escaped," Yang Jian gathered some understanding from behind.

The Corpse Wrapping Cloth's restrictions would only take effect after the wrapping was completely finished; otherwise, it would be ineffective.

In the meantime, the ghost hunter had to follow and wait.

If it weren't for figuring out the killing pattern of this ghost, replacing it with another ghost of unknown level would mean courting death by following it and drawing close.

"However, luckily I haven't been attacked again."

Yang Jian hadn't touched the ghost himself now, avoiding the recurrence of what had happened earlier. He just needed to wait a bit, and he would successfully restrain the ghost.

With that thought, he breathed a temporary sigh of relief.

Continuing to follow.

The Corpse Wrapping Cloth entwined around the tall rotting corpse was getting tighter, and Yang Jian could clearly see the humanoid contour within the cloth settling down as if a ghost was infiltrating the corpse. Simultaneously, the walking speed of the corpse was gradually slowing down.

While the restriction wasn't successful yet, it was already having some effect.

Yang Jian continued to be vigilant of his surroundings; he hadn't forgotten about the more dangerous and terrifying things that existed here, the mysterious elements he did not understand.

About a minute had passed.

The Corpse Wrapping Cloth had already completely covered most of the corpse's body, and in another minute the restraint would be complete, and the corpse would be entirely immobilized and confined.

However, at this moment, the tall male corpse already wrapped in the Corpse Wrapping Cloth took a turn and walked towards a side corridor.

Yang Jian still followed behind, waiting for the final moment to arrive.

But as he walked into the next corridor, his face suddenly changed.

There was another room in front of the corridor; he couldn't tell the room number, but he saw a light was on beside the room, a soft yellow door light, and at this moment the room's door was... wide open.

A room's door was open?

The corpse continued to advance, albeit slowly, still ceaselessly approaching the room with the open door.

Yang Jian's heart gradually sank, as he could guess from the situation he had just witnessed that the rooms here were likely inhabited by ghosts, and not just one. Now that the door to the room ahead was open, what he feared most was very likely to happen.

The ghost from the room had come out.

"It can't be this unlucky."

Yang Jian's heart was filled with trepidation, yet he had no choice at this moment. The restriction was about to succeed, and if he were to stop now because of an open door, the entire operation would be considered a total failure.

Even though he was aware of the danger lurking nearby in the hallway ahead, he had to steel himself and follow.

"Could it be that the ghost from this room is the corpse in front of us? Maybe I'm overthinking it." Yang Jian speculated, as if to comfort himself.

But soon, he confirmed that his speculation was wrong.

Because Yang Jian saw several red traces on the doorknob of the room ahead, which were left by bloodstained fingers, and the blood was bright, it couldn't possibly have come from the rotting corpse in front of him, as the body was highly decomposed with no fresh blood, only corpse fluid.

"So there really are other ghosts that have opened the door, and it's even possible they have already walked out of the room by now."

His expression darkened as he slowly took off the gloves in his hands, revealing his own pale, ice-cold Ghost Hand.

If he were targeted, he would immediately strike back.

Continue moving forward.

Yang Jian's gaze was fixed on that room, and his Ghost Domain had almost covered it, clearly revealing the number on the doorplate.

Room 82.

The appearance of this doorplate number meant he had followed the decomposing corpse to a location deeper than the previous Room 71 with the piano, and although the numbers didn't reveal much, he had an inkling that the deeper he went, the greater the likelihood of encountering danger.

There had been nothing out of the ordinary when he passed rooms number 1 to 31 earlier.

Now, the tall decomposing corpse, though its movements had slowed again, was slowly passing by the door of Room 82 without stopping in advance.

Even though Yang Jian was apprehensive, he did not halt his pursuit.

Once the Corpse Wrapping Cloth successfully wrapped around the body, he would immediately leave the place with the corpse using the Ghost Domain.

Soon.

Yang Jian also passed by the doorway of Room 82 during the follow-up process.

This was the most dangerous moment.

Because he was not sure whether the ghost from the room had really left the room, what if it was still inside? If so, he was likely to be attacked during the passing.

Indiscriminate killing, triggering a pattern, the instinct to complete puzzles... one of them is bound to suit you.

Yang Jian, who did not stop his steps, had to pass by the doorway of Room 82, even though he was within the Ghost Domain.

There was no longer any need to evade at this point. Yang Jian's expression remained unchanged, and he looked coldly into the room to ascertain the situation inside.

The layout and furnishings in Room 82 were identical to Room 71, obviously featuring the same decoration style, and that old Republic of China vibe seemed rather eerie in such a setting.

The living room of the room was empty without a piano, which was the only difference from Room 71.

But as Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly, he saw on the walls and ceiling of the room, many fresh bloody palm prints as if something had intentionally left them there, some so vivid that they seemed almost to drip blood.

The color of the blood bore a resemblance to the Ghost Blood from the victim who died in the outskirts of Dachang City, Yan Li.

Apart from these mysterious bloody handprints, Yang Jian saw nothing else.

It was a brief passage, and everything seemed very calm, with nothing frightening appearing inside the opened Room 82.

At this moment, the tall male corpse at the crossroads ahead suddenly stopped.

The Corpse Wrapping Cloth had completely enveloped its body, forming a kind of restriction, and all the corpse's eerie behaviors ceased at that moment; no longer wandering as before, it stood there like a statue, stiff and immobile.

Besides, the only thing not wrapped up by the Corpse Wrapping Cloth was the Firewood Knife in its hand.

It seemed that even the curse, or the danger the object brought, was something even the Corpse Wrapping Cloth dared not touch.

"It's done."

At this point, Yang Jian immediately approached, attempting to envelop the body with his Ghost Domain and take it with him.

But the Ghost Domain could not cover it; when passing by the body wrapped in the Corpse Wrapping Cloth, there was a gap left.

"It can't be affected by the Ghost Domain? This must be the power of the Corpse Wrapping Cloth, once it completes the restriction, it can isolate all supernatural things, ensuring the ghost inside doesn't seep out." Yang Jian was somewhat surprised but found it reasonable.

If the cloth that could wrap a ghost was affected by the Ghost Domain, surely, the ghost inside could escape.

"No matter, carrying it out will do just the same." Yang Jian did not rush to take the Firewood Knife as it wasn't suitable to do so in this place. He planned to take the body out altogether.

This time, he directly touched the body wrapped in the Corpse Wrapping Cloth.

The danger was removed.

Yang Jian was not attacked, and the large wrapped male corpse was indeed as quiet as a true corpse, losing its eerie ability to act.

The course of action was correct.

Yang Jian breathed a sigh of relief and without hesitating, he hoisted the body over his shoulder and turned to leave.

But just as he turned around,

Out of nowhere, several blood-red handprints had appeared on the walls at the doorway to Room 82.

The handprints from the room seemed to have spread out just a moment ago, and what was most terrifying was that the handprints were now moving toward Yang Jian's side.

Blood-red handprints, one after another, could be clearly seen on both walls as if a sinister ghost was crawling on them, leaving behind these bizarre traces.

"Hmm?"

With narrowed eyes, Yang Jian, carrying the corpse, now found himself in quite a dilemma.

Chapter 610 Dim Light

Looking at the dense bloodstained handprints covering the walls on both sides of the corridor, Yang Jian, carrying a corpse, hesitated.

"Is the ghost from room 82 coming out? Is it because of me, or is the ghost simply wandering out?"

He considered retreating, temporarily avoiding the continuously appearing bloodstained handprints, but Yang Jian also worried that venturing further in might lead to unknown dangers. Thus, he didn't immediately act but pondered his decision.

Soon.

Carrying the corpse on his shoulders, Yang Jian chose to steel himself and head towards the ever-approaching bloodstained handprints.

Retreating was pointless. It would only waste time. Besides, approaching head-on might not result in an attack. If he took a detour, he could lose his way, or even encounter dangers far worse than the bloodstained handprints.

"I refuse to believe this thing can truly kill me."

Yang Jian walked swiftly, attempting to cross the passage smeared with bloody handprints without fear of the ghost that might be from room 82.

Such recklessness would have been impossible for the old him.

But the curse from the Eight-Tone Music Box gave him courage and audacity, allowing him to make multiple mistakes during this time without losing his life.

The moment Yang Jian began to double back, he immediately passed by the eerie bloodstained handprints on the wall.

The surroundings felt undeniably wrong.

Though he couldn't see the actual ghost, Yang Jian could feel the hallway becoming colder than before, his whole body gripped by an inexplicable sense of horror. It was as if many obscure and bizarre eyes were watching him, and yet he braved his way through under the gaze of some ghost.

Yang Jian's Ghost Eye didn't wander aimlessly, for he feared he'd see something he shouldn't, affecting him.

Since he had decided to retrace his original path, there was nothing else to consider.

Soon.

He passed by the door to room 82 again.

This time, Yang Jian gave the inside another glance with a stoic face.

The situation inside the room had changed a bit from before. The blood-red handprints on the walls and ceiling had disappeared, possibly having all gone outside, making the previously creepy room seem somewhat normal again.

Without lingering, he quickened his pace.

Because of the Corpse Wrapping Cloth, Yang Jian couldn't use Ghost Domain to teleport, so his movement was slightly inefficient, but he was still fast. The heavy corpse didn't affect him at all, after all, it wasn't like the ghost Fang Shiming that clung to his back, without supernatural abilities.

However, the bloodstained handprints on the wall behind Yang Jian soon followed.

These handprints changed direction, no longer spreading to the prior area, but instead continued to trail behind Yang Jian, with new blood-red handprints appearing non-stop on the walls around him.

The ghost seemed to be tailing him, set on Yang Jian.

"Following me?"

Yang Jian didn't look back, but he saw everything clearly.

Nonetheless, he didn't pay it any attention, nor did he show the slightest fear, as he was already prepared in his mind.

He continued to hasten back along the original route.

The numbers on the doors around him kept decreasing as well, from 82 to 60, then to 50.

Along the way, his luck was still decent. Apart from the ghost following him, Yang Jian didn't encounter any other strange incidents, and he was getting closer to the exit. In just a short while, he arrived near room 31 again.

"Three more intersections ahead, and I can leave this place," he muttered.

Yang Jian's body was icy cold, like a walking corpse. His pale, bloodless face revealed a sense of determination.

He glanced back with his Ghost Eye.

The bloodstained handprints behind him remained densely packed, having followed him from room 82 all this way, and they showed no sign of giving up.

"It hasn't attacked me, just follows me? Or is my current state not fitting this ghost's killing pattern? After all, I'm practically a dead man now. But this can't go on; I must shake this thing. After all, being stalked by an unknown-level ghost isn't a good thing," he thought to himself while hurrying.

Soon.

He arrived at the corridor by room number one; just ahead was the exit.

This was when Yang Jian stopped.

"I can't let this ghost follow me out of here. I must leave it behind, or it might cause a significant supernatural incident once it leaves the Caesar Hotel," he said as Yang Jian set down the tall male corpse he had been carrying on his shoulder.

Perhaps because he had stopped moving.

The bloodstained handprints on the wall behind him spread to about three meters away from him and then halted.

But this halt wasn't complete; the blood-red handprints were still slowly inching closer.

Yang Jian's eyes shifted as he looked down at the corpse on the ground, his gaze focusing on the rusty Firewood Knife in its hand.

Without hesitation, his other hand, covered by a gloved hand, grabbed the knife.

Protected by the glove made of gold, nothing unusual happened, which was expected.

The tall male corpse gripped the firewood knife so tightly, it seemed embedded in its hand, and despite exerting a lot of force, Yang Jian couldn't remove it. He even tried forcefully prying it out, but failed.

"Can't take it off?"

Yang Jian knitted his brows, feeling that brute force wouldn't work on this thing; after all, it was a supernatural object and not as simple as he had imagined.

"The Ghost Hand might work, but I don't know if I'll be attacked again."

He glanced at his other pale, stiffened palm.

Although he feared a repeat of the previous incident, Yang Jian needed to take the firewood knife, and now seemed like the time to try.

Without delay.

Yang Jian used the other hand, his Ghost Hand, to directly touch the eerie firewood knife.

The next moment.

The tall male corpse, wrapped in a corpse wrapping cloth, began to struggle violently as if Yang Jian's touch had triggered the murderous rule of the ghost, which wanted to attack him again. But because of the restraint from the corpse wrapping cloth, the ghost couldn't move, hence the violent reaction.

Clang!

At that moment, the eerie firewood knife unexpectedly detached from the corpse's hand and fell to the ground, without Yang Jian having applied any force to pull it out.

"Got it off?"

His expression grave, Yang Jian hesitated for a moment, but still extended his Ghost Hand to pick up the firewood knife and gripped the handle.

At that instant.

The rust-covered firewood knife in the tall male corpse's hand had a new owner.

The violently struggling body also calmed in that moment, no longer moving.

"I don't feel anything special; everything seems normal," Yang Jian felt for a moment, but nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

"Is it because I haven't used it? So the eeriness of the firewood knife hasn't manifested. If that's the case, then I need to try... stepping on footprints?"

"No, that can't be right. Stepping on footprints is the murderous rule, not a necessity. Because I am human, I can ignore that rule, so stepping on footprints must just be a medium."

"If it is a medium, then it's not necessary to step on footprints."

Yang Jian looked at the bloody handprint on the wall beside him, his expression shifting. He made an attempt, extending his hand over to cover the bloodstained handprint on the wall with his palm.

Covering footprints, and covering handprints—they are the same.

If he was not mistaken, this method should also be able to serve as a medium.

As Yang Jian held the rust-covered firewood knife in one hand and covered the bloody handprint on the wall with the other, just as he had hypothesized, the medium triggered a terrifying change in the scene before him.

It was as if an illusion had appeared, or perhaps, through the medium, he could see the source of the handprint.

In the originally empty corridor, countless "people" surged in the blink of an eye.

These "people" could hardly be called human any longer. They were male and female, of various ages, and exuded the stench of rot. Some had faces turned green, like corpses laid out for too long, while others had blackened faces, apparently decomposing, their skin continuously flaking off.

Beyond that, these people wore a variety of clothes; some modern, some from a decade ago, some from the Republic of China Period...

But these various people all had one thing in common.

They were eyeless; their eyeballs seemed to have rotted away, leaving empty, dark sockets. They couldn't see the road ahead, making them each reach out a hand, palms bloody, to touch the wall and leave a distinct handprint.

That was the origin of the bloody handprints on the wall.

At that moment.

Yang Jian turned to look at his own hand which he had pressed against the wall—now pressing over one of the bloody palms. It was ice cold to the bone, utterly horrifying.

Even someone who had experienced numerous supernatural events like him couldn't help but get goosebumps from this sight.

But what terrified him even more was that it seemed because he touched the bloody handprint, all the numerous "people" in the corridor lifted their heads and peered with their hollow sockets straight at him. Then they each stretched out their other bloody hand, as if trying to seize Yang Jian and turn him into one of them.

It was a fearsome curse of the evil spirits, capable of turning a living person into part of the curse, increasing the number of the bloody handprints.

Yang Jian's eyes narrowed, and his other hand holding the firewood knife quickly raised it to chop down at the nearest arm.

To an outsider, this action would seem like he was slashing at air, because there was nothing visible to chop at, just like the actions of the decayed male corpse before him.

Now Yang Jian understood the meaning behind this act of chopping at the air.

The rust-covered firewood knife in his hand was eerily sharp at that moment; with just a casual swing through empty space, the arm reaching for his own bloody palm severed instantly.

Beyond that, the other "people" seemed to feel the attack as well, their arms breaking off at the same time.

The dense, bloody handprints on the wall began to rapidly vanish, disappearing swiftly and continuing down the corridor towards the room that was room 82.

"Bang!"

The door of room 82, which had been wide open, slammed shut in that instant, and the light beside the door flickered several times, the bulb dimming as if it was nearly extinguished.