

Revival 396

Chapter 396 - Airplane Malfunction

Wan Delu, although not familiar with Yang Jian, recognized him as a significant character. He had personally witnessed that very moment at the airport security check before boarding the plane, when this young man passed through and immediately drew the attention of the airport's person in charge, along with nearby special operatives.

The reason was simple: he was carrying firearms, and not just one.

If it were an ordinary person, they would probably end up behind bars for a long time, but this man was allowed to pass through, and even his luggage was permitted onboard the plane.

Glancing at the black carry-on bag at Yang Jian's feet, Wan Delu was certain it contained weapons.

For someone to have connections to obtain weapons was not surprising to him, but to walk through airport security and board a plane so boldly was extraordinary. This indicated that authorities at a higher level had allowed him to carry on board, and he likely even had a permit to carry a firearm, all at such a young age.

It was a terrifying thought.

Perhaps, the big shot of Dachang City wasn't just boasting—there was a good chance it was true.

With that in mind, Wan Delu felt that making friends with this person was more important than making a few billion.

"Brother, how about I treat you to a meal after we get off the plane? It's rare to meet someone on a plane. Meeting is fate, and I hope Brother Tui would honor me with his presence."

Wan Delu said with a grin, a man in his forties or fifties addressing Yang Jian, a young man not yet twenty, as Brother Tui, which seemed like he was ingratiating himself.

It might look a little embarrassing, but he didn't mind. In business, if your skin wasn't thick enough, what business could you do?

However, Yang Jian said, "I'm afraid that won't be possible. I don't have the time. Maybe next time we can do it together."

"Then would you mind leaving a phone number?" Wan Delu wasn't upset and asked again.

Feeling a bit cornered by this persistence, Yang Jian had no choice but to leave his mobile number: "I don't have a business card. This is my number. But most of the time, I'm quite busy. Although you kindly invited me for a meal, I really may not have the time. You can't blame me for not giving you face then."

"Of course, of course." Wan Delu took note of the number, his face blooming with a smile as if he had found a bag of money, which seemed to bring him even more joy.

At that moment, Yang Jian's satellite locator phone suddenly connected to a call, and Qin Meirou's voice came through: "Yang Jian, are you there?"

"What's the matter?" Yang Jian had just given out his number and took out the satellite locator phone upon hearing the sound.

"Ten minutes ago, an incident occurred on the plane you're currently on. Since the plane is in the air, many other departments are unable to handle it. Although it may seem like overkill, we hope you can go and check it out. Someone will contact you soon, and we hope you won't refuse," Qin Meirou said earnestly.

Yang Jian casually replied, "If it's just someone feeling airsick, falling ill, or even hijacking the plane, I definitely will refuse. I'm not a temp, not everything should fall on my shoulders. Can't someone else handle it?"

"While it's still under suspicion, we can't rule out the possibility of a special incident. It's better if you go and confirm. If it's nothing, the air marshal on board will handle it," Qin Meirou added.

"What a hassle. If I'd known, I wouldn't have taken the flight," Yang Jian reluctantly agreed.

Qin Meirou might have made it sound simple, just to take a look and not necessarily get involved, but could any assignments from headquarters ever be pleasant?

In other words, would good news ever make its way up to headquarters?

Of course not.

So, Yang Jian had learned early on, any mission assigned by headquarters that could be refused, should be refused—unless it truly couldn't be avoided.

"Who is Yang Jian?" At that moment, an air hostess came in with a hurried expression, quickly asking.

That was fast.

"It's me." Yang Jian stood up.

"I have been informed to ask Yang Jian to..." The air hostess apparently didn't know the situation and was just relaying orders.

"No need to say more, I already know. Take me to check on the situation," Yang Jian said, picking up his carry-on bag and taking out two golden pistols which he strapped to his waist. "Make sure someone keeps an eye on my luggage. If it gets lost, I will be asking your company for compensation."

"What happened?" Wan Delu, seeing Yang Jian actually taking guns with him, was stunned and asked somewhat panic-stricken.

Yang Jian replied, "You ask me, whom should I ask? The boss has given out an assignment, and there's no choice but to comply. That's just how it is when you're working for someone. You all be careful."

After speaking, he then followed the flight attendant and left the first-class cabin.

"Who is he? He couldn't be an undercover cop, could he?" The man in the suit was also taken aback when he saw this.

Wan Delu whispered, "Definitely not, his rank is very high. I overheard his phone call just now; the way he was tasked by the higher-ups was almost consultative, and they didn't dare to offend him. He's absolutely a prominent figure. If it weren't for an incident on the plane and a shortage of staff, he would never have been assigned such a task on the fly."

"You saw it too, he pulled out two guns just like that, without any concealment. What does this indicate? It shows that he's openly carrying a gun. If he were someone shady, he would definitely be hiding his gun."

Hearing this, the man in the suit fell silent, and after a while, he said, "President Wan, do you think it's too late for me to go apologize now?"

He had thought Yang Jian was just some rich thug, never expecting that the guy's background was frighteningly significant. Leaving aside whether he had money or not, at the very least, he definitely had the right to carry a gun, and not a small one at that.

However, Wan Delu voiced his concerns, "Whether you apologize or not is none of my business. I'm worried about what major trouble might occur now that Brother Tui is walking around with a gun."

"Could it be a hijacking, just like in the movies? Haven't such things happened in America before?" Suddenly, the sexy female passenger who had been eavesdropping from the next seat took off her sunglasses and said a bit excitedly.

"Hijack my ass."

Wan Delu swore without any class: "With so many people on patrol during the security check, they won't even let you bring nail clippers, who would dare cause trouble on the plane? The issue is definitely much more serious than that, otherwise, someone as important as Brother Tui would not have been called out."

"If something happens to the plane, it's no joke. We could all end up dead." The man in the suit said with a mix of fear and suspicion.

Wan Delu, of course, understood this, which is why he was particularly anxious.

"No, I have to check out the situation. I won't be at ease until I get to the bottom of things."

The more he thought about it, the more frightened he became. Wan Delu couldn't sit still any longer. Although the announcement had instructed passengers to stay in their seats, he ignored it, immediately slipping away stealthily to see what exactly had happened.

At the moment, Yang Jian was following the flight attendant toward the front. As he passed the other passengers, he noticed that they all seemed calm: those who were sleeping, those who were on their

phones, it was as though nothing had happened. It seemed the news had been kept secret and had not spread, avoiding panic.

"Tell me, what exactly happened?"

The flight attendant spoke very quietly, "I only heard it from my colleagues; a passenger died in the restroom, and they said the way they died was very strange."

"How strange?" asked Yang Jian.

He was highly desensitized to death and corpses, and was almost never uncomfortable around them.

"I didn't see it myself. I just heard it from a colleague," said the flight attendant.

"Qin Meirou, you sent me to handle this without even collecting proper intelligence. That's very irresponsible," Yang Jian said into his satellite-positioned phone. "Regardless of whether it's a special incident or not, without sufficient information and analysis, if one rashly gets involved in the event, even the most skilled ghost master could stumble."

The unknown terror of supernatural events is the biggest threat to a ghost master.

Therefore, intelligence and observation are crucial.

"The matter was sudden and circumstances did not allow HQ to gather intelligence; I'm sorry," Qin Meirou apologized, her tone very serious.

Yang Jian said, "It's too late to discuss that now. I will confirm whether this is a special incident first."

He didn't complain or blame Qin Meirou and HQ because, at this critical juncture, he still needed to rely on HQ's resources to resolve his own situation. So, for the time being, he had to be on his best behavior.

Guided by the flight attendant, Yang Jian quickly arrived at a small compartment on the plane.

He saw a female corpse lying on the floor, with an article covering her face, hiding her features, and there was a strange chill in the air around her. There also seemed to be a faint trace of an abnormal odor lingering in the air.

That was the smell of cadaveric decay.

"A supernatural event?"

Yang Jian's heart chilled slightly. He didn't even need to examine the body; he could tell simply by instinct.

There was a ghost on this plane.

Chapter 397: Code Name: Ghost Strangler

Because ghost controllers possess the spirit of ghosts within their bodies, in most cases they can determine the presence of paranormal entities by instinct.

Looking at the female corpse on the ground.

Normal deduction would suggest that this female passenger had just died not long ago, certainly no more than half an hour ago.

Yet, there lingered a faint scent of corpse decay nearby.

This was clearly illogical.

Yang Jian knew that this stench of decay did not originate from the deceased but from the ghost.

The residual odor indicated that at some point earlier, a ghost had been wandering in the nearby cabin, and this female passenger was just unlucky enough to be targeted by it.

“Hello, I’m Wang Dong, the air marshal in charge of this flight. The situation has arisen quite suddenly; I hope we can cooperate to catch the killer quickly and not give them another chance to commit the crime.”

A composed young man approached from beside the body and extended his hand.

Yang Jian shook it and then said, “Dachang City’s Yang Jian here. I’ve taken over this case; from now on, everything on this plane is under my control. Everyone, including the pilots, must follow my arrangements, no, my orders. If anyone disobeys, I have the authority to shoot them on the spot.”

“So, I hope you can assist me from the sidelines, Wang Dong, and prevent the situation from getting worse.”

Wang Dong immediately frowned, “Yang Jian, this doesn’t seem to comply with the regulations. Even law enforcement needs to go through proper channels...”

“I am not law enforcement, but if you have any objections, you can talk to your superiors,” Yang Jian finished speaking and said to the satellite-positioning phone: “I can pretty much confirm it now, it should be classified as a paranormal event.”

Qin Meirou’s voice came through the satellite-positioning phone, “Can you solve it?”

“Don’t know, I’ve only just confirmed the event. Whether it can be resolved has to be attempted to be certain, but judging from the current situation, only one person has died, and the Terror Level definitely won’t be too high. However, I want to know if anyone has died on this flight before? I mean recently,

you need to investigate this and also inform the people on this flight to cooperate with my actions,” Yang Jian said.

Qin Meirou responded, “Okay, I’ll get right on it. We’ll keep the communication open.”

Yang Jian didn’t speak, just hung the satellite-positioning phone on his chest and then crouched down to lift the piece of clothing covering the corpse to start examining the deceased’s condition.

The victim was a woman around forty, heavily made up, with eyes wide open in terror and a face filled with despair and horror, as if she had seen some unimaginable terror just before her death.

Although he was not a forensic expert, the cause of her death was quite peculiar.

Yang Jian saw that the woman’s head had been twisted several times around her neck, the skin of her neck nearly twisted into a cord, and under her neck, the skin was patchy with purple and blue bruises, as if strangled by something.

The death was truly gruesome~!

“Ugh”

The flight attendants nearby turned pale at the sight, feeling nauseated, and they stumbled and began to vomit.

At the same time, Wang Dong also received a call from his superiors.

“Wang Dong, given the urgency of the situation, I’m issuing a single directive: comply unconditionally with Yang Jian’s arrangements. Remember, even if he tells you to jump off the plane, you must comply. This is not a simple murder case but a special case with significant implications. I will repeat, comply unconditionally with Yang Jian’s arrangements.”

“Yes, unconditionally comply with Yang Jian’s arrangements,” said Wang Dong earnestly.

After the call, the look in his eyes towards Yang Jian changed.

Confused and puzzled, but his attitude was very decisive as he said, “Yang Jian, the superiors have instructed me to comply with your commands and arrangements, please issue your orders.”

“Headquarters is pretty efficient. You can’t be of much help; the only thing you can do is to stabilize the other passengers, keep them from being disorderly and panicking.”

Yang Jian was still squatting on the ground, he lifted the female corpse’s head and straightened the twisted neck.

“Rest assured, I’ll make sure the mission is completed,” Wang Dong said, before turning to leave.

"Wait," Yang Jian called out to him.

Wang Dong asked, "Is there another arrangement?"

"Got a gun?" asked Yang Jian.

"No, I don't," replied Wang Dong, his expression shifting.

As an air marshal, he was not authorized to carry a gun; if he were equipped with one, there was the potential risk of losing it, which could introduce a safety hazard on its own.

"Words alone can't hold people down in the face of terror. With so many passengers on the plane, just you and a few flight attendants will not be enough to keep order," Yang Jian handed over a handgun he had retrieved from behind him: "I'm lending this to you for now; just return it to me after we disembark."

Wang Dong hesitated for a moment, remembered the instructions from above, did not refuse, and immediately took the handgun.

After he left, Yang Jian had pretty much straightened the dead female passenger's head.

He wasn't interested in the cause of death; in the face of the supernatural, there were many possible ways to die. What he cared about was the bruising on the neck, the traces left by the ghost; this was what was most critical.

After straightening the twisted neck, the bruises connected to form a pattern.

These bruises, they formed the shape of a handprint.

No, not a single hand, but a pair of palms.

The bruises on the neck showed the shape of a pair of hands—one on the left, one on the right—with delicate finger marks, and even wounds from fingernails digging into the skin.

"This pair of female hands," Yang Jian frowned, holding up the corpse's palms for comparison.

They were exactly the same size.

"Does this mean that she strangled herself? And also managed to twist her own head several times around her neck?"

Seeing this, he knew things had become complicated.

An unidentified ghost, killing patterns unknown, actions unclear, and even its means of manifestation a mystery.

An enigma through and through.

The only consolation was that this ghost's level was low, not as terrifying as the ones he'd encountered before. This method of killing was relatively mild, and so far, only one person had died, which indicated that the ghost's Terror Level was not high.

"Create a new supernatural file, Terror Level C, codename: Ghost Strangler." Yang Jian spoke up.

"The file has already been created," Qin Meirou's voice came through. "Additionally, I've thoroughly investigated all flights on this airplane for the past half year; there were no similar incidents before, not even a single passenger death. There were a few cases of sudden illness on board, but no accidents occurred."

Upon hearing this, Yang Jian narrowed his eyes; "The ghost has started killing, which means it's active. Under such circumstances, there should have been deaths on every flight. The absence of past incidents means the ghost isn't lingering on the plane, but was brought aboard by a passenger."

"Perhaps that passenger is also a ghost controller who suffered a lapse in judgment during this flight and accidentally killed someone, or maybe the ghost controller died on the plane, leading to the revival of a vindictive ghost... Regardless of the situation, there's a strong likelihood that this event is man-made."

“So it’s like that.” Qin Meirou was somewhat surprised.

But from Yang Jian’s analysis, it indeed seemed very likely.

Yang Jian continued, “Currently, there are two solutions I have in mind. Discuss them with headquarters.”

“Go ahead,” Qin Meirou said immediately.

Yang Jian said, “First, I can use the Ghost Domain to take all passengers on this plane away from here. Once we’re on the ground, we can investigate every passenger to find the potential ghost controller. This is the safest method. Of course, I can’t rule out the possibility that the ghost is still on the plane, in which case it may crash the plane and reappear elsewhere.”

“The second option is to let the plane keep flying while I try to deal with the entity on board. This could result in some, or even all, passengers being injured or killed, but the upside is that we have a chance to eliminate the ghost.”

“It’s up to you at headquarters to decide. We haven’t had a second victim yet; there’s still time to think. Likewise, give me a response within five minutes.”

Yang Jian stood up and covered the body again.

It was confirmed; this body had no issues, was not a ghost controller, and certainly not a ghost—just an ordinary, innocent passenger.

Both the solutions he proposed had their pros and cons.

The first solution was about saving people, avoiding contact with the supernatural.

With the Ghost Domain, Yang Jian could prevent direct casualties, but it meant leaving the ghost unmanaged, which could lead to it appearing elsewhere and continuing to kill. The casualties then could far exceed the number of people on a commercial jet since it takes time to notice, find, and neutralize a ghost. During this time, the ghost could kill without restraint, and the casualties would absolutely exceed the number of passengers on a plane.

As for the second solution, it prioritized resolving the supernatural occurrence to ensure safety in other areas and remove potential hazards. However, the premise was that some or all passengers on the plane might be sacrificed.

To save people now, potentially causing more deaths later.

Or let some die now, to avoid more deaths in the future.

Regardless of the choice, death was certain, so Yang Jian would not make this decision. He left it to headquarters to decide.

Following Yang Jian's words, an intense telephone conference immediately began at headquarters.

"Everything should be focused on saving lives; saving people comes first, and dealing with the ghost afterwards is something we can assign someone else to. Nothing is more important."

"Bullshit, if we don't deal with the ghost now, when it reappears, it may kill more people than we save today. And now that we've pinpointed this ghost, given the plane's small space, Yang Jian should have no problem containing it. We can't miss this opportunity."

"I suggest we resolve it on the spot. All lives are equal. We can't ignore the safety of the many for the safety of a few. Besides, the supernatural entity has only just emerged. Acting now would minimize casualties. Have you already forgotten the Dachang City incident?"

"Can't we have Yang Jian save the people first and then deal with the ghost?"

"Impossible; no one can guarantee that the ghost isn't hiding among the passengers. If so, saving people would also mean releasing the ghost."

After a brief but intense discussion.

Qin Meirou conveyed the final command to Yang Jian: resolve the supernatural event on the plane.

Yang Jian wasn't surprised by this arrangement.

Considering the bigger picture, resolving the supernatural occurrence at its onset would lead to the lowest loss. If the ghost were released to save those few dozen people on the plane, the next incident might see more deaths than those saved this time.

The staff at headquarters could not possibly be so shortsighted.

“Resolve it on the spot? Understood, I’ll do my best,” Yang Jian replied calmly.

Chapter 398:

Resolving this supernatural event on the plane sounded thrilling, but Yang Jian knew that once he made this decision, the lives of all passengers aboard would hang in the balance.

In the following period, apart from Yang Jian, anyone could become the next target of the vengeful ghost and die on this flight.

It depended on who was unlucky enough to inadvertently trigger the ghost’s killing pattern or be chosen as the next target by it.

“Combining all the information from before, the ghost isn’t always on this plane, but rather appeared suddenly during this flight; it’s a spontaneous supernatural event,” Yang Jian began to think.

“Given that, there are only two possibilities for the ghost’s existence.”

“Either, a passenger is the ghost, or... the ghost followed a passenger onto the plane.”

The possibility of a ghost controller was directly excluded, because obtaining the information of all the passengers of this flight proved too easy. The headquarters had already sent a message ruling out the possibility of a ghost controller, meaning that aside from Yang Jian, no one else on the plane was likely to be one.

“The likelihood of a passenger being the ghost is higher. If the ghost followed someone onto the plane, there would be no reason for it to not start its activities earlier at the airport, but to wait until now.” Yang Jian, considering the present situation, deduced that the ghost might be disguised as one of the passengers.

But that was only a possibility. Before determining the real situation, he would not rashly make a decision.

A wrong estimation could lead himself into a dead end, thus increasing the difficulty of the supernatural event.

“The current priority is to ascertain the ghost’s location, which will then rule out other possibilities.”

After thinking it over, he decided on his next course of action.

However, he would not act rashly before understanding the Terror Level of the ghost.

The incident at the Caesar Hotel in Z city was still fresh in Yang Jian's memory.

Who would have thought that just by entering the hotel, one would be targeted by a vicious ghost? If he hadn't been adequately prepared at that time, he would have fallen inside the hotel and never left Z city alive.

And for this trip to J city, the things prepared were extremely limited.

Apart from a few firearms that could deter ordinary people, the only thing that could counter the vengeful spirit was that eerie doll, and items like Ghost Candles had already been used up.

Moreover, his own condition began to deteriorate. If he continued to misuse the ghost's abilities, it would certainly accelerate the degradation of his body.

Plus, without any assistants this time, Yang Jian could only choose a more conservative and cautious plan of action.

Even if he rated the ghost as C, Restricted Level.

"How are things, Wang Dong?" Yang Jian walked out and saw Wang Dong, who was patrolling the cabin.

“Everything is normal, no discoveries,” replied Wang Dong, coming over immediately and speaking in a hushed tone, “The other passengers don’t know about the female passenger’s death, because the body was found in the toilet, so it hasn’t caused any panic. But such a thing can’t be kept under wraps forever; it will come out sooner or later.”

Yang Jian glanced over all the passengers in the cabin; “It doesn’t matter whether it’s exposed or not. From now on, no matter what happens, you must ensure that all passengers stay in their seats. They absolutely must not panic; once they do, things will become complicated.”

“What if there are more casualties?” Wang Dong asked further.

Yang Jian replied, “Would there be no deaths if things turned chaotic? The plane is only so big; where could you run to if that thing wants to kill? As long as we maintain normal order, I can resolve this special incident as quickly as possible. If everyone panics, it will only delay the efficiency of my work.”

Wang Dong felt that Yang Jian’s method of handling things was somewhat cruel, but he couldn’t find any reason to argue; he just accepted the arrangement and nodded.

“Come and take a turn with me,” he said.

Accompanied by Wang Dong, he walked through the cabin, trying to spot something or someone suspicious.

A ghost’s appearance comes with signs; it’s not without any pattern.

It's just that ordinary people tend to miss these subtle clues in their panic.

Watching some passengers sleep, others listen to music, and yet others read books... everything seemed very normal. Yang Jian didn't find anything amiss. He felt the likelihood of any passenger being a ghost was slim, since the ghost had already started to act.

"Do I have to wait for the ghost to continue killing people to pinpoint its location, or did it sense my presence and choose to hide?" Yang Jian frowned, not having a good strategy at hand.

There was too little information, although from the death of the woman earlier, it could be inferred that this was a paranormal incident.

But there was only one sign of the ghost's activity.

Without a next time, there would be no progress in this operation.

"Take off your sunglasses." Yang Jian approached someone dressed rather suspiciously.

The passenger was sitting there, wearing a hat and a pair of sunglasses that covered most of his face, and leaning stiffly in his seat without moving, giving off a lifeless vibe.

His words went without response, the passenger remained still.

Yang Jian extended his hand and removed the sunglasses.

Underneath were the eyes of a woman with heavy makeup and thick dark circles.

As soon as the sunglasses were removed, the woman became very annoyed, saying, "What are you doing? Are you sick? I finally managed to fall asleep, and you woke me up with your actions."

"I just thought you looked a bit off just now, so I checked. But now you seem normal, sorry about that." Yang Jian handed back the sunglasses, speaking very calmly.

Just as he was about to leave, the woman immediately stood up and loudly said, "Who did you say has a problem? You're the crazy one, interrupting my sleep and accusing me of having a problem. Did I offend you in some way? Is it because you saw that I was asleep, and you wanted to take advantage of me sneakily?"

"I think you're a pervert."

The other passengers nearby, hearing the woman's words, turned to look at Yang Jian, most of them with a look of curiosity, while a few even chimed in, similarly pointing at him.

“Look here, brother, I’ve noticed you skulking around, and although I don’t know what you’re up to, I’d advise you to keep a low profile,” said a rather muscular man in a warning tone.

“What kind of people are there on airplanes these days? To think that such individuals would appear on a plane, I thought they were only on buses.”

Yang Jian’s face remained unchanged, seemingly unfazed by the situation.

Being in the midst of a paranormal event, he was very controlled with his emotions, maintaining a calm demeanor.

Wang Dong, who was nearby, immediately came over and said, “I’m the air marshal on this flight. My colleague and I were investigating a special case, and we hope all passengers can cooperate. If there has been any inconvenience caused, we hope you can understand. As for what just happened, our airline will explain to this lady.”

“So what if you’re investigating? Do I look like a thief to you?” the woman became even angrier, “Why are you investigating only me and not others? Is it because I’m a woman and you think I’m easy to bully? I’m going to file a complaint about you.”

Wang Dong wanted to explain, but Yang Jian promptly stopped him, saying, “Let’s just let it go for now.”

“Let it go?” Wang Dong looked at him in surprise, ‘Why is that?’

“Nothing, I just personally need some rest. Let’s continue the work after half an hour,” Yang Jian checked the time and decided to act after half an hour.

“Yang Jian, what if something goes wrong in the meantime?” Wang Dong was getting anxious.

“At least for now, there’s no problem,” Yang Jian said before turning and heading towards his first-class seat.

Seeing Yang Jian walk away, the woman shouted, “If you have the guts, don’t leave! Are you feeling guilty for wrongdoing? Why don’t you continue your investigation?”

“Good on you, beauty, for standing up to that kind of person. You shouldn’t be polite with him,” someone praised the woman’s reaction.

“Heh, I’ve seen plenty like you. No real talent, but full of ill intentions. Investigate? Just by looking at him, you can tell he’s not really investigating anything. What an act,” the woman said with a scornful smile as she sat back down in her seat.

Wang Dong looked at the female passenger and then at the departing Yang Jian, a bit at a loss.

“Yang Jian, what are you planning to do?” Qin Meirou’s voice came through the satellite-positioning phone, “You absolutely cannot fail us at this crucial moment.”

She sounded very anxious and even had the urge to kill that female passenger.

Every spectral agent's mental state was not too good, including Yang Jian. Although his emotions seemed normal according to the data, Qin Meirou and Liu Xiaoyu knew that Yang Jian was just restraining himself. In fact, he was very dangerous deep down.

Yang Jian's voice was cold; "The identity of a spectral agent cannot be openly acknowledged. We have power but no status, making it hard for me to carry out my work. Rather than preventing issues and offending people before they occur, I'd rather play the savior from despair. I plan to rest for half an hour to lure that ghost out. During this time, I will take no action."

"That's bad," Qin Meirou thought as soon as she heard this.

She understood Yang Jian's idea; he planned to use the passengers on the plane as bait to lure out the ghost.

"Doing this will kill a lot of people, won't it?"

Yang Jian said, "You're wrong. I haven't killed anyone; it's the ghost that kills people. What does that have to do with me? I'm not the murderer. Why accuse me? Or maybe I should withdraw, and you can take over? Then you can save whomever you like, and I'll have absolutely no complaints."

Qin Meirou was left speechless by his retort.

“But you are the person in charge of Dachang City,” she said hesitantly.

Yang Jian suddenly laughed; “I am only responsible for Dachang City. Besides, you haven’t experienced supernatural events. It’s easy for you to sit in the office and talk high and mighty. If I were in front of a computer, my keyboard would make the loudest noise. If you talk to me like this next time, I will not communicate with you again. Let Liu Xiaoyu handle it.”

He now understood why headquarters wanted to implement the captain plan.

Because spectral agents simply didn’t want to be managed by someone who only knows how to talk. If it weren’t for saving face for headquarters, operators wouldn’t even have the privilege to speak in front of them.

And the essence of the captain plan was really for spectral agents to manage one another.

The captain is that most powerful spectral agent.

The headquarters’ system was starting to be phased out.

“Brother Tui, what did you just say? Supernatural events, ghosts harming people? It sounds quite scary,” Wan Delu, sitting in first class, said with some surprise upon hearing this conversation.

Putting down the phone, Yang Jian replied, "Literally. Actually, this plane is currently haunted, and people have died. The authorities have asked me to resolve it."

Haunted?

Wan Delu was stunned for a moment.

However, the sexy woman next to him couldn't help but laugh, "A haunting on a plane? Your joke is a bit extreme."

The man in the suit didn't say a word but showed a rather peculiar expression.

"You'll believe when it's time to believe. Some things are hard to explain to you," Yang Jian settled back into his seat, opened his luggage bag, and began preparing some items.

Meanwhile.

Below the cabin that Yang Jian had left, an icy chill was gradually creeping in unnoticed.

The cabin lights suddenly dimmed, and the wiring also seemed to start malfunctioning, with various electronic devices' lights flickering slightly, and even mobile signals being disrupted. Upd@te by n0vgo .c0

However, all the passengers still remained unaware.

Only Wang Dong, patrolling the cabin, noticed something was amiss.

His complexion instantly changed.

“A harbinger?” Wang Dong felt a chill in his hands and feet, and an inexplicable coldness enveloped his body.

Yang Jian’s words had been true; the ghost was on the plane, and it might have already invaded this cabin.

Unconsciously, he drew the handgun Yang Jian had passed to him.

Although he wasn’t sure if it would be useful, it gave him some courage.

However, no matter how diligently Wang Dong observed his surroundings, he couldn’t find the so-called ghost.

The dimness around him had grown deeper, and several lights had even turned off by themselves.

But the passengers remained oblivious, thinking that someone wanted to sleep, and the flight attendants had dimmed the lights, turning off a few.

“It’s coming.”

At that moment, Yang Jian, in another cabin, narrowed his eyes slightly, sensing that the paranormal had appeared.

“What, what’s coming?” Wan Delu asked.

“The ghost,” Yang Jian said calmly.

Wan Delu shuddered, and his gaze towards the rear cabin tensed immediately.

He didn’t know when, but the cabin behind had become dim, as if shrouded in a haze, even the lights appearing dark and gloomy compared to the brightness here; it was a stark contrast.

Experiencing this bizarre environmental change solidified Wan Delu’s belief in Yang Jian’s previous words.

Perhaps there really was a ghost on this plane.

“It’s just the lights being dimmed a bit, and that’s supposed to indicate a haunting?” the man in the suit said strangely.

Yang Jian replied, “The appearance of a ghost often influences the environment, and this is just the initial stage, indicating the ghost’s Terror Level isn’t high. If the ghost continues to grow or a ghost with a higher Terror Level appears, the influence will intensify, creating delusions for people, or even altering the environment to form a special space—that’s what is termed a Ghost Domain.”

“If you think it’s just the lights being dimmed, why don’t you use your phone’s light to see if it’s a lighting issue or an environmental one?”

“Fine, I’ll light it up. I’m not going to be intimidated by a few words from you,” the man in the suit, while skeptical of Yang Jian’s unusual status, didn’t believe it and immediately stood up to shine his phone’s light over there.

An eerie scene unfolded.

The light shone and seemed to disappear into thin air, failing to illuminate what was ahead.

The man in the suit continued to walk forward, reaching the doorway of the aisle, where he was horrified to find that his phone’s light had also become dim, as if suppressed.

Frightened, he promptly returned.

And as he left that area, the light on his phone brightened up again.

Could it really be a ghost?

He trembled all over at the thought.

Wan Delu also saw this and hurriedly moved closer to Yang Jian in fear.

“We must wait longer,” Yang Jian still sat motionless.

He knew that the ghost had not fully revealed itself yet; to pin it down, he had to wait for it to start killing.

Once identified, he would use every means to capture that ghost.

As for whether it would be successful, that was a matter of luck.

Chapter 399: Twisted Neck

Due to a sudden supernatural event, this airliner did not head to J City but instead followed orders to circle over a desolate wilderness, waiting for the event to end or until they ran out of fuel.

At this moment in the cabin, the passengers were still blissfully unaware of the supernatural intrusion.

No one would expect that on this bright, clear day, a haunted incident could occur on an airplane.

But danger always comes when least expected.

In the dimly lit cabin, over a hundred passengers sat comfortably in their seats. Although the plane was flying high, it was very quiet, without noise or turbulence.

In such an environment, most were sleepy, and even those who didn't wish to sleep couldn't help but doze off for a while.

A male passenger named Zhou Haw was one of them, heading to J City like most. Having eaten too much before boarding, he felt thirsty now and wanted to call a flight attendant for a bottle of water. But after scanning the cabin several times, he found not a single attendant on duty.

Even after pressing the call button several times in succession, there was no response.

"What's going on?" Zhou Haw leaned slightly forward, looking around.

He noticed that the cabin doors leading forward and aft were all closed. Apart from other passengers, not a single crew member could be seen.

In the quiet environment, he didn't dare to shout out loud and instead stood up, using the excuse of going to the bathroom to check out what was going on.

But as soon as he stood up, a uniformed air marshal quickly approached him.

"Sir, please return to your seat." Wang Dong performed his duties with utmost seriousness, maintaining order in the cabin.

Zhou Haw said, "I just need to use the restroom."

Wang Dong replied, "That's not allowed right now. I hope you can hold it."

"But it's urgent." Zhou Haw felt increasingly that something was amiss.

Wang Dong continued, "No matter how urgent, it's not possible right now. There is a special situation on the plane, and our staff is dealing with it. We hope for your cooperation."

A special situation?

Right then, the passenger named Zhou Haw's face changed, and a myriad of possibilities flashed through his mind.

Hijacking? Mechanical failure? A bomb?

"What happened?" Zhou Haw asked curiously.

"It's nothing too serious. We will handle it. Rest assured, and please remain quiet and in your seat during this time, cooperating with our work. Thank you," Wang Dong said earnestly.

Zhou Haw was puzzled but had no choice but to sit back down in his seat.

After calming this passenger, Wang Dong continued his patrol.

As long as he was here, with his authority as an air marshal, he could maintain order. Disappearing or hiding would only cause undue panic.

However, with these strange signs already appearing, despite his calm face, Wang Dong felt uneasy walking through the dim aisle, his body tensing involuntarily.

The words from Yang Jian had instilled an inexplicable fear in him.

The ghost could be any one of these passengers.

This thought made Wang Dong shudder every time he passed by a passenger.

“I hope nothing happens,” Wang Dong could only comfort himself, while pinning his hopes on Yang Jian.

Only someone like him, whom the higher-ups trusted so much, could handle a situation like this.

While he was patrolling elsewhere,

The passenger named Zhou Haw, who had just sat down, was becoming increasingly suspicious and unsettled, though he didn't know what was happening. The atmosphere on the plane suggested that something terrible was taking place.

He thought of many odd and bizarre possibilities.

At the same time, he couldn't help but start looking around, hoping to figure out what exactly was happening on the plane.

As Zhou Haw scanned his surroundings, a passenger in front suddenly caught his attention.

The passenger was seated three rows ahead by the window, and because of the seating arrangement, he could only see half of the back of the person's head.

If that had been all, it wouldn't have been strange, as it was the same with every passenger in the row ahead.

But what Zhou Haw found odd was that there was a hand resting on the back of that passenger's head.

The hand was pallid, void of color, with blotches here and there, blue in some parts, purple in others, resembling the hand of a corpse.

At first glance, he didn't think much of it and merely wanted to look away after a cursory glance.

However, the next moment, Zhou Haw saw the passenger slowly raise his arm, place his palm on his own face, and slowly twisted his head.

In that instant, his pupils shrank sharply, goosebumps rose all over his skin, a wave of fear surged within him, and his blood seemed to freeze; he was utterly stunned.

Because the seat next to that passenger was empty; there was no one sitting there.

In other words, when that passenger lifted two arms to press against his cheeks, a third hand should not have appeared.

So, whose hand was it that rested on the back of that passenger's head?

A ghost?

Almost subconsciously, a thing that only existed in stories occupied all of Zhou Haw's thoughts.

Realizing this, fear once again gushed forth, and Zhou Haw felt as if he had lost all sensation, making no movement, simply standing there staring at the back of the head in the third row by the window.

He wanted to speak up to warn them, but his mouth only opened and closed without making a sound.

At the same time, Zhou Haw was also fearfully wondering, why didn't the person react at all when a hand lay on the back of their head?

But before he could continue to ponder,

the back of the head in front of him slowly continued to turn.

At first, the head was facing straight ahead, but now it had turned towards the right side window; ninety degrees should be the limit for a person's neck, but that back of the head seemed to have no intention of stopping and continued to turn.

"Crack, crack~!"

Zhou Haw even heard the faint sounds of neck bones breaking, and the passenger with half a head visible kept turning.

And it seemed it was his own hands pressing on his cheeks, turning it around.

Is this something a human can do?

Soon, the head had turned a full half-circle, and Zhou Haw saw that the back of the head had become a half-forehead.

On the forehead were four or five ghastly pale fingers.

My God.

Another palm was lying on the person's face.

At this moment, Zhou Haw nearly collapsed; he wanted to scream in horror, but under the extreme terror, his body simply wouldn't respond.

"Crack, snap."

The sound of bones fracturing due to excessive twisting of the neck continued to rise, faint but still echoing around.

The passengers in front and behind seemed not to notice and were unaware of the disturbance.

The back of the head appeared again in Zhou Haw's perception.

The person's head had now turned a full circle.

If it were a normal person, they certainly wouldn't still be alive; they would definitely be dead.

But that passenger seemed as if nothing had happened, still raising his arms, stretching out his palms to press on his cheeks, and continuing to twist into the second rotation.

Those pair of ghastly pale, bruised, mottled hands were still covering it, one in front, one behind, twisting his neck in coordination with the passenger's own hands.

Throughout the process, there were no screams of agony, no wailing, not even a hint of a struggle.

The neck kept twisting.

And Zhou Haw just watched, as if stupefied by fear.

As time passed, he didn't know nor count how many times the neck had turned, only that eventually, due to excessive twisting, the neck had stretched a bit longer, causing the passenger's head to gradually rise from the seat and little by little appear in his line of sight.

It was the face of a middle-aged man, now dark and purple in color, uglier than a dead man's face, eyes wide open, filled with fear and despair.

"Aah~!"

Finally, all of Zhou Haw's fear erupted, releasing a hysterical, collapsing scream as he frantically scrambled and rolled backward in escape.

This scream made everyone in the cabin turn in unison, waking some who were sound asleep.

Sitting in the first class cabin, Yang Jian, hearing this sound, remained expressionless, only calmly commenting, "The ghost has started killing."

Chapter 400: The Second Victim

The eerie calm that had been brewing for a long time was shattered by a hysterical scream from the cabin.

To others, this scream seemed abrupt, but to Yang Jian, it was something that had been destined.

If there was a ghost on the airplane, then death was inevitable; the female passenger who died earlier had already proven that point. And after the first victim, there would be a second, a third... even everyone on board might die on this flight.

Those in first class, after hearing the scream, turned to look at Yang Jian with uniform expressions.

Their eyes were filled with panic, unease, and inexplicable shock.

Could it be true, as this man had said, that there was a ghost on this plane?

Despite their initial doubts, the scream had magnified the unease in the depths of their hearts, and they even started to believe that what Yang Jian had said might be true.

However, it wasn't so easy to change deep-rooted beliefs.

While others still had their reservations, Wan Delu chose to believe without any hesitation.

Because he had once had the fortune to encounter a bit of the supernatural.

"If there really is a ghost, what are we going to do? We're on a plane; if something happens, there's nowhere to escape to," Wan Delu thought to himself, shivering with fear.

Yang Jian glanced at him: "You had nowhere to escape to begin with. Haven't you noticed the flight path? It's not heading for J city at all but has been circling in the sky. Until the supernatural event is resolved, you only have two choices: be killed by the ghost or die in a plane crash."

"The authorities have already tacitly approved my actions, so there's no possibility of an emergency landing."

"What?" Several passengers in first class were so scared they almost jumped up.

"I don't believe it; how could they not care about the safety of so many people on an airplane? If something really happens, this will be big news," the man in the suit said, both shocked and fearful.

Yang Jian glanced at him: "Who said they don't care? It's just a matter of choice. To save you is to let the ghost leave the plane, and that might result in even more deaths. Are your lives the only ones that matter, and not those of others? How many people can be on an airplane? At most a few hundred. But how many people live in a city? Millions."

"So by that logic, we've been abandoned?" Wan Delu's voice trembled as he spoke, unable to believe this was true.

Yang Jian said, "Don't be too pessimistic. If you had really been abandoned, the plane would've headed for an uninhabited area to crash by now. It's still circling in the sky because there's a chance for things to turn around."

"Because I can resolve the supernatural event."

"Thank goodness, I didn't expect you, such a handsome young guy, to have the skill of catching ghosts. You must protect us," the sexy female passenger said as she patted her chest, looking relieved.

Yang Jian gave a slight smile: "Don't misunderstand; I only said I would resolve the supernatural event, not that I would protect you. So you'd better pray that you're lucky enough not to be targeted by that thing."

The sexy female passenger was stunned, seemingly not expecting such an outright rejection from Yang Jian.

"If there really are ghosts, then you better go take care of it. What are you still sitting here for? Isn't it your responsibility?" Other passengers urged him on anxiously.

If he could quickly resolve this trouble with the ghost, it would also indirectly protect themselves.

Yang Jian remained unmoved: "No rush. The ghost has just appeared. My appearance is warranted when panic spreads, when everyone feels threatened. Now, even if you talk about ghosts, at least eight out of ten people on the plane won't believe it. I don't want to waste my breath trying to convince each one of them, especially when they won't listen to me, so I won't do such an ungrateful task a second time."

"You're too cold-blooded, that's practically the same as doing nothing while seeing someone die," the man in the suit exclaimed.

Yang Jian looked at him and said, "I think I'm very cold-blooded too, so I've decided to give you the chance to save others. It's your turn," he said.

After saying this, he passed over a handgun.

"This gun is special; it can hit that thing," he explained.

The man in the suit, seeing the cold gun, didn't dare to take it, saying resentfully, "I... I'm not a professional."

“No problem, I’m quite an amateur myself, often making mistakes. I believe you can do better than me. Courage and belief are what matter most; everything else can be overcome,” Yang Jian pressed.

“Let, let’s just leave this to you,” the man in the suit said, stumbling over his words after taking a long time to muster them.

Yang Jian’s face darkened in an instant, he stood up fiercely and slapped the man’s face with such force that it sent him tumbling to the ground: “If you don’t dare to act, then shut up. Sit there quietly and wait for me to resolve it. Any more whining and I swear I’ll throw you off the plane. Do you really think I wouldn’t dare to kill?”

The man in the suit was stunned by the slap, seeing stars and feeling numbness on half of his face. His ears were ringing so loudly he didn’t catch what Yang Jian had said.

“Useless thing, you’ve been whining in my ear since the start of the flight. I really don’t know where you get your sense of superiority from. Putting you to death is as easy as crushing an ant; you should thank your ancestors that you met me on this flight. Otherwise, all of you would have likely died on this trip,” Yang Jian said sternly.

Yang Jian reached out again and grabbed a man by the throat, hoisting him up into the air.

His gaze was ice-cold, devoid of any emotion, with a hideous crimson eye on his forehead eerily swirling around, his body emitting a faint red glow.

A strong sensation of suffocation overwhelmed the man in the suit as he now looked at Yang Jian with eyes filled with terror.

This man... was truly frightening.

And moreover, why did this man have an extra eye on his forehead?

“Get lost, don’t get in the way of my business. Everyone else sit in your seats, shut up, and behave,” Yang Jian casually flung the man in the suit back into his seat, then issued a warning to the others.

A warning to frighten the monkeys by punishing the chicken.

Using this annoying man in the suit as an example to deter others, lest they interfere with his work later.

This tactic was evidently very effective.

Seeing this spectacle, everyone else remained silent as if they had been struck by cold, sitting in their seats, too afraid to move a muscle, for fear of enraging this man who seemed as mad as a hatter and getting killed.

After all, he was still holding a gun.

“Good, keep it like this from now on. Even if you have to go to the bathroom, do it in your pants,” Yang Jian glanced around and said, “If a ghost targets you, you’ve nowhere to run anyway. Better to die with some dignity.”

Having said this, he checked the time and felt it was about time to act; if he continued to stew, the people outside would start breaking down.

Immediately, Yang Jian, who had made all the necessary preparations, left the first-class cabin.

Qin Meirou, who was monitoring from her satellite-tracked phone, tacitly allowed his almost barbaric methods; otherwise, she would have spoken up to dissuade him.

Qin Meirou didn’t interject, because she knew that preserving life was most important, far more so than Yang Jian hitting you a few times or giving you a scare—these minor issues were inconsequential.

Moreover, ordinary people getting involved in paranormal incidents was already terribly bad. If they ran around screaming and panicking, they could disrupt the medium’s ability to analyze the situation and deal with the vengeful spirit—those who died would only have themselves to blame, as the longer a paranormal incident took to resolve, the more people would die.

This was indirectly harming others.

“Yang Jian, a second victim has appeared in the cabin, with the same cause of death as the previous one: neck snapped alive. But according to what Wang Dong reported, someone saw an extra pair of hands on the victim’s head,” Qin Meirou immediately relayed the bit of intelligence she just received.

“A pair of hands? What kind of hands?” asked Yang Jian.

“The lighting was bad, and the witness didn’t get a clear look. They only said it looked like a pair of dead man’s hands. The witness is named Zhou Haw; you might want to ask him,” she replied.

Yang Jian frowned, “If there is a physical entity, then it’s simple. I’ll take action when that thing strikes again.”

“Why didn’t you take action before?” Qin Meirou asked curiously.

Yang Jian said, “When I take action is based on my own judgment. If you want to forcibly intervene in my actions, or if you think my methods are wrong, you can have headquarters fire me. To some extent, I am quite willing to resign.”

Qin Meirou immediately chose to keep quiet.

Indeed, she had no right to interfere with a medium dealing with supernatural events, especially not with a top-tier medium like Yang Jian.

However, she felt that someone as capable as Yang Jian should be able to resolve a paranormal incident easily. If there were significant casualties, it would be a terrible outcome.

“Furthermore, have Liu Xiaoyu handle communications for the next supernatural event. I refuse to talk to you during such incidents,” Yang Jian added afterwards.

“Why, why is that?” Qin Meirou was somewhat astonished.

Yang Jian said, “No reason.”

“Okay, I got it,” Qin Meirou responded, her voice tinged with emotion; she couldn’t understand why her responsible attitude was met with such disdain by Yang Jian.

And while they spoke, he had already arrived in the dimly lit cabin.

At that moment, there was some movement among the crowd, the noise was a bit chaotic, and a certain fearful sentiment was spreading among the people.

Faintly, someone could be heard talking about the ghost on the plane.

Yang Jian paid no heed and strode towards the location of the second victim.