

Revival 401

Chapter 401 The Extra Hand

The second victim on the airplane died a similarly tragic death.

His body was still sitting upright in the seat, but his neck was twisted like a corkscrew, turned who knows how many times, bearing various bruises of handprints, and his face with a look of utter despair was turned upward, leaving one to wonder what he had experienced before his demise.

Unlike the first victim.

Because of that scream, almost everyone in the cabin had seen this person's dreadful condition.

Combining this with some changes to the surrounding environment, talk of haunting rose and became even more convincing with the emergence of death, panic, and unease written on everyone's faces, in stark contrast to their previous composure.

At this moment, no one would laugh at Yang Jian for saying there was a ghost on the plane, nor would anyone call him crazy.

Because this corpse was the best evidence.

"Did you hear someone say that the person was killed by a ghost? Is that true or false?"

"Maybe it's true. Look at the state of that dead person, his neck twisted like that, could a normal person do that?"

"Someone said they saw a pair of hands appear above the victim's head—that's terrifying. We should report this immediately."

"The air marshal has already come, but it seems they can't think of any good solutions either."

"Do you think, if there really is a ghost, will there be more victims?"

The discussions were filled with fear of death and panic about the impending disaster.

Wang Dong, who was in charge of watching the body, saw Yang Jian approaching and immediately said, "There's been a second victim, with the same death state as the previous one."

"I already know. Also, where is the witness?" Yang Jian asked.

"It's him, Zhou Haw, three rows away from the victim. He said he saw a pair of eerie hands literally twist the head of the deceased," Wang Dong said in a subdued voice, clearly disturbed.

Yang Jian glanced over and saw a man, his face full of terror, curled up in a corner, shivering.

Just seeing a fierce ghost kill someone had scared him to this extent; his mental fortitude was too weak, even for a man, practically worse than a woman's.

"I'm in charge of this paranormal incident. Tell me, how was this person killed?" Yang Jian walked over and asked.

Zhou Haw, still in a state of fear and with a sobbing tone, said, "I, I don't know, I just saw half of his head outside, and then a hand appeared behind him, and then he pressed his own face and started turning his neck... There was also a hand on his face, not his, it's a ghost, it must be a ghost."

Yang Jian frowned; although he didn't expect to obtain much information, such a chaotic description gave him a headache.

However, being able to speak at all in such a frightened state was already commendable.

"Two dead hands?" He picked up on the key information.

A pair of hands not belonging to the victim appeared above his head, and then his neck was broken.

"It's different from the first victim's state," Yang Jian noted while looking at the second victim's face, which indeed had a residual palm print.

"Is it a growing ghost? It undergoes some changes after killing someone."

That possibility sprouted in his mind.

And it was a very likely scenario.

But what was the pattern of the killings?

Or what were the conditions for a ghost to choose its victims?

Or was there no pattern at all, just indiscriminate killings? In the same vein as Ghost Rope.

"Wang Dong, tell them there's a ghost on the plane, and those who don't want to die should stay in their seats. I will resolve this paranormal incident," Yang Jian said.

"Okay," Wang Dong replied, steeling himself to announce something he would have never believed in his entire life.

"Ladies and gentlemen, due to a sudden supernatural event, assistance has already been arranged from above. All you need to do now is return to your seats and sit tight until the event is over. For the sake of your own life safety, please do not wander around during this period."

The words were effective.

The passengers promptly returned to their seats, clearly convinced of the reality of the supernatural occurrence.

No explanation was needed, and no one asked if it were really a haunting.

"Good, from now on, everyone look this way. I will keep an eye on your situation, and if there's anything suspicious, I'll deal with it immediately," Yang Jian walked over and stood in front of everyone.

He did not activate the Ghost Domain.

Because although the Ghost Domain could protect the passengers, it would also prevent the ghost's appearance.

Yang Jian had to draw out the ghost if he wanted to deal with the entity.

Everyone here was bait, including himself.

The only difference was that he could protect himself, and they could not.

"Will this really work?" Wang Dong asked uncertainly.

He didn't understand ghost hunters and only knew that if there were really a ghost, it would be terribly frightening. Yang Jian didn't seem like the type of expert who could deal with ghosts, and Wang Dong felt very uneasy.

Yang Jian said nothing but covertly opened his Ghost Eye, vigilant of everything around him while also keeping a close watch on his surroundings.

He would not be foolish enough to think himself one hundred percent safe, as he too might be attacked by a fierce ghost.

Under the dim cabin lights, the atmosphere grew tense; everyone clearly felt a cold, eerie presence around them. They hadn't paid it much mind before, but now that the possibility of a ghost on the plane had been mentioned, they realized how much the environment had changed.

"With so many people, which one will the ghost attack?" Yang Jian wondered internally.

He was certain that the third victim would soon emerge from amongst these passengers.

However, not everyone possessed the patience to wait.

Some, feeling restless under the oppressive atmosphere, suddenly stood up and exclaimed, "Damn it, it's just a ghost, isn't it? With so many people here, are we really afraid of one ghost? A spit from each of us could drown the ghost. The kid in front, you can stop pretending to be a ghost-catching master. I don't believe you have the ability to catch ghosts."

"I'm more afraid of the plane crashing than of any ghost, so I suggest we make the plane land immediately, get us out of here, and ensure our safety first. After we're gone, you can catch the ghost however you want, it has nothing to do with us."

"Makes sense. I also think we should contact the airline to make the plane land. I don't know if the ghost is real or not, but the death is real. We innocent people don't want to get dragged into this."

"Right, let the plane land first. If something else goes wrong with the plane after this death, we'll all end up buried with them."

With that, other passengers started pressuring Wang Dong, demanding the plane be landed.

Wang Dong also looked troubled, unsure of how to proceed.

After all, without orders from above, he couldn't just command the pilot to land at the nearest airport.

Yang Jian ignored what the passengers were saying and with a movement of his Ghost Eye, intensely fixed his gaze on one seat.

He wasn't mistaken.

He saw a female passenger suddenly freeze, her eyes filled with fear and despair.

"Is she the ghost's target?" Yang Jian immediately strode over to her.

At the same time, a pale hand with livor mortis and bruises slowly emerged from behind the woman, resting on her shoulder.

The passenger seemed unable to move, only able to watch as a cold hand unexpectedly touched and swept over her body.

And this hand was clearly not hers, but an eerie additional one.

Chapter 402 Fatal Palm

The compact space of the cabin was now showcasing its advantage.

Yang Jian only had to wait a moment to immediately pinpoint the source of the supernatural activity. If it were in a city, it would have been impossible to locate it so quickly.

There were only so many passengers in the cabin; once the ghost began its activity, no matter who it targeted, everyone fell within his surveillance.

It seemed like a female passenger was going to be the next target.

Her name was Su Qing, and like the others, she was on this flight. To be honest, she wasn't too inclined to believe the stories about a haunting and a death on the plane, but since someone had died and another had witnessed it, she thought it best to at least cooperate with the air marshal's arrangements. What if the ghost story was true?

No one could afford to joke with their own life.

"It's that freak from before." Seeing Yang Jian coming from the direction of the first-class cabin, Su Qing couldn't help but roll her eyes.

Because Yang Jian had disturbed her sleep earlier, she had come to detest this guy. Fortunately, she had scolded him away at the time. Otherwise, he would have surely come to bother her again. Right now, she had no interest in dealing with such a poor, rude little freak.

As for ghosts causing trouble, true or not, what did it have to do with her?

With so many people here, Su Qing truly didn't believe a ghost would appear.

In her mind, ghosts were still something from movies and television, tales of heavy Yin energy keeping them at bay. She believed that there was no need to be afraid simply because there were so many people; she couldn't grasp the true horror of malevolent spirits.

Therefore, Su Qing wasn't the least bit afraid. She sat there leisurely doing her nails, hoping the flight wouldn't be delayed.

However, she soon realized something was wrong with her body; she felt a chill on her back.

It felt as if an ice-cold finger was poking her back through her clothes.

The sensation of the finger's coldness was clearly transmitted through her skin, making her shiver involuntarily.

"What's going on?" She shifted her body, rubbing her back thinking something had fallen into her clothes.

Immediately, Su Qing felt a foreign object on her back, small, stiff, and cold.

She subconsciously reached back to feel for it.

Upon contact, Su Qing felt a palm on her back—cold, stiff, void of warmth, like a dead person's hand, with no wrist or arm. It was incredibly bizarre.

In an instant.

Su Qing jerked her hand back with terror, almost jumping up with a scream.

But she didn't.

Just as she tried to retract her hand, another palm suddenly extended from within her clothes, also ice-cold and unnaturally strong. This hand grabbed her wrist, preventing her from pulling her arm back, and the chilly invasion rendered her limb numb.

"Help, help... there's a ghost."

Su Qing was on the verge of collapse, feeling like she was losing her mind. She opened her mouth to scream but failed.

Her throat seemed to be blocked by something, an intense suffocation rushing over her.

Not only was her throat obstructed, but the thing inside was wriggling and trying to burrow out.

The object in her mouth grew larger. Su Qing felt her throat being torn, a metallic taste of blood spilling out. At the same time, the swelling object forced her mouth open, finally revealing itself.

It was... several fingers, moving up and down as if alive.

Eventually, she saw it was a pale hand emerging continuously from her mouth.

No, not just her mouth; her back, stomach, chest... Everywhere she could still feel was covered with icy hands.

Her body, now paralyzed by the eerie chill, was completely rigid, though her consciousness remained clear.

Su Qing was in a state of despair and breakdown. While the pain was unbearable, she couldn't make a sound.

"Who, who will save me?"

She tried to shout for help, but the people around her seemed preoccupied with demanding the plane to make an emergency landing, unwilling to sit around waiting for a disaster; no one paid her any heed.

Her secluded seat and the dim lighting meant that even the closest passengers didn't notice her dire situation.

After all, it all happened too suddenly. Who would have thought that a perfectly fine person could be attacked by a malevolent ghost within half a minute, especially with so many people around?

The others might not have noticed, but Yang Jian did.

The dim light had no effect on Yang Jian; even without a shred of light, his ghost eye could clearly see everything around him.

Due to the limited space on the plane, he could almost immediately lock onto any ghost that appeared.

Right away, he spotted the hand placed on Su Qing's shoulder.

Mysterious and terrifying, enough to send chills down one's spine.

Yang Jian was not afraid; instead, he smiled coldly and strode over.

As he approached, the number of hands seemed to increase; he saw that from the woman's chest another hand reached out, climbing up her neck. Meanwhile, the woman seemed to be gasping for air, tilting her head back with pale fingers emerging from within.

"Has a ghost invaded her body too?"

Yang Jian's expression darkened, and without waiting to walk over, he activated Ghost Domain.

A faint red light emanated from him, and he vanished from the spot in an eerie manner. When he reappeared, he was already in front of Su Qing.

"Damn."

Yang Jian's disappearance and sudden appearance immediately surprised a nearby passenger.

"What was that? I didn't see wrong, did I? He teleported."

"You saw it too? I thought my glasses were playing tricks on me, like he just zipped past me."

"A master, that's a master right there."

"My God, how on earth did he do that? Was it a spell or a supernatural ability? It's astonishing."

Other people witnessed the scene of Yang Jian utilizing Ghost Domain, and it caused an uproar. Their faces showed more shock than if they had seen a haunting, and they stared at him with wide eyes.

Nobody could believe that someone in this world could actually achieve Teleportation.

"Is this what a Ghost Master looks like?"

Wang Dong was also stunned, looking at Yang Jian in disbelief.

The person tasked with handling supernatural events actually possessed non-human abilities. This wasn't a movie nor a cartoon, but something that was really happening right in front of him.

Yang Jian ignored the shocked bystanders. He instantly appeared before Su Qing, raised his hand abruptly, and reached into her mouth, which was nearly suffocated.

The size of her mouth made it impossible for her to swallow Yang Jian's arm.

But incredibly, Yang Jian's arm really did go halfway into her mouth, as if it had pierced through her head.

This brutal scene made many people scream uncontrollably.

However, the process didn't last long. When Yang Jian withdrew his arm, he retrieved a hand from Su Qing's mouth.

It was cold, stiff, and clutched tightly to his wrist.

"A dead person's hand? Not a fierce ghost, but a controlled thing."

Yang Jian stared at the hand. It even had nail polish on it, and he vaguely found it familiar.

Right.

It was the hand of the first victim.

"Why would the hand of the first victim be in this person's mouth? When I checked earlier, the corpse seemed normal, not likely to have become a Ghost Slave." Frowning, although he didn't understand, Yang Jian allowed the Ghost Shadow to invade it.

Soon, the hand that was clasping onto his wrist came to life and quickly released its grip.

"Please, help, help me."

Feeling the object in her mouth gone, Su Qing, who was almost suffocated, began to breathe deeply. When she saw Yang Jian, it was as if she saw a savior, and with eyes filled with potential collapse and despair, she pleaded.

"So it's you?"

Upon hearing her voice, Yang Jian's expression changed slightly, "You were the one cursing me as a pervert earlier, weren't you? It felt good to curse me then, right? Look at me, I didn't even fart back at you, just let you scold me. Now it's bad luck, that ghost has its eyes on you. I'm considering whether to save you or not to save you."

With that, he smirked, a cold smile on his face.

"I'm sorry, so sorry, I didn't know it would be like this, I'm sorry... please, save me," Su Qing cried out in desperation, repeatedly apologizing.

She had no idea that Yang Jian was really capturing ghosts, thinking him a pervert harassing her on purpose, so she cursed him without hesitation.

"Isn't it a bit late to say sorry now? Would you have apologized if the ghost hadn't set its eyes on you? As people, shouldn't we pay for our mistakes?" Yang Jian said calmly.

He didn't want to save the woman passenger.

There was no other reason, simply because the woman passenger had cursed him before.

And as Yang Jian paused, the ghost's killing process didn't stop.

The ghost wouldn't run away just because Yang Jian, a threat, was nearby. It would not stop until it achieved its goal.

Even as Yang Jian took one of its hands, the other hand started crawling up the woman passenger's chest, gradually covering her mouth, eyes, and completely covering her face.

"I'm sorry, so sorry."

Plunged into darkness, Su Qing's mouth was covered by a cold hand. She could only cry in despair, making a few muffled sounds from her throat.

She was still begging Yang Jian for help.

Like a drowning person clinging to the last straw.

This scene was also witnessed by other people nearby. If it weren't for Yang Jian's presence, they would have already screamed and collapsed.

Because of Yang Jian's composure, they were barely able to maintain their calm in this supernatural event, yet they were filled with immense fear.

And when they saw Yang Jian indifferent to saving the woman passenger caught by the ghost, some even thought this approach was correct.

Who asked the woman to curse someone as a pervert? Clearly, the person was searching for the ghost's trail.

If that expert hadn't been cursed away by that foolish woman earlier, maybe this would never have happened, and the ghost would have been dealt with already.

Such a foolish woman deserved to die.

Many people thought to themselves.

No one dared to voice anything against Yang Jian. Everyone was looking out for themselves, too scared that Yang Jian would not save them. Who would want to put themselves in danger over the life and death of someone unrelated?

And so.

Yang Jian stood in front of the woman passenger, calmly and indifferently watching her slowly being murdered by the ghost. Her apologies before death appeared unable to move him. Compassion or a sense of justice seemed non-existent to him.

His indifference was frightening.

Soon, two more dead hands extended from her back, covering her hands along her clothes.

At that moment, Su Qing's body lost control, as if her arms were being manipulated by those eerie hands, which now slowly raised her arms, pressing them against her face.

Her arms rotated, her head and neck slowly began to twist.

Was she going to break her own neck?

Like the first and second victims before her, soon, she would become the third.

Chapter 403 The Disappearing Origin

From the moment Yang Jian used the Teleportation of the Ghost Domain, to the terrifying scene where this female passenger named Su Qing was covered with eerie palms, these inconceivable events challenged the nerves of everyone on the plane and overturned their long-held beliefs, while a fear that seemed to originate from the depths of their hearts engulfed them completely.

It was as if humanity had once again remembered the fear of being dominated by sinister ghosts in their childhood.

Some trembled, some held each other for comfort, others wept quietly, and there were those who stood frozen in shock, of course, there were also a few brave souls who widened their eyes, wanting to witness this event.

The realistic yet mysterious and bizarre scene was worth witnessing for some, even at the risk of danger.

But for the air marshal Wang Dong, it wasn't the case.

After a brief moment of fear and panic, he had now snapped back to reality and called out with a quivering voice, "Yang, Yang Jian, quickly save her, don't wait any longer, we can talk about everything else after the rescue."

When Yang Jian heard this voice, he suddenly turned back to glance at Wang Dong.

According to his plan, he was ready to act only after the woman was dead, because he didn't want to save someone he had no interest in saving, especially one who had cursed him. He would be glad to see such a person killed by a ghost, and wouldn't feel the slightest bit of compassion.

Yet Wang Dong's words reminded him slightly.

That's right.

This wasn't just a simple special event; so many witnesses, plus satellite positioning and cell phones recording, if a scene of him watching someone die without helping got out, it would indeed have a bad impact on him.

After all, there was an issue with his own body now, and he would need to utilize the resources of the headquarters for this trip to J city.

Looking at Su Qing, whose neck was nearly twisted off, Yang Jian's gaze shifted as he contemplated whether to pull her up for the sake of his own image?

"The position of the ghost had already been confirmed, the supernatural event will be resolved soon, so he shouldn't be blamed for this person's death, after all, some flies always like to nitpick."

"Forget it, this person is lucky today, I would like to know if you would dare to curse people carelessly after this incident," Yang Jian's gaze sharpened as he made the decision in his mind.

Although he found this woman very unpleasant, given the situation's influence, it was still better to save her.

Having made the decision, he suddenly stretched out a palm and grabbed her neck.

Su Qing, whose neck was almost twisted off, felt a strange force being suppressed, and her head, which was already turned at a ninety-degree angle, stopped moving like the gears on a watch losing power and ceasing to rotate. However, the intense pain in her neck bones still stimulated her nerves, telling her she was nearly dead.

In the next moment, the Ghost Shadow invaded Su Qing's body through Yang Jian's feet.

An ice-cold breath instantly took over her body.

Just as Su Qing felt a slight relief in her nearly broken neck, her body seemed to be controlled by some weird and terrifying thing, like a marionette with her own consciousness, but her body moved uncontrollably.

In this situation, she was unable to stop it and could only watch in fear and panic as everything unfolded.

Whether to live or die seemed to be out of her control.

"Are there no other hands inside the body?" Yang Jian did not find any additional hands inside Su Qing's body.

Immediately, he turned his attention to the hands outside Su Qing's body.

On her face, her neck, her back...

The Ghost Shadow's power was particularly adept at controlling these corpse-like palms; having lost their eeriness once invaded by the power of the Ghost Shadow, they were now under Yang Jian's manipulation.

This meant that the Terror Level of this ghost was very low and could be completely suppressed by the Headless Ghost Shadow.

Yang Jian reached out and removed the palm from Su Qing's face, and also took off the other hands from her body.

Together with the one before, there were four in total.

Just two pairs.

But Yang Jian still hadn't found the real ghost, which caused his expression to slightly darken, "Did it slip away? Or did the real ghost not take part in this attack?"

Unable to obtain more information, Yang Jian understood that this operation had failed.

All he had obtained were four hands and had not solved the source of the problem.

"It doesn't matter, if not this time, then next time. I have the upper hand now," Yang Jian assured himself after determining the Headless Ghost Shadow's Terror Level was beneath that of this ghost, allowing him to temporarily put his mind at ease.

He threw the woman in his arms onto the seat without bothering about her condition and chose to turn around and leave.

"Th-thank you," Su Qing said, still unsettled. She had wandered in and out of the Ghost Gate several times and, despite still being frightened, she hastily expressed her gratitude to Yang Jian.

If it weren't for Yang Jian, her death would have been certain.

Yang Jian turned around and said, "What, you're not calling me a pervert now?"

"I'm sorry, it wasn't intentional, I misunderstood you..." Su Qing apologized tearfully and non-stop,

"Just this once, remember, if you get targeted again, solve it yourself. Now go sit quietly in a corner. I don't want to focus on such a trivial matter. If you want to sleep, find someplace where there's nobody around and sleep to your heart's content. No one will bother you, except for the ghosts," Yang Jian said coldly.

Su Qing, scolded, didn't dare to raise her head; she trembled all over, moving weakly to get closer to the other passengers.

Seeing her pitiful appearance, scared out of her wits, none of the nearby passengers helped her; in fact, they instinctively moved farther away from her.

After all, a ghost had just appeared on her.

Who knew if there might still be something strange and terrifying lingering on her.

Yang Jian picked up the several hands from the ground and then walked back.

"How did it go, did you solve it?" Wang Dong came over and asked.

"No, the source is still out there. It'll require another opportunity to act before it can be completely dealt with. Let's go check the bodies of those two dead victims now. I suspect their hands are missing." Yang Jian shook the hands he was holding and said, "See, don't they look familiar?"

Although these hands were pale, stiff, and bloodless, they were especially familiar to Wang Dong, who had just been in contact with the corpses.

They were indeed the hands of the two victims.

But that needed to be confirmed.

"Considering the impact, I put the bodies there in that rest room," Wang Dong pointed out.

Yang Jian nodded, "You stay here and have the other passengers watch each other. If there's a problem, call out immediately."

"Okay, I know what to do," Wang Dong nodded and said very seriously.

He was still on edge. Although he appeared calm, his anxiety was no less than anyone else's; it was just that his duty demanded he face the situation.

In the rest room, the two bodies were lying on the ground with their faces covered by blankets.

Yang Jian checked the palms of these two people but eerily found that their palms were intact, not having left the bodies at all.

"Identical palms? No, not quite the same. Although they look alike, the palms in my hand already have livor mortis and bruises, even more bizarre... So, does that mean the ghost can steal the palms of those it kills?"

After thinking for a moment, he was unable to make sense of the situation.

He had encountered many ghosts before and found nothing strange about a ghost having bizarre abilities.

"It's useless to analyze the abilities of a ghost, finding and dealing with the source is what's correct." Yang Jian gave up chasing this clue, preparing to wait for the next opportunity to act.

Chapter 404 A Little Science Lesson from Brother Tui

Although Su Qing had survived, the eerie atmosphere surrounding them hadn't dissipated, as if the true ghost lurked in some dark corner, waiting for its next appearance—and no one knew who the next unlucky victim would be.

The atmosphere inside the cabin was very oppressive.

Even though no one was screaming, the unease and fear in everyone's eyes verified that their hearts were far from calm.

If it weren't for Yang Jian being here, it's likely that all the passengers on the plane would have descended into chaos by now.

After examining the bodies, Yang Jian stepped out of the small compartment, and at that moment, all eyes converged on him.

It seemed that Yang Jian's presence could give them a sense of courage and hope, making them aware that even though there was a haunting presence, there was still someone who could resolve the situation, and they weren't just sitting on the plane awaiting death.

It was different from before.

The passengers' gazes towards Yang Jian had changed; previously filled with curiosity, astonishment, and even peculiarity, they now looked at him with respect, anticipation, and even a hint of inexplicable fear.

Without realizing it, Yang Jian had acquired tremendous authority among these passengers.

"I checked on that female passenger earlier. She's fine, just sustained some damage to her cervical spine," Wang Dong came over and said.

"Of course she wouldn't die. If she were to die, that ghost would have killed her already," Yang Jian replied as he walked.

Wang Dong hesitated for a moment before speaking, "I know I shouldn't say this, but maybe things could have turned out a bit better if you had intervened sooner."

"If I weren't on this flight, things would have been much better," Yang Jian said with a smirk; "Everyone would have died, no change to that."

"That's not what I mean. I'm not blaming you, it's just that earlier, you seemed to watch the woman being entangled by that thing without intending to rescue her; instead, you chose to watch," said Wang Dong.

"Because I wasn't too keen on saving her, who asked her to call me a perv earlier?" replied Yang Jian.

"All this over that issue?" Wang Dong asked, somewhat surprised.

"What else did you think?" Yang Jian asked, slightly perplexed.

Wang Dong found it difficult to accept Yang Jian's reasoning, saying, "But that's a human life we're talking about."

"But she wasn't killed by me. I just didn't save her; you make it sound as if I was the one who harmed her, right?"

Yang Jian added, "Besides, even if she really had died, what's there to make such a fuss about? In supernatural incidents, isn't it common for people to die? If you can't accept the death of one or two people, what would you do if you saw that ghostly thing kill dozens, hundreds, or even thousands of people? Wouldn't that drive you insane?"

"Also, didn't the other people fail to save that woman just the same?"

"It's not the same, you have the ability," Wang Dong said, unable to agree with Yang Jian's action due to the concepts and education he had received since childhood.

Yang Jian answered with a light smile, "Does having the ability necessarily mean one should save others? What an odd notion. The wealthiest don't distribute their riches to the poor, doctors capable of healing don't treat patients for free, and even if I have the ability to save others, do you think it comes without a cost? Do you really see me as a Bodhisattva who delivers all beings from suffering?"

"If I were truly that kind-hearted, intervening every time someone was attacked by a ghost, I can assure you, I would soon be dead. That thing doesn't just kill ordinary people; it would kill us, those of us like me, just as easily. For example, if I had died just now, what would the rest of you have done? Who among you could stand against that entity?"

"This, this..." Wang Dong was stumped by this question and suddenly didn't know how to respond.

Yang Jian patted his shoulder and said, "If I had died on this plane, the only option would be a plane crash, as there would absolutely be no chance of rescue; simply because, if an entity I can't handle appears, headquarters couldn't send anyone else to deal with it. The only solution would be to send the plane, along with the ghost on it, away from the city, away from the masses."

"If you're only thinking about saving people, then the headquarters is thinking about saving the world. Therefore, if the ghost targets anyone on the plane, don't expect me to save each one of them."

Having said this, he glanced at the others.

"I will only focus on dealing with that ghost. Only when the ghost is dealt with can you be safe. Saving someone without resolving the ghost is futile and might even drag me down with it. Just now, I saved that female passenger, yes, but what if she gets targeted again? Do I go save her once more?"

"Addressing the root cause is key."

Yang Jian's tone was harsh and carried an indifference that made everyone shiver inside.

Wang Dong fell silent at this moment. Although he felt that Yang Jian's words made sense—if the ghost was not dealt with, saving people was indeed pointless—the disregard for life and the attitude of watching a woman being killed by a fierce ghost without doing anything made his blood run cold.

Could a person really be so indifferent?

Wang Dong couldn't comprehend Yang Jian's thoughts because he had no idea what Yang Jian had gone through to get here.

When a person has experienced horror, despair, collapse, and skirted the edge of death, faced with a suffocating and hopeless terrifying existence... Sharing a body with a fierce ghost, excavating those forbidden abilities, and challenging the test of life and death, what's left in the end isn't much.

Being a ghost controller is definitely not a pleasant profession. Yang Jian has lost something along his journey of survival.

When did it start... probably after that hanging attempt.

Yang Jian's words added to the already oppressive atmosphere.

After all, he made it clear that he wouldn't act to save people; he would only act against the ghost. If you happen to be unlucky, then that's just it—you're dead.

Many people had objections in their hearts but dared not to voice them.

Yang Jian didn't care whether they had any thoughts or not. It was better to make it clear so they wouldn't completely depend on him when the time came.

"In the coming period, I hope all passengers present will cooperate with my actions."

A male passenger held back his words and said, "If you don't plan to save us, why should we cooperate with you?"

"I thought people who flew in airplanes would be fairly sensible, but it turns out there are still plenty of fools. It doesn't matter if you don't cooperate. The plane's fuel can't last forever in the air. If I haven't dealt with this ghost before that time comes, the plane will definitely not make an emergency landing, only a crash."

"So whether you cooperate with me or not, you decide for yourselves. I don't care, because in the end, it's not me who's going to die," Yang Jian said indifferently.

That passenger was suddenly rendered speechless and dared not to speak any further.

Ordinary people had no choice in this situation unless they wanted to die. If they wanted to survive, they had to do as Yang Jian said.

"No other questions?" Yang Jian glanced over everyone again: "If there are no questions, then gather and sit together. Make sure everyone is within my line of sight. The ghost is still on the plane, and if it attacks again, it will continue to choose targets from among you."

Upon hearing this, the passengers hurriedly got up and began to gather together.

"These chairs are too much of a hindrance, blocking the view. Let's make these chairs disappear," Yang Jian said as he looked at the obstructive chairs that not only blocked the view but also hampered movement.

His ghost eye moved slightly, and a flash of red light passed by.

To everyone's amazement, all the chairs in the cabin disappeared at that moment. Those who were previously sitting in the chairs suddenly found themselves seated on the floor.

The only chair left was the one next to Yang Jian, which had not disappeared.

He slowly sat down, resting his head on his hand and watching everyone with one restless ghost eye, taking in the entire situation around him.

Everyone who saw the empty cabin was completely stunned.

If before Yang Jian had only teleported temporarily, then now this scene was even more unacceptable.

This wasn't magic or special effects from a movie, but a real scene unfolding before their eyes.

"Is this really something a person can do?" Many people were filled with astonishment.

"You, what kind of person are you?" Someone asked with a trembling voice, looking at Yang Jian sitting in the chair.

Yang Jian's gaze shifted slightly as he glanced at the person. "Strictly speaking, I can't be considered human, nor a deity, and definitely not a monster. To be precise, I should be described as a hybrid of human and ghost. Some people call our kind 'Ghost Controllers', those who command fierce spirits. In truth, we are just unlucky souls that have been possessed by ghosts."

"You don't need to be curious, because matters related to spiritual events and Ghost Controllers will be exposed sooner or later. Just pay attention to the local news."

Ghost Controllers?

Spiritual events?

The rumors are true.

Many people were shocked, as some of them had heard about such things from various sources.

Tales of haunted places, those who became Ghost Controllers.

Previously thought to be fabrications or sensationalism by certain individuals, but to their utter disbelief, these rumors turned out to be true.

So, were the ghost stories in the cities where they used to live also true?

Just like the events that occurred today?

My God, what on earth is happening to this world? I've lived for so long and have not noticed a thing.

"Then how can one become a Ghost Controller?" a bold person suddenly asked.

This was the yearning and eagerness of youth towards mysterious powers.

Upon hearing the question, Yang Jian recalled his former classmate Zhao Lei, who also wanted to become a Ghost Controller. He calmly said, "If you find yourself in a spiritual event, take a part of the ghost and put it into your body, that's how you become a Ghost Controller. You will also possess some of the ghost's abilities... If any of you wish to have these eerie powers, go ahead and try, but the life span is short. Most Ghost Controllers don't live past half a year, and overuse of the ghost's powers can even shorten this time, perhaps leaving you with only two months, or even just one."

Damn, isn't that suicide?

Fear and dread filled the hearts of many. To be possessed by a ghost was this dangerous, not living past one or two months? What's the point of being possessed?

Then they realized, wasn't the person before them possessed by a fierce ghost?

Does it mean he won't live for long? Using the ghost's powers would even shorten his life span.

Wang Dong looked at Yang Jian with a complex expression upon hearing his words.

No wonder he didn't save people, since saving them would mean using the ghost's powers, which in turn would reduce the time he had left. The more people he saved, the quicker he would die.

Any sane person wouldn't go around saving others under such circumstances.

"Is this the price to pay?" Wang Dong felt a sense of inexplicable shame.

"Yang Jian, all this is classified; you shouldn't be talking about it," suddenly, Qin Meirou's voice arose from the satellite-positioning phone.

Yang Jian's expression changed slightly. "Didn't I forcefully shut down your communications? You've reactivated it? Indeed, you're more long-winded than Liu Xiaoyu."

"I still hope you answer properly. These things aren't meant for ordinary people to know," Qin Meirou said.

"It's no big deal. Speak if you want to. Besides, this isn't really a secret. Those who should know already do, it's just that most people are still in the dark. Moreover, they've been involved in a spiritual event. Do you really expect to tell them there are no ghosts in this world?"

Yang Jian sneered, "Ghosts are killing people right in front of them, what's there to hide? Since they already know about spiritual events, wouldn't it be better to learn more about Ghost Controllers? What if they have a chance to become one in the future?"

"Back then, Zhou Zheng also liked to lecture about ghost knowledge. I'm just following in the footsteps of my predecessor."

He didn't understand Zhou Zheng's reasoning before, but now he did. Zhou Zheng's lectures essentially gave ordinary people a chance to survive spiritual events.

Even if the chance was slim and might not effect any change, it was still a glimmer of hope.

As for Yang Jian, he was purely killing time out of boredom; he wasn't that noble.

"Just watch your step," Qin Meirou said, unable to refute. She knew that after this incident, she would probably have to resign.

There was an unwritten rule among operators: once the Ghost Controller you're responsible for dislikes you, you must resign or switch job positions.

After all, caring for the Ghost Controllers' emotions was crucial.

Yang Jian paid her no mind and continued to wait for his next opportunity to strike. Although he was chatting aimlessly to kill time, his attention was still on his surroundings, alert for the ghost's re-emergence.

The situation affected by the fierce ghost hadn't dissipated, indicating the ghost's presence still. But this time, it had hidden itself more deeply.

Was it because seizing those two pairs of hands weakened the ghost's abilities, or was it that no one had triggered the ghost's pattern, thus avoiding an attack?

It was unclear, but Yang Jian was not in a hurry; he didn't believe that with so many people around, no one would attract the ghost's attention.

"Brother Tui? Was what you said earlier true?" At this moment, Wan Delu, not knowing when he cautiously approached from first class, asked nervously.

"What did I say?" Yang Jian asked.

"About Ghost Controllers and spiritual events," Wan Delu said.

Yang Jian replied, "Do you think it's fake?"

"No, no, I just wanted to confirm," Wan Delu said with an awkward smile: "Now it seems to be true, and I also understand why they call you Brother Tui."

Faced with a spiritual event, ordinary people could only wait to die, but the man before them could resolve such events, essentially a life-saving pillar.

Whoever clung to him would be safe.

The title of Brother Tui was well deserved.

As for the earlier statement by Yang Jian about not being responsible for saving people, that was just to fool the foolish; even those selling clothes say they don't make a profit.

To save everyone was impossible, but to save one or two was certainly doable. However, for those insignificant to him, Yang Jian wouldn't waste his energy to save them.

If he tried to save everyone, wouldn't that wear him out to death?

Chapter 405 Out-of-Control Airplane

Yang Jian sat in the chair, scanning all the passengers in the cabin.

The atmosphere was oppressive, and the surroundings eerily quiet.

The airplane kept circling in the high skies, neither attempting an emergency landing nor heading to another destination, simply waiting.

But this wait was a torment. It felt like everyone on board was on a death countdown, and if Yang Jian couldn't deal with the ghost within this time frame, the plane would only choose to crash into an uninhabited area to prevent a ghost from running rampant in a populous city.

The choices were cruel, but that was because the world itself was cruel.

Yang Jian didn't try to comfort these people, didn't pound on his chest saying, "Don't worry, nothing will happen with me here," and he definitely didn't promise that he could certainly take care of that ghostly thing.

He merely said that if the ghost appeared again, he would confront it. That was all.

However, under such dim, oppressive conditions, edging close to death, most ordinary people couldn't bear such stress.

The murderous Ghost Shadow could appear at any time, and soon the plane might crash due to fuel exhaustion... Some emotionally fragile women were unable to hold back their tears.

Their sobs weren't loud, but they sounded particularly despairing.

"After being repelled by me, has the ghost hidden itself? It looks like it doesn't plan to act for the time being." Yang Jian waited a good while and hadn't seen any attacks on the passengers before him, which meant he couldn't find an opportunity to act.

If things continued this way, the result would definitely be very bad.

Moreover, as time passed, many people's emotions had begun to unravel. If this continued for a while longer, it was likely that someone would start to mentally break down.

Yang Jian furrowed his brow, looked at the weeping passengers, and couldn't help but say, "To be honest, although you are unlucky to be on this flight, you're actually lucky because you have a Ghost Master like me here. And crying won't solve anything; it will only affect my observation and judgment of the surroundings. Besides, it's not time to truly despair yet. If you feel like crying, I suggest saving your energy for later."

His words had some effect, as many sobs stopped.

"I need to find a way to lure that ghost out... Sadly, I have too little information to analyze the ghost's pattern of killing. If it were possible, I could try to trigger it proactively.

"Apart from that, there's another way."

Yang Jian slightly lowered his head to look at the shadow beneath his feet.

Using the Headless Ghost Shadow's ability to its maximum could potentially cover the entire airplane.

But it wasn't worth it, for if the Headless Ghost Shadow's restraint was lost, the chances of the Ghost Eye's revival would be very high. If I miscalculated, once the fierce ghost revived, I would probably become at least an A-level fierce ghost, or even reach S-level.

"Wang Dong, is everyone on the plane here?" Yang Jian suddenly thought of something and asked.

"All the passengers are here now, including those from first class; I've arranged for them all to be here. All the flight attendants are over there as well," said Wang Dong.

Yang Jian said, "If everyone is here, then there's no reason for it. That thing wouldn't stop its activities because of my presence. As long as a paranormal incident occurs, it will persist until it's resolved."

Wang Dong became visibly anxious; "What should we do then?"

"Wait another ten minutes. If nothing happens, I'll take action," said Yang Jian calmly; "However, it will be riskier, for both me and you all."

Unfortunately, I've used up my white Ghost Candles.

Otherwise, if I could light that white Ghost Candle, it could directly draw that ghost out.

About three minutes passed, and there was a change in the cabin. The already dim lights suddenly went out, plunging the cabin deeper into gloom, lit only by some light shining in from the windows.

When the lights went out, many passengers couldn't help but scream, thinking that the ghost had come.

Yang Jian slightly raised his head and glanced around. He knew this wasn't the ghost's doing—ghosts don't turn off lights. To them, night and day are no different; this was likely just an issue with the electrical circuitry.

Then, the plane staggered, seemingly losing balance, and the cabin tilted at a significant angle, causing many passengers to slide helplessly toward the front of the plane.

"Not good, there's something wrong with the plane," Wang Dong exclaimed in shock.

Yang Jian's expression darkened, and he glanced at him; "Did you say everyone from the plane is in this cabin? Did you forget the pilot? I said earlier to gather everyone on the plane here."

...

Wang Dong suddenly realized that there were still pilots in the cockpit.

"I, I didn't, didn't think of that." He had never handled such an emergency before, hadn't considered everything thoroughly, and as a result, there had been some oversights and mistakes.

"It's my first time flying, I don't know exactly how many people are on a plane. You're an air marshal, you should know best, and yet you make such mistakes? Forget it, I can't expect too much cooperation from you. When it's crucial, I still have to step up." Yang Jian stood up, and after speaking, he immediately disappeared from his seat.

He had been thinking about countermeasures and about the ghost. He had never considered that apart from this cabin, there might be others elsewhere on the plane.

Wang Dong's oversight made the originally controlled supernatural event spiral out of control once more.

At that moment, Yang Jian did not engage in blame or excessive criticism.

He reacted quickly, and as soon as he realized the oversight, he immediately appeared in the cockpit.

He directly employed the power of Ghost Domain.

There were two pilots in the airplane's cockpit, and by the time Yang Jian appeared, both had died, their necks twisted by their own hands as if they were twisted breadsticks. It seemed the other pilot had witnessed everything and attempted to respond.

But it was futile. Clutching a pen as a weapon in his dying moments, it was nevertheless embedded in his own forehead, with blood and brain matter oozing out. His eyes, wide with terror, lifelessly stared toward the direction of the doors.

"The door, has it been locked from the inside? Didn't he want to escape?" Yang Jian's eyes narrowed slightly as he noticed bloodstains on the door left by the second pilot.

Normally, if the first pilot was attacked by a ghost, the second would have had time to escape, but he didn't. Instead, he locked the door and chose to stay.

Was he trying to trap the ghost in the cockpit with his own life?

"Such a pity."

Yang Jian quickly withdrew his gaze, noticing the warning lights flashing on various instruments of the plane. Although he could not understand them, he could tell that the plane was malfunctioning; all electronic devices had failed, and the aircraft was no longer circling in the sky as planned, but diving towards the ground.

Under these circumstances, the plane would crash in at most five minutes.

"Tick-tock~!"

Suddenly, a drop of fresh blood fell from above, passing in front of Yang Jian.

He looked up and saw blood seeping through the gaps in the instruments above; the blood was very fresh, even slightly warm.

It must be one of the pilots' blood.

"Above?"

Yang Jian's ghostly eyes bizarrely rotated as if they could see through the instruments to locate the source of the blood.

He identified the culprit behind the malfunctioning of the instruments.

A bloodstained hand was hidden among the wiring, causing a short circuit due to the blood, which led to the total loss of control of the plane.

"It's not the source, just a hand manipulated by the malevolent ghost. It seems that the ghost didn't take the hand with it."

Yang Jian observed for a moment and thought some instruments contained gold, which had somehow hindered part of the ghost's actions. But this interference didn't bring any positive change and instead caused problems for the plane.

He didn't have time to linger.

At that moment, a gunshot sounded from the cabin, immediately drawing his attention.

It was Wang Dong who had fired the shot.

"It's finally appeared again." Not only was Yang Jian unafraid, but he also revealed a strange smile.

His departure might not have been unrelated to his hope that the chaos among the passengers would trigger the ghost's murderous rule and someone would become its target.

"This time it absolutely can't get away. I must find the source and resolve it." Yang Jian turned around, took a step forward, and had already vanished from the blood-soaked cockpit.