

Revival 406

Chapter 406 Terrifying Discovery

"Bang!"

A gunshot reverberated through the dim airplane cabin, shattering the almost suffocating silence that had oppressed everyone.

The gun was in Wang Dong's hands. His face was tense, even fearful, as he pulled the trigger.

His target was a nearby passenger.

Just moments ago, he had seen a hand appear on the shoulder of this passenger... The hand, covered in blood, had eerily reached out from behind. Someone next to them screamed. By the time he arrived, he could only clench his teeth, draw his gun, and fire.

At a distance of about one meter, Wang Dong didn't believe he could miss.

One shot hit the bloodied, eerie palm.

Flesh exploded, and blood splattered.

The hand detached from the passenger's shoulder and fell to the floor.

"It worked." Wang Dong's palms were sweaty, but seeing this, he finally exhaled a little.

The attacked passenger's ears were buzzing. Terrified and bewildered, they slumped against the cabin wall, not daring to move.

The other nearby people had descended into panic—some screamed, some sobbed, others loudly begged for help, shouting about ghosts. Everyone was acting like they had lost their minds; no one could remain calm.

Wang Dong tried to maintain order but felt helpless as the situation was completely out of control.

"Yang Jian, Yang Jian, where are you?" He shouted loudly, desperately hoping for Yang Jian to appear and handle the situation.

But before he could continue to call for help, the sight before him plunged him into despair and powerlessness once more.

The passenger who had just been targeted by the ghost now had stiff, pale fingers emerging from their pockets, sleeves, collar... even their eyes. The person seemed to be parasitized by countless hands, and nobody knew how they had appeared.

The passenger attempted to scream in horror and despair, but blood uncontrollably spilled from their mouth. They couldn't utter a word through the entire ordeal, their face only expressing immense pain. It was as if countless hands were tearing their internal organs apart, leaving them to wait slowly for death.

The terror of the ghost had far surpassed what it had been before.

Because there had not been this many hands before.

Was it because two pilots had died?

Indeed, this entity also seemed to be highly adaptive, similar to the Ghost Infant from before.

The nearby passengers were only capable of shouting in chaos, offering no help whatsoever. Seeing this, Wang Dong could only look on helplessly. His gun was useless now; the hands attached to the passenger were too numerous. To continue shooting would be to kill, not to save.

"Are we doomed?" He broke out in a cold sweat. Witnessing the ghost's slaughter and realizing the airplane was descending, he felt like bursting into tears, not just for the others, but for himself as well.

This was too hard.

Was surviving truly this difficult? It was as if not even a sliver of hope was given.

Were all supernatural events this terrifying? Or was it just this one that he was experiencing that was particularly so?

However, just when everyone felt hopeless,

a bright light suddenly illuminated the gloomy cabin.

The light was red, like fresh blood, casting its hue all around. It seemed to dye the entire world this color, even the clouds outside the airplane turned red.

A person appeared in front of the passenger who was being attacked by the ghost, materializing in an unfathomable way.

Almost like another terrifying ghost.

"Yang Jian?" Wang Dong was stunned. His nearly crumbling composure seemed to be stopped in its tracks.

Indeed, there was still one hope, the man who claimed to be a ghost controller.

"You can't use the Ghost Shadow to restrain it. You need to use the Ghost Domain to capture this ghost. It seems to possess characteristics of the Ghost Domain, so just to be safe, I'll use two layers of the Ghost Domain to restrict it and lock it inside my Ghost Domain. Then, I'll take my time dealing with it," Yang Jian's eyes narrowed.

In the second layer of the Ghost Domain, there was no one else; it was empty all around. He was the only one in the entire airplane, as if he had forcibly split the world into three separate spaces.

The real world, the first layer of the Ghost Domain, and the second layer of the Ghost Domain.

However, within the second layer of the Ghost Domain, apart from him, countless hands were gathered together, sinister and terrifying.

"Inconceivable, the first layer of the Ghost Domain is completely useless against this thing; it only manifests in the second layer of the Ghost Domain. Is this hand murdering people through the second layer? That would explain why the hand appears inside other people's stomachs," Yang Jian felt a chill down his spine.

A hand with two layers of Ghost Domain?

No wonder I couldn't find it. If I don't activate the Ghost Domain twice, I would never be able to find the origin of this thing.

The next moment.

Ghost Shadows invaded it, and those gathered hands began to lose their ability to move, continuously falling apart.

Meanwhile, in reality, Wang Dong saw the mysterious hand on the attacked passenger suddenly disappear, just as weirdly as it had appeared before—this time, it weirdly vanished.

But this did not save him; the passenger collapsed to the ground, vomiting blood continuously and wailing in agony.

Inside the second layer of the Ghost Domain, all the hands were invaded by Ghost Shadows.

However, the source had still not been found.

Yang Jian clenched his fists, feeling a cold shiver, "What a joke, I can't find the source even with two layers of Ghost Domain. Could the ghost really be murdering through a third layer of Ghost Domain?"

He had thought this was a trivial paranormal event, not high on the Terror Level, and that it could be resolved as long as he identified the source, taking only some time at most. But now it seemed he was wrong, and wrong by a ridiculous margin.

This ghost indeed was not high on the Terror Level, but its bizarreness far exceeded Yang Jian's previous understanding.

Because the Source Ghost might well be hidden in a third, or even fourth layer of Ghost Domain that one could only encounter.

"This is an unprecedented discovery. I feel I have unwittingly touched upon some forbidden domain. If this ghost truly exists within the third or even the fourth layer of Ghost Domain, then by that logic... the ghosts' sudden appearance is not without warning; they gradually infiltrate from some Ghost Domain before finally appearing in this reality,"

Yang Jian's forehead broke out in a cold sweat, and he instinctively touched his Ghost Eye.

The Ghost Eye could open the third, even fourth, and fifth layers of Ghost Domain, but if the Ghost Domains kept overlapping like this, I would likely enter a world of spirits.

This was a terrifying discovery because if he continued down this train of thought, Yang Jian might unveil the truth behind this global paranormal event.

"Is it really necessary to verify to know?" Yang Jian took a deep breath, and he lifted his other arm, stacking his palms together, covering his forehead.

It was a strange posture, but this was how to overlay Ghost Domains.

The third Ghost Eye slowly opened in the palm of his hand.

The third layer of the Ghost Domain was activated.

There was a faint red flash, and then it disappeared, as if nothing had happened around him—the only change was that, apart from Yang Jian, there was nothing else; even the airplane became blurry, as if only a projection, not real at all, everything seemed to be an illusion.

Is this the world of the third layer of the Ghost Domain?

Reality had become illusory.

However, in this third-layer Ghost Domain world, Yang Jian saw a hand.

Pale and devoid of blood color, yet a weirdly un-decayed hand.

This hand was sitting right there in the airplane's cabin, not hidden, but invisible to everyone.

"Is the source right here?" Yang Jian felt no joy, but rather a strange unease.

Because his previous speculation had been confirmed.

Without much hesitation, the Ghost Shadow invaded again.

The Source Ghost Hand was successfully restrained, leaving no suspense.

It was the collision of three layers of Ghost Domain, and Yang Jian still had the upper hand. Without the advantage, the Ghost Hand naturally had nowhere to hide anymore.

And at the moment he acquired the Ghost Hand, a strong possessive urge surged in Yang Jian's heart.

His body was craving, itching to replace his own hand with this one.

"The instinct of the Headless Ghost Shadow?" Yang Jian's face twisted, aware that he was being influenced by the fierce ghost.

For now, I can still control it, but if my body continues to deteriorate, it will eventually become uncontrollable, and I'll either go insane or be driven by instinct to become a real ghost.

Chapter 407 Arriving at J City

"Good news, Yang Jian successfully resolved the paranormal event on the flight, and the source of that evil ghost has been contained."

Word of this reached headquarters, where Qin Meirou, who was in charge of monitoring, was overjoyed and promptly reported the news.

"Resolved, huh? Very good, we're always confident in Yang Jian's work, despite him being a bit hot-tempered and having a somewhat poor character, but his ability is beyond question. It's only been an hour since the paranormal event arose, and he's already taken care of it. That deserves commendation. What's the current casualty situation?" Deputy Minister Cao Yanhua's voice came over the phone.

Qin Meirou said, "Minister, there are currently five confirmed casualties, two pilots and three passengers."

"Looks like it's broken the record for the number of casualties in a paranormal event," Cao Yanhua reflected.

Having only five deaths in a paranormal event was almost inconceivable. Typically, from the start to the end of such an event, there would at least be dozens of casualties.

"However, Minister, due to the paranormal event, the plane Yang Jian is on has lost control and is currently plummeting. It'll likely crash in less than two minutes," Qin Meirou then said with a heavy tone.

Cao Yanhua chuckled; "That's something Yang Jian can handle. He possesses the Ghost Domain. It's not just one problematic airplane, even if it were a hundred planes, he could keep them safe. Prepare to have ground personnel ready for support."

"Okay, I'll notify them immediately," said Qin Meirou quickly.

At this very moment.

On the disaster-struck plane.

Even though the plane was still falling, Yang Jian remained calm as he wrapped the hand in gold foil and placed it in a golden box. Although he didn't solder it shut, the hand was no longer moving around.

It was because Yang Jian discovered that gold still existed even in the third layer of the Ghost Domain.

And it was precisely for this reason that gold could contain ghosts.

"Is this why gold can imprison ghosts?" Yang Jian looked at the shape of the hand in the box, knowing that it seemed there was a hand inside, but in fact, there was nothing there.

This thing would only manifest in the third layer of the Ghost Domain; otherwise, it simply did not exist.

Like a curse, invisible to the naked eye, an ordinary ghost controller would be utterly helpless against it, only able to stay away, a sort of unsolvable existence.

"It's only now that I have understood the significance of gold, yet Wang Xiaoming, through his solo research, discovered this principle a year ago... How many secrets does that guy know?" Yang Jian's thoughts suddenly turned to Wang Xiaoming.

Gold was his discovery, Ghost Candle was his research; his understanding of evil ghosts was deeper than anyone else's.

So when Yang Jian really delved into some truths, he realized just how terrifying that Bruce Pi was.

"I must find an opportunity to meet him, to clarify some matters." Yang Jian secured the golden box and looked in the direction of J City.

Remember, Wang Xiaoming's lab was in J City.

"But now is not the time to think about that; the plane is about to crash. Let's handle this crisis first." He looked out the window and saw that the ground was very close now.

In at most a minute, the plane was going to crash.

But Yang Jian wasn't worried at all, having a natural advantage over other ghost controllers. That is, he had the Ghost Domain from the moment he controlled his first ghost.

If it were ghost controllers like Tong Qian or Feng Quan, they would only be able to watch helplessly as the plane went down, utterly powerless to do anything.

The next moment.

Yang Jian had enveloped the entire plane with a layer of the Ghost Domain.

The plane, which was originally descending, suddenly stopped and began floating in mid-air in an impossible manner. Even though it had lost power, it did not fall.

"Cars are driven often, but I haven't piloted a plane before. Now that the matter is resolved, let's continue flying to J City. It'll save us from having to transfer flights later." Yang Jian didn't want to waste time. Since he had used the Ghost Domain, he might as well send the plane back to J City's airport.

He ignored the screaming and collapsing passengers in the cabin.

He appeared outside the plane, standing on the nose.

"Within one minute, this flight will land in J City's hangar. Arrange for personnel to receive it on your end," Yang Jian said to a satellite GPS phone.

"Okay, I got it," Qin Meirou's voice sounded a bit unnatural because this was the last time she would work with Yang Jian.

Although brief, she had witnessed Yang Jian thwart calamities and resolve one critical incident after another.

If supernatural incidents could be publicized, Yang Jian's news would probably be all over the sky by now, all of them heroic deeds that would shake the whole society.

Yet, this man was so detached that it was chilling, selfish and ruthless, with a volatile temper, a complete archetype of a criminal.

Some well-regarded ghost manipulators, like Zhou Zheng, already had grass growing over their graves, and even their deaths brought about a series of terrible consequences. Yet, people like Yang Jian, who almost let themselves loose, survived, and lived quite well.

So, when Qin Meirou pondered these issues, her feelings were particularly complicated.

She admired Yang Jian's ability to single-handedly turn the tide of the entire situation, a heroic feat, and yet she despised his cold-blooded and merciless nature, his willingness to watch others die without helping.

Yet, these two traits were found in the same person.

"Possessing the body of an Evil Ghost, performing the deeds of a Bodhisattva," Qin Meirou recalled a phrase someone had once said.

It was from the top-recognized ghost manipulator stationed in J City, ensuring the overall stability of Asia.

At this moment, Yang Jian stood on the nose of this passenger plane, bathed in sunlight, overlooking the entire earth, and using the power of the Ghost Domain to carry the plane beneath his feet towards J City.

He meant it literally when he said he would make it to J City within a minute.

With his current Ghost Domain, he could easily cover a radius of ten kilometers. If it was just for traveling, even he couldn't estimate how fast he could go. He only knew that circumnavigating the globe wouldn't be particularly difficult; it was just that he didn't want to waste his abilities on such a boring attempt.

A streak of red light, like a hallucination, flashed across the sky above.

The power of a fierce ghost utilized to this extent by Yang Jian was also rare.

In just over half a minute, a plane eerily appeared over J City's airport, like a ghost train or ghost ship from urban legends, enough to leave people agape. But now, it was likely that J City would have a legend about a haunted plane.

"The rumored 'Ghost Eye Yang Jian' has arrived!"

Near the cabin, numerous special personnel looked at the suddenly appearing plane with peculiar gazes. They had already received notice and were well-prepared to meet it, so they knew some insider information.

"This Yang Jian is really arrogant, arriving in J City on the back of a plane. Isn't he afraid of suddenly dropping dead?" A few ghost manipulators prepared to receive couldn't help but sneer secretly.

"If you could handle so many high-level supernatural events and still be alive, you'd have the right to be arrogant," someone retorted coldly. "At the last Dachang City conference, quite a few people suffered at the hands of Yang Jian. He's not a simple character. Even Wang Xiaoqiang, the brother of Wang Xiaoming, was killed by him. If it were you, would you dare?"

Chapter 408 Seeing Shen Liang Again

"People from J City really do come in numbers."

Yang Jian stood in the plane, his ghost eye eerily scanning the surroundings. He felt the presence of otherworldly beings in several parts of the airport.

They were Ghost Masters.

And not just any Ghost Masters, but top-tier ones who had controlled at least two ghosts, otherwise, his ghost eye wouldn't have reacted.

"No wonder J City is so safe. With so many Ghost Masters stationed here, even if a paranormal incident occurred, it could be resolved immediately," Yang Jian withdrew his gaze, then the red light around him flickered slightly and he disappeared eerily.

He returned to the cabin, ready to retrieve his luggage and disembark.

Meanwhile, near the cabin, several vehicles quickly approached, including medical staff, order enforcement personnel, and Ghost Masters who were there just in case.

The airport might not seem busy, but it was lax on the outside yet strict on the inside, as it had clandestinely congregated a group of the country's top Ghost Masters.

After packing his belongings, Yang Jian now walked out of first class with his luggage bag in hand.

Although the plane was no longer in trouble, the passengers didn't know that. They were still panicked, crying non-stop, some even desperately writing their wills and calling their loved ones.

But Wang Dong was relatively calm, keeping an eye on the situation outside the window.

The plane had indeed been out of control and falling, but a minute ago the situation had changed inexplicably, in a way he couldn't understand—it was paranormal.

"This is J City Airport?" When Wang Dong saw the situation outside clearly, a look of shock covered his face and he froze.

"Wang Dong, stop looking. Help me open the emergency exit; I need to get off the plane," Yang Jian walked over with his luggage bag and patted him on the shoulder.

Wang Dong startled, thinking the ghostly entity was still there. When he turned and saw Yang Jian, he breathed a sigh of relief, "Where had you gone just now? What on earth happened outside?"

His mind was in disarray, filled with countless questions, not knowing what to say.

"We've arrived in J City. Didn't you see? The plane has landed. The flight is over. I'm leaving now. Help me to open the door," said Yang Jian.

Wang Dong hadn't yet cleared his head, but after checking several times, he dared to confirm the plane had indeed landed and was no longer in the air.

Suppressing the shock in his heart, he followed Yang Jian's command and opened the emergency exit.

When the door opened, the light from outside shone in and instantly brightened the cabin which had been dim due to the power outage.

An inflatable slide popped out.

Yang Jian spoke again, "Give me back the gun. I think you won't be needing it anymore."

"Okay, okay," Wang Dong quickly handed over the handgun.

Yang Jian took the handgun, then threw his luggage bag down the slide. Before leaving, he suddenly said, "You have a good nerve. You're much better than those who only make things worse, so here's a piece of advice for you—if possible, move to Dachang City. It'll only do you good."

After speaking, he left the plane via the inflatable slide.

Wang Dong was stunned, not understanding the meaning behind Yang Jian's words. Why on earth should he move to Dachang City?

No sooner had Yang Jian left the plane than he saw several people coming towards him nearby, among whom he recognized Shen Liang and two other Ghost Masters behind him.

Guo Fan, and another he had met in Z City, seemed to be Zong Shan.

"Yang Jian, you've distinguished yourself again. Within an hour, you successfully resolved a paranormal incident and saved all the passengers on the plane. The headquarters was right about you; you never disappoint when it matters," Shen Liang came over with a warm smile, bowed and extended his hand.

Yang Jian was not interested in verbal praise and simply said, "Is there any reward? This incident didn't happen in Dachang City. If it's outside my jurisdiction, it should be considered a business trip. According to logic, there should be travel allowances and such. Are you just going to dismiss me with a few words?"

"Ahem, cough cough," Shen Liang was momentarily unprepared for Yang Jian's straightforwardness.

Although he knew that Yang Jian was not the type to exchange pleasantries, to directly demand travel expenses in front of so many people was still quite bold.

And once he had broached the subject, he couldn't really back down.

"Talking about money is vulgar, but rest assured, the headquarters will certainly not short-change you for what you deserve," Shen Liang said with a smile.

Yang Jian asked, "So, what will the headquarters reward me with?"

Without engaging further with Yang Jian on that subject, Shen Liang changed the topic saying with a smile, "Let's not talk about that now. How about the situation on the plane? Has that thing really been contained successfully? Hasn't anything been left behind that could pose a safety threat?"

"Let's not talk about potential safety issues first. Let's discuss the reward," said Yang Jian.

"..." Shen Liang's smile stiffened slightly.

Had Yang Jian always been like this toward Zhao Jianguo? Why couldn't he understand propriety like a child and was insistent on haggling over a small reward?

I remember the last time in Z City, it was the same. Only that time, under special circumstances, I had no choice but to give him a stuffed doll.

Upon seeing that he seemed unwilling to offer something to award himself, Yang Jian switched to another request, "I'm in J City this time for some business and need to find Wang Xiaoming, you have to help me with this."

"No problem, I've got this."

Right away, Shen Liang patted his chest and assured, "I have some private interactions with Professor Wang, so it's possible for me to arrange a meeting for you."

"That will suffice," Yang Jian said.

He had a personal grudge against Wang Xiaoming, yet due to official matters, there were instances where they had to cooperate. If he went to find him by himself, he'd probably be snubbed, let alone encounter other difficulties. Hence, he needed to act under the guise of headquarters for certain matters.

"Then, can you answer the previous question from team leader Shen? What's been happening on the plane?" asked Guo Fan with a dark expression.

Yang Jian's brows twitched, "Guo Fan? Weren't you planted at Z City's Caesar Hotel last time? How did you get out, someone fished you out?"

Seeing Guo Fan did not surprise him. While necromancers had a high mortality rate, miracles were not uncommon, particularly for necromancers who controlled two ghosts. Their survival abilities were still present.

"You have the gall to bring up the Z City incident."

Guo Fan was immediately somewhat infuriated, "You took Feng Quan out of the hotel, but ignored my call for help. Were you trying to get me killed?"

"That's not right. I proposed to handle the Z City incident by myself; you disagreed, and then you got caught. Now you're blaming me for not saving you? Don't you know the whole Caesar Hotel's signal was blocked? It's not any paranormal force, but a signal jammer," Yang Jian said with a cold laugh.

"This means something you ought to know, right?"

"That you could send an SOS signal wasn't due to good luck, but because that thing deliberately turned off the signal jammer to let you send out the signal. If I had gone to rescue you, I would have died miserably. Don't drag others down if you can't handle it yourself."

The Z City incident was very unusual.

The ghost wasn't high-level, but it took Zhao Lei's memory and completely assumed a human identity.

It was so far the only known ghost to possess high intelligence.

If it wasn't for him using the Door Knocking Ghost to lower the risk at the Caesar Hotel, he, Xiong Wenwen, Lin Luomei, and the others would have been wiped out.

The peril was certainly beyond Guo Fan's imagination.

"Alright, alright, what's past is past. Let's all say less and not argue too fiercely. We'll be colleagues in the future, with chances to work together. Since Yang Jian has successfully solved another supernatural event, which is cause for celebration, I'll make a treat and invite everyone out for a meal. We can talk over the dinner table," said Shen Liang, chuckling and playing the peacemaker.

He didn't wish to offend Yang Jian, nor did he want to see Guo Fan and Yang Jian come into conflict.

Despite Yang Jian being a prickly person, his capabilities were strong, and he was suspected of possessing secrets related to resurrection—his potential value was enormous, and in the future, they might very well need his services.

"I don't like drinking, and I'm quite tired now. I want to find a place to rest. Team leader Shen, please feel free to carry on," Yang Jian flatly refused the dinner invitation.

He didn't want to waste time being falsely cordial with these folks, as it was completely valueless.

Shen Liang didn't take offense but still smiled, "Since Yang Jian you're tired, we'll let this one slide. However, you can't rest just yet, some follow-up work still needs to be done, so I'll have to trouble you to wait a little longer. Once the event is completely resolved, I will arrange for someone to receive you."

"Do I need to stay here for the remainder of the rescue work as well?" Yang Jian asked, frowning.

He saw that passengers on the plane were being rescued continuously, and he felt these cleanup duties weren't worth his time.

"It's not about the rescue. This supernatural event is quite unusual. Don't you want to know where the source of the supernatural event is? As you probably know about this flight, it's one of the very few supernatural events that erupted and got resolved on the spot. The ghost's location wasn't moved, and the area affected was small, which might lead to unexpected discoveries," Shen Liang said in a hushed tone.

"Can it be investigated?" Yang Jian was indeed interested in this.

"I've brought the top investigators. If everything goes as planned, we should be able to pinpoint the supernatural source within half an hour," said Shen Liang.

"Then I'll wait a half-hour," Yang Jian stated.

"However, if any issues arise during that time, I hope you will cooperate, Yang Jian. It's all for the sake of the job," Shen Liang said.

"Fine, but I need to know the investigation results," said Yang Jian.

Shen Liang broke into a smile, "Of course, you have the right to be informed. Please rest in the makeshift tent over there for now. I'll notify you immediately once there's progress."

"I hope you truly find that source," Yang Jian said coolly, glancing at him.

Only with his third layer of Ghost Domain had he managed to detect the existence of the Ghost Hand and then confined it, but he remained curious about the origin of the source.

Chapter 409 Strange Invitation

The rescue operation proceeded swiftly; within just ten minutes, all passengers on the plane were saved, and then the pilot, as well as the bodies of those few passengers, were also carried down.

Nobody was allowed to leave, and instead, they were all settled nearby.

Because there was still one matter to investigate.

Yang Jian saw another international ghost master boarding the plane at the end.

He didn't recognize the person, nor did he have any recollection of him, but there was no doubt that the individual was a ghost master.

Yang Jian didn't concern himself with this, nor did he inquire about it. He was uninterested in how many ghost masters there were in J City. He had come only to fulfill his own purpose, and once his goal was achieved, he would return to Dachang City to continue leading his life. With some luck, he might manage to live well for a while.

Inside the rest tent.

Zong Shan, the international ghost master sitting beside Guo Fan, was rather interested in Yang Jian, "Although this was just a paranormal event, code-named Ghost Strangler, classified as Level C, it might seem like a trivial minor incident, but I know it's definitely not that simple."

"Otherwise, you wouldn't have spent nearly an hour on it."

"Others think it's easy, that's because they're not ghost masters. They believe that since you've resolved S-class paranormal events, a small C-class event like this should be easy for you. Even Team Leader Shen would take it for granted that you would succeed this time. The headquarters also believed you wouldn't fail, which is why they let you resolve the Ghost Strangler incident on-site instead of using the Ghost Domain to lead all the passengers away."

"They're forcefully making you take a risk."

Zong Shan said this and then smiled lightly, "That's why I detest this kind of thinking... You have to realize that every time we deal with those things, it's a matter of life and death. Those who make it out can sit here enjoying the breeze and tea, while for those who don't, the grass is already growing over their graves."

"What are you trying to say?" Yang Jian asked, frowning slightly.

Zong Shan gently tapped the table, "I think it's time to change the situation where we are used as tools, rushing around to put out fires and not receiving any gratitude. We're both human and ghost, and in some sense, we're even saviors... So the real situation should be them asking us for help, not us being ordered around by them."

"We have the right to decide the life and death of each person, so we should also have sufficiently high status and power."

"Those who live have the qualifications to talk about these things. Think about being the savior after you've dealt with your issue of the resurrecting malevolent spirits," Yang Jian said calmly.

He could sense a madness in Zong Shan's bones, as if he wanted to rise above this society and the existing system.

"Do you know about the team leader plan?" Zong Shan suddenly asked.

Yang Jian replied, "Wang Xiaoming has mentioned it to me; he talked about using the country's resources to cultivate a group of top ghost masters."

"That's one part of it," Zong Shan smiled. "The real purpose is to control the increasing number of civilian ghost masters through the team leader plan. From the small ghost master clubs founded across the country to the top domestic ghost master organizations, such as the Paranormal Forum, these people are all potential threats."

"What's that got to do with me?" Yang Jian said, "Just speak directly about whatever you want. I don't like beating around the bush."

Zong Shan said, "I know some peers. If we join forces, we'll have enough influence. Securing a team leader position wouldn't be a problem. If successful, it would benefit everyone, whether through the prioritization of resources, sharing of intelligence, or mutual support. Overall, it would be very helpful for our future survival."

"Are you suggesting I work for you?" Yang Jian suddenly laughed, "Can you afford my price?"

"No, no, no, you misunderstand. I truly can't afford the price tag for 'Ghost Eye' Yang Jian, not to mention that you're a hot candidate for the team leader position. Wang Xiaoming has nominated you, and your track record truly is impressive. The unique case of Dachang City incident alone could convince many to vote for you," Zong Shan hastened to clarify with sincere expression, waving his hand dismissively, "But there are exceptions in everything. Some things can't be achieved just by working hard. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Like this bullet," he said, taking out a golden bullet and placing it on the table. "Insignificant. No one would think a single bullet could pose much of a threat."

Yang Jian looked at it and frowned, "Do you think I'm just an insignificant bullet?"

"No, you're important; you're just missing a few accessories, like this unloaded gun." Zong Shan took out a handgun, placed it next to him, and then loaded the bullet into the empty gun.

"Once the bullet is chambered, anyone it's pointed at has to listen obediently. No one dares to ignore that threat."

Zong Shan held up the handgun, pointing at Shen Liang in the distance, with an odd smile on his lips, "Because if they don't listen, they have to die. If we unite, we can do anything we want. But if we're scattered, a bullet, an empty gun, they're just useless parts that can't do anything."

"Once the team leader plan is implemented, we can only be manipulated by others, so we need to ensure that a member of our group becomes the team leader."

"How many people have you invited?" asked Yang Jian.

"It's not the number of people that matters, but whether the influence is significant enough. Currently, there are five of us, and if you join, that makes six," Zong Shan replied.

"So you're not confident about being a candidate in the team leader plan?" Yang Jian remarked.

"The chances are indeed slim, as there are very few positions available, and some individuals have already been earmarked. The actual number of contenders won't exceed three," Zong Shan explained.

Three positions?

Yang Jian's expression darkened; indeed, that was too few.

"Yang Jian, Zong Shan is inviting you because you truly carry weight, but that weight isn't enough yet. You should consider Zong Shan's advice. I thought he wouldn't invite you, but he still did," Guo Fan said seriously from the side.

"I refuse," declared Yang Jian after a moment's thought.

Zong Shan was taken aback, then he smiled, "Don't be hasty in refusing. It's not too late to decide after some time. We still have time."

He believed Yang Jian's refusal was due to the innate wariness of ghost masters. Only after spending time in J City and understanding the situation could he make a counted decision.

Yang Jian remained silent, opting for reticence.

With too little information, he needed to fully understand the circumstances before judging the current state of affairs.

Doing nothing at this moment was the correct course of action, as it meant avoiding mistakes.

Approximately twenty minutes later, a member of the staff suddenly rushed over in a hurry, "We've found the source of the incident, but the situation is a bit strange. We hope you can come over and take a look."

"Hmm?" Yang Jian looked up abruptly.

The headquarters sure had no shortage of talent. The issue was resolved, yet they could still locate the source of the paranormal activity.

Chapter 410 Soul Bottle

"Is this the source?"

At that moment, on the tarmac, a quarantine zone had been set up in the distance. Yang Jian, Shen Liang, Guo Fan, and several other staff members surrounded the suitcase beside them.

It was hard to imagine that the initial site of the paranormal event was inside a suitcase.

Moreover, this suitcase was damaged, with strange gaps on its surface, as if something had previously broken free from inside.

"So you're telling me a ghost was brought onto the plane in a suitcase by a passenger? Who did it? Drag that passenger out here and ask him how he wants to die. Daring to bring a ghost to J City, is he looking for trouble with me?"

One person spoke with a stern face, his tone exuding a dangerous aura that sent shivers down one's spine like a madman.

Yang Jian gave him a glance.

The man who was speaking, named Chen Yi, was one of the international ghost-handlers in J City. He was not the only one responsible for J City's safety; there were several, and Chen Yi was simply one of them.

Chen Yi appeared relatively normal at a glance but a closer look revealed a faint stench of decay emanating from him, his fingers slightly stiff. Livor mortis had already appeared on the back of his hands. Although he spoke loudly, he wore a thick mask, as if intentionally covering his mouth.

If such a person stood at the corner of a street at night, he would definitely scare many people.

"Another dangerous individual. His body is nearly as corrupted as a fierce ghost's. He's likely gone beyond controlling just a couple of ghosts. However, he's in worse shape than I am. I wonder how long he can hold on," Yang Jian thought to himself while being slightly more wary of Chen Yi.

The closer a ghost-handler came to a ghost's resurgence, the more terrifying they became.

Because at that point, they had almost fully transformed into a ghost, and nobody knew if they were human now or would turn into a ghost the next moment.

"Chen Yi, don't rush. There is a record on the suitcase; the person who checked in this luggage can be found quickly. The urgent matter now is to determine exactly what is inside," Shen Liang consoled him in a very polite tone.

"I'll open the suitcase." Guo Fan, with a face as grim as that of a cadaver, made people unconsciously give way.

Although inspecting the suitcase was risky, Yang Jian had already succeeded in containing the ghost, so the risk was limited. Moreover, with so many people gathered, including some of the country's top ghost-handlers, any issue that might arise could be dealt with.

"Be careful," Shen Liang cautioned as he stepped back a bit.

What scene had Guo Fan not seen? Hadn't he come out alive from the incident in Z City?

A mere suitcase wouldn't scare him, but still, necessary vigilance was maintained.

Soon enough.

The damaged suitcase was opened. Inside, there were none of the eerie objects or grotesque things one might have imagined.

Just some very ordinary items.

There were cups, plates, ceramic pots, and such, all of which seemed to have some history.

"These are antiques. There are appraisal certificates and purchase contracts here; the paperwork is all regular," a staff member observed and immediately reported.

"What a joke," Chen Yi said with a fierce expression. "All this fuss for a pile of junk? I'm here for the source of the paranormal, for a result."

His emotions seemed somewhat out of control, which made him appear even more dangerous.

Yang Jian frowned slightly at the man's silence.

This person's emotions were so out of control, even more so than his own, yet this was one of the people in charge of J City.

Could he be a nepotism hire?

Of course, this thought was quickly dismissed by Yang Jian.

If Chen Yi had been transferred to J City, it meant his mental state was definitely not an issue, and he couldn't possibly be a ticking time bomb. The only explanation was that this guy was naturally hot-tempered, and after becoming a ghost-handler, the influence of the ghosts had intensified his viciousness, making it increasingly difficult to control his temper.

"It's not all junk. I can sense that the source of this flight's paranormal incident is this," Guo Fan, with a deathly face, pointed at a dull ceramic piece.

The design of the ceramic was very ordinary, narrow on top and wide at the bottom, neither exquisite nor rustic, yet it exuded an eerily strange feeling.

Gazing through the opening, one saw only pitch-black darkness, like a bottomless abyss.

"Let me take a look," a staff member volunteered, coming forward.

"I am a student of Professor Bai, and I have done some research on historical objects; maybe I can help everyone here a bit."

"Go ahead and check it out," Shen Liang nodded, approving his action.

The accompanying personnel this time were still quite adequate, with people from all fields present.

Because the paranormal event this time had great research value.

The staff member looked at that bottle and said, "This is not an ordinary bottle, it's a soul bottle."

"What is a soul bottle?" Guo Fan asked from the side.

"In some ancient tombs, there would be two bottles placed beside the coffin. Those bottles were used to house the deceased's soul, hence the name soul bottle. However, soul bottles are no longer used in modern burial culture. Additionally, this soul bottle is a modern product, not one fired by a renowned kiln but by a rural kiln. Judging from the material, its history is at most a hundred years old."

At this point, the staff member expressed his doubt, "It's strange, this soul bottle doesn't seem to be from a tomb because it lacks the smell of earth and does not have a putrid stench. I wonder what the owner had in mind when making this thing."

A hundred years ago?

Yang Jian's gaze slightly darkened, he caught onto this key piece of information.

Another artifact from the Republic of China Period?

The basement of Hongfa Temple was also built in the Republic of China Period, the old house at Guanjiang Residential Complex was from that era too, and even the dish that held the fried rice with egg, unearthed from the Ghost Cabinet, turned out to be porcelain from the Republic of China Period.

All the bizarre sources of information pointed to the same period.

"So you're saying that before this, this bottle was used to contain ghosts?" Zong Shan also looked at the bottle. He wasn't interested in antiques, only their provenance.

"We can't rule out that possibility. The lid of the bottle is still here." The staff member picked up the lid of the bottle from nearby.

Zong Shan smiled, "No need for doubt—I never work with uncertainties. Let's take advantage of the crowd and clear this up today."

With that, he walked over, took the soul bottle, and smashed it to the ground.

The soul bottle shattered, and the pieces of the porcelain scattered.

A golden bottle emerged from within the broken porcelain.

Upon seeing this, Yang Jian's eyelids twitched.

Gold?

Not just him, everyone else was also taken aback.

"The porcelain was a disguise, merely to conceal this gold bottle. Now that it's revealed to be made of gold, there's no question about it," Zong Shan said with a light smile.

To ordinary people, gold meant money, but to ghost-containment practitioners, it was material for ghost-containment vessels.

Every ghost-containment practitioner had quite a few gold containers.

Boxes, pouches, gold foil paper, chests... they came in all shapes and sizes. Whatever the practitioner found convenient, even if in the form of a bottle, it wasn't unusual.

"A relic left by a ghost-containment practitioner from a hundred years ago? Merely by chance, it ended up in the hands of the public and was purchased as an antique. Then, due to turbulence on the plane, the lid fell off, thus releasing the ghost inside." At this moment, Yang Jian had pieced together the entire incident in his mind.

It was purely accidental.

There was no source, and if there had been one, it would be necessary to ask someone from a hundred years ago.

"So does this mean it was all a wild-goose chase?" Guo Fan, who already had a face like a dead man, seemed to look even worse, "A bunch of people fussing over a bottle that holds absolutely no research value."

The ghost that was in the bottle was now in Yang Jian's possession; the bottle was empty, only the gold had some monetary value.

But was anyone present in need of money?

At that moment, another investigation had yielded results—the owner of the suitcase had been found.

Two special operatives escorted a middle-aged man with a plump stature over like they would a prisoner.

"Wan Delu?" Yang Jian was momentarily startled when he saw the middle-aged man.

He had chatted with this Wan Delu for a few sentences in the first-class cabin of the plane earlier. They weren't exactly acquaintances, but they had met once before.

At this moment, Wan Delu, the CEO of a listed company, was shaking like a frightened bird, trembling all over, seemingly even more panicked than when he encountered the paranormal event.

Perhaps, he had a vague premonition that he had gotten himself into some serious trouble.