

Chapter 231 Setup

"I'm sure everyone is trying to guess what this prize is. This piece of art was made twenty years ago by a local Tong City artist. I bought it the moment I laid my eyes on it, and have treasured it since. This is a precious jewel to me and I'm bringing it out today for everyone to enjoy, and for everyone to have a good time. This special prize will be awarded at the end of the God of Gamblers competition. Anyone who can defeat the God of Gamblers can walk away with this painting. If no one wins the painting before our cruise is over, the God of Gamblers takes it home."

"Boss Ho, this must be worth a lot if you value it so much!"

"That's right. How much did you pay for this painting? I want to know."

Boss Ho smiled and held up a finger.

"Ten million?"

"You said you didn't spend much. Maybe one million?"

"Or maybe a hundred thousand?"

Boss Ho replied, "I didn't pay a cent."

The crowd was in an uproar. If he had not spent a cent, did that mean that the painting was not valuable? If he was going to hype the artist's value, why was he so direct about it?

Boss Ho acknowledged the crowd. "I'm sure that everyone thinks that I'm just helping the artist hype up their value. Haha, you're all thinking too much. The female artist is no longer around."

I might not have paid a cent for this painting, but it is very important to me because it saved my life.

While I say that it's a special prize, it's also for my own selfish reasons. I hope that this way, everyone will continue to remember the beautiful work of this beautiful woman.

Please enjoy the work of the late artist, Ji Yanran, called Mount Wuxiang."

My ears buzzed as the white cloth was pulled off the large painting. I blanked out for a moment, and my phone slipped from my hand and ended up on the table.

This was an oil painting that was at least two meters tall. It was very elegant and depicted the cherry blossoms that covered Mount Wuxiang. I did not understand art, but my gaze was drawn to the painting and I could not take my eyes off it.

My mother had painted this.

Perhaps everyone was shocked. The hall was quiet, as everyone stared silently at the painting in fascination.

I was seven when my parents died in a car accident. I had vague memories of my parents, and as I grew older, those memories faded.

I could only remember that my mother was very gentle, and my father always told jokes. I had no idea that we were rich, and only knew that my parents ran a business. I always thought that we were just a normal family.

After the accident, my aunt destroyed all photos of my mother. My memory of her was very vague and I could only remember her silhouette. My aunt rarely spoke of my parents. Anytime they were brought up, she cursed and grit her teeth. According to her, my parents were the most terrible and selfish people in the world.

I was surprised to find out that my mother could paint. As I looked at the painting, it suddenly felt like I had gone back in time and I could picture my mother sitting in front of the canvas, painting. My eyes burned uncomfortably and I grit my teeth to hold back my tears.

Just as silence enveloped the whole hall, the door abruptly opened.

We all turned to see Jiang Ming stride in, his trench coat fluttering behind him.

"Brother Ho, I want this painting."

"Brother Jiang, I knew you would come. Hahaha. However, I can't give this painting to you. If you want it, you need to join my God of Gamblers competition."

Boss Ho laughed and ran over to Jiang Ming to hug him. One of Jiang Ming's arms was hanging unnaturally and he did not move it. That must be the arm that Baldie had ruined. He could only hug Boss Ho back with one arm.

"You sly old fox. I was wondering how you could bear to bring out Mount Wuxiang as a prize. You just wanted to trick us here to join your God of Gamblers competition," Jiang Ming teased.

"Of course not. You're the first person I thought of, Brother Jiang."

Jiang Ming was half-serious when he said, "You know that I won't gamble. How about you grant my wish? I'll give you ten million for it."

That was a collective gasp from the crowd, and everyone burst into whispers. Ten million! That was more than tonight's first prize!

Jiang Ming wanted to pay ten million for this painting that Boss Ho had admitted to getting for free.

The crowd discussed in low voices if the two of them were acting. They might just be playing two roles in order to hype up the price of the painting.

But Boss Ho said, "My dear Brother Jiang, it's not that I don't want to grant your wish. When I received this painting, I promised Yanran that I would only give it away and not sell it. If you can win today's God of Gamblers, I'll give it to you. Otherwise, I can't sell it to you, not even for a hundred million."

Jiang Ming was unhappy, but he still clarified, "Yanran said that? Fine, it seems like I can't not play today."

The two of them joked and left, arms around each other's shoulders. I was slightly confused. It seemed like Boss Ho knew both Chen Ruhai and Jiang Ming. Of course, he ran a casino, so he would know many people. I was just surprised that he knew my mother.

Boss Ho had said that people would participate in tonight's competition for this painting. That meant that besides Jiang Ming, there would be others too. Could they all have been my mother's suitors?

Damn, my father must have been amazing to come out tops in this kind of competition.

The ship soon reached international waters. The dealers wished everyone good luck, and the casino was officially in business.

I walked around but did not see Jiang Ming again. He was probably not playing on this floor. The stakes here were not as high.

The rules of the God of Gamblers competition were not complicated. Anyone who accumulated two million in winnings was eligible for the finals, and only those in the finals were eligible for the special prize.

At the start, no one really cared about the special prize and everyone was more focused on the first prize. Now, everyone wanted the special prize because they could sell it to Jiang Ming at a high price. Even if they sold it to him at twenty million, he would still pay.

I really did not understand the obsession that Jiang Ming had with my mother. However, he was so depraved and would do things that normal people could not imagine.

When I thought about what he had done, I was glad that my father had whisked my mother away!

I wandered around the deck, uninterested in these games.

Many people thought that gambling was about luck, but actually, it was about skills and brains. Sleight of hand was a skill, and counting cards used the brain. You could only be a successful gambler by combining these two. No one kept winning based on luck.

Most people were like Lin Kang. They thought that losing was only temporary and that it was only a matter of time before they won big.

What they did not know was that the dealer had set up everything, even the rounds they won.