

Chapter 237 A Gathering of Heroes

I was very annoyed and I was sure that the expression on my face showed it. Who would be in a good mood after meeting their parents' killer?

However, I was not going to take it out on an old man. Also, just based on the strength of his grip, I would lose to him.

I said, "I have a blood feud with that person. I can't let him go. This might be the only time I can find out the truth."

Old Yu then said to me, "What is the truth? What you see is the truth, and what you hear is the truth. Young man, calm down. There was no verdict for the incident that happened over a decade ago. How are you going to investigate it now?"

"How do you know about it?"

He knew who I was, and he knew me well. He might even know everything that had happened.

Old Yu produced an erhu from somewhere and played a random note.

"I checked with the stars, but life continues."

This old man accompanied his words with his erhu. It was a bleak and harsh sound, and it would be artistic if I did not recognize it as a sound effect from Honor Of Kings.

He smiled. "I can read minds."

I asked him nicely, "Uncle, what do you know? Tell me."

The old man played on his erhu again, but the venue was already quietening down. The next round of competition, bringing four tables to two, was beginning.

I could not guarantee if the old man would tell the truth, but regardless, it could be a clue. I had listened to enough testimonies to be able to piece together a general idea of the truth from the fragments.

But the old man made a hushing motion at me, silencing me.

"Today is a meeting of minds, a contest of heroes. And yet you are concerned with an old case from decades ago. Young man, open your eyes."

I swore to myself. What kind of meeting of minds could a group of gamblers gambling be?

Old Yu made me remain seated by his side and refused to let me go. I was unwilling to fight with an old man in front of so many people. It was one thing if I could not win him. If I really did, I would be bullying an old man.

Jiang Ming and Yue Mangong sat at different tables. The game was being broadcasted live on four large screens. To my surprise, it looked like they were playing Texas hold'em.

The camera was fixed and installed on the top left corner of each table. It showed the situation on the table, as well as some of the audience.

The longer I watched, the stranger it seemed. Because I caught sight of Jiang Yunqing.

Then, I saw Baldie. Why was Baldie here?

After that, I even saw Liu Rong. Behind him was a young man in a hoodie who bore a striking resemblance to Yue Mangong.

"Why are they all here?"

"A gathering of heroes, a meeting of fighters. A battle of the ages between skilled fighters." Old Yu's tone suddenly became solemn, as he bowed his erhu. "In the words of the young people, it's a martial arts party."

Baldie was from the Cloud Cliff Sect. I did not know what the Cloud Cliff Sect was, but he was not some run-of-the-mill hoodlum and was a proper fighter.

The Yue brothers too. Gan had mentioned that the young man by Liu Rong's side was an expert from a famous martial arts sect.

Even Old Yu, who spoke in riddles. I was not sure what kind of weapon his erhu was. He was very mysterious, like a character that might show up in a wuxia novel.

And these were only the ones I knew about. There were many I did not know of. Today might be billed as a God of Gamblers competition, but as Old Yu said, it seemed more like a big martial arts party. Could all these people be here just for my mother's painting?

I had the feeling that Boss Ho had, from the start, wanted to use this painting to draw out these people. And not for anything other than his God of Gamblers competition.

"The Yue kids, the disciple from the Cloud Cliff Sect. These are only the ones you know about. The fat man who looks like he's sleeping is named Guan. You should ask around and find out what Guan Lang is like. That girl with the pigtails might look like she's still in elementary school, but even two of you aren't a match for her. She's the successor of the Qian family's sacred texts of Lady Xuan. How about the one with dyed blond hair, and the one eating a chicken leg. Six of the nine big families are here. Why do you think they are?"

"For Mount Wuxiang," I muttered, dumbfounded.

"Yes, and no."

While we spoke, two winners emerged from the four tables. As expected, the winners were Jiang Ming and Yue Mangong.

The competition had reached its critical stage. Someone would be crowned the winner. Even though anyone who had entered the finals could challenge the God of Gamblers before the ship returned to shore and win Mount Wuxiang from them, everyone knew that once the painting was in Yue Mangong or Jiang Ming's hands, there was no way of winning it from them.

As usual, Boss Ho started with a few words. The atmosphere was electric, and the tourists were all very excited. The ones who were really here for Mount Wuxiang all stared fixedly at the painting.

Old Yu suddenly said, "Do you want to go a round with me? We can bet on whoever is going to win eventually."

"No," I told him simply, "Uncle, the only thing of value on you is your erhu. I might even be able to buy three erhus for a hundred, including shipping, during Black Friday sales. What are you going to use to bet with me?"

Old Yu barked out a laugh. "Since it's worth thirty, let's bet using this thirty. I bet on Yue Mangong."

"That's just bullying me, Uncle," I laughed, exasperated, "Are you asking me to bet on Jiang Ming? Yue Mangong is a Las Vegas gambling king. Look at his hands and the fine cuts on his palms. Do you know where they came from? From playing with knives. And not just any knives, these are blades that are finer than hair."

Old Yu huffed, "You do know something."

"Not just that. These blades are like razors, but specifically for practicing card tricks. The Cai school also uses this to practice sleight of hand. We call it magic tricks now. It's simply speed practice to make your hands so fast they can barely be seen. As long as an expert cardshark like this deals the cards, he can't not win. He will always be dealt the cards he wants. Sometimes, he might care about his opponent's feelings and not be too obvious, and sometimes, he might just trash you completely. You might not catch it when you playback normal camera footage. You would need to use a high-speed camera. I have dealt with Jiang Ming before. He's just clever. If it's based on strategy, he might have a chance, but in cards? There's no hope. My commanding officer told me that there are eight major martial arts schools: Jin, Pi, Cai, Gua, Ping, Tuan, Diao, Liu. Besides the eight major schools, there are eight more schools: Feng, Ma, Yan, Que, Ci, Chi, Qian, Zhang. These sixteen schools are the way to a blessed life, but the other eight schools are bloody and ruthless. Just by looking at Yue Mangong's hands, an expert will be able to tell that they are a cardshark's hands. How can Jiang Ming win?"

When I was done, I stood up despite Old Yu trying to stop me. He tucked his erhu under his arms and followed me, asking, "Where are you going?"