

Chapter 238 Mount Wuxiang

"Mount Wuxiang is my mother's work, so it belongs to me. I don't care who becomes the God of Gamblers. I'll clap for whoever has better skills, but the painting is mine."

"What are you planning? Don't do anything stupid!"

Everyone's attention was focused on the game, and no one noticed us leave the casino and head to the fifth floor.

The stairs to the fifth floor were outside the casino and were guarded by professionals. It was where Mount Wuxiang was kept. From the main casino lobby, you could look up into the fifth floor, but you needed to go out to access the floor.

I walked out onto the deck and was met with strong winds that almost knocked me over. That was when I discovered that it was raining outside and the waves were at least two stories high. If our ship was not huge, we would have capsized.

Old Yu and I both staggered. I grabbed tight to the rope on the side of the ship, while Old Yu used his erhu as a walking stick. He stood there steadily like a roly-poly toy, rocking in the wind but never falling.

"Young man, why don't you listen... Come back with me."

I scoffed. "Uncle, if you want to keep acting, I'll speak plainly. If everyone is here for Mount Wuxiang, why are you here? You want it too."

He had rambled on to me, making introductions, all the while hinting for me to take Mount Wuxiang.

Old Yu was surprised and his hand holding the erhu relaxed. Just then, another wave hit the ship, dumping salty seawater on us. Old Yu was as steady as a rock and did not even sway.

Under the roar of the giant wave, I could still feel the nerve-wracking pressure of a killing aura coming from Old Yu.

"I only want Mount Wuxiang, I'm not interested in anything else," I told him, "Whatever secret is hidden inside has nothing to do with me. I don't want it."

Old Yu replied, "Young man, how I can believe the words that come out of your mouth?"

"It doesn't matter whether you believe me. If we fight now, we both lose."

Just as I finished speaking, I flipped the Swiss army knife in my hand and brought it up to Old Yu's throat. At almost the same time, he brought his bow up to my neck.

In the howling wind with the crashing waves as our background, our lives hung in the balance.

It seemed as if there was no winner between us, but I was actually very shocked. I was only in my twenties, but Old Yu was almost in his seventies and he was still as fast as me!

And this was something I had already prepared for.

If push came to shove, the possibility that I would lose was terribly high.

I grit my teeth and tried my luck. "Uncle, by lying to me, you just want me to help you get Mount Wuxiang. Why can't we work together?"

In fact, I was very sure that this old man wanted me to create a fuss so that he could slip in and take the painting.

"Six of the nine big families are here. How confident are you to take it from under their noses?" Old Yu asked.

"Don't assume that you martial arts types are that great. If we're talking about spiriting things away, we special forces soldiers have more experience in that."

I took a deep breath and used my knife to nudge away Old Yu's bow. He did not resist.

If it really came down to it, I was quite sure that he could be faster than me. The old man was giving me a chance.

"Uncle, work with me. I'm more interested in the truth than the artwork."

Old Yu was unwilling, but he had no other choice. With the six families downstairs, neither of us were confident that we could take the painting without the other's help.

Besides, we were in international waters. There was nowhere to go but to stay on the ship.

It was not difficult to steal Mount Wuxiang, but if anyone found out, we would become the enemies of the whole ship.

After some thought, Old Yu changed his tune. "Young man, respect the old and cherish the young. You can't deceive an old man."

This old man was so full of pretense that I wanted to roll my eyes at him.

I observed the terrain. The stairway leading to the fifth floor was monitored, and there was someone guarding it. These men were nothing special. Old Yu and I could make short work of them while blindfolded.

But there was no way to enter unnoticed.

In order not to be discovered, the only way was to climb in from outside. With the rolling and pitching of the ship, this was no ordinary wall to scale.

My right hand was injured and ached badly thanks to my earlier saltwater bath. I would need to take the risk and climb one-handed, but there was no other way.

"We need to get into the fifth floor as soon as possible and get that painting before the competition ends. Once Yue Mangong gets his hands on it, he'll remove what's in it," Old Yu said.

"Then we have to climb. If we fall into the sea from that height, we're dead."

"Are you afraid?" Old Yu asked.

I smiled. "That's in the running for the joke of the year. This is what we call a cakewalk in the special forces, old man."

Old Yu and I first detoured to an area with fewer people and went up to the sixth floor. It was easier to climb down from the sixth floor than to climb up from the fourth floor.

I secured a rope to a windowsill and let the rope out slowly. When I reached the fifth-floor window, I tumbled in.

Old Yu did the same and followed me onto the fifth floor.

This floor was very quiet, but there were many security guards here. Perhaps even more than all the other floors added together.

We had just touched the floor when I saw a guard come around the corner. I quickly pulled Old Yu back into hiding.

After the guard left, I could not get my head around why there were so many guards on this floor. Was this really required?

At that moment, we heard noises coming from below us. The loud exclamations seemed to shake the floor.

I exchanged a glance with Old Yu. Could the winner have already been decided downstairs? That would be troublesome.