

Chapter 239 The Show

We were currently on the deck outside of the fifth floor and could not see what was going on.

The third, fourth, and fifth floors of this ship were connected. Standing inside, you could see what was going on downstairs.

Mount Wuxiang was displayed all the way inside the fifth floor, where everyone could view it from below.

I really wanted to tote Mount Wuxiang away, but as Old Yu reminded me, there were people sitting downstairs who could not be underestimated. I did not know anything about the six families, but I was very sure that I could not defeat Baldie.

Along the way, we dodged four or five patrols. The patrols had been arranged very close to each other, and the security was tighter for Mount Wuxiang than for any paintings that were national treasures.

We had to stop when we reached the entrance.

"The guards at the doors aren't moving," I observed.

Old Yu replied, "We cannot pass if the tiger stands guard. Let's go around them."

"Then we have to dig a hole through the wall. There's no going around them."

We hid nearby, taking advantage of the fact that a patrol had just gone by. I stuck two fingers in my mouth and blew a sharp blast.

The whistle sounded remarkably like something had burst. The two men jumped in surprised and glanced at each other. "It sounded like it came from there. Let's check it out. Hopefully, nothing's broken."

Taking advantage of the ten seconds they were away from their posts, Old Yu and I darted in. As we shut the door, we heard the guards return.

"There's nothing there. What was that sound? Did I hear wrong?"

"How strange. I heard it too."

"The sea is really choppy tonight. It's such a pain. We wouldn't usually set sail in such weather."

"Who knows. But since we're out at sea, it'll be alright. Boss Ho is still on the ship. These rich people won't risk their lives."

It was true that the weather was very bad. The waves already reached three to four stories high. Boss Ho was really risking his life for money. He should not have set sail in this weather.

Even though we were inside, we could feel the ship jolt with every wave. It was fortunate that the large ship was strong, otherwise, we would all be dead.

"There is some skill in you yet. Where did you learn such mimicry?"

"From the military," I told him, "Not so loud, there might be people inside."

I had expected some guards, but to my surprise, there were more than ten well-armed men standing guard by Mount Wuxiang. Since we were in international waters, guns were not illegal.

No wonder the skilled martial artists were not stealing the painting. They were not impenetrable to bullets.

The painting was right in the middle of the room, next to the balustrades of the atrium, allowing people on the third and fourth floors to look up and view it.

There were several screens between us and Mount Wuxiang. We hid behind one of them.

Most everyone was clustered around the painting, and there was no one between the screens.

Old Yu and I made a few detours, making our way to the other side of the painting and hiding behind a sandalwood screen. That was when we could finally see what was going on downstairs.

The game on the fourth floor was already in its final stages. The chips had been piled as high as a mountain, and both Yue Mangong and Jiang Ming had pledged all their wealth.

There were no cards on the table, just a dice cup covered by a black bell jar.

Jiang Ming and Yue Mangong were standing opposite each other.

"The last game. This will decide who is tonight's God of Gamblers. Gentlemen, shall we open it?" Boss Ho asked.

I was a bit taken aback. The last game was a simple game of big-small: guessing the number on the dice. There was no way to cheat.

I smirked. "Old Yu, looks like you might lose the bet. Yue Mangong might not win."

Old Yu snickered back. "That's not necessarily true."

Jiang Ming was the first to speak after Boss Ho finished. "You guess first."

I had not expected that it would come down to a game of big-small to decide between these two amazing players. However, this was possibly the fairest way to decide between the two.

The audience did not laugh at the absurdity of the situation. They held their breath and waited.

From upstairs, I could see that the crowd had split themselves into two groups.

I did not know much about the martial arts world. All I knew was from the old man and what I read in wuxia novels. But Boss Ho's defenses showed that this group was not to be underestimated.

"There are nine big families: Yin, Ji, Yue, Guan, Qian, Liu, Jiang, Zhao, Gan. Today, Yue, Guan, Qian, Liu, Jiang, and Gan are here. Behind Jiang Ming are Jiang Yunqing, Guan Lang, Yue Manshan, and Liu Rushi. Behind Yue Mangong, Qian Xiaoqian, and Gan Quan. Of the nine families, there are only eight left. The Ji family remains deep in the mountains. The most prestigious family right now is the Yue family."

"Ji?" I asked, "Is that my mother's family?"

Old Yu nodded. "I won't deceive you. Your mother Ji Yanran was the oldest daughter of the Ji family. Jiang Ming might profess his deep affection for your mother, but twenty years ago, he wasn't even fit to put on her shoes for her. Your mother was a well-known beauty. Everyone wanted to marry her. The Ji family threshold was the most frequented. Don't listen to Jiang Ming's nonsense. In today's context, your mother would have been a great catch."

I had not expected my mother to have a past like this. I only remembered her being gentle and beautiful, but I could not recall what she looked like. It made me sad. If only my aunt had left a photo for me, but she ripped them all up. But it cheered me up to think that my father had managed to woo her.

Yue Mangong just stared silently at Jiang Ming.

They watched each other for another five minutes, during which I lost patience and turned my attention to figuring out how to remove the painting.

The painting was about two meters tall and the length of my arm. To be exact, it was one meter eighty-eight not including the frame. I could not wrap both arms around it and might have to carry it together with Old Yu. If so, we would be tonight's live targets for all the guns present.

During my stint in the army, I had dealt with more troublesome rescue missions. These amateur security guards keeping an eye on the painting were as useful as scarecrows.

The issue was that these scarecrows would sound the alarm, and alert the real problems downstairs. Even if I carried the painting away, how could I get it back home safely across the Pacific Ocean?

But first, how was I going to take away a painting larger than me?

"Hey, look. The show is about to begin."

Old Yu suddenly nudged me, his face full of excitement. He slipped around the screen and looked down. I wondered what he was looking at. I followed his gaze, but nothing seemed to have happened.