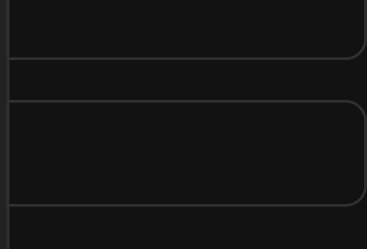


Chapter 242 All Mine



"Damn you."

Even an arrogant and restrained person like Yue Mangong had the urge to take out his frustration on Jiang Ming.

However, I knew that Jiang Ming was not going to die today. His extraordinary uncle was watching from the sidelines.

Yue Mangong probably knew where and how powerful Jiang Yunqing was. He let go of Jiang Ming.

Jiang Ming adjusted his suit in the dark, dismissing Yue Mangong.

I could empathize with Yue Mangong's pain. Anyone who crossed swords with Jiang Ming was shocked by his depravity.

He did not care about the lives at stake. Not his own, and not anyone else's. I strongly suspected that Jiang Ming was an antisocialist.

Jiang Ming spoke slowly to Yue Mangong in the darkness, "As I said before, there are no disadvantages to working with me. Don't pick a fight with me. The painting is mine."

Yue Mangong was surprised. "You're still thinking about Mount Wuxiang at a time like this. Someone wants to kill us. We're currently in the Pacific Ocean. If anything happens, there's no escape for everyone on this ship. Find the man named Ho and ask him about the bomb."

Jiang Ming did not take Yue Mangong seriously and laughed loudly. "What's there to ask? He didn't manage to kill us and I'll get my revenge later. You can go find him if you want to. The competition isn't over yet. The ownership of Mount Wuxiang depends on your own ability."

The ship was pitching in the darkness, and no one dared to make any rash moves. They waited for the emergency lights to come on.

After some time, someone found the source of the emergency lights, and the third and fourth floors were flooded with an eerie green glow.

"Look! Mount Wuxiang is gone!"

someone shouted. Jiang Ming and Yue Mangong gazed up at the fifth floor in astonishment. There was an empty white space in the almost two-meter tall frame. Mount Wuxiang had been cut from its frame!

"Who did it!"

Jiang Ming's eyes almost popped out of his head, and his roar echoed in the hall.

"Hurry, the person must still be on the ship. Find them!"

From the fifth floor, I peered down at the chaos and smirked. "I'm taking what's mine. Bye, everyone."

Oil paintings could not be folded, and even if they could, I could not bear to. This was still my mother's artwork. I could only roll it up.

"Got it, let's go."

Old Yu moved so quickly in the dark that I almost could not catch up.

I already had an idea of the layout of the ship when I fished Lin Kang up. The safest place right now was the engine room. No one would go there besides some of the crew. Since there was nothing to steal there, there would be no security guards either.

We had just rushed to the deck when Old Yu turned and threw himself on me, knocking us both to the floor.

The waves smashed us into the wall, and all my bones ached as if they had been broken.

The water was overwhelming and choked us. The whole ship listed heavily to port as it was battered by the waves. More than ten seconds had passed before it righted itself.

"Are you alright, Old Yu!" If not for him, I would definitely have been washed into the sea.

After several seconds, he twitched and wiped the water off his face.

"I'm fine. It was just a small wave. Let's go."

I helped him up and we hurried downstairs, going back into the interior of the ship.

Inside was just as bumpy a ride, but as long as the ship was not sinking, it was safer than on the open deck.

As we headed down, I felt more and more uneasy.

I could hear people shouting for help and women screaming, but I did not hear the sounds of the engines running or the boiler burning.

"What's wrong? Find a place to stash this. Jiang Ming and Yue Mangong are both highly intelligent. They'll come looking."

I gazed around the engine room in a panic. The dark interior of the ship was like a giant gaping maw. Outside, the waves crashed against the ship, but inside, there was no sound at all.

"What's going on?"

"What's wrong?"asked Old Yu, "You're panicking."

I could not stop the cold sweat dripping down my face. "Where is the crew? Why aren't the engines running?"

The ship was not moving. The engines were off and the crew was nowhere to be found. No wonder it was pitching and rolling so badly.

"Damn it, what's going on?! The man named Ho wants us to die on the Pacific Ocean!"

I already had a bad feeling at the beginning. How much profit could he bring in with the God of Gamblers competition; what was the net profit for this ship; Jiang Ming's unwavering willingness to own Mount Wuxiang at any cost; why was Boss Ho willing to give it away... Because this was a conspiracy from the very start.

Old Yu could barely believe it. "What's the point of Ho Zhitian doing this? He didn't need to involve a ship full of innocents if he wanted to incite infighting between the eight great factions!"

I did not know what Ho Zhitian was thinking, but this entire setup was a trap.

"I don't know what he was thinking, but the ship is now in grave danger. It might be made of steel, but in this weather, it's as fragile as a wooden boat. Hurry, we need to get to the bridge and think of something. We also need to get everyone on deck and be ready in case the ship breaks or capsizes. Everyone needs to get into lifeboats and be ready to abandon ship at any moment!"

I turned to run, but Old Yu asked me what to do with Mount Wuxiang.

It was not safe to take it with me. If they saw me, they would suspect me at once.

"Uncle Yu, keep it safe for me."

I pulled out a sheet of oil-paper from under some covered goods and wrapped the painting in it.

"You're an old man and you can't see. As long as you hide it well, they won't suspect you."

Old Yu held the painting in his hands. After a while, he asked, "Aren't you worried that I'll take it and run after we disembark?"

How could I not be worried? Regardless of how special the painting was, the crazed reaction to the painting by these martial artists definitely worried me.

But what choice did I have? Everyone on this ship was highly skilled and no pushover. There was no way to defeat any of them, damn it!

It would be great if I could contact Baldie, but there was no time. I was sure to bump into Jiang Ming and Yue Mangong once I stepped out. The only person I could work with was Old Yu.

"I trust you, Uncle Yu. You saved my life on the fifth floor. Otherwise, the painting would already be yours. I believe you can be trusted."

Old Yu nodded solemnly, holding the painting. He then joked, "Don't think you can sweet-talk me with a few words. The psychological warfare of the military is too powerful. I almost believed for a second that I was a good man. Be quick about it. If you die, the painting is all mine."