## **Chapter 247 The Truth About the Accident**

The truth about the "accident" was that it was actually an accident. My mind was blank and bitterness roiled in my chest. I had suffered from ages seven to seventeen and my aunt had hugged her pillow and cried every night, all for something this absurd.

I said, "Jiang Ming must pay for this. I totally regret saving everyone just now. It would have been cleaner to just all die at sea. Don't even think about Mount Wuxiang. I won't hand it over."

I waved Yue Mangong away, not wanting to hear him say anything else.

It was just my anger talking. Even if I knew the truth, I would not let the ship sink. There were too many lives on board and I could not just let them die.

But I was so frustrated that I wanted to kill Jiang Ming here and now, and take out every single person who had ever hurt my parents! Of course, I also knew that I could not defeat them now.

Damn, this was the first time I was not physically skilled enough since I joined the special forces. What I learned in the military was child's play compared to these mysterious martial artists.

The sky began to get lighter. It was almost dawn when there was a shout. "Look, what's that!"

I was just wondering what the commotion was when Baldie found me and passed me a pair of binoculars. I cheered up immediately when I took a look.

There on the horizon, was a small boat. In the small boat sat a sad figure. It was none other than Ho Zhitian.

"Isn't that Ho Zhitian?!"

I shouted, attracting everyone's attention. Everyone rushed to the deck and gazed at Ho Zhitian's small boat.

It was that bastard's fault that we had been stranded at sea to die two days ago. Everyone wanted a piece of him.

The shouting and swearing were loud enough to carry across the water, and Ho Zhitian shot upright and turned back to see us. His face went pale. He definitely never expected that we were still alive, and he hurriedly picked up an oar and started rowing.

We had just left the storm and everyone was exhausted. We had stopped the ship to work on some repairs, and Ho Zhitian probably thought we had not recovered power. He kept rowing frantically.

I laughed. "Well, this clown wanted us dead, but now he's got his just desserts. He probably didn't account for how bad the weather was. However, he must be lucky to have lived through those waves."

Pulling his cap low over his eyes, Baldie looked in the direction of Ho Zhitian. "Aren't you chasing him?"

I replied, "Of course. Let him have a headstart. Don't you think it would be cruel for us to chase him in his little boat? Let him go first."

Baldie scoffed. "We'll chase him later."

I nodded and Yue Mangong said, "You're more cruel."

As Ho Zhitian almost left our sight, I went to the bridge and started the engines, turning in the direction of Ho Zhitian.

A cruise ship in the sea was not a silent vessel. Ho Zhitian was shocked to hear the sound, he did not think we could move!

Just as we closed in on Ho Zhitian, I lowered our speed.

Baldie asked me why I was not continuing the chase.

I crossed my legs and smiled. "Relax, it's so boring here. We finally have something to play with. I want to go a few rounds."

I said it before, if I caught him alive, I would beat him to a pulp!

As expected, Ho Zhitian started paddling again once we stopped.

He must be running on empty, but he had no choice. He was dead if we caught him, so he had to try to escape.

Watching him about to flee, we chased him again.

Ho Zhitian was almost driven mad. He paddled crazily and did not have time to pause and yell at us. He just kept rowing.

In the vast ocean, he rowed with all his might but was not getting anywhere. We always caught up in a few seconds.

Initially, everyone was outraged and wanted to bring Ho Zhitian onboard immediately. However, by this time, the people on deck were quite enjoying themselves. They shouted encouragements at him as if he was participating in the Olympics and not running for his life. Ho Zhitian was so frustrated that he wanted to scream.

After we had enough fun, I decided to bring him back onboard.

Ho Zhitian's survival instincts were admirable. In the short time from my walking from the bridge to the fifth-floor deck, he had managed to row quite a distance.

It was obvious that he had reached his limit and was too tired. He bent his back and kept rowing.

"Aw, look at how hard he's trying. I almost can't bear to chase him," I said.

We decided to lower a dinghy. I would jump into the sea and drag him back, then we would raise the dinghy again.

Yue Mangong shook his head. "Your strength is drained. You shouldn't go in the water."

"Are we going to expect him to swim back then?"

Yue Mangong turned to the person behind him. "Bring me that harpoon."

Ho Zhitian grunted and panted as he rowed. Eventually, he could not go any further and just lay there. He saw that we had stopped too and turned to give us the finger.

"Come here if you dare! I'm not running." He raised the oar in challenge, inviting someone to take him on one-on-one.

Yue Mangong's subordinates brought him a meter-long harpoon. It looked like an iron spear.

I thought he was going to run it through Ho Zhitian and quickly spoke up, "Calm down. We still have questions for Ho Zhitian, don't kill him."

But Yue Mangong told me not to worry. "I'm just bringing him back."

Yue Mangong lifted the harpoon. There was a thick rope tied to the other end. He hefted it a few times.

The surrounding men cheered as they watched and waited for him to throw it.

I was still confused about how he was going to bring Ho Zhitian back.

Baldie tugged me back a few steps. He saw that I seemed confused and smiled. "Don't you find it strange that his name is so awkward-sounding? The 'gong' in his name means 'bow'."

Yue Mangong suddenly lunged; his body was like a drawn bow ready to be released. He threw the harpoon.

The harpoon arced through the blue sky like a lightning bolt and embedded itself firmly in Ho Zhitian's lifeboat.

Ho Zhitian almost jumped out of his lifeboat into the sea.

What accuracy! I was very surprised.

Yue Mangong then told his subordinates, "Pull him in."

At his order, men swarmed to do his bidding. Ho Zhitian's rowing was nothing compared to the speed they reeled him in.

In a flash, the lifeboat had been dragged back and knocked against the side of our ship.

Ho Zhitian did not have the guts to jump into the sea to escape. Even if he did, he did not have the energy.

The three of us waited for him on the lowest deck. I reached out with an oar to him, and tried to remain calm and smile. "Come on up. If you stay in the sea, you'll die. If you come up, we'll kill you. Since you're going to die anyway, come up and we'll put you out of your misery sooner."