

Chapter 249 Had To Try To Escape

It sounded like the alliances in the wuxia novels. I never imagined they would exist in real life.

But Yue Mangong shook his head. "They're afraid of me. The alliance does exist, but the role of the leader has been left empty for very long."

"Why would you need a leader? Aren't you all mutually bound?"

Yue Mangong replied, "You forget. The Yins left behind a fortune. Everyone wants it for themselves. However, if any family makes a move, they'll be attacked by everyone else."

"People can really be shameless about money. But it's your own fault. Why take it all for yourself? Just split it among yourselves."

I really had not expected these martial artists, who held their heads high when introducing themselves, to be so shameless.

Yue Mangong was a direct person who was unused to lying. Only he would tell me this. If it was anyone else, they would have brought me on a ride and not been so direct.

"Who would dare to take the lead?" asked Yue Mangong, "People are calling for someone to take the lead. The leader isn't chosen but is decided by our respected elder. However, the elder passed away and left his last words to your mother. Your mother painted Mount Wuxiang on the scroll that the elder wrote his last words on."

I fell silent for a while. "Yue Mangong, can I ask you for a favor? Seeing as how I saved your life."

Yue Mangong did not reply, but he nodded for me to keep talking.

I pressed my roiling feelings down as I asked, "Please tell me honestly, were my parents killed by Jiang Ming?"

"Not entirely."

"But I heard you tell Jiang Ming that he killed my mother."

Yue Mangong explained, "After your mother hid the last words in Mount Wuxiang, the whole Ji family moved into seclusion in the Yandang Mountains. Your parents got married and Ho Zhitian deposited Mount Wuxiang in a high-security vault in America. The vault could only be opened with a combination of his iris, fingerprints, and signature. Ho Zhitian was not exaggerating when he said that the painting saved his life. He owed money to loan sharks and was being hunted, but he used the last of his money to deposit the painting in the vault. No one dared to let him die. If he died, the painting would be lost forever."

Something did not sit right with me. Why did the leader have to be appointed by this elder? Also, why did everyone trust my mother that much? What if she tampered with the last words? And I could barely believe that the Yin family could have left such a big fortune behind that everyone wanted it.

"So why was it not entirely on Jiang Ming? Did he have accomplices?"

Yes meant yes and no meant no. Why was it so uncertain?

"Jiang Ming himself isn't sure if he could be considered the killer," said Yue Mangong.

I was very confused.

Yue Mangong explained again, "They only planned a small accident to kidnap your mother. Your mother was the only person who knew what the last words were. Even if they could not get their hands on Mount Wuxiang, they could try to have her make a fake version. However, the situation spiraled out of control. Jiang Ming was not the only person who planned it. The other families also discussed it. Jiang Ming was only one of the people who proposed it."

I fell silent, unsure of what to say. Anger and pain roiled in my heart. My parents were dead because of a stupid reason.

I did not believe everything Yue Mangong said. However, I did believe that he was telling me part of the truth, and his story did not contradict what I already understood.

"Mount Wuxiang is very important to us, but has no use to you at all," he concluded.

That night, I slept in Yue Mangong's first-class cabin while he slept in my first-floor cabin. Because of what Yue Mangong had said, no one bothered me.

We were still out at sea. With no coordinates and no compass, we could only wait for rescue.

We were lucky that the ship was well-stocked and we would not be starving anytime soon. But I really wished that they would all starve to death; I felt that they were the reason my mother was dead.

They had killed my parents, destroyed my life, and destroyed my aunt's family.

And it was all for money.

After drifting for two days, Baldie, who had been acting as a lookout on the deck, suddenly called out for me, saying that there was an important discovery.

He told me to come up to the deck 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 sweating 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 were saving fuel and had stopped the ship's engines. 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 and got lost. 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."

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.

By now, both Yue Mangong and Baldie were in the bridge. They 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."

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

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