

Chapter 250 Treaty

"You don't dare to let me speak," Ho Zhitian cackled and spoke with some difficulty. "You're afraid, Liu Rushi. You never wanted to know what was in the last words. You only want Mount Wuxiang so you could tamper with it."

"Bullshit!" Liu Rushi shouted angrily, "I don't want you to blabber nonsense!"

Yue Mangong spoke up. "Uncle Liu, Ho Zhitian almost killed us. His nonsense won't be biased. The leader won't be from outside the eight families anyway. Ho Zhitian hates us all equally. Since Mount Wuxiang is missing, why don't we hear what he has to say?"

"No way! We can't listen to his nonsense. He has a deep hatred for our eight families, and you never know what he might say. He might even incite unhappiness among everyone. Do you want to see us descend into bloody fighting again?!"

Liu Rushi was obviously trying to force his point, but many people still echoed his sentiment.

Yue Mangong was growing impatient. "Let him go. Otherwise, I will have to use force."

Yue Mangong repeated himself, sounding more annoyed.

Liu Rushi saw red and squeezed, making to break Ho Zhitian's neck in front of Yue Mangong.

I gasped and was about to move to save him when Yue Mangong pulled out a handful of thin iron needles and threw them at Liu Rushi with a whoosh.

Liu Rushi's expression changed immediately. He let go of Ho Zhitian and darted away but still ended up with three bleeding cuts across his face.

"Very well, Yue Mangong. You want to play rough?! Fine!" barked Liu Rushi, wiping the blood off his face.

Damn, the hair on my arms stood on end. These martial artists were crazy to think about fighting right now.

"Stop it!" I roared.

Neither of them heard me.

Liu Rushi swore and flipped out two blue daggers. The daggers were about the length of a hand and looked like scalpels. However, they were slightly wider and sharper.

Iron needles shot towards Liu Rushi like rain, producing a sharp metallic sound. Liu Rushi's daggers moved faster than the eye could see, knocking the needles into the walls and the floor.

Within ten seconds, the floor was covered in dozens of needles. The speed was astonishing.

Yue Mangong had put Liu Rushi on the defensive and already moved to stand in front of Ho Zhitian. Ho Zhitian's mouth was bloody and he had lost two teeth. His mouth also did not close properly and drool trailed down the side of his mouth.

While he had not killed him, Liu Rushi had definitely broken Ho Zhitian's lower jaw to prevent him from speaking.

There was quite a number of people on Yue Mangong's side, mostly those in the eight families who were friendly with him. Qian Xiaoqian, who had initially stood on his side, had gone over to Liu Rushi's camp.

The eight families all thought differently. They all seemed to know who would be the heir of Mount Wuxiang, but without the last words, no one dared to declare themselves the leader. Even if they did, not everyone would be convinced.

Old Ge had probably never envisioned this when he left his last words. He wanted them to stop fighting, but it had backfired.

They had battered and fought each other just for the absurd leadership position.

Furious, I stood between them. Yue Mangong wanted to continue fighting, but when I put my body between them, he stopped.

"Stop it, both of you. What's so good about being the leader? Do you get special insurance or does the government provide housing?"

Liu Rushi yelled, "What do you want to do, Yue?! We made a treaty forty years ago that specifies that we cannot harm each other, or everyone will punish them. Do you want to make everyone your enemy?"

"Yes, Yue Mangong. No wonder your father kicked you out. You're an unfilial thing who never learned better. You've always associated with those thieves from the other eight schools. What do you want to do now? Challenge everybody?!"

"You don't deserve to be a Yue. How could someone like you come from them?"

The insults became cruder, but besides a slight frown, Yue Mangong remained stoic. However, the other parties seemed to get more worked up, some even drawing knives.

"Brothers, Yue Mangong is breaking the treaty, we can't let him live! Poison needs to be drawn out, otherwise, we will descend into chaos again."

"Yes, brothers. Together!!!"

Even with Yue Mangong's abilities, he was no match for dozens of men, regardless of whether they took turns or all attacked at once.

Liu Rushi's side could barely contain their excitement, and all bore bloodthirsty grins.

"So you martial artists can't be trusted?!" I grabbed a chair and smashed it on the floor in a rage. The sound made them pause for a while.

Everyone turned to look at me.

"What did you say when you were trapped in the storm?" I asked them. "You said that I was your savior and you would all listen to me. We've only just evaded danger and you're already breaking your promise. How shameful is that?!"

Everyone was speechless. They glanced at each other, but no one said a word because it was true.

"I don't care about your leadership, and I'm not even interested. Let me ask you, Guan Lang, Liu Rushi, and Yue Mangong, when you said that I saved you and you owed me a debt, did you mean it?!"

These men were respected martial artists. Their image was crucial, and if they did not keep their promises, they would not be able to hold their heads up.

Guan Lang was first to speak, "I keep my word, little brother. In the future, if anyone offends you, they will have offended me. I am here at your service! However, you have no knowledge of our grudges. This has nothing to you with you."

"Nothing to do with me? Huh. True, I don't want to get involved, but my mother was Ji Yanran. This matter can't have nothing to do with me."

Their faces blanched at my words; they were clearly informed about my mother's accident.

Guan Lang spoke no further and raised his fists in salute to me. Liu Rushi watched him, and had no choice but to put away his scalpels and say, "Little brother, I too am at your service."

I smacked the back of Ho Zhitian's head and he ducked in pain.

"Since everyone is giving me this opportunity, I will take charge today. Ho Zhitian, you make it sound so grandiose. Taking revenge for the Yin family and taking revenge for your cousin. Fine, you can have your revenge. Then tell me, how did the captain and the crew you killed wrong you?"

Ho Zhitian ducked his head away from my gaze.

I continued, "In addition, what about the tourists on the ship? Did they offend the Yins?"

The crowd chimed in. "Yes, Zhang Chao is right. Don't make yourself sound so righteous."