

I Am Born With A Silver Spoon Chapter 585

Fang Jiannan looked at Chen Hao, confused.

After a while, she then realized that the arrogant Young Sect Master had surrendered to Chen Hao.

"I did too many wrongdoings in the past. I'm so sorry!" He pressed his forehead on the ground and kowtowed.

Fang Jiannan wanted to murder him before this. However, looking at his pathetic state right now, she said, "You don't have to apologize to me. Instead, you need to apologize to those who were hurt by you. It was a great shock for our family this time, but at least we weren't in any danger. However, it's different for the rest of them! I'm fine with whatever punishment that Chen Hao sees fit—I only listen to him now!"

Fang Jiannan glanced at Chen Hao slightly.

Girls were always like this—initially they were unsure if they had fallen in love, but when they started to depend strongly on the man psychologically, it was clear that they had already fallen in love with that person.

Fang Jiannan felt the same way toward Chen Hao right now, as the act of saving a damsel in distress would always capture the damsel's heart easily.

In simpler words, her feelings toward him were developed when he appeared at her side and took over the burdens on her shoulders, right when she needed him the most. Since then, she developed favorable feelings such as trust, reliance, and respect toward him.

When Chen Hao seemed to understand the underlying meaning in Fang Jiannan's words, his heart skipped a beat.

After all, he had no such feelings toward her as of now.

After finishing repenting, Tie Cheng kneeled and crawled to Chen Hao.

"Young Master Chen, my last wishes are all fulfilled now, and I'm really thankful to you. You can take my life away now—I have no more regrets!" Tie Cheng said earnestly.

"I didn't say that I'm going to kill you now. On the contrary, I need you to do something for me!" Chen Hao said, looking at Tie Cheng.

"Young Master Chen, just say it!" Tie Cheng looked at Chen Hao gratefully.

"I'm on a search for the Sea Palace, and I desperately need an assistant who is able to survive for a long time in the sea, especially someone like you who is familiar with the Turtle Breath and Bone Shrinking Technique. Are you willing to do so?" Chen Hao asked.

"I'm willing to stay by your side and run errands for you. Finally, I can live like a normal person. Yes, I'm willing to follow you!" Tie Chen was surprised and elated at the same time.

“You have to think it through—are you willing to relinquish your position as the Young Sect Master?” Chen Hao asked carefully.

“Yes, I’m willing to give it up! I’ll give it up!” Tie Cheng said without any hesitation.

Chen Hao had listened to him intently and unraveled the knot in his mind that he had been constraining. Not just that, Chen Hao even spared his life—Tie Cheng was already very grateful to him for that.

Chen Hao, in particular, had certain types of traits which Tie Cheng couldn’t pinpoint exactly what they were, but they definitely moved him.

He felt that his life was not wasted when he was by Chen Hao’s side.

“Good. If that’s the case, then follow me to the Sea Palace! It’s a coincidence that I also want to investigate if the lady in white who saved you back then is related to the person whom I’m looking for.” Chen Hao nodded.

Just then, Gu Yuxiao brought a middle-aged man into the living room area in Chen Hao’s room.

When she saw Fang Jiannan—whose beauty was alluring and on par with her—sitting closely to Chen Hao, Gu Yuxiao felt uncomfortable for no apparent reason.

At that moment, her tone had taken a turn for the worse inexplicably.

“Chen Hao, the man whom you are looking for is here! Mr. Yang brought all the documents about the island years ago,” Gu Yuxiao said coldly and stood aside.

Fang Jiannan, on the other hand, began studying this beautiful lady who was standing next to Chen Hao intently.

Both women seemed to be under a certain state of mind in that moment.

“Mr. Chen!” the middle-aged man said while he held the documents in his hands.

“Please take a seat, Mr. Yang.”

Mr. Yang’s full name was Yang Tianhua, and he worked at the Ministry of Cultural Affairs in Mo City. It was fair to say that the development history of Mo City since the ancient times until today was at his fingertips. If anyone would like to look into the origin and history of Mo Island, Yang Tianhua was the perfect candidate.

After getting to know each other better, Yang Tianhua delved into the main topic of their discussion.

“I heard that Mr. Chen is interested in the development history of Mo Island. I’ve specifically looked up a lot of information this afternoon. In the early days, Mo City originated from a small fishing village by the coast with only a few hundred families inhabiting the region. Based on a fossil that was just dug out around a few decades ago, the origin of the history dates back to ten thousand years ago...”

“These are serious and formal topics, Mr. Yang. However, do you know any myths or folk stories that are legendary but also based on truths and facts?” Chen Hao couldn’t help asking after hearing Yang Tianhua’s explanation.

“Folk legends? Mr. Chen, do you like listening to folk legends? If we’re talking about the legends of Mo Island, there are too many to be told. Pardon me for speaking too much, but I only have a hobby throughout my entire life—to research myths and folk legends, and to collect enough evidence to overturn the formal history. You’ve come to the right person, Mr. Chen!” Yang Tianhua laughed and started explaining to Chen Hao about the folk legends that dated way back.

“Around twenty years ago, when I’ve just started working, I coincidentally came across a quaint book in the library of the Ministry of Cultural Affairs. The writings on the book caught my eye. I was enthralled by it because the writings were very different from the average ancient writings. I studied archeology in university, so a professor taught me the meanings of certain ancient writings. There were a lot of myths and folklore in the book. How do I put this in words? Using our modern words, the person who wrote down the folklore was basically writing a memoir!” Yang Tienhua said. “This particular legend was copied from a stone tablet long after it was scripted, by the people in the ancient times who came across it later. It was a story about an old man. To be more precise, it was a story about an old man who was a survivor! According to him, when he was young, he was lucky enough to be chosen to participate in a special burial ritual. Why did I say ‘special’? It was because he was going to bury a goddess from heaven, and the burial spot was extremely magnificent—it was at a palace under the sea!”

Upon hearing this, Chen Hao and Gu Yuxiao couldn’t help looking at each other.

“The next part of the story talked about how they escorted the coffins until they reached Mo Island. Including the master, the group consisted of 37 people who stopped at Mo Island because they met a heavy storm on the way.”

Chen Hao’s eyelids fluttered involuntarily.

Isn’t... Isn’t this the same story as the six drawings on the wall?

Yes, this should be the story of the sequence of events that happened after they reached Mo Island.

The drawings on the wall showed the old beggar bringing 27 people with him when they left Mo Island—they were nine people less.

The words which were copied down from the stone tablet was the epitaph of one of the nine people who stayed at the island.

Could it be possible that the nine people who stayed behind did not die? What had actually happened that caused them to suddenly stay on the island?

“He wrote that after coming to Mo Island, his life had completely changed, and he even witnessed a scene that he would never forget throughout his entire life—in the middle of a night, when they were camping, they felt the earth shaking and the skies vibrating. The entire island almost sank! Everyone thought a disaster was coming, so they rushed out to have a look. Instead, what they saw was a massive bronze house flying! The house was just floating in the air! It was extremely, unimaginably humongous. More importantly, there were people in the house. Someone once walked out of it, and when they opened the door of the flying house, they could hear the people howling and screaming desperately. At that time, the people on the island were frightened out of their lives because the howls were extremely upsetting...”