

[This chapter was translated for <http://nuttyisprocrasinating.wordpress.com> only. And only for those people who don't mind reading unprofessional translation that was being translated FREELY at the translator's, editor's and proofreaders' own free times.

Chapter 61.2

Storm (Part 2)

Looking horrified at the crumbling sail on the high pole almost ten meters high, the older sailor urgently said, "What to do?! If the main sail collapses again, with this huge wind, there is no way that we can go to tie it up!" They were already so exhausted from just that small sail, so they simply could not do anything about that high mast!

"Climb up there to strengthen it!" Lao You ground his teeth and shouted, "Bring that rope!"

The sailors all looked at each other, but no one had moved to get the rope, so the older sailor shook his head as he painfully sighed and said, "Lao You, the storm is so big, it is impossible to climb up there!"

The main mast was less than 10 meters long, but the pole was straight with several wooden stakes to climb up. During normal times, when the situation was calm, the experienced older sailors would be able to climb up, but this was a dangerous situation now, plus the pole was wet making it easy to slip and sway. How could one climb up?

As he stopped to collect the ropes on his shoulder, Lao You answered with a calm appearance, "We need to try even if it is impossible, otherwise we can only wait to die!"

The older sailor grabbed the ropes and said, "Then I'll go!"

"I'll go!"

"I'll go!"

Several experienced older sailors stepped forward one after another, before Lao You shouted loudly, "Nonsense! The mast is so high, if you were to be accidentally blown away by the storm, you will surely fall into the sea. If you fall into the sea with this kind of weather, you will die!" The heavens appeared to agree with Lao You's words, because the sound of thunder was suddenly heard as if it wanted to split the heavens; it made people's hearts tremble in fear.

"Move aside!" Taking back the ropes, Lao You took advantage of their frightened states as he kicked his shoes off and climbed straight up the wet pole towards the swinging mast by himself.

Everyone's hearts were in their throats and no one cared what feelings they had as the rain fell in their eyes, with all their gazes locked onto Lao You's figure as it climbed up with difficulty. The rain flowed down the mast and even though Lao You had already taken off his shoes, it was still slippery, and he could only climb up step by step. After repeatedly doing this several times, he still could only climb up 1/3 of the height, before he was already drained. The storm seemed to be opposing them as it became bigger and bigger, as if the boat were its toy at this moment. Then, a huge wave hit and everyone on the boat fell down, including Lao You who was also thrown down from the mast.

"Lao You!!"

Everyone gathered around as Shang Jun anxiously asked, "How are you?!"

Lao You shook his head, supported his waist, and slowly sat up. Fortunately, Lao You had not climbed up too high before he was thrown down. If it had been just a little higher, he would have inevitably been thrown out to sea.

The banging sound of the mast echoed louder and louder, signaling it could fall at any time during this hurricane. Lao You frighteningly said, "The main sail cannot support it anymore."

Lao You struggled to get up but was pressed down by a gentle but powerful hand. Shang Jun grabbed the rope on Lao You's body and said, "I will do it!"

"Out of the question, Shang Jun?!" Xiao Zong Qing glared with his big eyes; he had just seen with his own eyes how a sturdy man like Lao You had been thrown out by the storm, let alone Shang Jun's thin female body!

All of the sailors looked towards Shang Jun with frightened eyes; if it was impossible for Lao You, then how could he accomplish it? Was he trying to court death?! Lao You shouted with great alarm, "You must not do it, Gentleman Shang!"

Shang Jun walked over to the mast, pointed his finger, and asked, "Among all of you, who can jump up the pole?"

Jump up?! Climbing up was already so difficult, so how could they jump up?!

Shang Jun clearly narrated, "I can!" He also knew that he was the only one who could jump up among the people on the boat. Even though the storm made him feel a little dizzy, he still wanted to go.

"Shang Jun..." Xiao Zong Qing had seen Shang Jun's martial arts and he would indeed be the only person who could jump up the mast, but the boat was not on flat ground. His face was already pale, so he (XZQ) did not know if he (SJ) knew that he already looked like he was about to collapse at any time!

"No need to say anymore, I must go." He would not think too much, as he saw that the sail would fall down soon, so Shang Jun grabbed the rope as he took a deep breath and jumped up. Maybe the hurricane was too strong or maybe Shang Jun was still a little unwell, but he could not jump to the top with one leap. Once he was halfway, Shang Jun stepped on the mast with his power over and over again until he finally reached the top.

The sailors who were down below looked on foolishly as they applauded one after another; it never crossed their minds that this weak looking scholar actually had martial arts!

There was no foothold at the top, so Shang Jun used his feet to stand on the pole, while his hand agilely fastened the sail to strengthen it. After he had fastened it once around, the original rope then broke off. If they had waited even just a little bit longer, the sail would have gone down. Shang Jun wanted to heave a sigh of relief, but suddenly noticed his hands were tight as he did not have the original rope set in place. The powerful wind that carried across the sail was transferred to the rope in Shang Jun's hands and it was too great for Shang Jun to catch it.

Clenching his teeth, Shang Jun pulled on the rope tightly, and after a while, the rope was covered with blood stains. As the rain washed it away, a little bit of red blood dripped down his wrist.

This was not the way to go, so Shang Jun hooked one side of the sail with his foot to bring the sail closer. His hands were completely numb, but Shang Jun knew that he should wrap the rope around the mast as much as possible. In the end, he did not know how many rounds of rope he wrapped around to tie in a tight knot, but it was finally fixed.

"It is tied up; it is tied up!" The sailors were all cheering underneath as Xiao Zong Qing remained nervous and covered by cold sweat, before he shouted in a loud voice, "Shang Jun, come down quickly!" His feet were not on the boat, so it made his heart heavy with worry!

Shang Jun was drenched all over and a little bit dazed from the rain. Even though his eyes could not easily open and he was unable to see anything, his ears still heard the clamorous sounds below. But then a gust of wind blew by and the sail he had just hooked up, moved so that his feet were suddenly not supported by anything anymore. Shang Jun only felt his own body as it was powerfully thrown out.

"Shang Jun!!!"

Shang Jun looked like a broken kite that flew out from the top of the pole. The white figure was too difficult to be seen clearly in the wind and rain, before it was already submerged in the turbulent storm.