

[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 62.1

Storm (Part 3)

"Shang Jun."

Xiao Zong Qing laid along the edge of the boat as he tenaciously stared at the waves while the ocean sprayed and chaotically slapped and chased itself into forming a vortex. It moved as if it wanted to suck everything into the cold loneliness at the bottom of the sea. After Shang Jun fell into the sea and disappeared, Xiao Zong Qing kept on shouting his name over and over again, but only the wildly developing rainstorm and thrilling thunder responded.

"Shang Jun..."

Xiao Zong Qing could feel his own heart almost jump out of his chest; he seemed to lack the strength to breathe and remained deathly still, filled with depression. He could only watch on as Shang Jun fell right in front of his eyes, only to disappear into the sea. Would he (XZQ) lose him (SJ) like this?! No, Shang Jun was definitely not dead! He was still waiting for him (XZQ) to save him from the sea!

In Xiao Zong Qing's eyes, Shang Jun was still struggling at the bottom of the sea, so he pushed aside the sailors around him and crawled along the boat intending to jump into the turbulent sea.

"Xiao Qing, out of the question! You cannot jump in!" Fortunately, the sailors had quick eyes, so almost everybody threw themselves at him to pull him up. He was still so impetuous like this, even Lao You was startled as he angrily said, "Are you crazy?! This vortex is all over the place under the water and there is no question that you will die if you jump in!"

"Shang Jun!! Shang Jun is still underwater!" How could Xiao Zong Qing listen to this? As he struggled to stand up, who would have thought that with his slim figure, he would still be able to jostle everyone and unexpectedly push several sailors down to the ground? It was a pity that he was only a youngster after all, and even though he was acting crazy again, he would still be resolutely pinned to the ground. Now that Xiao Zong Qing was unable to stand up, he shouted, "Lao You, let me go! Shang Jun is still underwater! I am begging you guys, please let me go!"

The rain was falling on this youngster's face, so no one could tell if there were tears or if it was just the rain, but his pleading shout caused Lao You's heart to endlessly ache in pain. Foolish child, how could they save him? How could they save him?! It was not that he did not want to save Shang Jun, but if he could have been saved by jumping into the sea, then he would have jumped in a long time ago!

He did not look back to watch Xiao Zong Qing anymore, so Lao You loudly spoke towards the other sailors and said, "Steady the rudder! We should look in every direction! If you see Shang Jun, you should immediately report it, hurry!!"

Even though everyone was looking towards the sea and struggling to find a trace of that white figure, they still could not see anything. Lao You tightly clenched his fist and firmly hammered it against the mast. He should have blocked Shang Jun and not have allowed him to go to the top of the mast, then he would not have met with an accident!

His punch that had hit the thick mast left the rope on top gently swaying. An older sailor suddenly patted Lao You on his shoulder and said, "Lao You, look, the rope connected to the mast also fell into the water. If Shang Jun had grabbed the other end of it, we may still be able to find him!"

Lao You raised his head to look up; indeed, the rope really did fall from the top of the pole. Lao You was overjoyed as he shouted, "Hurry, pull the rope up!"

As soon as the sailors pulled on the rope, they immediately felt hope because the other end of the rope had some weight on it. Everyone was in good spirits and cooperated together as they each pulled up the rope. Finally, a trace of a white figure that had disappeared into the sea could be seen in front of everyone again.

"It is Shang Jun!"

"Really is Shang Jun!"

Xiao Zong Qing heard everyone cheering and it caused his sad heart to have hope again as he pushed away the person in front of him. Xiao Zong Qing looked towards the sea and saw that Shang Jun's eyes were tightly closed and he appeared to be unconscious. Fortunately, his hand was still tightly wrapped up by the rope, so he stepped forward to pull the rope along with the other sailors while his mouth shouted loudly at Shang Jun, "Shang Jun, firmly grasp the rope and do not let go, you must not let go!"

Could not let go, Shang Jun!

Shang Jun felt himself being drowned into darkness; there were countless forces shoving at him, sometimes heavy but sometimes light. His chest was aching in pain to the point where he could not breathe. He wanted to move but no matter how much effort he put in; he still could not control his body at all. He had gradually tired and could no longer hear anything as he floated along in the dark, with only the pain on his body slowly waning.

Images flashed before his eyes: his dad's bright smile, his mother's familiar caress, his master's strict teachings and Xiao Er's sweet smile. There was no deep-rooted hatred, no bloody massacre; only they were by his side, looking at him gently. Shang Jun did not want to move, did not want to ponder, did not want to strive hard and did not want to persevere. Was this the feeling of death?! As it turned out, it was not that scary at all.

Shang Jun was almost yielding to this kind of feeling, when suddenly, his hand was lifted up by a powerful force which took him away from that quiet place. His chest began to hurt again and when his hand was roughly pulled up, it seemed to be broken. A sound kept echoing repeatedly in his ear; who was it? Who was it calling his name? Calling him not to let go, calling him with a hoarse kind of shouting, one that made people ache with pain! Who was it?!

He exhausted his whole body just to open his eyes, but they only opened a crack. It was hazy but he saw San Er's anxious face. Was he crying? It should not be, it should only be the rain.

He was so tired that his eyelids could not resist the fatigue, and, in the end, they slowly drooped down again.

"Shang Jun? Shang Jun! Shang Jun..." His face was so deathly pale, that even his lips were purple. It was enough to scare people, so Xiao Zong Qing held Shang Jun's cold and thin body. He (XZQ) did not dare to shake him (SJ), except to call his name over and over again. He did not know what else to do and he did not even recognize his own trembling voice.

Lao You took Shang Jun from that silly Xiao Zong Qing's hands and laid him flat on the deck as he powerfully pressed his chest. After several presses, Shang Jun lightly coughed and vomited out water. Secretly taking a relaxed breath, Lao You patted Xiao Zong Qing's cheek and said, "Xiao Qing, he is alright. Help him to go inside the cabin first."

Xiao Zong Qing finally recovered himself and staggeringly carried Shang Jun back inside the cabin.

Upon entering the cabin, Lao You took out a few quilts and said, "You guys quickly take off his wet clothes and I will go bring a stove. By all means do not let him catch a cold, because if he gets a fever at sea, it will be bad."

Several sailors who had followed them over chaotically and hurriedly started to untie Shang Jun's clothes. Xiao Zong Qing suddenly remembered the fact that Shang Jun was a woman, so he pushed away the sailors' hands and blocked them from Shang Jun while he loudly roared, "Stop!!"

The sailors all blankly looked at each other as they didn't understand what he was trying to do and since Xiao Zong Qing did not know how to explain it either, he uncomfortably said, "You guys go out, I will do it."

Lao You slightly furrowed his eyebrows. Why was Xiao Qing's face red? Could it be that he had some feelings towards Shang Jun...?

How could this child... Aiya!