

Won't Play 117

Chapter 117 Evil Must Suppress the Good

“Shen Lian from the Sect of Thunderclap.”

“Scorpion King Tu Sanchuan!”

“Please.” “Kill!”

On the stage, the two disciples each pulled out the long spears on their backs and fought at the same spot.

Guan Shi'an was not in the mood because of Yin Jianghong's disturbance. He wanted to reorganize the Gathering of Young Heroes. Originally, he wanted to change the name of the competition as well. However, under Yin Jianghong's insistence, he still retained the name of Gathering of Young Heroes.

“Ah!”

After a few moves, there was only a miserable cry. Shen Liannai, who had been stabbed in the left shoulder, admitted defeat.

“Scorpion King Tu Sanchuan wins.”

Following the chief judge's somewhat helpless announcement, the disciples of the demonic cult burst into cheers.

“Beautifully fought! Brother Sanchuan is too awesome!”

“Brother Tu, I'll leave the door open for you tonight “

“Hahaha, I’ll leave a door open for you too.”

“Get lost! Don’t disgust me.”

Compared to the cheers and laughter from the demonic cult’s disciples, the righteous sect disciples were in a miserable state.

“How could this be... Brother Shen actually lost.”

It wasn’t that the righteous sect disciples couldn’t afford to lose, but they had lost to demonic cult in many matches these past two days. There were many really strong disciples lost as well.

“Aiya, it seems that our demonic cult won in the Spear Arts Arena too. Thank you, Sect Master Guan. Don’t tell me that the righteous sect disciples are going easy on us because we’re the guest? There’s really no need for that. Our demonic cult disciples had won too many times.”

On the high platform, Yin Jianghong said to Guan Shi’an with a smile on her face.

Guan Shi’an thought that Yin Jianghong must have come prepared. He believed that Yin Jianghong must have some destructive plan to attack them. Therefore, he had secretly asked the elders and all the subordinates in the sect to investigate.

However, after two days of competition, Guan Shi’an found that Yin Jianghong had no other plans at all. Yin Jianghong only brought the proud disciples of his family to pick up a fight. After two days of competition, the righteous sect was completely suppressed. They even dominated some of the matches. Not a single righteous sect disciple advanced to the next round.

This made Guan Shi’an very embarrassed, but he could not understand why. Logically speaking, the resources or reputation of the demonic cult could not compete with the righteous sect. Why was the younger generation of the demonic cult so powerful?

Seeing that Guan Shi'an didn't speak, Yin Jianghong didn't have any intention of stopping and continued to blabber, "Sect Master Guan, are you angry? It's a competition. There will always be winners and losers. Maybe next time you'll win, who know!"

Guan Shi'an took a deep breath and looked ahead, "Cult Master Yin, the competition is still going on. We don't know how it ends yet."

"Of course, it's just that we, the demonic cult, believe in having fun at the right time. If you win now, you can have fun now. You can feel bad only after you lose."

Guan Shi'an didn't say anything after hearing that. He looked at another arena.

On the other side, Jiang Beiran went to the side of the arena after defeating his opponent. He found that the righteous sect disciples were still losing.

Although Jiang Beiran didn't expect the righteous sect disciples to lose so miserably, he still understood why it had become like this.

There was a difference in the "recruitment channel" between demonic cult and righteous sect.

Among the composition of the righteous sect's disciples, a large portion of them were the disciples of various families in Fengzhou. Not only did these disciples have a good foundation, but they could also provide connections to the sect. It could be said that they were perfect.

As for the demonic cult, many of the disciples who joined were the children of the poorest families or orphans. Most of them were not as talented as the disciples of the big families, but they had the advantage in number. The righteous sect could have recruited one hundred disciples, while the demonic cult could have ten thousand disciples. Hence, the difference was obvious. The demonic cult had a better chance of recruiting more elite disciples than the righteous sect.

If the righteous sects continued to believe in the disciples of the family and ignored the "bumpkins" in their eyes, the gap between the new generation of both parties would become bigger and bigger.

“If that’s the case, it would be good for the righteous sect to be beaten up. Then I could carry out my plan.” However, Jiang Beiran sighed as soon as he thought about it, “But the demonic cult must be up to something else.”

Another day of competition passed, and the righteous sect disciples were still losing. The number of righteous sect disciples that remained in the various competitions also decreased.

At night, all the righteous sect disciples who had not been eliminated were gathered in a banquet hall. Jiang Beiran glanced around and found that there were only about 60 people left.

“Almost all of them are eliminated...”

On the main table, all the Sect Masters had solemn expressions. At this time, they were no longer worried about what evil scheme Yin Jianghong was hatching. Instead, they were worried about their reputation if they completely lost the competition tomorrow. As for Guan Shi’an, who loved to show off, the past two days had been an excruciating experience to him. A good “show-off gathering” had turned into a “face-smacking gathering”. This was completely unacceptable to him.

Seeing that the atmosphere in the banquet hall was getting more and more depressing, Guan Shi’an stood up with a glass of wine in his hand and said to the disciples on the other tables, “The new generation disciples of the demonic cult indeed have astonishing strength. We have to admit this, but in such an intense confrontation, you still won. So, I believe that you can continue to win in such a victorious manner to the end.” “In addition, in order to raise your morale, if you win the first place in a competition of martial arts or any other competition, I will reward you with another five middle tier spirit stones.”

After hearing this, all the disciples present immediately stood up and cupped their hands, saying, “We will definitely do our best to win first place!”

All the disciples looked excited. A total of five middle tier spirit stones! This was a fortune that they did not dare to imagine.

Of course, not every disciple was this excited. If it were a few days ago, Wu Qingce might have been the same as them. However, after attending the auction with his Jiang Beiran, he no longer had any feelings for the five middle tier spirit stones. After all, the cheapest item that in the auction cost fifteen middle

tier spirit stones. “Hey, five middle tier spirit stones, I heard it too!” At this time, Yin Jianghong suddenly pushed open the door of the banquet hall and shouted. He was holding half a greasy roasted leg of mutton in his hand.

Guan Shi’an had been annoyed by Yin Jianghong for the past two days. He almost crushed the wine glass in his hand when he heard Yin Jianghong’s voice. After taking a deep breath, he said, “What’s the matter, Cult Master Yin?”

“Oh, I’m here to thank Sect Master Guan. You gave so many good wines and dishes to entertain my demonic cult’s disciples. I’m really touched. Also, let me ask, if my disciples win the first place, will they get an additional five middle tier spirit stones as well?”

Resisting the urge to curse, Guan Shi’an replied, “This is my personal encouragement to my disciples, not a reward.”

“Don’t be so formal. We’re family now, we should share...”

“Who’s your family! If there’s nothing else, please leave. I still have something to say to these disciples.”

After taking a bite of the roasted lamb leg, Yin Jianghong didn’t retreat. Instead, he advanced and said, “There’s no rush. I haven’t thanked you yet. Look, you guys still treat us to a big meal after losing to us. I’m really grateful.”

Seeing that Yin Jianghong was going to annoy him again, Guan Shilan could only say to the other Sect Masters, “Let’s call it a day. Go back and give your own disciples some encouragement.”

“Okay. Sect Master Guan, please be careful.”

The Sect Masters cupped their hands at Guan Shi’an. Then, they left the banquet hall and brought their own disciples out.

“Hey, are you guys leaving already? Let’s talk more. Your disciples performed really well.”

As soon as Yin Jianghong finished speaking, Guan Shi'an came in front of him and pulled him to the main table.

After leaving the banquet hall, Lu Yinlong brought the disciples back to his courtyard.

Walking into the hall, Lu Yinlong sat on the armchair and sighed.

There were still five disciples of the Sect of Returning Hearts had not been eliminated yet. They were Wu Qingce, Lin Yuyan, Mo Xia, Ning Yushu, and Jiang Beiran.

Seeing this scene, Jiang Beiran could not help but sigh in his heart.

"As expected, I'm the strongest in the Sect of Returning Hearts."

After sighing, Lu Yinlong raised his head and said, "Although the performance of the righteous sect this time was a little bleak, I'm still slightly relieved. Among the remaining eight disciples in the martial competition, there's one from our sect. Qingce, well done."

Wu Qingce immediately bowed and said, "Thank you for your praise, Sect Master."

Then, Lu Yinlong looked at the other four disciples and said, "You have a heavy responsibility too. In the past, the righteous sect was always proud of being proficient in the six arts. But now, we have been swept away by those bumpkins from the demonic cult in the arts of zither, calligraphy, and painting. How embarrassing."

In fact, Jiang Beiran was also very surprised about this. He could understand that they lost to the disciples of demonic cult in the martial arts. However, he didn't expect that the disciples of the demonic cult had also started to cultivate other skills. Each of them had their own unique skills.

There was no first place non-martial arts competition. However, it was actually very easy to tell who performed better and who was worse.

Lu Yinlong shook his head and continued, "You should have heard it just now. Sect Master Guan said that he would reward the winner with five middle tier spirit stones. Then, as the Sect Master, I naturally can't be stingy. As long as you can win the first place, I'll add another ten middle tier spirit stones."

"Thank you, Sect Master!" The five of them cupped their hands together. "Go and have a good rest. It's up to you tomorrow."

"Yes!"

As soon as the five of them walked out of the house, Ning Yushu said excitedly, "Fifteen middle tier spirit stones! I've never seen so many of them in my life. I think we should thank those lackeys of the demonic cult this time."

However, Ning Yushu found that the other four people didn't seem to be very excited after he said that.

For a moment, Ning Yushu lost his hype. The righteous sect disciples had suffered such a tragic defeat this time, yet he was still happy. He really shouldn't be happy.

Therefore, the five people silently returned to the guest house along the way and went upstairs separately. Lin Yuyan didn't directly return to her room. Instead, she danced all the way to the top floor of the guest house. She couldn't hold back the excitement in her heart anymore.

"Senior brother actually walked with me in front of so many people! Are we going public with our relationship? Aiya!"

Lin Yuyan thought of slapping away a lantern hanging by the side! Her pretty face turned completely red.

Chapter 118 The Terrifying Brother and Sister

As soon as Mo Xia returned to his room, he took out the Go board and said to Jiang Beiran, "Senior brother! The opponent I met today is so powerful! He..."

“Let’s discuss it later. I have to go out for a while.”

“Eh!?”

Mo Xia’s expression instantly froze. On the way back, he specifically did not say a word to his senior brother. It was so that his senior brother could have a good “walk”, so that they could play Go when they went back to the guest house. However, he didn’t expect his senior brother to go for a walk again. “You can play on your own. I’ll be back soon.” Jiang Beiran rubbed Mo Xia’s hair. He then opened the door and walked out.

Beside a pool, Jiang Beiran asked Wu Qingce to stop and asked, “Why are you looking for me?”

When Jiang Beiran returned to his room, he sensed Wu Qingce’s mystic energy and knew that he wanted to see him.

“Senior brother, have you seen that Mu Yao’s match?”

“Yes.”

“She’s so fast! and her attacks are very fierce. Until now, no one has been able to withstand five moves from her.”

“Are you afraid?”

“It’s not that I’m afraid... It’s just that...”

Seeing that Wu Qingce wanted to say something but hesitated, Jiang Beiran said, “Do you want me to give you some pointers?” Wu Qingce immediately replied, “Yes!”

“Stop dreaming. Work hard on your own. I’m leaving.” Jiang Beiran turned around and left.

“Brother...”

Wu Qingce, who was waving his hand, did not say anything in the end. However, he seemed to have understood something very quickly. “Brother Jiang did not give me any pointers. This means that he thinks that my strength is enough to defeat that Mu Yao! He trusts me!”

Wu Qingce instantly felt his confidence soar, and the nervousness in his heart was swept away.

The next morning, in a Go playing pavilion, Mo Xia was waiting for his next opponent on a bamboo chair.

“Brother Jiuri, you must win faster today, or else you’ll miss my match.”

Standing not far behind Mo Xia, Jiang Beiran raised his head and saw the Mu siblings, who had been in the limelight for the past two days, walking over from afar.

The younger sister was Mu Yao. When the demonic cult had just arrived, she had already displayed her great mystic practitioner level 3 cultivation. Furthermore, she had previously said that she was the most capable fighter in the entire Spiritual Dragon Cult. Therefore, the righteous disciples had treated her as the strongest one in term of the demonic cult’s battle prowess.

However, they did not expect that she had an even more ferocious elder brother, called Mu Jiuri. His cultivation had reached great mystic practitioner level 4. In these two days of matches, not a single righteous sect disciple had been able to withstand a single move from him.

Moreover, not only was Mu Jiuri powerful, but he was also outstanding in other talents. He was proficient in Go, guzheng, drawing, calligraphy, etc.

Not only that, but Mu Jiuri was also very handsome too. The first time he appeared on the stage, he was competing in guzheng. He was dressed in red and had cloud sleeves with mystic patterns. He sat on the ground. His long black hair was not tied. His eyebrows were sharp, and his eyes were bright. His nose was straight, and his lips were thin, he gave off a noble and elegant feeling.

After the music ended, many of the female disciples of the righteous sect could not show their excitement due to their faction. Jiang Beiran could see that majority of them were fans of Mu Jiuri.

Mu Jiuri was pushed to the front of the Go board by Mu Yao. He nodded at Mo Xia and sat down.

“Brother Jiuri, quickly place the pieces. Just place the pieces.”

Mu Jiuri shook his head. “Mu Yao, don’t mess around. What did father teach us?”

“I know that we have to respect each and every opponent. Alright, alright, alright. I’ll keep quiet. Don’t stare at me like that.”

“This young master of the Demonic Cult’s style is really strange...”

Looking at this elegant young master up close, Jiang Beiran really couldn’t relate him to those disciples of the demonic cult who had strange appearances.

When the head judge came over, Mo Xia and Mu Jiuri bowed to each other, and the game officially began.

“Da, da, da”

The Go pieces kept making the sound. Very soon, Mo Xia’s expression began to become grave, because he realized that the opponent was completely unconventional in playing Go. Generally speaking, most of the players liked to attack and defend around the corner at the beginning of the game.

corne

This was because the corner leaned against the edge of the board. They only needed to defend in two directions. Even if the corner was lost, it would lean to the side. In this way, they only needed to defend in three directions.

However, Mu Jiuri directly attacked the central region. One had to know that the central region had to defend in four directions. This was similar to not finding cover during a battle. Instead, he directly used an open space that had air leaking from all sides as a base.

In the end, Mo Xia was too concerned about why Mu Jiuri's next move. As a result, he became more and more stressed, and he kept losing his territory. In the end, Mo Xia clenched his fists and gritted his teeth as he stared at the board.

"I... I admit defeat."

Mo Xia, who was filled with unwillingness, shed lines of hot tears. His body could not help but tremble.

"Your Go skill is surprisingly good. I look forward to play with you again in the future." Mu Jiuri said and bowed to Mo Xia. However, before he got up and was about to leave, his gaze paused on Jiang Beiran's face.

Jiang Beiran, who felt the other party's gaze, nodded at him as a greeting. "Brother Jiuri! What are you looking at? Let's go, let's go. My match is about to begin!" Mu Jiuri, who was held back by Mu Yao, nodded at Jiang Beiran and left.

A moment later, Jiang Beiran walked to Mo Xia's side and rubbed his hair. "He's very powerful. It's okay to lose to him."

After hearing that, Mo Xia cried even louder, as if he was trying to vent the all the frustration. "It's about to be my match. Do you want to continue crying, or come and watch?"

Mo Xia wiped away his tears and said firmly, "Yes, I want to watch."

"Okay, then follow me."

After two hours, Jiang Beiran finished off his opponent. Under the incredulous gazes of the demonic cult's disciples, Jiang Beiran stood up, bowed to him, and left the Go playing pavilion.

“Brother Jiang... you will definitely win against Mu Jiuri tomorrow!” Mo Xia said as he walked out with Jiang Beiran. After three days of matches, today was the semi-finals of Go. After winning the last opponent, Jiang Beiran’s opponent was only Mu Jiuri.

“Have you grasped his Go skills?” Jiang Beiran asked.

“I...” Mo Xia hesitated for a moment and shook his head. “I don’t know.” But soon he raised his face and said firmly, “But I am sure that your Go skills are better than his!”

Jiang Beiran smiled slightly and replied, “Okay, I will try my best not to let you down.” After Mo Xia went back to read the Go book, Jiang Beiran walked to the arena and found that Wu Qingce had already won today’s match. He had advanced to the top four. His opponent tomorrow would be that Mu Yao.

At the end of the last match, there were only fifteen righteous sect disciples left. At this time, all the matches had end. In other words, the righteous sect disciples were still beaten up in the final confrontation.

Some of the sects whose disciples had been eliminated had already returned early. They didn’t even come out to have dinner.

“You have set up a great example to all of us. The disciples in your sect are all very outstanding.”

In the banquet hall, Guan Shi’an looked at Lu Yinlong and spoke.

Currently, each Sect of Masked Moon and the Sect of Returning Heart had three participants left. However, many sects thought that the Sect of Returning Heart was just lucky. The other sects also had disciples like Wu Qingce who had just broken through to the great mystic practitioner realm. For example, Sect of Black Sun and the Sect of Heavenly Judge. The Sect of Heavenly Judge’s disciple had already reached the great mystic practitioner level 3. However, all of them encountered Mu Jiuri and Mu Yao in the previous matches and lost.

Therefore, Wu Qingce, who had just broken through to the great mystic practitioner realm, was just a lucky person in their eyes. He would definitely lose to Mu Yao in the competition tomorrow.

“There are still many talented people in the Sect of Masked Moon. Everyone know how strong Yanqing is. He will definitely be able to fight for us righteous sect disciples.”

Wang Yanqing was the strongest disciple in the current generation of the Sect of Masked Moon. Before they set off, everyone in the Sect of Returning Hearts thought that he would be Wu Qingce’s strongest opponent, but now that he had met Mu Jiuri in the semi-finals. Hence, they were skeptical that Wu Qingce could enter the final.

Guan Shi’an sighed. “I only hope that he won’t have any regrets tomorrow.”

Before the start of the Gathering of Young Heroes, Guan Shi’an was very confident in Wang Yanqing, but after seeing Mu Jiuri’s performance two days ago, he couldn’t help but worry about whether his own disciples could pass this round.

“Aiya, are you flattering each other? Bring me along.” At this time, Yin Jianghong, whose entire body reeked of alcohol, walked over with a wine pot in her hand.

Guan Shi’an looked at him helplessly and said, “I know that your children are amazing. You don’t have to flatter them.”

In the past three days, Guan Shi’an’s temper had been tempered by Yin Jianghong. Although he knew that Yin Jianghong was here to kick up a fuss, he did not step over the line yet. The righteous sect disciples had only lost because their skills were not as good as the other party’s. They had to practice more after the competition.

“Hahaha, Sect Master Guan, I’m embarrassed about what you said. Sigh, those little brats from my cult are having a bonfire banquet outside. Do you want to go out and have fun together? What’s the point of staying inside?”

“No, I’m fine here.”

“Burp!” Yin Jianghong burped. “Many of your disciples are also there. Aren’t you worried?”

“Of course they have their Sect Master with them. What am I worried about?”

As the saying goes, no discord no concord. After four days of competition, the disciples of both sides had formed a friendship. They had also become familiar with each other.

From the beginning, they were mocking each other, but now they were competing with each other. They were no longer as awkward as they were at the beginning.

“Gulp... gulp... ha ~” Yin Jianghong let out a breath of alcohol. He smiled and said, “I have to say, I didn’t expect that there would be a few righteous sect disciples who can fight. I thought that our demonic cult could take the top eight.” “You wish.” Guan Shi’an snorted coldly.

Although he had to admit that the demonic cult’s overall strength was superior, the few top disciples of the righteous sect finally fought their way out, saving some face for the righteous sect.

“Hey! To be honest, which side do you think will win tomorrow?”

“We’ll know after the battle tomorrow.” “Take a guess. Hey, don’t go!”

In the midst of the delighted atmosphere, a night passed, and a new day arrived. The finals of the various talents were today.

The group of righteous sect and demonic cult higher-ups sat in the stands with all the disciples, waiting for the winner to be born. Mu Jiuri’s performance was still as strong as before. He had consecutively won first place in calligraphy, guzheng, and drawing. Many of them were impressed by his talent. “Is this Mu Jiuri still a human? Is there anything that he doesn’t know?”

“He is indeed powerful. Although he is a disciple of the demonic cult, I can only say that I admire him.”

“Hahaha, of course. Our Brother Jiuri is a genius. Not to mention this small Fengzhou, our Brother Jiuri is the most dazzling genius in the entire Xuanzhou.”

“Humph, don’t be so cocky. Why don’t you just say that he has the bearing of a mystic emperor?”

“What did you say! Brother Jiu Ri did have the bearing of a mystic emperor.”

“Yes, yes, yes. Keep bragging. I’m listening.”

“Stop arguing. The Go game is about to begin. Brother Jiuri only needs to win this title and he will be able to win a grand slam.”

“What’s the name of the opponent?”

“I don’t know him. I don’t think he participated in the martial arts competition. He is here to play Go only.”

“No wonder he made it to the finals. Those who specialize in one thing have some ability. It’s a pity that he met Brother Jiuri. He is destined to lose.”

In the pavilion that was used as the venue for the finals, Jiang Beiran and Mu Jiuri sat face to face and bowed to each other.

“Brother Jiuri! Quickly defeat him! We’ll go celebrate for you if you win!”

On the stands behind Mu Jiuri, Mu Yao shouted loudly with her mystic energy.

She knew that she did not have to cheer for her brother. Her brother would win in any kind of match.

On the stands, five golden flowers glared at Mu Yao.

“Hmph, you dare to look down on Brother Jiang. You’ll know how powerful he is later!”

Liu Zijin and the rest were not particularly outstanding in their talents yet. They were here to earn some experiences, so they were eliminated pretty early. As there were not many people watching the Go match, they were worried that they would incur the displeasure of their senior brother. Hence, they did not watch the Go matches over the past few days.

Now that it was finally the final match day, all the disciples and Sect Masters came to watch the match, so they naturally sat together in the audience seats.

They wanted to refute Mu Yao, but Mu Jiuri had won all the matches too easily, no one from the righteous sect thought highly of Jiang Beiran. So, they did not say anything.

But no matter what others thought, the five of them firmly believed that their senior brother would definitely win!