

Won't Play 119

Chapter 119 Breaking His Winning Streak

"I've been looking forward to playing against

you."

Mu Jiuri opened the Go board and spoke.

"That's really my honor."

"Your Go skill is very good. I can see that."

"Your skill is not bad as well."

"Hahaha, 'not bad'. It's been a long time since someone described me that way."

At this time, the head judge walked over to help the two of them guess the pieces.

The final result was Jiang Beiran holding the black piece and Mu Jiuri holding the white piece.

Mu Jiuri took the white piece and said, "Shall we begin?"

"Please." Jiang Beiran smiled and extended his hand.

"Phew..." taking a deep breath, Mu Jiuri picked up the white piece and placed it on the star position of the Go board.

However, he did not expect that this seemingly light movement of his shattered the white piece and the Go board.

This move caused a wave of discussion among the audience. They did not understand what he meant by this move.

“I’m sorry, I’m a little excited... I used too much strength.” Mu Jiuri said apologetically to the head judge.

Although the head judge did not understand why Mu Jiuri was so excited, he still said, “It’s okay. I’ll go and change a new board for you.”

But at this time, Jiang Beiran suddenly said, “No need to trouble yourself.”

As soon as he said this, Mu Jiuri’s eyes suddenly lit up.

Looking directly at Mu Jiuri, Jiang Beiran said, “Brother Mu wants to play blind Go with me, right?”

“Hahahaha! As expected, bosom friends always appear unexpectedly. I didn’t expect Brother Jiang to understand me so well. That’s right, that’s exactly what I mean!”

“I’ll play with you.” Jiang Beiran looked at the head judge and said, “May I?”

The head judge looked at the two of them and asked, “Are you sure?” “Yes.” The two of them nodded at the same

time.

“Okay, then I’ll record it for you at the side.”

“Sorry for the trouble.”

“As expected, Go playing doesn’t attract the attention of any strong experts. It has a very high safety factor.” Jiang Beiran thought.

Seeing that the system did not pop out any option, Jiang Beiran couldn’t help but sigh in his heart. However, on second thought, even if the system really jumped out of the option, it would be safer to win the game.

After all, the righteous sect was waiting for a winner to boost their morale. If he let others know that he was going easy at this critical moment, then he would be in big trouble.

All the cultivators on the audience seats had sharp ears and sharp eyes, so they naturally heard the conversation between the two.

“Playing blind Go?”

“That disciple is so bold. He clearly knows that Brother Jiuri is really strong, but he still dares to play such difficult game.” “I don’t think he is bold, but he is desperate. Since he is going to lose anyway, he might as well lose with dignity.” “Hey, don’t go too far. Your senior brother called him a bosom friend. What are you talking about?”

“Our senior brother is being polite.”

“Stop arguing! The match has begun.” In the pavilion, Mu Jiuri took out a folding fan from his sleeve and pointed at the air. “4 by 16, upper right star position.”

Jiang Beiran replied, “3 by 4.”

“16 by 4.” “16 by 17.”

The two of them did not hesitate when they “placed” their pieces. The head judge who was in charge of memorizing could not help but shout, “Can the two of you slow down a little?”

Mu Jiuri waved his folding fan and said, "It's alright. We can replay the game ourselves later. Brother Jiang, do you have any objections?"

"I don't have any objections."

"That's great. Then let's continue. 17 by 14."

"6 by 3, defend the corner."

There were many people in the audience who knew how to play Go. They were managed to picture the game in their mind at the beginning. However, as Jiang Beiran and Mu Jiuri "played" faster and faster, they could not follow up anymore and were completely confused.

Yin Jianghong nodded repeatedly as he listened. This was because he was the one who taught Mu Jiuri how to play Go. It was enough to show that his attainments in Go were quite high. There was no problem for him to keep up with the two people who were playing Go. "Amazing... I didn't expect that kid to be so aggressive in playing go. Jiuri has really met his match."

Guan Shilan was also trying to keep up, but he soon gave up. He was only a Go enthusiast at most, not an expert by any chance. He could not play blind Go, which was a challenging task.

The five golden flowers did not understand Go at all, so they could only sit there anxiously. They looked left and right and found that the disciples of Order of Blue Heart were also frowning. It was obvious that they were troubled.

"No... I can't keep up. Brother Jiang is really good at Go. No wonder Etiquette Protector wanted to play with him."

At this time, Ning Weizhi of Order of Blue Heart opened his eyes and let out a breath. He kept rubbing his temples.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Yu Guimiao asked, "Senior brother, how difficult is this blind Go?"

Ning Weizhi replied, "Not only does blind Go have an extremely high requirement for Go skills, but it also requires a very strong memory. It's very difficult to remember every move on the Go board. Not many disciples of Order of Blue Heart can do it."

"Oh..." Yu Guimiao nodded and turned around to look at the other four.

"Brother Jiang is really amazing!"

After several minutes, only two people in the audience seats could still keep up with the rhythm of Jiang Beiran and Mu Jiuri.

One was Mo Xia, and the other was Yin Jianghong

"Sigh... What a pity."

Just when the Sect Masters closed their eyes and pretended to understand, Yin Jianghong suddenly sighed.

"What's wrong?" Guan Shilan asked.

"There are some geniuses in your righteous sect. Who's the guy playing Go against my son?"

Without waiting for Guan Shi'an to speak, Lu Yinlong, who was sitting not far away, said, "Jiang Beiran. He's a disciple of my Sect of Returning Hearts."

"He's a genius, but I can't sense any cultivation from him. How did he hide it so deeply? Does your Sect of Returning Hearts have this kind of cultivation technique? It's quite powerful."

As a mystic master, he was surprised that he couldn't see through Jiang Beiran even with his mystic sense.

Lu Yinlong answered immediately, "Cult Master Yin, you've misunderstood. Beiran has never cultivated any cultivation technique to hide his aura. His cultivation is only at level five of Qi cultivating stage."

"What!?" Yin Jianghong was shocked. "This kid is really smart. He doesn't have any talent in cultivation?"

"It's true."

"Hahahaha! He's really a weird disciple. Interesting, interesting!" In the pavilion, Mu Jiuri had lost his initial elegance and calmness. At this moment, the fan in his hand was almost deformed by his grip.

"Seven... No, let me think about it again."

"There's no rush. You can take your time to think about it."

"Hu... Hu..."

In that instant, more than a hundred methods appeared in Mu Jiuri's mind, but without exception, they were all dead ends! This made him gasped for breath.

"Am I going to lose? Impossible... How can I lose?"

Mu Jiuri's mind was spinning as he reached out to wipe the sweat off his forehead. He still couldn't think of any way to win.

Although the disciples in the audience seat couldn't understand the game, they could still understand the atmosphere. At this moment, Mu Jiuri was frowning in the pavilion. The folding fan in his hand was almost bent, and the sweat on his forehead kept flowing down.

On the other side, Jiang Beiran was really calm and composed.

“Is that disciple going to win?!”.

“Is it true?! Is there really someone who can win against that monster?”

“Look at Mu Jiuri, he can’t hold on much longer.”

Hearing the discussions behind her, Mu Yao used her mystic energy and shouted, “What are you arguing about! How can my brother lose! If you keep arguing, I’ll kill all of you!”

Mu Yao had made herself a fierce reputation in these two days. After hearing her shout, the disciples behind her all shut up.

However, she had no control over the people on the other side of the audience seat.

A few righteous sect disciples exclaimed as they asked, “What’s that disciple’s name? Which sect is he from?”

“Cough!” Wu Qingce coughed lightly. As the leader of the Sect of Returning Hearts’ disciples, he felt that it would be strange if he did not step forward to answer such a question.

The light cough attracted the gazes of the others, Wu Qingce replied, “That person is a disciple of our Sect of Returning Hearts. His name is Jiang Beiran. You all must remember this. It seems like our Sect of Returning Hearts will be the first to break Mu Jiuri’s winning streak today.”

“Who said that my brother is going to lose! You! I will tear your mouth apart!”

Although they were separated by a square, Mu Yao still heard Wu Qingce’s words and immediately stood up to shout in their direction.

Wu Qingce did not show any signs of weakness at this moment. He was worried about being reprimanded by his senior brother, so he did not refute their words at the beginning. Now, there was a legitimate opportunity to flatter his senior brother was placed in front of him, how could he let it go so easily!

Therefore, he also stood up and circulated his mystic energy to reply, "I just said that there was a possibility. Miss Mu, you don't have to be so agitated." "What a joke! My brother will lose?"

"Everyone will lose. No one can be undefeated forever."

After saying that, Wu Qingce added in his heart, "Except for Brother Jiang."

"You still dare to say that? Fine! I'll tear your mouth apart right now!" After saying that, Mu Yao exerted her strength with her feet and actually pounced directly towards Wu Qingce.

"Good! I'm going to fight you later anyway. I can have a warmup now."

After saying that, Wu Qingce was about to pull out the Levin.

"Nonsense!"

Just as the two of them were about to start fighting, Lu Yinlong and Yin Jianghong shouted at the same time. Mu Yao was not afraid of anything, except her own elder. Hearing her elder's stern voice, Mu Yao had no choice but to put away her sword. Taking a deep breath, Mu Yao picked up her sword and pointed it at Wu Qingce from afar. "Just you wait! I'll kick your ass later!"

"I'll return the same words to you! One more thing, you're going to lose today."

"Okay! I hope you can keep your big words on the stage later."

After saying that, Mu Yao sat back in her seat, but her small face was still full of anger. She kept glancing at Yin Jianghong as if she was asking why she stopped her.

However, Yin Jianghong only glared at her and made her stop.

Meanwhile, Lu Yinlong was looking at Wu Qingce with admiration. He thought to himself, "He is exactly the same as when I was young. Good! He should be like this. We can never lose in terms of imposing manner!"

When the little farce outside ended, the 'battle' in the pavilion came to an end.

The folding fan in Mu Jiuri's hand had been completely broken by him, and the look of contemplation on his face gradually faded.

"I... I..."

Mu Jiuri kept repeating "I" for a long time, but he could not finish his sentence no matter how hard he tried.

Jiang Beiran knew that Mu Jiuri had given up. He cupped his hands toward him and said, "Thank you for letting me win."

Then he said to the head judge on the side, "Please bring a new board, and I'll help you replay the game."

"Okay! I'll go get it right away!"

The head judge was a member of the Sect of Masked Moon. He had been announcing the victory of the demonic cult's disciples these few days, and he was tired of it. Now that there was finally a righteous sect disciple won, he was thrilled.

Not long after, a new board was brought over.

"Please use it," said the head judge.

“Thank you.” Nodding at the head judge, Jiang Beiran began to place stones on the new board.

In the audience seat, everyone knew that the result was out when they saw Jiang Beiran starting to play again. It was obvious that Mu Jiuri had lost because of his dazed look.

“We won! Haha, we really won!”

All the righteous sect disciples cheered in unison.

Chapter 120 The Most Dazzling Star

When Jiang Beiran set up the entire game, the cheers of the righteous sect disciples were still not over. It was because the righteous sect disciples had been too depressed for the past few days. In addition, Mu Jiuri had easily won the first place in the three competitions. It could be said that the morale had fallen to the bottom.

Now, someone had suddenly taken away his prestige. But Go playing was not his best skill, so it was still quite impressive for him to get the second place especially after he won many other competitions.

When the head judge finished watching Jiang Beiran recreated their play, the head judge could not help but show a shocked expression. “How did this happen... both of them are quite wild...”

Although he was shocked, the head judge did not forget his mission. Just as he was about to walk out of the pavilion to announce the winner, he heard Mu Jiuri suddenly shouted, “Wait!”

The head judge was stunned for a moment. He turned around and asked, “Do you still want to continue...?”

“No.” Mu Jiuri shook his head. After letting out a long breath, he extended his right hand and said to Jiang Beiran, “Other than my father, Brother Jiang is the person with the highest Go ability I have ever seen. I lost this round.”

Jiang Beiran shook hands with Mu Jiuri. He then replied, "This round was very exciting. It was enough for me to savor for a long time."

"When I improve my Go skills, I will look for Brother Jiang again. I hope Brother Jiang can play with me again."

"I knew it..." Jiang Beiran sighed in his heart.

Jiang Beiran had already guessed that he would definitely meet this genius player in the final. Once he beat Mu Jiuri, he knew that Mu Jiuri would definitely not give up.

"I have to train Mo Xia immediately."

Of course, Jiang Beiran still smiled on the surface and said, "You're welcome anytime."

After letting go, Mu Jiuri bowed to Jiang Beiran and said, "Then I'll take my leave first." He turned around and left the pavilion.

At the same time, the head judge walked out of the pavilion and announced, "The winner is... Jiang Beiran of the Sect of Returning Hearts!" "Oh!!!!"

As the head judge officially announced, the cheers of the righteous sect disciples reached a climax.

"Brother... he really lost..."

In the audience seat, the disbelieving Mu Yao muttered to herself. His brother had always been invincible in her heart. No matter what, as long as Mu Jiuri put his heart into it, no one could beat him. However, his brother actually lost to someone whose name she didn't even know.

Mu Yao did not want to hear the cheers of the righteous sect disciples anymore. She jumped down from the audience seat and chased after her brother.

Jiang Beiran didn't go out to receive the cheers either. He was high-profile enough today, and he knew that most of the cheers were to vent their emotion, not to celebrate his victory.

He wanted to keep a low profile, but there were too many people wanted to congratulate him. Jiang Beiran wanted to sit in the pavilion for a while. But in the blink of an eye, he saw two Sect Masters, Lu Yinlong and Guan Shi'an, appeared in front of him. They pulled him out without explanation.

"Oh!!!!!"

Seeing Jiang Beiran being pulled out by the two Sect Masters, the righteous sect disciples in the audience seats burst into even more enthusiastic cheers. "Well done!"

"Fengzhou's number one Go player!"

"Senior brother, you're too awesome!"

Since Jiang Beiran was pulled out, he couldn't continue to play dead. He could only greet the disciples in the audience seat.

Dragging Jiang Beiran all the way to the high platform, Guan Shi'an was wearing a bright smile. For the whole morning, he had been handing out prizes to the disciples of the demonic cult that he had originally planned to give to the righteous sect disciples. It was needless to say how aggrieved he was. Now, that there was finally a disciple of the righteous sect who had won the first place. He finally let out a little of the anger that he had been holding back for several days.

In the next second, Yin Jianghong also appeared on the high platform. He first took a deep look at Jiang Beiran, then suddenly reached out his right hand to grab his shoulder.

"Pa!"

Yin Jianghong's hand was grabbed by Guan Shi'an halfway.

“Cult Master Yin, what are you doing?”

“Sect Master Guan don’t be nervous. How can I attack a little disciple in front of you?”

“That’s hard to say.”

“I just want to test this kid’s cultivation.”

Lu Yinlong frowned after hearing that. “Didn’t I tell you about Beiran’s cultivation just now?” “It’s hard for me to believe that such a smart disciple has no talent in cultivation.” Yin Jianghong looked at Guan Shi’an. “Let go of me. I’m really just testing his cultivation.”

Guan Shi’an shook his head. “I won’t bother Cult Master Yin with such a small matter. I’ll test it for you. Is that okay?”

Yin Jianghong laughed. “Hahaha, you only know how to say nice things. I think you’re very curious too.”

Guan Shi’an ignored Yin Jianghong. He looked at Jiang Beiran and said, “Beiran, if I don’t test you right here, this old man will not give up. In order to prevent him from coming to find trouble with you in the future, you have to suffer a little.”

“Yes, I, the big villain, and I will not give up bothering him. All of you are good people, and I am the bad guy blah blah blah. Just do it already.”

Looking at the scene on the high platform, all the disciples were confused. Only Liu Zijin and the other three looked expectant.

They had guessed that one of the reasons was that their senior brother’s cultivation was too high, so no one could test his true cultivation. Now that a mystic master wanted to test it. No matter how powerful his senior brother was, it was impossible for him to hide it.

On the high platform, Guan Shi'an pressed his hand on Jiang Beiran's chest. Then, he looked at Yin Jianghong and said, "He is indeed at level five of Qi cultivating stage. Are you satisfied now?"

"The world is really big, and there are all kinds of strange things..." rubbing his chin, Yin Jianghong thought for a moment. He suddenly said to Jiang Beiran with a serious face, "I think it must be a problem with the cultivation method. Do you want to come to Spirit Dragon Cult to try it? Our cultivation method..."

"Cult Master Yin, are you provoking me?" Guan Shi'an stared at Yin Jianghong and said expressionlessly.

"I just said it. Besides, I'm asking him, not forcing him. It's not... Okay, okay, okay. I won't say it. I won't say it." Seeing Guan Shi'an was getting mad, Yin Jianghong stopped talking.

At the end of this episode, Guan Shi'an and Yin Jianghong jointly awarded Jiang Beiran the first-place prize, which was a Go board made of jade. This kind of jade had the function of calming the mind. It was very suitable for a Go player who sat for an entire day to play the game.

"Thank you, Sect Master Guan, Cult Master Yin."

Jiang Beiran took the Go board with a happy face and bowed to the two of them.

Although this reward had nothing to do with Yin Jianghong, he still shamelessly gave the reward to Jiang Beiran with Guan Shi'an, so Jiang Beiran could only thank the two of them once.

Guan Shilan nodded and said seriously, "Keep up the good work. One of the ways of Go is full of changes. There is..."

"Forget it. You're not even an expert. How could you even teach him the principles of playing Go. Even if this kid let you five moves, you still wouldn't be his match."

Guan Shi'an, who was used to being mocked by Yin Jianghong, ignored him. After saying a few words of encouragement to Jiang Beiran, he shouted to the audience seat, "Let us congratulate Jiang Beiran again for the honor of being the champion!"

“Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap...”

All the disciples stood up in an instant, and the passionate applause resounded through the sky.

Unfortunately, such a glorious moment was only a flash in the pan. The righteous sect was still swept away in the competition of alchemy, forging iron, formations, and other skills. The huge square was once again filled with cheers from the demonic cult disciples.

Moreover, compared to Go and other talent which cultivated one's sentiment, alchemy and forging were much more practical. Therefore, the joy of Jiang Beiran winning the championship in Go was quickly diluted. During lunch, the mood of the righteous sect was once again depressed. Although they had expected that they might not win against the demonic cult disciples in many competitions, they still could not accept it when it actually happened.

As the sole winner, Jiang Beiran naturally became the brightest star.

During the meal, Guan Shilan gave Jiang Beiran the five middle tier spirit stones that he had promised. The other Sect Masters also came over to congratulate him, but Go was still a pastime in the eyes of these big shots. After a few words of praise, there was nothing more to say.

After sending off another Sect Master, Lu Yinlong poured himself a cup of wine and looked at Jiang Beiran happily. “Beiran, you've brought honor to our Sect of Returning Hearts so much this time. I'll definitely reward you well when we go back.”

“Thank you, Sect Master.”

After thanking Lu Yinlong, Jiang Beiran suddenly felt a little bitter in his heart. He had originally thought that winning the first place in Go would not make him become incredibly famous. However, he did not expect that righteous sect disciples still made him the center of attention.

Under such circumstances, the system still did not give him a notification. It really does not make sense.

Although being famous by playing Go would not attract any jealous gazes or evil thoughts, being famous always accompanied by trouble.

With his understanding of the system after five years, whenever he wanted to do something high-profile, the option would always jump out immediately. But this time, there was no option.

This caused Jiang Beiran to fall into deep thought.

“Could it be...”

Just as Jiang Beiran had this thought, he saw a familiar face walking towards him.

“Sect Master Lu, congratulations on accepting such an intelligent disciple. You’ve saved the reputation of the righteous sect.”

The person who came was the Sect Master of the Sect of Crimson Afterglow, Huang Yuanqing. The Sect of Crimson Afterglow had a good relationship with the Sect of Returning Hearts. When he came to congratulate Jiang Beiran, it highlighted Jiang Beiran’s achievement even more.

When he saw his old friend come, Lu Yinlong immediately stood up and said, “Brother Yuanqing, you flatter me. It’s just a small victory that’s not worth mentioning.”

“How can it be that it’s not worth mentioning? Right now, we the so-called righteous Sect Masters cannot stop talking about your disciple. Otherwise, we wouldn’t know what else to talk about.” “Brother Yuanqing, you must be joking. Beiran, hurry up and bow to Sect Master Huang.”

When he heard the Sect Master Lu called him, Jiang Beiran raised his wine cup and bowed to Huang Yuanqing, “I am Jiang Beiran, greets Sect Master Huang.”

“You did a great job. If you didn’t win against Mu Jiuri, I’m afraid that he would become the nightmare of all the disciples. They would think that it’s impossible to win against him even in the future. Speaking of which, I have to thank you on behalf of our c Sect of Crimson Afterglow’s disciples.”

“Sect Master Huang, you flatter me. I only know how to play Go.”

“Hahaha, what a modest child.”