

# **My System Is Three Thousand Years Early Chapter 9 - Chapter 7 I've been exposed? Chapter 9: Chapter 7 I've been exposed?**

Emperor Zhou of Great Zhou had a frosty expression on his face. Simply by looking at his visage, one could not guess what was on his mind.

He watched Cheng Guang calmly, gazing at him for a long while until Cheng Guang felt his scalp crawl, then slowly shifted his gaze toward the stone table.

"What are you playing?"

Hearing Emperor Zhou's inquiry, Cheng Guang inwardly groaned, wishing only to seclude himself; the pressure from Emperor Zhou was greater than even that from Empress Dowager Li.

But Emperor Zhou clearly did not intend to let him off easily and instead drew him into conversation.

Cheng Guang did not understand Emperor Zhou, and Qing Luan had not provided him with any information about Emperor Zhou beforehand.

As a result, Cheng Guang had no idea how he should converse with Emperor Zhou, in terms of attitude or language.

If his behavior diverged too greatly from that of the Princely Heir in the past, it wouldn't just be a matter of exposing his identity or not but rather consider what kind of death might be swift and where might be a good feng shui spot to be buried.

Cheng Guang pondered a moment while stealing a sideways glance at Wu Ling, hoping she might help him answer.

However, this girl did not deign to look directly at Emperor Zhou at that moment, let alone converse with him.

Previously, she exhibited the pitiable appearance of a little white rabbit, but in front of Emperor Zhou, she seemed overly assertive.

1

She didn't even want to face Emperor Zhou directly and silently turned to one side, bowing her head as if there was something extremely interesting under her feet.

Cheng Guang had no choice but to steel himself to answer.

"Uncle, this is Gomoku," he said.

"Oh? Gomoku?"

Emperor Zhou let out a soft exclamation, "The name does fit the game you were just playing; five pieces in a row to win. Although the rules differ from Go, it has its own charm."

After speaking, Emperor Zhou glanced at Cheng Guang, "I've never seen such a game before. Did you invent it?"

Cheng Guang nodded, "Just something I cobbled together in my spare time."

What Cheng Guang did not expect was that Emperor Zhou, who had just moments before refrained from any smile, suddenly bore a hint of a smile upon hearing Cheng Guang's reply.

"Quite clever," he commented.

"I see you and my princess enjoyed playing it. Come, play a game of Gomoku with me. If you win, I'll reward you; lose, and you bear the consequences," he said.

7

Having said that, Emperor Zhou leisurely took the seat where Cheng Guang had been sitting.

The sudden change in the situation left not only Cheng Guang unable to react but even made Wu Ling, who was startled as if she had seen a ghost, turn around to take a few more looks at Emperor Zhou.

She also did not expect Emperor Zhou would sit down and invite the Princely Heir to a game of Gomoku.

For some reason, seeing Emperor Zhou's unpredictable mood made Cheng Guang feel even more uneasy, and the thought of fleeing grew stronger.

But as soon as this thought arose, Cheng Guang forcibly suppressed it.

Not to mention, an exposure was not yet certain, and leaving rashly was akin to courting death.

Even if he had been exposed, where could he possibly flee?

Cheng Guang took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down and sat opposite Emperor Zhou.

After tidying up the board, he asked, "Uncle, who goes first?"

"You go first. I won't take advantage of you," said Emperor Zhou.

Cheng Guang nodded, said no more, and directly placed a black piece at the central point.

Emperor Zhou immediately followed with his move. He had watched Cheng Guang and Wu Ling play for a little while and had come to understand the rules of Gomoku well.

His moves were strategic and swift, and he played aggressively.

At the same time, he laid several traps for Cheng Guang invisibly.

Gomoku is difficult if said to be difficult and easy if said to be easy, but to reach such a level of proficiency in such a short period is rare indeed.

Wu Ling was quite formidable, but compared to the mature and experienced Emperor Zhou, she was far from an equal match.

Cheng Guang played while contemplating the game.

He dared not lose a piece.

Just now, Emperor Zhou had said there would be a reward for winning and consequences to bear for losing.

1

Cheng Guang didn't care about the reward but was very concerned about the deep and authoritative look in Emperor Zhou's eyes when he mentioned bearing the consequences of losing.

Had Emperor Zhou discovered his true identity?

While playing, Cheng Guang suddenly considered this point, and the hand holding the piece trembled subconsciously.

After placing his piece, Emperor Zhou noticed Cheng Guang's uncontrollably trembling hands and calmly said,

"Focus on the game. What are you daydreaming about?"

Emperor Zhou's words did not alleviate Cheng Guang's worries but instead confirmed an accepting attitude.

Beads of sweat formed on Cheng Guang's forehead; he had understood what was happening, but he still had to muster all his energy to concentrate fully on the board.

Thinking too much was futile at the moment.

Even if Emperor Zhou had realized he was an imposter, as long as he had not directly exposed him or struck him dead, there was still room for maneuver.

Win this game of Gomoku first.

Cheng Guang then stopped indulging in wild thoughts and concentrated entirely.

Click, click, click...

In the quiet pavilion, there were only the subtle sounds of the wind rustling the grass and the stones striking the board, no other noise.

As the pieces on the board became more numerous and the situation more tense, both Cheng Guang and Emperor Zhou seemed fully absorbed in the game.

While Cheng Guang played against Emperor Zhou, outside, the princes and princesses who had been out playing returned early in anticipation of the family banquet.

Before entering the main hall, they caught sight of their father emperor and the Princely Heir Cheng Guang concentrated in their game inside a pavilion by the lake.

"What's this? Father emperor is playing chess with the Princely Heir?"

"Who knows, it's strange indeed. Never have we seen father emperor play chess with us either," they remarked.

"Should we go over and take a look?"

"Forget it. Do we also need to be scolded by Father more? Let's not go over."

A group of princes and princesses stood at a distance, not daring to approach, but silently watched from afar.

Even though they were far away, their cultivation allowed them to clearly see the content on the ancient chessboard.

"What kind of chess is this?"

"I've never seen it before..."

"The chessboard is almost full. Who do you think can win?"

"Can't tell, so it's not good to say, but it should be Father who wins, right?"

They whispered among themselves.

As the princes and princesses discussed, the chess battle in the pavilion also reached a critical point.

The pace at which the pieces were played became faster and faster.

When the last chess piece filled the final gap on the board, Emperor Zhou of Great Zhou chuckled and casually tossed the stone in his hand aside.

"It's a draw, you youngster have some skills."

2

Cheng Guang smiled at Emperor Zhou, not showing any overly flattered expression, and was about to say something when he saw Emperor Zhou wave his hand again.

"Alright, there's no need for certain words. A draw is as good as a win for you. I keep my word."

3

After speaking, Emperor Zhou stood up and walked towards the main hall. As he left, he paused slightly and muttered to himself with a puzzled look at Cheng Guang, "How can it be so alike?"

11

After saying this, Emperor Zhou no longer paid any attention to Cheng Guang, left deep in thought, and his figure quickly vanished from Cheng Guang's sight.

Wu Ling breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Emperor Zhou had walked far away, gently patting her chest and making a face at Emperor Zhou's departing back.

Wu Ling had a dependency on Emperor Zhou, resentment, and even more complex feelings.

In the cold Imperial Palace, apart from Emperor Zhou, the nominal father, there seemed to be few others she could throw her temper at.

After Emperor Zhou's figure disappeared, Wu Ling quickly regained her composure, ready to fade into the background again.

She quietly glanced at Cheng Guang, seemingly wanting to say something, but then noticed that he was breaking out in a cold sweat; beads of perspiration glided down his forehead.

"Are you, are you so tired just by playing chess?"

Wu Ling exclaimed in surprise while taking out a handkerchief and carefully wiping the sweat from Cheng Guang's face.

In just a quarter of an hour of interaction, Wu Ling had already grown close to Cheng Guang, either trying to please him or having developed a liking for him after spending some time together.

Cheng Guang thanked her and took the handkerchief, wiping his forehead a few times.

He was not tired, but frightened.

Others might not understand what Emperor Zhou had just said, but he knew all too well that what Emperor Zhou meant by "how can it be so alike" was none other than the Princely Heir who was currently traveling and enjoying the scenery outside!

2

Emperor Zhou had discovered that he was an impostor.

When did he find out??

2

Was it right from the start, or after conversing with him??

Cheng Guang did not know.

What made Cheng Guang even more puzzled was that after knowing he was an impostor, Emperor Zhou didn't punish him at all and showed no intention of exposing him.

3

Cheng Guang didn't believe Emperor Zhou would let him off just because of the outcome of a chess game; the stakes of the game were just an excuse.

1

He could never fathom Emperor Zhou's thoughts. Before Emperor Zhou, Cheng Guang had fooled Princess Yuemei of the Wu Family, Empress Dowager Li, and Empress Wang.

So subconsciously, he thought he might be able to deceive Emperor Zhou as well.

Yet, he had underestimated cultivators of this world.

An ordinary cultivator, with careful attention, could notice something amiss, let alone a man like Emperor Zhou who had achieved such high levels of cultivation.

Perhaps Emperor Zhou had seen through him at first glance.

Cheng Guang pondered in his heart, while also feeling relieved.

Although he did not know what Emperor Zhou was thinking, the outcome was still good.

He had not suffered any punishment, and as long as Emperor Zhou kept silent, the chances of him being exposed were still slim if he continued to act according to the previous plan; it was enough to last until he could leave.

Once the Princely Heir returned, his job as the double would be over, and then he would quickly make his escape!

1

"Princely Heir, why are you spacing out..."

Wu Ling lifted her hand, shaking it in front of Cheng Guang.

After their brief interaction, Wu Ling had let down her guard around Cheng Guang. In a sense, Cheng Guang had become Wu Ling's first friend within the Imperial Palace.

The establishment of friendship is not complicated; being happy together is enough.

4

Without much thought, Wu Ling naturally grew closer to Cheng Guang.

Cheng Guang snapped back to reality and chuckled. "I'm fine, I was just thinking about how to beat Uncle."

"To beat him, huh, it's probably very difficult. You'll need to work much harder," Wu Ling said thoughtfully, giving her opinion.

Cheng Guang nodded slightly and then continued to chat with Wu Ling for a moment.

Suddenly, an eunuch came out from the main hall calling Cheng Guang and some of the princes and princesses to enter.

Upon stepping into the main hall, they found that the family banquet was about to begin.

Emperor Zhou, Empress Dowager Li, Princess Yuemei, Empress Wang, and several noble consorts were already seated.

Emperor Zhou and Empress Dowager Li sat above, with the others seated in order according to their status and closeness to the royals.

Next to Empress Dowager Li, Princess Yuemei saw Cheng Guang coming in and stood up to beckon to him.

"Guanger, come here, sit next to your mother."

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