

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1190

Of course his expression was unnatural. The tortoise Long Chen said he had killed was Han Zhenyu.

In truth, Han Zhenyu hadn't been an imperial prince. He was not even part of the main imperial branch. However, he was still part of the imperial family, and the Grand Han had to stand up for him.

That was why Han Zhenyu had possessed an identity jade plate of one of the Grand Han's experts. However, it hadn't been able to protect his life.

One of the Eight Princes had been killed. It was a slap in the Grand Han's face.

Furthermore, for Long Chen to call them tortoises made Han Wenjun's fury soar. But he didn't express it. Instead, he indifferently said, "I've long since heard of your grand name, but it seems your coarse words and actions aren't quite in line with your position. Does the Grand Xia have no one else?"

"No, you've completely misunderstood. There is no one more suited to this position than me. No one else wanted to do it, so they sent me. See, I'm wearing special armor so I'm not afraid of getting any piss or shit on me." Long Chen patted his armor.

Han Wenjun had tried to cut at Long Chen twice, but all he received were slaps in the face. Although he suppressed it very well, his expression wasn't so good.

He had originally been wanting to infuriate Long Chen in order to see him fly into a rage. He was a specialist at that, which was why many people in the Grand Xia would immediately get so incredibly infuriated just upon seeing him while also being helpless to do anything to him. One of those people was Xia Yunchong.

However, Han Wenjun had chosen to target the wrong person. When it came to ridiculing people through sarcasm, Long Chen was definitely on the level of a grandmaster.

"Since the Grand Xia sent you to receive me, I trust that you, Long Chen, must be well-versed in the four arts of zither, chess, calligraphy, and painting, as well as the usual poetry and singing?" Han Wenjun switched his attack point.

Han Wenjun's delegation had come under the banner of exchanging culture. They would have exchanges with the Grand Xia over poetry, singing, as well as the four arts. Of course, an exchange of martial arts was also a part of their duty.

That was why those who received the delegations all had to be people of great talent in all these regards. They had to be masters of both pen and sword.

Han Wenjun had already heard that Long Chen was someone who came from extremely poor origins who only focused on the martial path. He had been struggling on the bottom levels of the cultivation world and had only managed to suddenly soar to his current heights through chance. He had no cultural learning as a foundation. Therefore, he was now targeting a country bumpkin's fatal weak point.

“Singing, poetry, the four arts, the three religions, the nine schools, the five phases, the eight trigrams, the changes of the plum blossom, the ancient art of divination, there is nothing that I, Long Chen, do not know,” boasted Long Chen.

“You... stop bragging. How is someone like you supposed to know that much?” Han Wenjun was first shocked, but then he quickly realized Long Chen was just duping him and he sneered.

Even the thousands of the Grand Xia’s guards were shocked and looked at him with disbelief. That was too exaggerated.

“Don’t try to use your intelligence to judge mine. Just because you haven’t seen a kind of person doesn’t mean that they don’t exist. Let me ask you, your dad... ah, speaking colloquially to save any misunderstandings, your father is skilled in chess, correct?” asked Long Chen.

“Correct. My imperial father rarely finds a worthy adversary in chess,” boasted Han Wenjun.

Naturally, a generation’s emperor had to be skilled in countless arts in order to convey them to their people. Han Wenjun’s father was the current Grand Han emperor, and he was truly talented.

“You might not believe me, but I met your father a long time ago. I really have to say that your father is truly talented. However, your father, old man Li, he’s a bit too stubborn-” said Long Chen.

“Hold on, what are you talking about? I am surnamed Han, and my father is the emperor of the Grand Han. How could he be surnamed Li?” interrupted Han Wenjun.

Idiot, I just knew your intelligence makes you only fit to be a frog at the bottom of the well. But well, that’s good for me.

“You’re surnamed Han, and your father should have the same surname... Sorry, you’re right. I’ve met so many people that I’ve gotten them mixed up.” Long Chen acted embarrassed and apologized. “However, it’s true that I do know your father. It should have been around ten years ago. Back then, I was just a youth playing chess at home. Your father suddenly appeared and said he wanted to play chess against me. Back then, I had no idea your father was an emperor, so I didn’t go easy on him. Well, it goes without saying that your father’s chess playing was excellent. However, I wasn’t bad either. The two of us fought intensely, neither of us able to get an advantage over each other. The sky turned dim, the earth darkened, the sun and moon lost all their light...”

The people listening were speechless. It was just chess. There were only so many pieces. How could it get so exaggerated?

Long Chen seemed to be afraid of being interrupted, and he rapidly said, “That fierce game of chess was extremely bitter. Our pieces were slaughtered, and in the end, we each only had one piece left. I had a rook, and he had a bishop. I wanted to declare a draw, but your father refused. Your father bishoped me with his bishop, and as for me, I could only rook your father with my rook. As a result, we ended up in a stalemate: your father bishoped me, I rooked your father, your father bishoped me, I am your father, your father is like me, I am your father...”

Long Chen was speaking too quickly, and Han Wenjun had heard him say 'your father is like me, I am your father' three times before understanding.

"Long Chen, you're courting death!" roared Han Wenjun.

"Oh, what's going on? Weren't we just talking so nicely? Why would you curse me like this?" Long Chen asked with a puzzled expression.

"You are provoking my Grand Han!" Killing intent filled Han Wenjun's eyes, and an immense pressure crashed down onto Long Chen.

"What are you talking about? I was just telling a story," said Long Chen innocently.

"You... you're clearly provoking me!"

I'm getting tired of hearing that. Didn't you try insulting me several times just now? How was that not a provocation? Long Chen shook his head and said, "Honored Han Wenjun, my Grand Xia is a mannerly nation, but we won't let others be unbridled. I was just telling a story. The person who played chess against me was Han Zhongsheng. Back then, I had no idea he was such a big figure, and only when I arrived in the Central Plains did I learn he was the Grand Han's emperor. Back then, I was filled with worship. I simply haven't had a chance to pay my respects to him in person yet."

"Bastard, do you know how many people have the same name in this world?! How do you know he was my imperial father?!" raged Han Wenjun.

Long Chen suddenly became enlightened. "Ah? So it was just someone with the same name. Looks like it's a misunderstanding. You know, now that I think about it, I could never figure out why a grand emperor would come to play chess with me. Many thanks for clearing up this riddle for me."

Long Chen cupped his fists to him gratefully, causing Han Wenjun to almost puke blood.

He had once more been conned by Long Chen. Furthermore, he had even been the one to say there were many people with the same name. He had essentially given Long Chen his excuse. Now he couldn't even express his rage.

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Just as Long Chen was enraging Han Wenjun, in the depths of the distant palace, the Grand Xia's emperor, Xia Yuyang, was sitting with Xia Yunchong's master, drinking wine.

"Long Chen really is talented. However, Li Tianxuan already used this move before, and now you're using it as well. Don't you feel like you're just copying him?" Xia Yunchong's master smiled at Xia Yuyang.

"There are many things that are repeated in scriptures without it growing old. Don't you think that this scene is very delightful?" Xia Yuyang didn't mind.

They were currently watching a projection of Long Chen wildly gesturing and unleashing flying spittle in order to conceal his 'your father is like me, I am your father'. The two of them were both smiling

brightly. They were extremely high and aloof existences, and it was their first time seeing this kind of wordplay which commoners would often play with.

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Han Wenjun had finally learned his lesson. He suppressed his fury and began to act as if he was enjoying the scenery as they traveled down the road. He no longer spoke with Long Chen to avoid being angered.

He found that even ten of him were unable to match Long Chen's tongue. Long Chen knew a thousand times the number of tricks he did. The slightest carelessness would cause him to fall into a trap. However, he was still a bit unwilling, and he secretly gestured to one of the women beside him.

"Hmph, to be so coarse, are you even a man? When did the Grand Xia's men decline to this state? No wonder the Grand Xia's women all prefer to marry into my Grand Han." The woman looked at Long Chen as she spoke.

You actually sent a woman now? The Grand Han's men are truly scoundrels.

"Sorry, pretty miss, I need to correct a few things about what you just said. First, I am not a member of the Grand Xia, I was merely asked to fill this position at the last moment. So what you said has no meaning. Second, you shouldn't say such a thing to a man. What if they said, if you don't believe I'm a man, why don't you come and try it? Just how would you reply to such a thing?" Long Chen shrugged a bit helplessly.

Although he put it indirectly and tactfully, it wasn't very subtle. The woman immediately turned red. "Rogue!"

This woman was definitely beautiful, with curves in all the right places. But compared to someone like Long Chen who had seen his share of peak beauties, she was like a green leaf compared to the flower that was Meng Qi.

"Pretty miss, this also doesn't have any meaning. You're clearly the one who questioned my male equipment and reproductive abilities while I am simply replying. How am I rogue?" said Long Chen innocently.

At this time, the entourage of the Grand Xia, despite clearly knowing they shouldn't laugh for fear of losing decorum, were unable to help it. It was unknown how hard it was on them to keep their laughter stifled.

Seeing those people want to laugh yet also not daring, that woman's fury soared. "Long Chen, if you're a man, you'll accept a challenge from me, Li Wanji!"

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"So it's you?!" Long Chen looked at her with disbelief.

"You know me?" asked Li Wanji icily.

“No, I just hear people mention you a lot. No wonder my Grand Xia’s emperor and princes like to keep themselves busy! I’m suddenly reminded of a certain phrase.” A bashful expression appeared on Long Chen’s face.

“Ri Li Wan Ji?”

When Long Chen said that, four words appeared in the Grand Xia’s guards’ minds.

Within the imperial palace, two supreme experts in the midst of drinking tea were unable to bear it and both spat out a mouthful of tea.

A couple points here. First of all, Long Chen clearly doesn’t know how to play chess because even in Chinese chess, you need to have the king alive, so they didn’t have one piece left.

More importantly, the pun is that the pieces he named sound like ‘am’ and ‘is like’. So ‘I rooked your father’ sounds like I am your father, and ‘your father bishoped me’ sounds like your father is like me. Your father is like me, I am your father... 你爹象我，我士你爹，你爹像我，我是你爹

Ramble: Although an argument could be made that the king doesn’t count as one of their pieces because in Chinese chess, the king cannot move out of the ‘imperial palace’, a three-by-three box located on both sides of the board. Honestly there’s no need to analyze it, because technically, the piece that he had wasn’t a rook, it was a ‘guard’, a piece that only exists in Chinese chess which is also prohibited from moving out of the imperial palace. As for the bishop, also known as an elephant, it cannot cross the river at the center of the map. Furthermore, the spelling was technically off. In Chinese chess, the black and white (normally red) pieces have different characters for them, even though they do the same thing, and Long Chen stated two pieces that belonged to the same side. So he really doesn’t know how to play chess.

日理万机 is an expression meaning you’re very busy. As in you have ten thousand things to do in one day. Her name sounds the same as the last three words, and the first word is slang for fuck, as in have sex with, so it would be fuck Li Wanji.

