

Chaotic Sword God

Chapter 8: Disaster

Looking at the mute Jian Chen, Changyang Mingyue blinked a few times. She walked up to Jian Chen's shoulder and said, "Fourth brother, please don't feel too sad. If anyone in the future bullies you, tell your older sister and I'll beat them up." Changyang Mingyue thought that Jian Chen was feeling sad because he was a cripple and that he didn't have the ability to defend himself from anyone that would mock him.

Hearing what Ming Yue had said, Jian Chen couldn't help but lift his head to smile at Changyang Mingyue, "Don't worry second sister, I won't be an easy person to bully."

Only Jian Chen understood that it wasn't because he was unable to cultivate Saint Force, it was due to the fact that he had been incorporating the Saint Force into the cells of his body. Because of this, his body was essentially an empty shell, with no Saint Force remaining in his body. If he hadn't used this method, then today's Saint Test would have had a different result.

It was unfortunate that Jian Chen wouldn't be able to explain this situation to people. Even if he wanted to, he wouldn't be able to explain how he came about this method. Not to mention that if he were to talk about Azulet Sword Law, then Jian Chen feared that the the history of both the technique and himself would become a great problem.

Although Jian Chen had understood that because of this situation, his status within the clan had taken a major hit. He didn't care at all for that however and had secretly wanted a situation like this to happen. If things had progressed as well as they did just now, then in the future he would be able to leave the Changyang mansion with more ease. If he had still been stuck with the label of a genius, then departing from the mansion would not be as easy. At the very least, as long as he didn't have their approval, they would ignore his trips in and out of the mansion.

"Xiang'er...Xiang'er..." A voice came calling out from the bed, Jian Chen's mother had finally awakened.

Right after hearing his mother call his name, Jian Chen's mind was jolted back to consciousness. He immediately turned around to look at her, "Mother, your son is here, everything is fine now."

Bi Yuntian had a complicated look on her face as she gasped, "Your mother is fine, but Xiang'er...ai..." As she spoke, a myriad of expressions were shown on her face ranging from sorrow, sadness, and even pain.

“Fourth sister, please don’t trouble yourself too much. Xiang Tian has been highly intelligent since birth, so although it is regretful that he cannot cultivate Saint Force, but in my opinion, Xiang Tian is not so simple. After all, no child in the clan is smarter than him.” Bai Yu Shuan was trying to console the still grievous Bi Yuntian.

Bi Yuntian lifted her head slowly, “I had already understood this fact,.” Looking at Jian Chen, she gently started to caress the back of Jian Chen’s head. “Xiang’er, don’t feel sad, what your second aunt said is correct. Although you cannot cultivate Saint Force, you are still a very intelligent child, we still don’t know in what areas you would be best suited for.”

Jian Chen hesitated when he heard his mother speak, even though his mother was awake, he was not feeling all that much better. In reality, he had really wanted to tell the truth to the people there, his mother most definitely. He wanted to say that he wasn’t a cripple that couldn’t cultivate Saint Force, but Jian Chen chose to endure this. “Mother, don’t worry, your son won’t disappoint you.” Compared to his mother’s love for him, Jian Chen had utterly cherished it.

He would later spend the whole day by the bedside of his mother before leaving at night. Periodically, Changyang Ba would drop in to see his wife but he would then leave just as quickly as he came. When it came to Jian Chen, Changyang Ba’s attitude towards him had been completely different these days in comparison to before. With each passing time, Jian Chen could clearly see that Changyang Ba had been treating Jian Chen with a colder expression.

In the blink of an eye, four years had passed after Jian Chen’s Saint Test. During the days that he wasn’t busy, Jian Chen would shut himself in his room to continue training. The amount of training he needed nowadays was considerably longer than in the past; so much longer, that sometimes, Jian Chen would not be seen walking out of his room for the entire day.

In those four years, Jian Chen’s status in the clan had dropped immensely as expected. Changyang Ba had been treating him more coldly now, and no one had ever bothered to take the initiative to seek him out first. It was vastly different than from his mother who saw him everyday, her love had never wavered at all.

Early one day, Jian Chen slowly opened his eyes from his crossed-legged position once more to show that he had finished last night’s training. Immediately extending both arms palmside up, a light round ball gradually came into view. He flipped the beautiful ball into the air from his hands and watched it fall towards the ground where it came to a stop as both his hands were focused on it.

Hearing only the slightest of sounds, Jian Chen clapped his tiny hands together as if they were 2 steel plates and started to do pushups on the normally soft ground, occasionally bringing his head so close to the ground he could kiss it and even left an imprint on the ground afterwards.

Looking at his own hard work with a joyous smile, Jian Chen laughed. Half a year after the Saint Test, Jian Chen had already finished the cultivation stage of the first principle of the Azulet Sword Law. This meant that he officially started to cultivate the Saint Force without having to assimilate it into his own body. His cultivation rate was extremely fast, so fast that in the span of a just few years, he had already reached an astounding result. As he was now, he could use the Saint Force that was stored inside of him to reinforce his hands so that they could break through stone without effort.

Early in the morning, Jian Chen walked out of his room to wander around the Changyang Mansion alone. However, a group of patrolmen were walking around at the time spotted him, with each member having a different expression on their faces. Some had a mocking look, while some looked at him with disdain, but very few looked at him with pity. The fact that Jian Chen was a cultivation cripple had long ceased to be a secret within the clan, and so even the guards that patrolled the mansion had started to look at him differently.

But Jian Chen turned a blind eye towards them. His stomach was growling from hunger, and so Jian Chen had decided with a small sigh that it was time to head towards the kitchens.

It had been a long time since he had accompanied his mother to the dining halls to eat together. Nowadays, he would go to the kitchens himself to eat breakfast, and would only eat lunch and dinner together with his mother and some of his aunts.

When Jian Chen reached the kitchens, over a hundred servants could be seen running about. The kitchen was a tremendous mess due to the stove where it stood like a smoking hot steamer basket.

“Oh! Isn't this the fourth master? The fourth master has come to the kitchens! Ai, this isn't the proper place for someone as pampered as fourth master to be. The kitchens are for lowly servants like us, so why have you come here?” The teasing voice of a 20 year old servant came calling out. Judging by his odd tone of voice, it was clear to tell that he was mocking Jian Chen.

Another voice continued straight after the first servant, “If my guess is correct, then fourth master came down to the kitchens to get some steamed buns. But that's weird, why isn't the fourth master eating at the dining halls with the rest of the clan? Has he wronged himself and so wanted to eat the steamed buns from the kitchens? These steamed buns are only fit for us lowly servants and guards to eat however.” Another 30 year old servant continued to sneer at Jian Chen.

Upon hearing the two people talk, the other servants in the kitchen all started to look at the spectacle. Both of these servants had the support of some of the superiors; for example, the 20 year old servant was not only introduced by Changyang Ba's first wife Ling Long, but he was also the servant of Jian Chen's eldest aunt. Rumors had it that

Ling Long had hired him because he was a family relative, but because his body had lacked the power, he could only work in the kitchens.

As for the 30 year old servant that spoke second, his brother is the group leader of the Changyang mansion guards.

Hearing the two servants mock him, Jian Chen could only narrow his eyes slightly as anger flashed through his eyes. Biting back any sort of rebuke, he moved towards the giant steamer basket and held his hand out to take off the lid of it before all of a sudden, two giants hands came out of nowhere and quickly moved the steamer basket away from him.

“I should really bring these steamed buns to the guards right away, our honored guards haven’t yet eaten breakfast yet after all.” Whisking away the basket, the servant muttered out loud as he exited from the kitchens, “What a crying shame, the fourth lady gave birth to a good for nothing cripple.”

At that last remark, Jian Chen went rigid. At last, the anger within his heart had finally broke free! Without saying a word, his legs blurred as both of his legs stamped across the ground. Reaching the servant with the steamer basket within a few seconds, he raised one fist and brought it down onto the servant’s back!

“Bang!”

Completely caught off guard, the servant carrying the steamer basket was sent staggering to the ground. The basket he had carried dropped to the floor and with a great big smash, the nice and plump steamed buns scattered across the floor in four directions one by one.

Everyone in the kitchen stared at this unforeseen event with a shocked look. Seeing where Jian Chen now stood, no one could believe what they saw. No one had saw clearly how fast or even when Jian Chen had moved. For the 7 year old fourth master to have brought down the 30 year old servant with a single punch to his knees, it was inconceivable. Although the steamer basket had been dropped and the food wasted, everyone was still amazed by this show in front of them.

“Hahaha, Brother Qiu Er Lao, you really amaze me. Even though you are an expert that has reached the 3rd layer of Saint Force, yet you were knocked down by the fist of a little child! Did you waste too much energy with a girl last night to become this weak?” Looking at the servant at the ground, the first servant who had made fun of Jian Chen was now roaring with laughter at the second servant.

The servant called Qiu Er crawled up from the ground, his eyes burning with fury towards Jian Chen as the words of his younger servant friend reached his ears. For a 7 year old child to push him down to the ground, especially a child that was a cripple in the ways of cultivation, this was the ultimate form of humiliation and shame for him.

After all, although he had not yet condensed his Saint Force into a Saint Weapon, he was still a practitioner that had reached a level far above that of the cripple!

Shaking his head in rage, Qiu Er had forgotten in that moment that Jian Chen still held the status of being the fourth master. With a snarl, he jumped towards where Jian Chen stood and sent a punch towards his stomach.

Watching Qiu Er's fist get closer, Jian Chen had a look of disdain on his face. To him, this punch that he had thrown out was full of mistakes and openings, and so he dodged by moving to the side very slightly to avoid the fist. Throwing himself forward, Jian Chen's right leg arced in a beautiful way and kicked Qiu Er firmly on the nose.

"Ah!"

Qiu Er let loose a blood curling scream as he clasped his bloody nose with his hands. Even then, a small steady flow of blood leaked through his hands. Jian Chen's leg had not been merciful, Qiu Er's nose had been kicked in and broke. The acute pain in his face had already drained it of color.

Chapter 9: Revealed Strength

Qiu Er looked at Jian Chen with obvious anger in his eyes, making it seem as if he was a wild beast that wanted to take Jian Chen down.

"You little bastard, I'm going to teach you a lesson today!" Qiu Er roared angrily. He dashed towards Jian Chen and sent a kick towards his head. The kick was fairly fast, and if it connected, it definitely would not result in a small wound for any normal person. But since Jian Chen was still in the body of a child, a direct hit from such a strong kick had a high chance of killing him.

Assessing the strength of Qiu Er's kick, the 20 year old servant's face suddenly lost its humorous expression and became pale. Shouting out in alarm, he cried, "Brother Qiu Er, stop!" Jian Chen was still the fourth master as well as the son of Changyang Ba despite being a cripple, he still had some degree of respect around the Changyang Mansion. It was barely okay to mock him, but to raise a hand against the fourth master was unforgivable. Even if they had the support of any of the elders they would still incur a terrible punishment upon them.

Seeing the intensity of Qiu Er's kick, Jian Chen's face changed as well. His eyes grew cold as he leaned to the side again. Calmly staying outside the reach of Qiu Er's kick, he didn't retreat. Instead Jian Chen rapidly approached Qiu Er's body, he placed his arm on Qiu Er's still outstretched thigh while the other hand went to the other thigh. With a low growl, Jian Chen released all of the Saint Force he had stored in his body into his waist and surprisingly lifted the over a hundred pound Qiu Er above his tiny body.

Raising Qiu Er's body, Jian Chen didn't bother giving him time to retaliate, both his legs began to move across the ground as Jian Chen threw the heavy body of Qiu Er forward.

Qiu Er's body flew over 5 meters before slamming into a table meant for cutting vegetables. Coincidentally, underneath his falling body was a stack of iron skewers, falling down onto that would make him resemble a bizarre human porcupine.

Qiu Er fell on top of the skewers, and at least an inch of skin had been pierced through by them. Immediately, Qiu Er screamed in pain as the skin of his body was distorted and the pain in his nose was still piercing through his mind.

Every servant in the kitchen suddenly came to a standstill from the unbelievable event they had just watched. A single 7 year old not only fought back against a heavyweight person like Qiu Er, but he even defeated that person, who had reached the 3rd layer of Saint Force. If news of this got out, no one in the Changyang clan would be able to believe it.

Jian Chen looked at Qiu Er's suffering with cold eyes while making a mocking face at him. He didn't say anything, and decided to leave the kitchen instead, without taking even a single steamed bun with him.

After exiting the kitchens, Jian Chen slowly exhaled. He didn't think that even the servants in the kitchens would begin to mock the fourth master.

Throwing away the depression from his heart, Jian Chen began to stroll around the Changyang Mansion once more. With the mansion being so vast, Jian Chen had never once seen the entirety of it. Even the scenery around the place was nice to look at, as gardens surrounded every inch of the outside yards. There were many lakes as well as flower gardens that had very rare specimens that could not be seen anywhere else and they carried a sweet fragrance.

As the fourth master of the Changyang clan, Jian Chen was free to wander wherever he wanted. As he wandered to and fro, he would come across important roadways and buildings that had many experts concealed everywhere. When he saw those experts however, he had decided to think no more about it; after all, he knew that the Changyang clan is one of the four great clans of Lore City. Lore City was a First Class City, so the title of being a big clan was a prestigious one.

As he walked, he had unconsciously come to the middle of a calm flower garden. Jian Chen had not noticed that his third brother Changyang Ke had been carrying a wooden axe as he trained within the same flower garden. However, in the eyes of a battle hardened Jian Chen, it looked as if Changyang Ke was just recklessly swinging the axe around with no particular style in mind at all.

Although Jian Chen had studied the way of the sword in the past world, he had studied many different axe wielding experts and how they fought. So even Jian Chen was

familiar with how one should use an axe, but the way Changyang Ke was handling it, Jian Chen was speechless. How could this be considered training?

Just as Jian Chen was about to turn around to leave, Changyang Ke noticed him out of the corner of his eye. Slowly ceasing his movements, Changyang Ke's face started to show signs of ill intent as he smiled.

"Fourth brother, come on over, your third brother has some candy for you to eat." Changyang Ke cried out to Jian Chen.

Hearing Changyang Ke's words, Jian Chen nearly tripped down onto the ground in disbelief. Secretly thinking to himself, he thought, "Even a 7 year old wouldn't fall for such a line." However, Jian had forgot to account for that aside from the experiences of his past world, he was still no better than a 7 year old child.

But he paid no mind to the words of Changyang Ke and continued to keep on walking without even turning his head back.

Seeing that Jian Chen was getting farther and farther away, Changyang Ke began to get angry. Throwing the wooden axe in his hands to the ground, he dashed towards Jian Chen and eventually caught up to him.

"Fourth brother, did you not hear me just now?" Changyang Ke blocked Jian Chen's path like a cork in a bottle, his face red with anger as he stared at Jian Chen.

"Is something wrong?" Jian Chen looked at Changyang Ke with a calm gaze while implying a hint of coldness in his question. Jian Chen did not harbor any good sentiments towards his third brother. In the past two years, Changyang Ke would always look for some way to bully Jian Chen, and ever since the news of Jian Chen being a cripple, his actions became much more severe. If it wasn't for the fact that Jian Chen rarely went outside, the amount of times Changyang Ke bullied Jian Chen would have been increased tenfold. However, every time he had tried to bully Jian Chen, it would always result in failure and sometimes Jian Chen would also find a way to bully him back. This had created a sense of resentment within Changyang Ke's heart which made him seek revenge even more.

"Fourth brother, come accompany your third brother in practicing some martial arts." While talking, Changyang Ke had already started dragging Jian Chen towards the place where he practiced and did not give Jian Chen a chance to respond. Changyang Ke was actually very excited at the moment, for although he was not a match for Jian Chen when comparing their intelligence, he did not think he would be weaker than Jian Chen in terms of strength. After all, his fourth brother was a cripple in terms of martial cultivation and could not even cultivate any Saint Force, in Changyang Ke's mind, this was the perfect opportunity to exact his revenge.

Not long after Jian Chen had been forcefully dragged by Changyang Ke to where he was practicing his martial arts, Changyang Ke picked up the wooden axe he had thrown to the side earlier and then said to Jian Chen, "Third Brother, are you ready? I am going to start attacking now."

Seeing Changyang Ke's gentle smile, Jian Chen let a hint of playfulness appear within his eyes. Holding both of his palms in a clueless manner, he asked, "Third Brother, you have a weapon in your hands, don't tell me you want me to fight against you barehanded?"

Hearing his brother talk, Changyang Ke looked distracted for a second. Looking at the wooden axe in his own hands, he hesitated only for a second before tossing it towards Jian Chen, as he said, "Then I shall give you the axe fourth brother, and I will be the one that will fight bare handed." Although the axe was wooden, it was still 10 pounds. Even for a 10 year old child, swinging this around would prove to be difficult. Changyang Ke had thought of this and threw it towards Jian Chen for this reason. He wanted to make Jian Chen humiliate himself while he would look like the gracious one.

Jian Chen took the wooden axe in front of him and started to inspect it. The axe was very crudely made, only the shape of the axe was there, while the blade of it was almost non-existent. Even if he were to try to chop at a person, it would not cause significant harm. At the very most, the axe would only leave behind a sore bruise.

Seeing Jian Chen hold up the 10 pound axe with ease, Changyang Ke's eyes revealed a trace of shock. He had not been expecting this change of events.

Jian Chen looked at Changyang Ke and gave a faint laugh, "Third brother, perhaps you should use this axe instead." Right as he spoke, he tossed the axe back at Changyang Ke.

Catching the axe he had only just thrown at Jian Chen, Changyang Ke began to feel suspicious, "Fourth brother, could it be you still wanted to fight me bare handed?"

Jian Chen began to laugh as he shook his head. Grabbing a nearby tree, he snapped off a branch one meter long. Shaving away the little twigs and leaves, Jian Chen was left with only a single branch.

"This will be my weapon!" Raising the branch, Jian Chen laughed gently.

Changyang Ke looked at the tiny stick that could be quickly turned into chopsticks in Jian Chen's hand and laughed. He was no longer angry as the day that he would be able to beat Jian Chen with ease seemed to be getting closer and closer. The dream of being able to bully Jian Chen without taking any losses had finally come for Changyang Ke. This would make him extremely happy.

Changyang Ke clasped onto the axe firmly, "Then fourth brother, you'd best be careful. Your third brother will begin to attack!" Right after saying it, Changyang Ke immediately stormed towards Jian Chen with the axe held in both his hands before trying to bring it down onto Jian Chen.

This axe wasn't able to inflict a fatal wound, so Changyang Ke didn't bother to hold back and swung with all his might.

Jian Chen's legs crossed forward each other as he dodged the axe. Swinging his tree branch with frightening speed, the branch had suddenly become more frightening in power. Even Jian Chen's demeanor had changed abruptly, as he pressed forward, the normally safe branch became a deadly sword in his hands.

Jian Chen was swinging the sword with unbelievable speed, leaving Changyang Ke with almost no room to counter when at last, the tree branch had already placed itself on Changyang Ke's throat.

"Third brother, you've lost!" With a playful banter, he returned the axe that Changyang Ke had dropped shortly in the middle of the match.

Changyang Ke could only stare at the tree branch at his neck with disbelief flashing across his eyes. He had not seen the tree branch move at all, by the time his eyes had seen a sign of movement, the match had already finished.

Still in shock, Changyang Ke shook his head. Grabbing the tree branch at his throat, he snapped it in two and cried out in disbelief, "That didn't count. It definitely didn't count! Fourth brother, you weren't fighting fair at all."

Jian Chen laughed as he looked at the red faced Changyang Ke. "Third brother, you don't even know if I was fighting fair or not." He said in a strange voice.

"That...that is..." Changyang Ke scratched at his cheek and stammered as he tried to think of an excuse. In the end, he still couldn't accept the result and said, "Either way, that match just now didn't count. Let's fight one more time!"

Jian Chen gathered the pieces of the tree branch that Changyang Ke had snapped with a laugh, "Okay, let us fight one more time then." Without further ado, he walked 5 meters away from Changyang Ke.