

# Chaotic Sword God

## Chapter 10: High Regards

Both of Changyang Ke's hands clenched his axe tightly, as he attentively looked at Jian Chen. Thanks to the lesson he had just learned, he wouldn't dare to underestimate Jian Chen a second time, so in this round, Changyang Ke moved around carefully.

Jian Chen began to laugh at Changyang Ke, causing him to scowl in confusion, "Third brother, can we start sparring now?"

Changyang Ke tightly gripped his axe; this time, he used his Saint Force to help him. Once again he charged at Jian Chen, but this time he was much faster.

Jian Chen casually waved around the less than half a meter long tree branch in his hands. He was feeling fantastic for some odd reason; it was almost as if the branch had some sort of secret connection with himself. At the same time, within Jian Chen's heart, he couldn't help but feel the same sensation he had in the previous world when he had been on the verge of death, where he could understand the amazing power of the Realm of the Sword God. During that moment, he had finally been able to control his sword with his "Spirit", and had sent it flying 100 meters straight through Dugu Qiubai's throat.

Thinking of that moment, Jian Chen sprung into action, as the tree branch in his hand was sent flying towards Changyang Ke.

"Whoosh!"

Bending to Jian Chen's will, the tree branch looked as if it was alive, and flew from his hands. Flying at incredible speeds towards Changyang Ke, the tree branch was enveloped by a faint white glow of light. A strong yet acute amount of Sword Qi was emitted from the tree branch, making it look like a bolt of lightning. With a brilliant flash of light, the branch had already reached Changyang Ke's stomach.

Immediately realizing the trajectory path, as well as the amount of Sword Qi on the tree branch, Jian Chen turned pale with fright. He frantically tried to stop the branch from reaching its destination. If the tree branch was not stopped, then it would have, without a doubt, pierced through Changyang Ke and kill him. Even if he wasn't immediately killed, Changyang Ke would still have suffered from a fatal wound, which would lead to a disaster for Jian Chen.

Right as the branch reached Changyang Ke's stomach, it began to slow, but not before piercing into his stomach just by a small amount. Looking closer, the tree branch had merely penetrated through the skin, but if Jian Chen had been a tiniest bit slower with

his command for it to stop, then Changyang Ke would have been left with the branch straight through his body. Such a thought was too horrible for Jian Chen to imagine.

Wiping away the sweat on his forehead, Jian Chen noticed that there was still a thin line of his soul connected to the tree branch. Confirming once more with his soul that the branch had only pierced Changyang Ke's skin, Jian Chen let out a sigh of relief.

Feeling the slight pain from his stomach, the somewhat plump Changyang Ke couldn't help but start to pale. When he looked down and saw the bloodstains on his stomach, his face changed drastically. A wail was heard as he started to cry, with teardrops falling in a never ending stream down his cheeks as if his eyes were fountains.

"Bl..blood...I'm bleeding! Waaah, fourth brother, you...you hit me! Waaaah, Mo...Mother, I'm going to tell my mother about this. Mother....fourth brother hit me...!" Changyang Ke immediately transformed into a child who only knew how to cry. Throwing down his wooden axe, he fled from the garden, bawling nonstop. Changyang Ke was barely 10 years old after all, he had not yet matured enough to withstand an ordeal like this.

Looking at the slowly fading away Changyang Ke, Jian Chen couldn't help but shake his head. As he walked out from the gardens by himself, he felt a small bit of fear in his heart. What type of strict punishment would he receive for this?

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"What? Chang Bai, are you playing a joke on me?" In a study room, the leader of the Changyang clan, Changyang Ba stood up from his chair in surprise. Focusing his attention on the elder in front of him, Changyang Ba couldn't help but be amazed by what he had just heard.

The elder that stood in front of Changyang Ba was the housekeeper of the Changyang Clan, Chang Bai.

Chang Bai nodded his head solemnly, "My lord, even I didn't believe this matter at first, but dozens of the kitchen servants all saw it clearly. The fourth master really did beat one of the servants, as well as lift up a servant who weighed 100 pounds more than him, before tossing him five meters away. The most important part is that this very same servant is of the third Saint Force layer."

Hearing Chang Bai, Changyang Ba's eyes widened in awe from this piece of incredible news.

Chang Bai looked at the clan leader, and after some hesitation, continued to say, "My lord, I also received more information about this, but the fourth master was recently involved in a spar with the third master. Using a single tree branch, the fourth master was able to injure the third master!"

“What? Xiang’er and Ke Er fought, and Xiang’er was the victor?” With each passing second, Changyang Ba’s eyes widened more and more.

“That is correct my lord. The fourth master had used only a tree branch while the third master was using a wooden axe.” Chang Bai added.

“How is this possible!” Changyang Ba flew from his chair once more, “Xiang’er is unable to use the Saint Force, while Changyang Ke is 3 years older and is also at the third Saint Force layer. Combined with the fact that Ke Er practices martial arts everyday, how was he not able to beat Xiang’er?”

Taking out a tree branch from within his robes, Chang Bai held it out for Changyang Ba to take, “My lord, the fourth master had used this tree branch to beat the third master.”

Changyang Ba took the tree branch that was no thicker than his fingers. Inspecting it over, he noticed the tip of it had been dyed with blood.

Changyang Ba focused onto the dried up blood on the broken tip of the branch while concealing all sorts of emotions from his face, “Chang Bai, is Ke Er fine?”

“The third master is uninjured besides some broken skin.” Chang Bai replied.

Changyang Ba nodded his head slowly with a neutral face. Inspecting the tree branch even more closely, he started to grow more and more suspicious. Finally, he spoke, “Chang Bai, this tree branch is nothing special. In addition, the tip is not sharp at all. Based on Xian Er’s strength, it is impossible for a tree branch to injure Ke Er at all.”

Chang Bai nodded his head in agreement, his eye glistening with a single luster, “My lord, I just had an outrageous thought; what if the fourth master is not a cripple unable to cultivate Saint Force? Seeing the fourth master’s display of might today, perhaps the fourth master had already cultivated Saint Force to the fourth level? There would be no other way for the fourth master to beat the third master otherwise.”

Hearing Chang Bai, the clan leader’s face grew bright with emotion. To treat his son who was regarded as a genius badly after being revealed as a cripple, this was Changyang Ba’s biggest regret.

“Chang Bai, what you’re saying is that Xiang’er is not only able to use Saint Force, but that he is actually a genius at it as well.” Changyang Ba’s voice began to tremble with emotion. For a 7 year old to reach the fourth layer of Saint Force, this could only be accomplished by geniuses of the Tian Yuan continent. On average, by the time someone reached the fourth layer of Saint Force, they would be \*\* years old.

TL Note: Raws say \*\*

Chang Bai nodded his head, "I have watched fourth master grow up since he was a child. He is an outstanding genius in my eyes, and I believe in him. I can tell that the fourth master will be able to surpass even me in the future ."

Changyang Ba started to tremble and shake as he listened, his eyes expressing rapt excitement and minor disbelief.

Chang Bai continued to speak, "Back when the fourth master was revealed to be a cripple unable to cultivate Saint Force, I had found it quite strange. I had always found this situation to be fishy, but I couldn't figure out exactly what was off until today. With the fourth master's two displays of strength today, I'm finally able to confirm my suspicions; the fourth master was never a cripple, but indeed a genius of cultivation."

Changyang Ba deeply inhaled to calm down his increasing heart rate, but before he could say anything more, a clans member came running in and said to him respectfully, "My lord, the third master has been injured. The third lady wishes for the lord to come visit right away."

"I understand, you may leave." Changyang Ba waved his hand, dismissing the clan member indifferently.

"Yes my lord!" The clan member bowed respectfully before slowly exiting.

Changyang Ba looked back at the housekeeper, "Chang Bai, it would be best if we head on over while checking up on Xiang'er. He has been neglected for so long after all." After he had spoke, he immediately paused gravely. "Chang Bai, the two servants that dared to bully Xiang'er in the kitchen, I'll leave it to you to drive them away from my mansion. Hmph, those two lowly servants, to think that they could bully Changyang Ba's son without consequences."

Chang Bai laughed briefly, "My lord, those two servants have already long since been driven off. Although one of them was introduced by the first lady Ling Long, the other servant's older brother is the leader of one of the team captains of the patrol guards. But since they dared to bully the fourth master, they no longer have any reason to stay behind in this mansion. Otherwise, I would not dare to show face around the Changyang Mansion ever again."

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In a largely decorated room, the recently injured Changyang Ke lay on the bed. With a pale face, he stared at the freshly bandaged wound on his stomach.

Sitting at the edge of the bed was Changyang Ke's mother Yu Feng Han, with a look of distress as she tended to her son. Not too far away, Jian Chen and his mother Bi Yuntian, as well as first aunt Ling Long, second aunt Bai Yushuang, and second sister Changyang Mingyue all stood around the bed.

Yu Feng Han looked back at Bi Yuntian with an angry look, "Fourth sister, your treasured son is getting more and more outrageous. To have assaulted my Ke Er with such a dangerous weapon; it's a good thing my Ke Er is very strong and didn't suffer a deadly wound. Otherwise, who knows how this might have gone?"

Jian Chen scowled as he listened to her, not accepting her words even a tiny bit, "This can't be blamed on me, it was third brother who had asked me to spar with him. A small injury like this is unavoidable. Besides, I was not using a dangerous weapon, but a tree branch. If anyone is to blame, then it is third brother's lack of skill."

Yu Feng Han's face went ashen at Jian Chen's remarks; what he had said made perfect sense and she could not refute them in any way.

Just thinking about how she had been outspoken against by a mere child, an unholy rage rose up within her. Along with the words, "If anyone is to blame, then it is third brother's lack of skill.", Yu Feng Han's face went from green to white in rapid succession. These words meant that her son was no stronger than a cripple who could not even cultivate Saint Force at all.

Hearing that Yu Feng Han be beaten by a child, Bai Yushuang could not help but laugh merrily, while Ling Long sat there with an expressionless face.