

# Chaotic Sword God

## Chapter 2: Changyang Xiang Tian

Suddenly, the sword in Jian Chen's hand started to control itself; it was as if the longsword had a mind of its own. Unexpectedly, the sword shot toward Dugu Qiubai like a bolt of lightning, traveling at a very high speed.

The speed of the longsword was almost inconceivable. Dugu Qiubai only reacted when the sword had reached his throat. The sword was infused with an extraordinarily fierce sword qi. Dugu Qiubai widened his eyes in fear just as the longsword pierced through his neck. After finishing the strike, mist appeared from the hilt of the sword. The mist swirled around in midair momentarily before the sword returned to Jian Chen's hand.

A fist-sized hole slowly appeared in the middle of Dugu Qiubai's throat. The sword tip had expanded as it pierced through Dugu Qiubai's neck, enlarging the wound. If not for that, it would have been impossible for a sword that thin to create a wound of that size.

Dugu Qiubai's eyes were wide open as he stared at the sword, not believing what he saw. After all, he had just witnessed an impossible feat. He slowly opened his mouth to say something, but unfortunately, his throat had already been impaled, rendering him speechless. With a final look of disbelief and terror, he slowly crumpled to the floor, never to stand again.

Jian Chen clasped his sword silently before looking at the collapsed Dugu Qiubai; a gasp was threatening to escape from his own mouth. He didn't think that in this final hour of life he would make a breakthrough into the realm of the Sword God. But however it was for naught, as he himself was close to death as well.

Inwardly sighing, Jian Chen's eyes slowly began to dim. Even though the breakthrough empowered his body, it was very hard to escape death, especially when one's innards are skewered.

Soon after, Jian Chen followed Dugu Qiubai's footsteps into the afterlife, his body falling to the ground, proceeding into the abyss.

After Jian Chen had fallen, the area in which he and Dugu Qiubai had fallen started to shake. So much so, that the two sword-like mountain peaks emitted a loud sound that shook the heavens and split the two mountains in half. Countless boulders and stones tumbled down the mountainside, creating an avalanche in all directions. The sky turned purple and green and the heavens and earth were illuminated. The colors danced and mixed to form a beautiful picture, and it was a shame that neither Jian Chen nor Dugu Qiubai were alive to see it, or the series of events which would follow afterwards...

.....

Inside a spacious and luxurious mansion, was a room decorated with great splendor. Outside this room, a large group of people had gathered. A young male paced relentlessly in front of the doors, his face was filled with anxiety and worry. He looked to be thirty years of age, and he gave off a majestic aura. Although he had aged a little, one could still see the handsome youth that he once was. He was wearing a gold lined silver chang pao, which added to his handsome appearance, and he was surrounded by an aura similar to that of a host. His face was resolute, even his eyebrows were knitted together, almost forming a single lump.

Three meters outside of the room, a group of 30 people, ranging from young to old, were all lined up nervously. The elders of the group looked to be 60 to 70 years old already, with white hair all over their wrinkled faces. However, despite their age, their eyes could still make people shiver and quake in fear from the godly lights that flickered within. Judging by the glow from their eyes, the amount of fear they could inflict on others was so much that people wouldn't take them to be frail old men at all, but rather robust and healthy middle aged men with the strengths of a tiger and dragon combined. The rest of the men were all around 30 to 40 years old, with imposing auras and eyes that revealed nothing. It was obvious with only one glance that this was not a group of normal people.

And within the room in front of them, the sounds of a woman crying in pain could be heard.

"Madam, keep on pushing, the baby is almost out. I repeat, the baby is almost out..." An elderly but impatient voice could be heard through the pain-filled echoes. Those who could hear the voice could tell the owner of the voice was an elderly woman.

Outside the room, the middle aged man who was anxiously pacing about, abruptly froze in place and spoke with a sense of urgency, "Ai...this has been going on for an entire day and night already, how has Yun'er not given birth? If this drags on for any longer, I'm afraid even Yun'er will face an unfavorable situation." Even the man's voice was filled with never ending anxiety.

"My lord, please don't worry too much. Madam Yun'er will definitely be fine. You forget that Madam Yun'er is a bright Saint Master." A white haired elder spoke with a tone of confidence, but even his face could not hide the look of worry on it.

"Ai..." The lord clad in a white chang pao began to sigh again repeatedly; the worry and anxiety on his face did not decrease even the slightest amount.

Eventually, after the men outside had waited for two more hours, an excited voice came from within the room. "My lord, my lord! Madam Yun'er has given birth! She has given birth and is safe! And so is the boy!" The amount of emotion in the voice was stirring up excitement throughout the house.

Upon hearing that, the middle age man that was waiting anxiously became slack-jawed; the wariness in his face had been completely wiped out and replaced with an expression of joy and emotions. He was so emotionally moved that he couldn't find the right words to say, and blew open the doors so quickly that it was as if they didn't exist in the first place. His speed was almost inconceivable; no ordinary man could possess enough strength to pull off the same amount of speed he had just displayed.

The middle aged man immediately flashed over to the bedside and sat down beside it. His face was full of concern as he looked at the woman who was reclining on top of it. "Yun'er, how are you feeling; you have to be all right!" Despite his excitement, his voice was gentle and was brimming with concern.

On top of the bed was a woman who was in the peak of her 20's. Her appearance was so beautiful, it could cause an entire state to fight and collapse upon itself for her hand. Her exhausted and pale face was drenched in sweat, but still managed to retain a divine look.

The female looked up with a tired expression at the man by her side and smiled, "My dear husband, I am fine. Please just allow me to see my baby."

"Oh! Yes! Right away! As long as Yun'er is fine." The man started to smile with joy, but he turned around and looked at the bundled up child in the midwife's arms. Right as he was about to speak, the eyebrows on the midwife knitted together and stared with rapt attention at the infant she was holding. Her arms continued to rock the bundle as she muttered, "Cry baby, go on and cry. What child are you that you do not cry? How odd, I have delivered many babies, and although the numbers have not reached over a thousand babies, I have helped given birth to over 900. However, this is the first time I have seen a freshly delivered baby that does not cry."

But at the same time she spoke, the men who were outside all piled into the room, each one of them had a smile on their faces. One after another each person began to congratulate the woman on the bed.

The middle aged man was still smiling greatly and spoke to the woman, "Yun'er, you should rest up first. I'll bring the child over in a second." The man then got up and walked towards the midwife, "What's wrong? Could it be there's some sort of problem with the child?" His voice had dropped down slightly; sometimes, some children would be born with diseases. This occurrence wasn't uncommon, and would actually happen often. He was already afraid that his newly born child had some sort of problem.

Hearing his question, the midwife's face went sour as she looked at him, and said respectfully, "My lord, the young lord has no problems that I am aware of, but according to my 10 years of experience, every newborn child will start to cry. But this young lord is different; look here, ever since his birth, he hasn't uttered even a single peep of sound. This is an extremely strange situation."

The man's forehead creased in thought as he looked at the bundled infant. The infant's eyes were bright and showed no impurities within them as it looked all over the place. One moment he would look over here, and the next moment he would look over there. He was very cute in this way, and just by looking at him you would think there were no problems with him.

However, the man didn't notice that the infant's bright eyes didn't have a single impurity in the vast abyss of his pupils. In fact, it had seemed like his eyes held a profoundness that shook the man's inner self, though he himself didn't believe it.

Then as he put his hand on top of the infant, he saw a fine layer of yellow light suddenly float around his palm.

Seeing the middle aged man's movement, the midwife's face became uneasy. She was only a small midwife, one of society's lowest class, but even she was afraid if there was a problem with the child. If there was one, then the man would blame her, and she would not be able to recover from it. Despite the fact that this situation was not related to her in anyway, she wouldn't have the power to say otherwise.

The man quickly took his hand back, his own heart was finally at ease. A smile returned to his face once more as he laughed, "The child is safe and sound, I can't find even a single problem." He took the bundle from the midwife with another laugh.

Upon hearing this, the midwife let out a breath of air in relief. With her heart rate slowly going back to normal, even she started to laugh in excitement, "What the lord says is correct, perhaps this is a representation of the young lord's future. He will surely become a strong and unique individual as he grows."

As he listened to the midwife, knowing that this was an extraordinarily vague thing to say, he still couldn't help but laugh, "Yes yes yes, I can only hope so. Someone come here! Let us reward Mother Hong with a hundred gold coins!"

The midwife's face grew joyously and immediately said with emotion, "I give the lord many thanks, many many thanks indeed!"

The father brought the infant to his mother on the bed and smiled, "Yun'er, look! This is our child, look how cute he is!"

Yun'er held onto the child tenderly and gave him a kiss on the forehead and spoke happily, "Dear husband, since our child is a boy, then as per our agreement beforehand, we shall call him Changyang Xiang Tian."

Laughing, the husband said, "Not bad, I hereby officially declare that this child's name will be Changyang Xiang Tian! Come all! I invite all of my guests here today, tomorrow there will be a feast in my son's honor! We shall celebrate greatly...."

In a flash, a year had already passed. In front of a small lake, the figure of a child that wasn't even one meter tall stood about with a blank expression. Both of his eyes were staring attentively at the rock garden in the middle of the lake. The little boy was wearing a gorgeous set of clothes, but the expression on his face was unusually complex in a way that was strange to see on a one year old boy.

To be precise, this boy was Changyang Xiang Tian. And in this moment inside of his mind, a hair raising scene was constantly playing. Just as if watching a movie reel, all he could see were pictures of mountain ranges that looked like two giant swords. Another image of a handsome young man of 20 years old with a sword came to his mind, along with the hundred year old battle hardened figure of Dugu Qiubai. Finally at the time of his immediate death, he remembered the breakthrough he had experienced that had allowed him to reach into the realm of the "Sword God". After that, he remembered stabbing Dugu Qiubai through the neck, ending in their mutual destruction...