

Swordsman 1

Chapter 1: Swordsmanship Instruction

In the Sword Marquis Mansion, Bashui Commandery, Tianyan province in the Tianzong Dynasty—

“Meng’er, your sword can be faster and more powerful.”

“Nice, that time was better.”

Jian Meng’er, a beautiful young girl wearing snow-white clothes, was practicing her swordsmanship diligently in the courtyard. The speed of her sword was fast. The man standing beside her and giving her advice was a young boy wearing black called Jian Wushuang.

Judging by their appearance, both of them were only about 15 or 16 years old. But Jian Wushuang could already point out her shortcomings one by one with his perceptive gaze.

After finishing a complete Sword Art, Jian Meng’er stood up, sheathing her sword. She smiled and went over to Jian Wushuang.

“Bro Wushuang, what do you think of my swordsmanship?” Jian Meng’er asked.

“Aurora Sword Art requires high speed. If someone could finish the whole sword art within 40 breaths worth of time, they would be at the Profound level. You just finished it within 38 breaths of time. That’s quite good,” Jian Wushuang said.

“Thanks for your help, without you I could not have reached the Profound level in this short period of two months,” Jian Meng’er said.

Jian Wushuang shook his head secretly.

He knew that his instruction was part of it, but what was more important was that Jian Meng’er herself had great talent in the sword. In the Sword Marquis Mansion, where most people paid attention to practicing swordsmanship, perhaps Jian Meng’er was the one with the highest talent in swordsmanship, apart from himself.

“Bro Wushuang, how long does it take you to finish the Aurora Sword Arts? Within 30 breaths?” Jian Meng’er asked.

“Within 30 breaths?” Jian Wushuang smiled but did not answer her.

Anyone who finished set of Aurora Sword Arts within 30 breaths worth of time would have reached the Profound level. However, he could finish the whole set in 23 breaths of time if he went all out.

It meant that he had reached great heights long ago!

“With your talent in swordsmanship, you must finish it in less than 30 breaths, except...” Jian Meng’er looked at Jian Wushuang with hesitation and sorrow in her eyes.

Jian Wushuang certainly knew what she implied. He smiled and said, “Don’t worry, I’ll become a Warrior soon.”

“Really?” Jian Meng’er was doubtful. After all, he had said that four years ago.

Jian Wushuang was the lineal disciple of the Sword Marquis Mansion. His father was the Sword Pavilion Master and he had been recognized as the most powerful in Sword Marquis Mansion. Jian Wushuang grew up under his father’s cultivation and instruction.

Thanks to his father, he was born into a position of eminence and was absolutely one of the top young-generation disciples in the Sword Marquis Mansion. However, all that changed greatly four years ago when he was 12 years old.

During that year, his father had left to travel, but thereafter, he had not been heard from and no one knew where he was.

Misfortune never comes alone. It was also in that year when he should have started to cultivate spiritual power, which was essential for him to become a Warrior. However, he found that he could not cultivate spiritual power no matter how hard he tried.

Failing to cultivate spiritual power was a nightmare for a Warrior.

It should be known that to practice Martial Arts, a Warrior needed to absorb spirit from heaven and earth and then to cultivate spiritual power in his body.

Spiritual power was fundamental to every Warrior. It was impossible for one to be a Warrior if one could not cultivate spiritual power. Such a person would be looked down as trash in the Sword Marquis Mansion, where strength was everything.

During the last four years, Jian Wushuang had never given up. Instead, he had continued to work hard to become a real Warrior. He hoped to succeed his father’s seat and be given charge of the Sword Pavilion one day. But reality was cruel.

Although Jian Wushuang could not cultivate spiritual power, his talent in swordsmanship was amazing.

He practiced swordsmanship under his father’s instruction since he was young. Because of his father’s status and his great talent, he remembered sword arts quickly and could fully comprehend them after only being he taught once. Though he was young, there was no doubt that he was number one in terms of swordsmanship.

But it meant nothing to practice swordsmanship without spiritual power.

“It’s real this time,” Jian Wushuang said confidently.

“Well.” Jian Meng’er smiled, but did not take it seriously.

“Meng’er, Wushuang.” A kindly middle-aged man walked into the courtyard.

“Father,” Jian Meng’er called out.

“Uncle Lan,” Jian Wushuang called out after.

This middle-aged man was Jian Meng’er’s father—the Great Elder of the Red Martial Hall in the Sword Marquis Mansion—Jian Lan.

“Wushuang, you have instructed Meng’er in swordsmanship all day. That’s very kind of you,” Jian Lan smiled and said.

“It’s nothing,” Jian Wushuang shook his head and said, “Uncle Lan, it’s getting late. I’d better be off.”

“OK.” Jian Lan and Jian Meng’er watched Jian Wushuang leave.

As Jian Wushuang disappeared from sight, the mild look on Jian Lan vanished.

“Meng’er, how much progress have you made?” Jian Lan asked her in a low and deep voice.

“In Aurora Sword Art, I have reached the Profound level,” Jian Meng’er said with a stern look.

“Great.” Jian Lan held his hands with exultation on his face. “For almost four years, you have been with that loser every day in order for him to teach you swordsmanship. After four years of suffering, you finally get something in return.”

“Now you have learned all Eighteen First-class Sword Arts of the Sword Pavilion to the Profound level. The next step is to carry out our plan.”

“Father, are you sure that we can do it?” Jian Meng’er frowned and asked, as her eyes looked cold and merciless.

“Those who are involved in a major event do not worry about trifles.” Jian Lan’s eyes became cold and sharp again. “All things depend on what happens tomorrow.”

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Jian Wushuang went back to his own courtyard. After eating something quickly, he sat cross-legged on the bed.

“When I told Meng’er today that I would become a real Warrior soon, she didn’t believe me.” Jian Wushuang smiled and his right hand involuntarily touched his lower abdomen.

In his abdomen, a grey stone bead, which was the size of a baby’s fist, had existed since he was born and no one knew where it came from.

But it was the chief reason which prevented him from becoming a real Warrior.

Others thought that Jian Wushuang was a good-for-nothing who could not cultivate any spiritual power. Actually, only he himself knew that it was not true. The 108 meridians in his body were unblocked a long time ago. It was quite easy for him to cultivate spiritual power.

However, the spirit that he cultivated from the heaven and earth was totally absorbed by the grey stone bead in his abdomen before it could turn into spiritual power.

In other words, all the spirit that he cultivated from nature became ‘food’ for the grey stone bead. While the grey stone was growing constantly, Jian Wushuang found that the bead was like a bottomless pit that had no limit to its volume.

In the last four years, he had been cultivating spirit every day to fill the grey stone bead up as fast as possible, so that the bead would stop absorbing his spiritual energy which would allow him to cultivate spiritual power in his body and become a Warrior.

Yesterday, he found that the grey stone bead would soon be saturated. By today, the grey stone bead would reach its limit. Then he could cultivate spiritual power in his body.

“Let me get started.” Jian Wushuang started his daily cultivation and awaited the changes.

Things went as he had expected. The grey stone bead in his body reached its ultimate limit while more and more spirit energy was absorbed

“Hum~~~!”

The grey stone bead suddenly spun in his body and the rotation was getting faster and faster, while it was getting smaller and smaller.

Unexpectedly, the grey stone bead, which had existed in Jian Wushuang’s body for such a long time, completely vanished with a tremble.

“It’s gone! The bead disappeared, didn’t it?” A burst of great joy came into Jian Wushuang’s eyes for one second, but the next moment, he suddenly opened his eyes wide.

A rush of information flew into his mind.

“Heavenly Creation Skill!”

“Form a supreme Martial Art with the Technique of Creation from heaven and earth!”