

# The Brilliant Fighting Master

## Chapter 12: Left-handed Swordsmanship

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He was a man who fought with fists. But even he could tell.

Jiang Chen felt a basin of cold water being poured on him. His blood was freezing cold.

He didn't know why, but when he was brandishing his sword he felt awkward and clumsy. His movements were not coordinated. Hardly did he exert the first movement when he almost hurt himself.

"Well, I might not be talented. But this is ridiculous." Jiang Chen looked at the sword in his hand, unwilling to be resigned to such a result. He had had a high expectation for himself due to his achievements in the winter hunt.

"Don't be frustrated, Young Lord. Just try some other weapons. I'll carry the weapon rack here." Fan Tu couldn't bear to see his young lord's frustrated look, so he intended to carry all kinds of weapons to him.

Hardly did he get an answer from Jiang Chen when he rushed away.

Jiang Chen sat onto the ground, feeling extremely anxious. Failure is not easy to accept.

Wait.

Jiang Chen got enlightened suddenly, as if all of his doubts had been cleared up.

He raised his left hand and looked at his fingers. He was a left-hander in this previous life. But the previous owner of this body was a right-hander. He had never noticed this detail in daily life. Not until now, when he started the sword practice, did he realize it.

Try the left hand!

Jiang Chen cheered up and switched the sword to his left hand.

He couldn't explain it, but a new feeling flew to his heart from the palm holding the sword. Everything was so smooth when he brandished the sword again.

I knew it, I knew it!

Jiang Chen couldn't help laughing, at the same time his sword was brandished faster and faster, steadier and steadier!

"The first movement of The Sword Method of the Holy Spirit – fly to the well with the moon in arms."

This is the beginning movement of The Sword Method of the Holy Spirit. It's as powerful as a thunder strike. Enemies are often caught unprepared. The next movement varies with the enemies' reactions.

The Sword Method of the Holy Spirit has six movements in all. The difficulty is leveled up little by little. To reach the entry level of swordsmanship, you have to learn all of them.

The blade was like a moving silver dragon when Jiang Chen brandished the sword. A fierce wind was started by his aggressive movement.

"Young Lord, here I am."

Fan Tu came back alone with a weapon rack full of all kinds of weapons, even a mace.

However, hardly did he finish his words when the rack fell onto the ground. He was shocked by what he was seeing, no idea how Jiang Chen had suddenly become so brilliant in such a short while.

From the imposing manner of the sword's movement, Fan Tu could tell that Jiang Chen had mastered the first movement quickly.

"The second movement of The Sword Method of the Holy Spirit – fly up high to the open sky!"

He started to practice the second movement. And that was still only the beginning.

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“The fourth movement of The Sword Method of the Holy Spirit – fall into your arms!”

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“The sixth movement of The Sword Method of the Holy Spirit – fly into the clouds in a sword dance.”

Jiang Chen didn't stop practicing until he finished studying all six of the movements.

He was so immersed in the practice that he didn't realize what that meant until the very end. He felt very excited at what he had realized. The yard was full of action aroused by the sword. The yellow leaves were blown into the air, rushing here and there. When the last leaf fell onto the ground, it exploded with a bang.

“Gosh, you've mastered the whole sword method on the first try. You must be a sword genius.”

Fan Tu was stunned. He went up to Jiang Chen and asked, “Young Lord, how did you do it?”

“No idea. I am not used to using the right hand with the sword, so I changed to the left hand. I didn't expect to have had so many progresses. Are there any more powerful sword methods?”

A person doesn't only practice one sword method for his whole life. Instead, after mastering a sword method, he will turn to another more difficult one. The one he has mastered will become part of his swordsmanship.

“The Sword Method of the Holy Spirit was the most powerful in the east courtyard. For more difficult ones we might have to go to the Martial Art Tower of the Jiang Mansion. The thing is the lord doesn't want to meet anyone. I don't think we can get in,” Fan Tu said regretfully, “The master's swordsmanship is gorgeous, but at the moment we are unable to rely on him. But Young Lord, please don't rush to practice a new sword method for now. You'd better get skilled at this one first.”

He was afraid that Jiang Chen didn't have a solid base, which would be a disadvantage for him in the future.

Jiang Chen nodded. He needed practical fights to have a thorough grasp of The Sword Method of the Holy Spirit.

“Young Master, it’s impossible for one person to find at once the martial technique that suits him best. You’ve showed great talents in swordsmanship, but maybe you have more talents in other things.”

“Uncle Fan, are you implying that I should study fist methods from you?” Jiang Chen joked.

Fan Tu laughed. “As long as you want, Young Lord, I guarantee that I’ll teach you everything I know. There are no limits to my fist methods.”

“Then let’s have a try.” Jiang Chen was curious to know how his talent for fist methods was.

It’s a talent to practice and master a skill rapidly. One’s talent is also defined by the attainments one could achieve in sword methods, knife methods or palm methods.

Only when one has brilliant talents in both could he be called a genius.

As the saying goes, diligence redeems stupidity. But who doesn’t want to possess an extraordinary talent?

Fan Tu taught him a set of entry-level fist methods. This time Jiang Chen didn’t have to consider the right or left hand problem, so he learned it quickly.

“Just as I thought, Young Lord you are highly gifted in almost every martial technique.”

Fan Tu was pleasantly surprised. But he thought it necessary to give his young lord some advice, so he quickly became serious.

“I recommend that Young Lord use the sword. It’s not that we don’t want to use a weapon. The longer the weapon is, the stronger you get. It’s a reluctant and passive choice that we use our flesh and blood to fight against sharp weapons.”

“If you adopt a weapon, you have to change it into your third hand. We lack talents, so we can only focus on the two hands we have.”

“Young Lord, you have different talents, but you have limited time. So you should focus on only one thing, otherwise you will become adept in nothing.”

“Don’t worry, Uncle Fan. I know that.” Jiang Chen smiled.

He wanted to enhance his swordsmanship by practical fights. But soon he recalled that the most urgent thing at the moment was to achieve the Gathering Yuan State. The swordsmanship was only icing on the cake.

“It’s impossible to achieve the Gathering Yuan State without any help. Father taught me to be patient, but people should make appropriate adaptations.”

Jiang Chen decided to find an opportunity to help achieve the Gathering Yuan State.

To refine panaceas!

Hua Yuan Pill.

It’s a panacea dedicated to help people break through to the Gathering Yuan State from the Condensing Qi State. It didn’t have a high class. Its materials are not rare, either. But it’s monopolized by various powerful forces in the Sacred Zone.

After all, this panacea helps people achieve the Gathering Yuan State easily, which will threaten those forces, so it’s necessary to have it under control.

Of course, those forces allow a certain amount of Hua Yuan Pill to circulate in the Sacred Zone.

As one of the top three forces, the Over Cloud Palace certainly had lots of Hua Yuan Pills.

So he went to the main hall with Fan Tu to talk to his mother. He wanted some money from her to buy medicine.

Arriving at the main hall, he saw all of the servants standing outside, and the door was closed. Jiang Chen walked over as Cher walked to him. He asked, “Cher, what has happened?”

Jiang Chen knew from her, who could never keep a secret, that it was the west courtyard’s trick. The spring festival was close. The four courtyards usually paid extra bonus to their servants at the end of every year. The east

courtyard used to store many medicinal materials for the alchemist to work on panaceas. Part of the panaceas would be handed out to the servants, while the others would be sold. Without these medicinal materials, it was impossible for the east courtyard to have a peaceful spring festival. Otherwise, if the loyal servants of the east courtyard didn't get any bonuses for the spring festival, they would feel not only disappointed, but also inferior to those of the west courtyard.

Now that the west courtyard realized this, they would take every opportunity to give the east courtyard a big blow. They even made the alchemist who had been collaborating with the east courtyard refuse to refine panaceas for them.

He would refine panaceas for them only if they increased his payment from the previous 30% to 50%.

At the moment, Gao Yue was discussing the prices with the alchemist inside.

"That bullshit alchemist?"

Jiang Chen had got that alchemist's panaceas before. If he were in the Sacred Zone, his hands would have been broken for having delivered panaceas with such bad quality. Jiang Chen didn't wait and went directly to the door out of his contempt for the alchemist, and happened to hear the conversation inside.

"Lady, I have another proposal. If you agree, I would like to refine panaceas for free." The alchemist sounded very young.

"What's that?" Gao Yue's voice sounded almost joyful.

Father wasn't here. His mother was still too naïve to run the affairs of the east courtyard. He could guess that the alchemist's proposal must be excessive.

Although he already had prepared himself, he still got very angry after hearing it.

"The Windblade is gone. I could imagine how lonely you are, Lady. I would like to do you this favor..." The alchemist was speaking in a very indecent way. Instead of finishing his words, he started a dirty laugh. Windblade was his father's alias.

"You bastard!"

Before Gao Yue had any reaction, Jiang Chen had already broken into the room. He didn't want his mother to move even a finger to deal with such a despicable man. He saw the alchemist as soon as he got into the room. That was a young man about twenty years old, ordinary looking, well-dressed, but for lack of elegance, he looked neither fish nor flesh, especially with that ugly smile on his face.

"Who are you?" He was angry when he saw Jiang Chen had broken in.

"Son..." Gao Yue said worriedly.

"Uncle Fan, hit him!"

"Yes, Young Lord!" Fan Tu approached from behind.

"Don't be stupid! I am the alchemist." The youngster got scared and made haste to identify himself.

"So?"

Although he was an alchemist, he was only in the Cloud Nine of the Condensing Qi State.

"You know the consequences of offending an alchemist? Not only will the east courtyard not get any panaceas, but the whole Jiang Mansion won't get any!" The youngster was afraid that Jiang Chen would give him a beating just because he didn't understand the situation, so he hurried up to explain. Then he raised his chin, expecting Jiang Chen to apologize to him.

"Don't flatter yourself. You insulted my mother. No one can save you. Uncle Fan, go ahead."

No matter what the alchemist said, Fan Tu wouldn't stop.

"Son, calm down." Gao Yue walked to him, afraid that he would do something stupid.

"Mother, I know."

"How dare you insult my Lady? You are still wet behind the ears." Fan Tu, with a horrifying smile, grasped the alchemist's shoulder with one hand, and slapped the young man's face fiercely. The force of a Gathering Yuan State

was unbearable to a Condensing Qi State. His face got swollen in just one second.

“You are doomed. The Jiang Mansion is doomed!” The shocked young man was still bluffing.

“You should worry about yourself.”

“What do you going to do?” The alchemist got scared. Could Jiang Chen do something worse to him?

“You insulted my mother in my home. You think this will end easily? Uncle Fan, break his arms and throw him out.”

“How dare you!” The alchemist shouted.

“Why not?” Jiang Chen answered his question with a question. When Fan Tu was about to act, Jiang Chen said unexpectedly, “Wait.” The young man looked relieved and thought Jiang Chen had regretted.

“Take him out. Don’t make my mother unpleasant.”

“Sure.”

Fan Tu carried the young man out, as if he were a chicken. Soon a gut-wrenching shout along with the sound of bones fracturing was heard.

“Young Lord, that bastard fell into a dead faint.” Fan Tu returned to the room.

“Throw him out. Let him stew in his own juice.”

“All right.”

Gao Yue was angry as well, but she was worried about the consequences. She said, “Jiang Chen, his master is a panacea master. If he is unwilling to let this go, it will be bad for us.”

“Take it easy. I am here. Mother, please take a good rest and get ready for the new year.” Jiang Chen comforted her.

“But...” Gao Yue was unable to rest assured. Even if she let this thing go, the current situation of the east courtyard remained bad. “It would be fine without



this batch of panaceas if it were in the past. But now, the east courtyard already doesn't have any other revenue."

The East courtyard had earned a lot during those years, but most of the income had to be handed to the Jiang Mansion. They didn't have many savings. This was one of the consequences of levying a low tax.

"Mother, we have the medicinal materials and we only need an alchemist. Is that right?"

Gao Yue suddenly lit up. "Does the old man with the white beard know how to refine panaceas?"

Jiang Chen smiled brilliantly.

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Five days later.

The Whitewater City was a powerful existence in the Hundred Thousand Mountains, no worse than the Jiang Mansion in the Southwind Ridge. However, the city was composed of various forces that were unable to be united. So in this sense, it was far worse than the Jiang Mansion.

At the moment, two people in this city were angry with Jiang Chen. One of them was Cao Chenghua, a master level alchemist, who was renowned in the whole Hundred Thousand Mountains. His apprentice Xiao Hai was kneeling in front of him, crying, with two arms hanging down powerlessly, looking sullen.

"Master, please seek justice for me. The child of the Jiang Mansion is a bully. He beat me hard just for a slight disagreement! I woke up in snow. If I had woken up just a little bit later, I would have frozen to death."

Cao Chenghua kept silent for a while and finally asked, "He really beat you for nothing? There was nothing wrong with the refinement of the panaceas?"

"Absolutely not. My success rate of refining Gathering Qi Pill is 100%. The whole Jiang Mansion knows that."

"You were not being bossy?" Cao Chenghua asked again.

"Master!" Xiao Hai cried, "I could only be bossy if the Jiang Mansion really feared the alchemist. Before the Jiang's child beat me, I told him I was the

alchemist. But he sent someone to slap me in the face. I said that if they beat me it would bring trouble to the Jiang Mansion. But he sent someone to break my arms. How was it possible for me to be bossy?”

“The Jiang Mansion is too arrogant,” Cao Chenghua snorted. He didn’t care about what had happened to Xiao Hai, but was angry to hear that others had ignored alchemists and turned their noses up at him to such an extent.

“It will be the spring festival soon. We will go to the Jiang Mansion to wish them Happy New Year then,” Cao Chenghua said.

“Thank you, Master.”

Cao Chenghua knew what that meant and got excited. How he wished the spring festival was coming up. Cao Chenghua said, “Your arms are not disabled. They can be recovered if we plaster balms on them. But you won’t be able to work for the next three months.”

“Master, I would like the Jiang Mansion to pay for these three months’ loss.”

“Certainly.”

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The other ones who were angry with Jiang Chen were the Su’s from the Whitewater City. As soon as Su Qian finished her seclusion, she asked about her engagement with Jiang Chen, anxious to know whether he had signed the disengagement agreement. The answer made her burst into anger.

Certificate of divorce? To divorce me? With the excuse that I am foolish and immoral and I disrespect the elders? Pah! Jiang Chen, how great you are! How dare you act so arrogant with your current situation? The Windblade is imprisoned under the Black Dragon Pool. No one in the Jiang Mansion could protect you anymore! Wait, Jiang Chen. I’ll teach you a good lesson during the spring festival!

It was impossible for Su Qian to visit the Jiang Mansion during the spring festival, but she could ask her friend to get her revenge for her.

When I’ve got a renowned master, I’ll make you regret it, Jiang Mansion!

Su Qian tore the certificate of divorce written by Jiang Chen to pieces.

However, neither Cao Chenghua nor Su Qian would have foreseen Jiang Chen's arrival in the Whitewater City. The spring festival was close and it was snowing heavily. There was no one on the streets. But there was a group of people and horses walking in the snow. The horses' hooves struck the frozen ground and kicked up ice.

Curious eyes were watching behind the windows along the streets, trying to figure out what kind of horses could walk in such weather. They saw Fiery Dragon Horses. In this freezing season, the Fiery Dragon Horses were walking proudly like strong men without any clothes on. Snow was melted by their body temperature. The riders also felt warm.

"Not many forces in the Hundred Thousand Mountains possess a caravan like this. Who could that be?"

The local people were very curious. But the people of the caravan didn't want to expose their identities. They had hidden everything that could reveal who they were. Everyone was covered from head to toe. Their faces were hidden under the cloak hoods.

"Young Lord, selling panaceas is such a petty thing that you can just leave it to me. You don't have to have to bother yourself to do it at all."

Fan Tu admired Jiang Chen, as if he were able to do everything. He even knew how to refine panaceas and had refined panaceas from all those medicinal materials so easily. They were much better than the panaceas refined by that alchemist Xiao Hai, both in terms of amount and quality.

"I've come here not only to sell panaceas, but also to purchase medicinal materials for the refinement of another type of panacea," Jiang Chen said.

He could have told Fan Tu what to buy and asked him to take them back to the Jiang Mansion. But he couldn't ease up. After all, this world was different with the Sacred Zone. What if in the Nine Heavens Continent those materials had a different name? If there was any mistake, he wouldn't have enough time to achieve the Gathering Yuan State before the spring festival. He was really worried.

"All right."

Fan Tu stopped talking, but took Jiang Chen to a street inside of the Whitewater City.

“This place belongs to the Tianhang Chamber of Commerce. We have a good relationship with the boss here.”

Fan Tu got off the horse and walked to the most gorgeous house. This was one of the few shops that were still open.

“Please ask your boss to come out. We have business to talk about with him.”

“It’s you, Master Fan. Unfortunately, my boss isn’t here. It’s the same to talk about it with me.” A steward smiled playfully. He didn’t take Fan Tu’s words seriously.

Fan Tu believed him. He didn’t know that it was because the steward had heard the current situation of the east courtyard that he stopped taking them seriously like before.

“It’s panacea business. If there is anything wrong, can you take the responsibility? If not, you will still have to ask for your boss’s instructions. I don’t have time to waste on such matters. Just go and ask your boss to come,” Jiang Chen said.

The steward wasn’t quite convinced, but as the saying goes, a starved camel is still bigger than a horse, so he didn’t have the nerve to go against them. He smiled at them and went away.

“I didn’t know he was such a practical guy.”

Fan Tu saw him running into the chamber of commerce and suddenly realized he had been lying to him, so he started to curse him. Jiang Chen smiled lightly. This is how the world goes. No one takes you seriously if you don’t have any actual strength. Luckily, he came here prepared.

The East courtyard used to make frequent deals with the chamber of commerce, but the panaceas were not fresh. It was different this time. All of the Gathering Qi Pills were refined by Jiang Chen in person. So they were a holy quality class! A holy Gathering Qi Pill was worth dozens of times more than the average ones. This business was pretty big, just like what he had said.

The steward appeared again soon, with a beautiful woman behind him. She was about twenty years old and looked really posh in a garnet ermine robe.

Her bangs on her forehead had a willow leaf shape. Below the arched eyebrows was a pair of bright eyes. Jiang Chen and Fan Tu were confused. This obviously wasn't the chairman of the Tianhang Chamber of Commerce.

"This is the daughter of our chairman, Miss Xu Rong." The steward introduced her.

Xu Rong didn't give Jiang Chen a chance to question her. She said directly, "Whatever business you want to discuss, you can discuss it with me."

People from the Jiang Mansion were unhappy with the current situation. But since the chamber of commerce had made their attitudes clear, they were not in a good position to argue. They were taken to a room instantly. Xu Rong was quite cold. She didn't bother to treat the guests well at all. She said as soon as she sat down, "Tell me. What business do you want to discuss?"

"Panaceas."

"What class?" Xu Rong asked instantly, without any hesitation.

"Class one."

"How many?"

"Three hundred."

Xu Rong slightly raised her eyebrows on hearing that. She crossed her arms over her chest and laughed, "This business isn't big at all. I'll leave it to Steward Liu." Then she got up and was about to leave. Although she didn't say anything ugly, her way of talking and her expression were very unpleasant for Fan Tu.

"Before, you didn't behave in such a manner when I came!" Fan Tu thought he had been restraining himself and didn't expect that the Tianhang Chamber of Commerce would push it too far.

"That was before."

Xu Rong, who was about to leave, turned around and looked at Fan Tu. Then she looked over to Jiang Chen and said, "To be honest, our business with the east courtyard was never big. My father treated you as distinguished guests out of his respect for the Windblade. As to now..."

She didn't continue, but showed a meaningful smile.

"In that case, so be it. I don't think you are the only chamber of commerce in the Whitewater City," Jiang Chen, who had kept silent, stood up and said.

"As you wish." Xu Rong was still smiling.

They left the Tianhang Chamber of Commerce so soon that even the chairs they had been sitting on were still cold. They were angry and in a bad mood.

Xu Rong followed them to the door and said, "I want to make it clear. Even though other chambers of commerce agree to do business with you, we will suffer no loss. The problem is your attitude. It doesn't make sense that you are asking to be treated as distinguished guests with such a trifling business. You asked to meet the chairman for only three hundred Gathering Qi Pills. Do you think the east courtyard is still what it used to be?" Steward Liu took the chance to speak his mind from the rebuke he had gotten.

Fan Tu got so angry that he almost gave Steward Liu a lesson, but Jiang Chen stopped him.

"Hopefully you won't regret it." Jiang Chen smiled mysteriously. Then he took his men to another chamber of commerce in the Whitewater City, Pegasus Chamber of Commerce.

Xu Rong and Steward Liu watched them going in, with despise on their faces from beginning to end.

"Welcome." A mature woman received Jiang Chen in the Pegasus Chamber of Commerce. Totally different from Xu Rong, she was like a ripe juicy peach, wearing a delicate make-up on her beautiful face. Because it was such a severe winter, she was still in a long dress. She introduced herself as Steward Kong, and was very friendly.

"What business do you want to talk about?" Steward Kong asked after some polite greetings.

"Gathering Qi Pills." Jiang Chen said.

"How many?"

"Three hundred."

Steward Kong kept her professional smile and asked, "And the quality class?"

If Xu Rong had bothered to ask this, things would have been totally different.

"Holy." Jiang Chen answered.

Steward Kong was shocked. She rolled her sloe eyes up, showing the whites of her eyes. "You mean holy? You mean among them there are some holy Gathering Qi Pills?" She asked doubtfully.

"No. All of them. All of them are holy."

"Really?!"

Steward Kong suddenly stood up. She had lost her composure. She leant forward excitedly and asked, "Are you sure?"