

THE PRODIGIES WAR

Chapter 7: Marching Army Fist



Xiao Tianren did not discuss the worm extermination arrangements, but instead began to reminisce about events from over a hundred years ago.

Although Lin Xun found it a little strange, he quietly listened to the old man.

“In those days, this place was barren and uninhabited. One day, however, a passing cultivator from Donglin City discovered a hidden small Feiyun Fire Copper deposit nearby...”

According to Xiao Tianren, more than a hundred years ago, a hidden ore vein had been discovered in Fiery Smoke Mountain, which was a dozen miles from what would eventually become Feiyun Village. The ore vein contained Feiyun Fire Copper, which was an excellent material to craft mid-grade weapons. It was valued by people and a fist-sized chunk could be exchanged for three imperial silver coins in the city.

There was no doubt that this ore vein was a giant mountain of treasure.

In order to mine the ore, several prominent Donglin City cultivators collaborated and captured numerous slaves.

After ten years of mining, the ore vein was dug out and abandoned, while the Donglin City cultivators happily returned with their riches.

Dealing with the leftover mining slaves was too troublesome for any of the cultivators to think about, so they left them all behind in the remote mining village.

Village Chief Xiao Tianren was one of the mining slaves who had been fortunate enough to survive, while the other villagers were descendents of the other abandoned slaves.

Feiyun Village was named after Feiyun Fire Copper.

Lin Xun could not help but sigh sadly inside after hearing this story. He had lived in the sunless prison mine since young and naturally understood how miserable the lives of these mining slaves could be. Their lives were worth less than grass, and they were unable to control their own life and death.

Lin Xun never would have guessed that Village Chief Xiao Tianren used to be a slave in his past. This honestly surprised him and made him admire the old man a little more.

After being abandoned in the desolate mountain region, Xiao Tianren had founded Feiyun Village, creating a place for the other mining slave descendents to live in. The drive to accomplish such a feat was not something any ordinary person would possess.

As if he could read Lin Xun's thoughts, Xiao Tianren waved his hand and self-mockingly said, "I am not as capable as you think. Feiyun Village's current state is fully due to the work of the rune master that once stayed in this residence."

Xiao Tianren's voice was full of emotion as he continued, "It was that rune master who established these aeth fields and taught us how to plant aeth grains. If not for him, all of us would have starved to death on this barren land."

Lin Xun could not help but ask, "Since the environment here is so terrible, why are the villagers still here?"

Xiao Tianren shook his head, "This place is located deep within the three thousand great mountains at the edge of the empire's southwest border, and

has been called 'heaven's border' since ancient times. How can leaving be easy? Even the nearest city is eight thousand miles away and the path there is fraught with dangers such as ferocious beasts and poisonous insects. Without a powerful cultivator as a guide, no one will be able to reach the nearest city alive."

Lin Xun finally understood that he still had many challenges to overcome before he could reach the populated cities of Ziyao Empire. After all, he had only reached the edge of the border.

However, he was not worried. As long as he was alive, his goals would one day become reality.

Xiao Tianren suddenly chuckled and patted Lin Xun's shoulder, "Young man, I know that you will not resign yourself to staying here forever. However, this old man can guarantee you that as long as you are here, we will treat you as one of our own."

Lin Xun nodded sincerely, "Don't worry Uncle Xiao, I will also treat everyone as family."

Xiao Tianren displayed a bright smile, "That's good."

Lin Xun said, "Uncle Xiao, let's not delay any longer and start to make arrangements for clearing out the worm infestations."

Xiao Tianren nodded, "That will be for the best."

On that very day, under Xiao Tianren's guidance, Lin Xun arrived at Liu Dabiao's fields. Lin Xun once again drew a Light Drawing Rune using his Gold Eating Rat bone powder, which summoned light from the sun to destroy the worms.

However, this also exhausted Lin Xun's small amount of aeth power, making him unable to continue.

He could only wait for tomorrow to continue helping the other villagers.

In the afternoon, Liu Dabiao's wife prepared a sumptuous meal and warmly hosted Lin Xun to express their gratitude.

After leaving Liu Dabiao's house, Lin Xun followed the small footpath within the village. From a distance, he saw a plot of flattened, cleared-out land where a dozen kids were practicing martial forms.

The cruel sun hung high in the sky while a group of bare torso children sweated under the scorching heat. There was a layer of crystal-clear sweat covering their bronze skin.

Despite this, not a single one complained or grumbled. Each was focused on practicing a set of fist techniques.

Each move was simple, yet also free and unrestricted while simultaneously being ferocious and forceful. Some moves gave off the image of a galloping horse, while others seemed akin to a suddenly pouncing tiger or wolf. These children were around seven or eight years of age, but their technique was clearly quite polished.

This surprised Lin Xun, partly because he recognized the fist technique. It was called Marching Army Fist and was the most popular foundational fist art in the Ziyao Empire army.

Lin Xun had not expected the children of Feiyun Village to have practiced the art to such an extent. These moves were clearly not just for show.
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Due to his frail body, Mister Lu had taught Lin Xun several martial arts to strengthen his body since young, which included Marching Army Fist.

However, after observing a little longer, Lin Xun discovered a few more things. Although their forms were excellent, there seemed to be several mistakes on

the application of force. As a result, although the moves were still powerful, the power of each strike would be somewhat scattered.

As the saying went, the form did not matter if the essence was clear. The Marching Army Fist also followed this principle. The power of each punch needed to be compact and unleashed like rushing thunder. Only then would the practitioner be able to achieve a bold and powerful aura akin to an armored cavalry sweeping through the mountains and rivers, and an unstoppable army charging through the lands.

There were several mistakes in the application of force by these children, making them unable to properly compact the power of their punches. Hence, their strikes did not have the bold and powerful aura akin to rushing thunder.

Although such practice would still strengthen their bodies, it was nothing but harmful to their martial cultivation progress.

Lin Xun pondered for a while before ultimately shaking his head. He did not know who had taught these children and naturally would not do something as presumptuous as correcting them.

“Oh? Do you also know Marching Army Fist?” Villager Chief Xiao Tianren had apparently walked over while Lin Xun had been lost in thought. He looked at Lin Xun with a thoughtful expression.

“Yes, I’ve practiced it before when I was younger.” Lin Xun nodded. There was no point in hiding this.

“I see. Then what do you think of these little ones?” Xiao Tianren’s interest had been piqued. He suddenly realized that this boy was growing increasingly unfathomable. It was surprising that he would not only know the intricacies of rune drawing but also be knowledgeable about Marching Army Fist.