

The Blessed - Chapter 12

12. Morning Exercise

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Early the next morning before the sun rose, in the ringing of the birds, Ling Jingxuan woke up leisurely, hazy eyes showing a moment of confusion, until the broken roof was reflected in the sight, Ling Jingxuan finally remembered that he had transmigrated back to the ancient times, a self-deprecating radian of the lips. He turned to look at two buns, silent sighed, he could only climb up, struggling, admitting his fate.

“Daddy?”

When he picked up the clothes, which were basically full of patches, ready to wear, little bun rubbed his eyes and turned to sit up. Ling Jingxuan reached out and touched his head, “it’s still early, sleep a little bit more.”

“Oh.”

Small bun obediently nodded, lay down and fell asleep again. Ling Jingxuan could not help but smile, bent over and gently kissed on his little face, then went out after dressing up.

Ling village was a big village, in which there were about two hundred households, nearly three thousand people, on average there were almost ten people in each household. If this was placed in the modern world, the family planning office would be dead busy. If you ask busy for what? Of course busy with the penalty!

In ancient times, however, this seemed quite normal, and some of the largest families often had a few hundred people. That was terrifying.

After cooking a pot of wild vegetable corn paste in the kitchen, Ling Jingxuan took off his coat while pondering, casually found two straws to tie his wide cuffs and leg opening, then started to jog around the house. This body’s physical ability was too bad, so he did not expect to reach the level of the previous life, at least shouldn’t be panting after doing a bit labor work.

Original owners could, at the age of thirteen passed Tongsheng (a scholar level in ancient China), so he should be clever. Although in recent years he had been living a messy life, from his memory, before the original owner reached fifteen, he still made kind of clear the general situation in this world. Here was Qing Dynasty, of course not

the dynasty under the reign of Aisin Gioro, but under Yan Clan. The current emperor was Yan Shengzhi. He may not be a notorious one, but at least he could run this country not too bad.

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In the fast Qing Dynasty was quite peaceful, but in recent years suddenly got into the war again and again, but this part Ling Jingxuan was not interested at all, after all, whether the emperor or wars, for him they were too far away. The first thing for him now was to make money, and turned the two wizened little buns into super meat steamed stuffed buns.

Thanks to the matter five years ago, the original owner was driven to the foot of the Yuehua Mountain. The Ling clan only wished they would die soon! After all, the legend of the Yuehua Mountain had always been very mysterious and dangerous, but they would be disappointed. The former Ling Jingxuan became silly because of being expelled, but for the current Ling Jingxuan, living away from the village was not bad, at least no one would disturb them, right? In the future he wouldn't be afraid to let anyone know what he was doing.

"Daddy, what are you doing?"

After dawn, the two buns, holding hands, appeared at the door, four eyes strangely looking at the sweat, panting Ling Jingxuan.

"Ha...ha...nothing, nothing, just doing some exercise. Xiaowen, Xiaowu, would you like to join me? This can strengthen the body and health!"

Seeing that it was still early, Ling Jingxuan did not stop, but stood still and looked at them, although his breath had been in a complete mess.

"Didn't daddy say you are going to teach us self-defense skills?"

Small bun winked, head tilted, while the big bun's eyes were also beaming with expectations. These few years they had been bullied too mercilessly, only wishing to learn 18 kinds of martial arts at once, so they would never get bullied ever again.

"Running is also one of them, you go to wash your face and rinse your mouth first, remember to wash your teeth with salt. We will run a few circles every day. Later I will teach you self-defense skills after breakfast."

Never thought they still kept this thing in mind. Ling Jingxuan smiled, completely ignored the big bun's painful expression on hearing they had to use salt to clean teeth.

"Ok, ge, let's go wash our face and rinse our mouths."

Little bun cheered, pulled up big bun's hand and ran away, and when they came out again, Ling Jingxuan had already run another circle. The father and sons ran slowly around their shabby hut as the sun was rising. After doing some after exercise, one would feel any food was delicious. The three of them ate two bowls each. Before even washing the dishes, little bun already started pestering him to teach them martial arts, Ling Jingxuan felt helpless, can only put down what he was doing and taught them a simple set of tai chi chuan.

"The sun is out. Learning martial arts is not a thing overnight. You also don't practice too long. I will go to the river to have a look, later if your grandpa and grandma come, remember to let them wait for me."

After cleaning up the house, Ling Jingxuan quickly released the Crescent Spring to fill the tank, turned and found a broken dustpan in the backyard, with it ready to go out.

"Daddy, are going to catch fish?"

Seeing him with a dustpan in one hand and a wooden barrel in the other, small bun full of sweat stopped to look at him, Ling Jingxuan nodded, "Mm, I will have a try first. If I can catch fish early, we can also live a good life as soon as possible, right?"

He still decided not to tell them about the Crescent Spring, and it did not matter to them if they went with him in the future. Just as what he had done yesterday, he would release the Crescent Spring at the bottom of the river and dive into the water to catch some fish. It was only a bit troublesome.

"Hmm, daddy, you go quickly, we will take care of the house."

On hearing fish, small bun immediately nodded. Whether they would make money out of it, at least they would have fish to eat in the future.

"Daddy, you careful, don't go to the deep place. It is nothing even if you can't catch any. We will accompany you to seek edible wild vegetables or herbs, or at least pick those wild fruit on the mountain, we won't starve anyway."

Bit bun wore a serious face, round big eyes staring at him, money is not as important as daddy's life.

"Hehe, don't worry, I know. You remember to shut the door, except grandpa and grandma, don't you open the door, you know?"

Just in case. Yesterday after dealing with that vixen, not sure she would bring help today. What if she came to make trouble for the kids while he was not home?

"Hmm."

Two buns carefully nodded, together send him to the door. Ling Jingxuan did not leave holding the wooden barrel and the dustpan until they shut the door, but what he did not know was just not long after he left, that shrew really came with her man and son.