

# THE MIRROR LEGACY

## Chapter 1: First Entry

Lu Jiangxian found himself immersed in a very, very long dream where he saw fields with rice paddies, the gleams of swords, an immortal sect, a woman, and a huge lake.

“Hand over the *Supreme Yin Breathing Qi Sutra* and the *Moonlight Secret Decree*, and we’ll cripple only your cultivation.”

A pleasant but cold female voice echoed in Lu Jiangxian’s ears. He strained to discern a face within the haze, yet its features remained elusive and indistinct.

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*BAM!*

The violent shaking jolted Lu Jiangxian awake.

Visions of light and strange colors swirled in his mind. He tried to open his eyes and rise, but his body refused to obey as if an unseen force anchored him to his bed.

All of a sudden, a brilliant white light pierced through the dense darkness before him. Though the darkness surged like a tidal wave, the column of light stood unyielding, as eternal as the sun.

Golden runes erupted from it, stretching into the darkness and scattering across the sky like a celestial shower of stars.

*How beautiful*, Lu Jiangxian thought to himself in a daze.

As more and more runes appeared, eventually reaching a pinnacle, Lu Jiangxian heard a sound akin to glass shattering resonating in his ears.

The world then burst into light.

Lu Jiangxian saw a sky as blue as the sea, a vast primeval forest, and nearby, a small crescent-shaped lake. A white stream of light cascaded into the sparkling water.

Below, thatched huts and rice paddies peppered the landscape.

Like a swallow, he swiftly soared over the small tawny villages, their smoke and fires, and a clear stream.

In a fleeting moment, he caught his reflection in the stream.

*That looks like a round, shiny thing...* he thought, perplexed.

A vague realization then surfaced...

*Am I no longer human?*

Suddenly, the violent shaking returned. Lu Jiangxian plunged into the water. The stream, too shallow to absorb the impact, led him to gently collide with a blue stone at the bottom.

The impact felt like a punch to his chest, knocking out the air in his lungs. With the stream's agitation and the force of the recoil, his body steadily righted itself, facing up toward the sun-dappled water surface.

"Wasn't I up all night in my rented room, revising my work?"

Lu Jiangxian gazed silently at the sun reflecting on the river, watching as turbulent waves twisted the light patterns beneath the water's surface.

His head throbbed relentlessly as he recalled fragments of the past. All he could remember was weakly collapsing onto the bed, with the smoke and glow of the neon lights in his rented room weaving around him.

He also remembered opening a can of beer and sitting down at his dim computer desk, feeling his heart racing and his breathing becoming progressively labored as the world around him began spinning even more.

*Did I... die? Well, this isn't so bad. At least, I don't have to worry about my future or the burdens of living.*

This thought, perhaps born from long-suppressed feelings, fluttered through his mind, surprisingly lifting his spirits.

Looking around, he observed the dark green treetops with their dangling aerial roots, nimble fish swiftly gliding overhead, and the soft splashes of water.

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“But if this goes on, it’s bound to drive me crazy with boredom,” he added with a sigh.

He watched as the sun gradually descended from overhead, painting the sky in warm hues of pink and orange, and the water darkening beneath the treetops.

Two fish curiously circled him, and even a crab attempted to turn him over.

As the moon rose, its luminous glow gently bathed the river. Lu Jiangxian felt a cool qi flow penetrate the water, bringing a subtle sense of comfort.

As he watched the moonlight envelop his body, forming a mesmerizing white halo, he was rendered utterly speechless. This experience transformed his state of mind in an unexpected and profound way.

“What is this? Am I absorbing the essence of the sun and moon like an immortal from legends? Wait, does that mean immortals, divine abilities, demons, ghosts, and gods are actually real?” he wondered in awe.

“What have I become, an artifact spirit?”

Curiosity and excitement surged within him as the moon’s halo seemed to gather strength, settling upon him.

A cool sensation enveloped his body before he slipped into a meditative state akin to drifting in and out of sleep.

Time passed. As the qi flow thinned, Lu Jiangxian awoke. The crescent moon had vanished, replaced by the sun peeking over the treetops, casting a warm morning light across the river.

“That was fast.”

Lu Jiangxian could not help but feel a surge of joy. With focused attention, he sensed a stream of qi serenely flowing within his body, moving in circular motions around the edges.

If he concentrated hard enough, he could catch a glimpse of a bluish-gray mirror lying peacefully at the bottom of the river, nestled among various colored stones.

Fish swam nearby, feeding at the bottom, and a river crab busied itself with digging at the side. His vision was limited to about a meter around him. It was not particularly clear, but instead like the fuzzy and bulky television he watched in his childhood.

“This is my current form, isn’t it?” Lu Jiangxian smiled wryly. He then consciously stopped the flow of qi and gathered it at the center of the mirror, which emitted a faint glimmer.

“It seems that it doesn’t do anything other than glowing. I should absorb more moonlight, maybe that’ll change something,” he mused.

“I don’t know what this mirror is made of, and I have no idea what the outside world thinks about sentient artifacts. Best stay hidden, just in case I’m found by an immortal cultivator who can destroy me without a second thought.”