

# THE MIRROR LEGACY

## Chapter 15: Refugee

Lu Jiangxian had spent several months familiarizing himself with the jade and had fully assimilated its power.

He was already well-versed in the Minor Illusion Technique described in the “Supreme Yin Breathing Meridian Nourishment Sutra”, which could allow him to communicate with the Li Family.

Yet, he considered the timing not quite right and chose not to reveal his extraordinary abilities. Instead, he remained motionless in the ancestral hall, seemingly inert.

After all, the Li Family was shrewd. The mirror might be of great value, but Lu Jiangxian, in his own estimation, was still a novice in the realm of immortal cultivation.

Revealing himself now would not only raise a myriad of questions from the Li Family but could potentially expose his limited abilities.

Fortunately, his divine sense had expanded to envelop the entire Li Residence. Observing their daily lives was like watching a television series, offering him a comfortable diversion.

However, the occasional powerful or subtle aura passing over the Guli Road would jolt Lu Jiangxian, prompting him to retract his divine sense and remain inconspicuous.

Despite the Li Family’s belief in him as some kind of Immortal Artifact, Lu Jiangxian was acutely aware of his own strength.

He considered himself modest in power—barely reaching the Profound Scenery, the second layer of the Embryonic Breathing realm, while Azure Essence, the fourth layer of the Embryonic Breathing realm was his aspirational peak.

When he compared himself to those overwhelming auras, he felt it prudent to remain cautious for another eighty or a hundred years.

Yet, he could not help but wonder, “Why are there refugees coming from the Guli Road?”

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Li Changhu, accompanied by a group of villagers armed with torches, pitchforks, and hoes, stood at the village entrance, confronting a band of disheveled refugees.

This incident arose just days after the marriage ceremony of Xiangping and Tian Yun. Li Changhu, amidst his cultivation routine, was interrupted by a tenant from the Li Family, who urgently reported the arrival of refugees at the village entrance.

“Refugees?”

The last refugees Li Changhu had encountered were over three years ago, from the Chen Family, who had fled over Mount Meiche. Recent years had been bountiful, and the Meiche River had fed the surrounding areas well, leaving no families in dire straits along its banks.

“They claim to be from Guli Road,” informed the tenant, his voice conveying relief upon seeing Li Changhu.

“That can't be...” After a moment's consideration, Li Changhu gave an order as he walked toward the exit of his residence, “Father is already asleep, let's not wake him. Get Uncle Tian and Uncle Ren. We'll go check it out.”

Upon reaching the village entrance, the head of the Liu Family, another prominent family in Lijing Village, was already waiting with a lit cigarette in his mouth.

Upon seeing Li Changhu, Liu Linfeng greeted warmly, “Ah, you’re here, Changhu.”

“Big Uncle.” Li Changhu nodded to him.

Liu Linfeng was the elder brother of his mother, Liu Linyun. When Li Mutian had killed the influential Yuan Family and redistributed their lands, Liu Linfeng’s father was greatly impressed by the young man’s actions. He had subsequently arranged for Liu Linyun to marry into the Li Family, thus forging a strong bond between the two families.

Li Changhu and Liu Linfeng, leading the villagers, called out to the refugees. After calling three times, a middle-aged man emerged from the crowd. Despite his dirty and disheveled appearance, he carried himself with a certain dignity. Cupping his fist respectfully, the man addressed them with a bitter smile, “I’m the leader of the caravan traveling on Xiali Road. We came from Jingxia City in the southern part of Wu State. We were attacked on Xiali Road, and I, along with these people, fled amidst the chaos. I’ve been elected by the group to speak on our behalf, hoping for your shelter.”[1]

“The Guli Road has been long neglected, with wild beasts roaming freely. How did you all come through?” Liu Linfeng asked with a hint of skepticism.

“Many have perished along the way, including the elderly and children,” the middle-aged man replied with a sad smile.

As the representatives from the two prominent families in the village spoke with the leader of the caravan, Old Xu stood among the crowd. He was holding a string of grass-woven crickets in one hand and a hoe in the other as he scrutinized the refugees.

Since he lived near the village entrance, Old Xu was woken up early in the morning by the commotion caused by the arriving refugees.

Learning that Li Changhu was coming, he quickly grabbed the grass crickets he had crafted a few days earlier, intending to gift them to his unborn child.

His attention, however, was soon captured by a young man among the refugees. Dressed in tattered clothes with animal leather wrapped around his waist, the young man's eyes blazed like fire as he fixed his gaze on Li Changhu and Liu Linfeng.

"Those eyes seem familiar," Old Xu mused, stroking his white beard, yet unable to remember where he had seen such a look before.

"Everyone, listen up!" Liu Linfeng called for the refugees' attention, then stepped forward to address them, "I am Liu Linfeng, the head of the Liu Family in this village. Lijing Village has lands that need tilling. If you are willing, my family will provide food and tools for this year. The reclaimed land will be rented out by my family, and we will only charge 30% of the harvest as rent."

Li Changhu, standing a respectful half-step behind Liu Linfeng, added, "The Li Family offers the same terms."

At this, the young man among the refugees sharply turned his head. His fiery gaze locked onto Li Changhu's face for a few seconds before he lowered it again, seemingly satisfied.

Old Xu pushed through the crowd with great effort. He scanned the refugees intently, but could not locate the young man again.

He turned around, only to see that the young man had already moved to the front, standing just a few steps away from Li Changhu and Liu Linfeng.

The middle-aged man, previously speaking on behalf of the refugees, glanced at the youth and thought to himself, *What intense eyes. Has he been with the refugees all along? We've been together for three months, yet I don't recall ever seeing this person before.*

"In Lijing village, you can eat, drink, marry, and raise children, but you must not steal or commit violence..." Liu Linfeng was explaining the rules to the refugees when suddenly, the young man rushed out, falling to his knees before him, sobbing.

"My family was slain, and I alone escaped. I traveled far to seek refuge under your benevolence. I am eternally grateful and would never dare commit any disgraceful acts here!"

His tears seemed genuine, stirring emotions among the other refugees who also began to cry, creating a chorus of sorrow.

Overwhelmed by the scene, Liu Linfeng found himself deeply moved by their plight.

Old Xu, however, was fixated on the young man kneeling on the ground. His gaze focused on the scarred left leg, visible through the tattered pants, particularly noting a few distinct black moles at the ankle.

A sense of recognition washed over Old Xu. He continued to stare intently at the youth, his face flushed as though he was drunk.

Meanwhile, behind him, Li Changhu could no longer hold back his emotions. He gazed at the kneeling youth with a sense of compassion, stepping forward and bending down to help the young man to his feet.

All of a sudden, memories began flooding back to Old Xu. His vision blurred as if he had been transported back to an afternoon more than twenty years ago.

Back then, Old Xu worked as a tenant for the Yuan Family. The golden rice paddies in the fields swayed in the autumn breeze when a woman approached the fields, carrying her child.

He had bowed to them and said, "Look at those moles on his leg! This child is destined for greatness!"

"WAIT!" With a sudden burst of energy, Old Xu straightened his back, a posture he had not assumed in over two decades, and bellowed with a mix of surprise and anger.

"WAIT!" Simultaneously, a voice echoed his call from nearby.

It was the middle-aged man who had been chosen as the spokesperson for the refugees. He, too, was staring at the young man's face, his expression one of sheer astonishment, as he also called for a halt.

Before either of them could elaborate, the youth abruptly lifted his head, catching Li Changhu off guard with a gaze that was fiercely sharp and almost bestial.

1. The refugees refer Guli Road as Xiali Road as Guli Road can also be interpreted as "Ancient Li Road", which the Li actually derives from "Xiali". 📖