

THE MIRROR LEGACY

Chapter 9: White Pill

Under the moonlit willow, Li Chejing abruptly opened his eyes, turning to Li Mutian who sat beside him.

The old man was reading the “Reception Technique” recorded on a cloth while sipping on a cup of tea.

“Father, I’ve spent the past two months memorizing the technique. Today is the first day of summer and one of the eight solar terms. I think I’m ready to give it a try,” Li Chejing said.

“Go ahead, then,” Li Mutian encouraged, his voice calm and steady.

Li Chejing was elated, and his three brothers buzzed with anticipation. They assisted in burning incense and preparing for the bath, setting up a table made of eucalyptus wood in the courtyard.

Li Mutian carefully brought out the mirror, placing it upon a hornless dragon mirror frame he had recently crafted with his own hands. Before it, nine incense sticks, as well as fruits and melons were placed on the table.

Lu Jiangxian watched with a tinge of embarrassment, noting that the arrangement of incense and fruit resembled a ritual for the deceased.

Before the table, Li Chejing kneeled and pressed his forehead to the ground nine times. With his head bowed, he solemnly stated, “As a disciple of the Li Family, I, Li Chejing, respectfully request the Profound Light. I dedicate myself to pursuing the Dao and my destiny rests in your hands. When the time

comes, I will remain true to my oath. With this talisman burned, I express my gratitude to Supreme Yin.”

Having declared this, he cleared his mind, activated the technique, and swallowed air repeatedly.

Simultaneously, Lu Jiangxian focused, and the mirror began to shimmer, its surface glistening like water.

“There’s a reaction!” Li Mutian and the others exclaimed, their eyes fixed on the table.

The grayish-blue mirror vibrated, and a white pill of light emerged, radiating so brightly that the onlookers struggled to keep their eyes open.

Li Chejing’s mind went blank as a profound, authoritative voice echoed, “Here stands the disciple of the Li Family, who has forsaken his worldly attachments, ceased all transgression, and severed his roots of evil. To him, I bestow the Profound Light, initiating his journey in the path of Dao, transforming him from a mere mortal to a saint. He will begin with discipline and ultimately ascend to truth. I grant him a scroll of the ‘Supreme Yin Breathing Meridian Nourishment Sutra’, along with the Golden Light Art.”

Li Chejing quickly rose and sat cross-legged. The white pill of light dove into his Niwan Palace[1]. His body quivered as he was inundated with complex information.

Activated by the technique, the white pill rotated gently within the Niwan Palace, coursing through the meridians, and finally settling at the Qihai acupoint[2] in the lower dantian.

Li Mutian and the others anxiously watched as the Profound Pearl Talisman Seed sunk into the top of Li Chejing’s head. They observed with bated breath as Li Chejing, kneeling with his eyes closed and mind focused, remained in this position until dawn.

As the night faded and the golden sun rose, Li Chejing finally stirred and slowly awakened. Opening his eyes, he found himself surrounded by his brothers, all wearing expressions of anxious anticipation.

“Father, brothers! I have received the Profound Pearl Talisman Seed and stepped into the realm of immortal cultivation!” Li Chejing exclaimed, leaping up to embrace his father excitedly.

Li Mutian joyfully returned the embrace, spinning his son around in delight. Li Tongya and the others heaved sighs of relief, their faces alight with excitement.

“I’ve also acquired a technique known as the ‘Supreme Yin Breathing Meridian Nourishment Sutra’,” Li Chejing announced.

As he attempted to recite its outline, the white pill in his Qihai acupoint quivered, and he suddenly found himself speechless, unable to utter a word.

Startled, Li Chejing covered his mouth in shock.

“Father!” When he tried speaking again, he was relieved to find his voice had returned. Yet, when he attempted to read out the technique’s outline, he discovered he could not articulate it.

“This immortal technique can’t be spoken or written... It’s really strange,” Li Chejing said, his face reflecting his nervousness.

“No need to worry,” Li Changhu reassured, smiling as he patted Li Chejing’s head.

He watched as his father respectfully returned the mirror to its place and suggested, “When summer solstice arrives, let’s invoke the technique again together.”

“But brother,” Li Chejing interjected hesitantly, “It seems there are only six of these talismans.”

“Only six?” Li Tongya carefully reviewed the “Reception Technique” he had in his hand, then looked up at him in confusion again.

“After I received the Profound Light Talisman Seed, my mind was filled with newfound knowledge, including something about the six realms of immortal cultivation and the Embryonic Breathing Meridian Nourishment Technique. It appears that this mirror can produce only six talisman seeds,” Li Chejing explained.

Li Xiangping nodded in understanding and exclaimed, “Such miraculous artifacts, capable of harnessing the forces of heaven and earth, are indeed rare.”

Li Changhu, stifling a yawn, gestured to his brothers and suggested, “Let’s all get some rest. After a night of vigil, I’m sure we’re all exhausted.”

“It’s just to keep our sister-in-law from worrying, right?” Li Xiangping jested.

“You cheeky boy!” Li Changhu retorted playfully, then whispered, “By the way, I think Tian Yun would be a good match for you.”

“Big Brother, stop playing matchmaker!” Li Xiangping protested, then turned around and exited the courtyard.

Li Changhu’s laughter rang out as he entered the front yard.

“There might just be a match in the making,” Li Mutian mused to himself, twirling his beard with a knowing smile.

Under the night sky, the moonlight shimmered like flowing water.

In the courtyard, Li Chejing sat cross-legged, eyes closed, his hands guiding a stream of qi from his Qihai acupoint. It coursed through his meridians, up his throat and neck, before finally emerging at the center of his eyebrows.

In an instant, Li Chejing's eyes brightened as the moonlight converged with the spiritual qi at his brow.

After a short while, he performed a gesture with his fingers, directing the now milky-white qi back to the Qihai acupoint.

This process was repeated three times. By the time Li Chejing opened his eyes and looked at the sky, he realized that four hours had passed.

"The rate at which I'm absorbing moonlight is too slow."

Li Chejing calculated that absorbing moonlight eighty-one times was necessary to cultivate a wisp of moonlight qi.

To form the first of the six Embryonic Breathing Chakras—the Profound Scenery Chakra, eighty-one wisps of moonlight qi would be required in total.

After successfully refining the Profound Scenery Chakra, one could then be considered to officially enter the Embryonic Breathing realm and begin unleashing techniques.

"Doing it three times would take four hours, eighty-one times would take a hundred and eight hours," Li Chejing began counting in his mind.

"With twelve hours of cultivation daily, it would take nine days. To complete eighty-one wisps, it would take two years..."

When he gazed upon the moonlight gathered on the mirror, an idea struck him. He settled down by the stone platform and resumed his cultivation.

Meanwhile, Lu Jiangxian passed time in the mirror, drifting in and out of his sleep. He had long absorbed enough moonlight energy and found the time in the mirror both long and boring, much like dozing off during a monotonous university lecture. Sometimes, a whole day would pass in the blink of an eye, provided that he blinked slowly enough.

Li Chejing's spiritual power emerged at the center of his eyebrows and mingled with the halo on the mirror, abruptly rousing Lu Jiangxian from his sleep. Observing the boy before him, he could not help but smile.

"What a smart boy he is."

Li Chejing, feeling a cool sensation envelop his body, realized the moonlight energy had increased more than tenfold. At this rate, forming a wisp of moonlight qi would only take five or six iterations!

Excited by this discovery, he continued his practice. When the morning sun filled the sky and his brothers arrived in the backyard, only then did he reluctantly cease his cultivation.

As his brothers and father gathered around, Li Chejing recounted the previous night's events.

Everyone reacted with a mix of astonishment and delight. Li Mutian, deeply moved, offered another incense stick to Lu Jiangxian, then led his children out of the hidden room.

1. Niwan Palace (泥丸宫), Chinese acupuncture term located around the head. If you drew a line connecting the ears and another line from where the eyebrows met to the back of the head, the place they connected was the Niwan. 📖

2. Sea Of Qi is the English translation of an acupuncture point 'Qihai' located on the lower abdomen. 📖