

## **AS A FATHER, I JUST WANT TO WATCH YOU ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY**

Chapter 1: The Birth of the Beloved Daughter and the Joy of Obtaining a Dao Fruit

Great Vista, Yun Province, Fei Lei City.

A night of heavy snowfall had dressed the dilapidated city in a coat of silver, the cold biting to the bone.

The gray overcast sky, the cold wind sharp as a knife, slicing to the bone.

Li Che tightened his thin cotton coat around him, holding in his hand a carp frozen stiff, which had cost him a great deal of money to procure during the winter.

It was to nourish his pregnant wife.

Touching his bristly beard, he breathed out a white mist into his palm, Li Che braved the cold wind, trampling on the snow-covered streets of Fei Lei City, and hurried towards his home.

After nineteen years in this world, from a newborn baby to a poor man struggling to make a living, Li Che had given up on the fantasy of having a Golden Finger.

Skyscrapers and neon lights had become a dreamlike illusion, leaving behind only memories that he could no longer return to.

This world was akin to ancient times but even more dangerous, with natural disasters, man-made calamities, and evil spirits rampant, making life difficult for the common people.

Having accepted his fate, Li Che just wanted to protect his warm household and family, to live a safe and stable life and make the best of his second shot at life.

As arranged by his family, he married at the age of eighteen, a wedding night that hit the mark, and now, ten moons later, his wife was about to give birth.

Fei Lei City was large, divided into the Inner City and the Outer City. The Inner City was said to be where the noble families and Official Masters lived, with spacious streets, extravagant lifestyles, and tight security.

Only those with status could reside in the Inner City.

As for the Outer City, that's where the vast majority of toiling commoners lived.

Walking several miles along the main street and turning into a narrow alley, what came into view were rows of low, dark-tiled earthen houses.

Hurried footsteps crunched upon the soft snow.

"Che! Ouch, Che, you've finally come back from work!"

"Your wife is about to give birth, hurry back and check on her!"

"You're going to be a dad!"

From afar, neighbors who knew Li Che started shouting when they saw him.

Li Che was startled.

Tense and anxious, he quickened his pace and ran towards his earthen house, with the snow scattering behind him!

The sky had already dimmed, and as Li Che arrived at the front door of his house, the old wooden door was open, and from inside came the sounds of a woman enduring pain and the encouraging voice of the midwife.

"You're back?"

In the small yard outside the earthen house, an Old Scholar was sitting on a shabby bench, wearing a cotton jacket inside and an old scholar's robe outside, puffing on a dry pipe with a "clack."

This scholar was Li Che's uncle, Li Liang.

When Li Che was eight, his parents had died of illness, and he was taken in by his uncle. With his family's help, he had grown up smoothly, married, and was about to have a child. ♦

"Don't worry, Grandma Lei is the best midwife within a ten-mile radius, Xiao Ya will be fine, mother and child will surely be safe," said the Old Scholar with the dry pipe.

Having lived through two lifetimes, but becoming a father for the first time, Li Che was naturally nervous.

Holding the frozen carp, he paced back and forth in front of his earthen house.

This made the Old Scholar somewhat impatient, "What are you prancing around for, you rascal? A man about to be a dad should show some steadiness!"

"Can you put down that frozen fish first?"

Li Che looked at him, said nothing in reply, and of course, did not put down the fish. Instead, he stopped pacing.

Since suddenly, a loud cry came from the house!

Li Che's eyes sharpened, his heart felt as if it was being tightly grasped by a hand.

The Old Scholar, Li Liang who was puffing on his pipe, immediately got up, extinguished the pipe, and eagerly looked towards the house.

Suddenly, the dusky sky let out a thunderous roar!

The Old Scholar shuddered, muttering under his breath.

Li Che instinctively looked up, seeing the sky as if a dragon had made a brief and flickering appearance.

Was this a sign accompanying birth?

Did he think he was in a fantasy novel?

Li Che did not entertain that notion. Following the midwife's calling, he hurried into the house.

The charcoal stove burned inside the house, dispelling the cold and bringing a hint of warmth.

In the midwife's arms was a rosy-faced newborn. She looked at Li Che: "Congratulations, Master Li, and felicitations, you have a lovely daughter."

Li Che's face broke into a smile, and his hand holding the frozen carp seemed suddenly unsure where to place it, only managing to say, "Thank you, thank you..."

After hastily expressing his gratitude to the midwife, he then belatedly threw away the fish.

Carefully, with trembling hands, he took his child and looked her over.

The sight gave him a sense of a blood bond forming, and although the skin of a newborn was wrinkled and it was hard to tell if she was pretty or not,

Li Che thought that this child was the most beautiful in the whole world.

Because she was Li Che's daughter!

Just as Li Che was filled with joy, staring incessantly at the little baby.

His vision suddenly blurred as if a mirage had appeared, as if on a vast, empty land where the earth and rocks burst apart, rubble shot through the air, and a sprout as green as emerald vigorously grew, soaring straight up.

In an instant, it turned into a towering tree with branches spreading wide.

"This..."

Li Che was utterly bewildered.

As countless leaves trembled, it was as though they reflected light and unexpectedly formed the image. He saw himself outside the earthouse, listening to the sound of his daughter's birth and her loud cries.

The image flashed by, and then, visible to the naked eye, it shrank like a vortex, finally converging in a corner of the branches, solidifying into a translucent, rainbow-colored fruit.

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[Joy of a precious daughter, bonds are bound]

[With the birth of your beloved daughter, the Dao Tree bears fruit]

[Your daughter was born safely, you have obtained a Dao Fruit]

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Li Che suddenly came back to his senses, with his daughter's "wa wa" crying still ongoing.

"Husband, let me see our daughter..."

The weak voice came from the pale-faced, pretty young woman on the bed, and Li Che hurriedly held the baby carefully and moved closer.

"Wife, look, our baby!"

Li Che couldn't help but break into a smile, so bright and full of joy.

The Dao Fruit and such... he had no inclination to think about those for the moment, as his heart was filled only with his wife and daughter.

His wife, Zhang Ya, Li Che's other half, was also the woman who, in these chaotic times, was willing to entrust her life to him.

"Husband, our baby's nose really looks like yours, so perky," said Zhang Ya, her face wan, yet she was filled with joy, extending her slender fingers to gently touch the baby's tiny nose.

Li Che looked tenderly at his wife: "Wife, does it hurt?"

Zhang Ya pursed her pale lips, gave a light laugh, and shook her head: "It doesn't hurt, I'm happy."

"Husband, what should we name our child?"

Zhang Ya asked expectantly, but seeming to remember something, her gaze passed over Li Che and intuitively looked towards Old Scholar standing steadily at the doorway.

Li Che glanced at Old Scholar, seeing him furrowing his two brows, unusually silent, and not showing off his literary talent or asserting his right to name the daughter.

Li Che then realized what he must be thinking.

But he didn't mind, he held his wife's cold hand and softly said: "These days, I have already thought of it."

"This winter is extremely cold, and I only hope that our little child can stay warm; let's name her Li Nuanxi..."

"Warm as the fire of the morning sun, dispelling diseases and pain, to grow up safe and happy."

Li Che spoke in a gentle voice.

Zhang Ya smiled happily, "Nuanxi, such a lovely name..."

In Zhang Ya's arms, Xi Xi seemed to have heard her name as well, no longer crying, and revealed a smiling face.

However, a moment later, she again opened her mouth and began to cry loudly.

The midwife quickly stepped forward: "The baby must be hungry; she needs to be fed..."

Hearing this, Li Che and Old Scholar quickly left the earth house.

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In the courtyard, thick snowflakes floated down from the sky.

The chill rose, and the deep winter was harsh.

The smile never left Li Che's face, realizing what it was like to be a father, and a sense of responsibility to protect his wife and child welled up in his heart.

However, Old Scholar seemed a little downhearted, picking up his dry pipe again to smoke.

Li Che frowned at the smell: "Uncle, snuff it out quickly, the child is here."

Old Scholar sighed, put out the dry pipe, but pursed his lips: "It's just a girl, why couldn't it be a boy, our Li Family..."

Upon hearing this, Li Che laughed: "Being a boy or a girl... does it matter?"

"Does the Li Family have a throne to inherit?!"

Old Scholar heard this, his preference for males over females wasn't so easily dispelled, but he fell silent and continued mumbling to himself softly.

Li Che shook his head but didn't say much more.

He picked up a carp frozen stiff and headed towards the kitchen, planning to make a warm bowl of carp and tofu soup for his wife.

While cooking the fish soup.

Li Che finally settled down to properly study the Dao Fruit that had been born alongside his daughter.