

Immortal 47

Chapter 47: I am Xiao Zhou

The sky is slightly bright.

There are many breakfast stalls on the street.

Zhou Yi ate it from the beginning to the end, the food entered the stomach, and the mana turned into empty space.

"This salted tofu brain is good, let's have another bowl!"

When I met my neighbors on the way to dinner, I greeted them with a smile, the younger ones were aunts and the older ones were called aunties.

The neighbor asked suspiciously, "Who is this young man?"

"My master is Zhou Yi, and before he died, he asked me to come to Beijing to wander."

Zhou Yi's appearance in his twenties at this time is similar to that of Zhenrong. He has been nourished by spiritual energy over the years, and his appearance is quite outstanding in the eyes of ordinary people.

If compared with Lao Bai, Zhou Yi used his temperament to be more important than his appearance to comfort himself.

"Mr. Zhou's apprentice!"

The uncle of the neighbor was dubious: "Did you live in that yard last night?"

Zhou Yi is considered a capable person in the eyes of the neighbors. He usually speaks softly and softly. When a neighbor encounters a difficult problem, he can just talk to the yamen and deal with it, which is quite prestigious.

"Well, the master set up an organ in front of the courtyard, and ordinary people go in just like..."

Zhou Yi made a gesture of his neck: "Last night when I dismantled the organ, there was a disturbance and I accidentally disturbed the uncle."

"It turns out that it's okay."

The uncle smiled and said, "I'll just say, Mr. Zhou is so talented, how can there be a haunt in the house!"

The others rejoiced and complied. Since the haunting, the ones who haven't moved out so far are mostly due to lack of money at home.

Now that the rumors are broken, the house prices that have fallen will rise again, let alone stability.

Noon is approaching.

Zhou Yi came to Tian Prison. The guards on duty did not know him, but everyone knew Yin Zi.

"Liu Siyu?"

The jailer recalled: "Master Liu has already been promoted, and now he is the minister of the punishment department. If you look for him, you should go to the punishment department yamen."

At this time.

An old jailer came out of the prison, holding a prisoner in prison uniform.

Zhou Yi's eyes lit up, he stepped forward and greeted, "But Master Feng?"

Feng Qiao has been a prison guard for most of his life. It was the first time someone called him an lord.

"Well, who are you? What are you doing in the prison?"

"Master Feng, before my master Zhou Yi died, he instructed me to come to Tianjing to find an errand. The master once told me that Master Feng's life is mighty, and there is a forehead mole on his forehead."

Zhou Yi took out the letter of recommendation from his arms and wrote it himself, and the handwriting on it was naturally correct.

"Lao Zhou... 's apprentice?"

Feng Qiao looked carefully, corresponding to the appearance in his memory, and found that there were four or five similarities: "Lao Zhou has a sharp nature, and the Spring Breeze Tower is like home. You can't be his son, right?"

"My hometown is in Yizhou, and I became a refugee from the war."

Zhou Yi said, "I almost starved to death in Xuanzhou. Fortunately, I met my master and said that I was quite talented in martial arts, so I accepted him as a disciple."

No one has been able to verify this origin. It was only five or six years after Yizhou was incorporated into Fengyang Kingdom, and Dayong was recaptured before the people under the Qing Dynasty were thoroughly sorted out.

"Really?"

Feng Qiao was suspicious, but he didn't feel embarrassed: "I'll take you to find Colonel Lu. He has a very good relationship with your master and should be able to arrange an errand."

After a while.

Captain Lu asked, "Are you really not the son of Lao Zhou?"

Zhou Yi was helpless and repeatedly denied it.

"Why is Lao Zhou gone?"

Colonel Lu said: "At that time, his strength was said to be at the top in Beijing. Don't all martial arts masters live for a long time?"

Zhou Yi said with a sad face: "Master forced the marrow to wash five years ago. After the failure, the blood and energy hurt the marrow. It took four years to get through."

The skin membranes, muscles and bones, and internal organs in front of the martial arts exercise body need to be polished over time. There is no shortage of talent in exercises and decoctions, and there is basically no major bottleneck.

Only the marrow washing is different. The blood energy penetrates deep into the bones, and the marrow is ten times weaker than the viscera.

Those old people on the rivers and lakes are not ignorant of the method of washing the marrow, and most of them dare not go further.

There is no shortage of wealth and honor in the Dirty Refinement Realm, so I have lost the courage to sacrifice my life before!

"The earthen pot can't be broken without leaving the well. A wise man like Lao Zhou has been cautious all his life, but he can't figure it out when he gets old."

Xiaowei Lu sighed, checked the recommendation letter, and nodded, "Since you are Lao Zhou's apprentice, you should arrange an errand, what are your plans?"

"Deliver the meal."

Zhou Yi said, "Master told me that you can live longer by delivering meals."

"Ha ha!"

Colonel Lu smiled and said, "Old Zhou must have said this. Zhou Li, um, I will call you Xiao Zhou in the future, and I will be responsible for delivering meals during the day."

"Thank you, Mr. Lu."

Zhou Yi knew that it was hard to trust him in a short period of time, and there were often spies in the sky prison to try to rescue a certain prisoner secretly.

This problem is not difficult to solve, as long as you stay in prison for ten or twenty years, then no one will doubt it.

Time will heal everything!

Colonel Lu said, "How much did you learn about your master's methods of interrogating prisoners?"

"The master praised me, and I am out of blue."

Zhou Yi said to himself, "But Mr. Lu has encountered a difficult prisoner? Just leave it to me, at most one day, even an iron man can't hold it."

"There is indeed one."

Colonel Lu said, "I caught a bandit a few days ago. After several days of trial, I still can't find out where the den is."

Zhou Yi looked bewildered at the right time: "There are bandits near Shenjing?"

After living for a long time and experiencing a lot, the acting skills will naturally improve, and it is easy to pretend to be a young man who is new and doesn't know the world.

"Everywhere there are people who can't eat, and naturally there are bandits everywhere."

Seeing this, Xiaowei Lu became suspicious: "It's just that they don't have long eyes~www.mtlnovel.com~ They just robbed an ordinary merchant before, but they robbed the goods of the servant of the Ministry of Rites a few days ago. Strict order must be destroyed!"

"A mere bandit, it's easy to interrogate!"

After half an hour.

Zhou Yi opened the mouth of the bandit, and the base camp of the cottage was actually at the southern foot of Longevity Mountain.

The bandits and the forbidden army stationed at Longevity Mountain colluded with each other in private. Whenever officers and soldiers came to track down, the forbidden army would cover up the trail for the bandits, so that they could not be wiped out again and again.

The bandit is responsible for looting commercial goods, and the Imperial Army is responsible for selling the stolen goods and dividing the money!

"Xiao Zhou, you're doing well!"

Colonel Lu's eyes lit up: "This is a great credit, we can show our faces to His Majesty!"

Bandits, imperial guards, and servants of the Ministry of Rites, all add up to nothing compared to the southern foot of Longevity Mountain.

The location of the imperial mausoleum of Fengyang Kingdom turned out to be a hiding place for thieves, and to be more unpleasant, did it occupy the dragon energy of the Zhao clan?

"Congratulations, Mr. Lu."

Zhou Yi expressed his shock a little, but there was no turbulence in his heart. He had spent 40 years in Tianjiu, and he had seen even more bizarre cases.

Zhou Yi has also seen the appearance of the Imperial Tomb of the Imperial Army. It can be said that it is a group of poor people forgotten by the world haha.

Only when the emperor was buried, he could eat a few meals of meat and vegetables, and he made a living by farming in the mountains on weekdays.

Now that I can't eat anymore, I'm thinking about making money from a side business, which is understandable!

"When did I become so cold-blooded?"

Zhou Yi touched his face, shook his head slightly, and smiled again to congratulate Captain Lu.

In the follow-up, the Ministry of Punishment and the Ministry of War will handle the case and catch the thief. Zhou Yi made great contributions as soon as he was imprisoned, and it was easy to gain a firm foothold.

The guards in the prison had a good attitude towards "Zhou Li", after all, he did not miss his master's affection back then.

For example, listening to music in Chunfenglou has always been Zhouyi's account.