

## Immortal 52

### Chapter 52: endure loneliness

"What price do I have to pay?"

Yan Wu's voice was extremely low, and he was sure that the old monster in the dark could hear it.

Once the young owner of Shenquan Villa, he has also seen a master of martial arts who has reached the pinnacle of martial arts, and the sound of mosquitoes and flies can be heard within a radius of ten feet.

"You are very good, there is no free lunch in the world."

Zhou Yi secretly raised Yan Wu's evaluation by one level, and said slowly, "This old man needs you to join Jinyiwei, do your best to climb up, and become an official of a thousand households!"

Jinyiwei Qianhu is in charge of the intelligence of a government. His official position is not comparable to that of the governor, but his power is not much worse.

"Senior wants to control the court?"

Yan Wu guessed the old monster's thoughts in order to save his life and get more benefits.

When my father taught martial arts during his lifetime, he told a lot of anecdotes in the rivers and lakes, most of which are old monsters with weird temper and surly personality, so be careful when dealing with them.

"What is there in the mere imperial court that this old man covets? The throne is a treasure in the eyes of others, but in the eyes of this old man, it's not as good as shit!"

Zhou Yi's voice was a little frantic: "The only thing in this world that this old man is worth pursuing is immortal cultivation and longevity!"

Yan Wu's thoughts turned when he heard the words, and through every sentence and every word, he tried to paint a portrait of the old monster in the dark.

Strong in strength, conceited and arrogant, unintentional and powerful, after a short lifespan, he pinned his hopes on the illusory immortal way...

"Similar to the twilight emperor in the history books!"

Yan Wu's mind was settled, he thought he had figured out the old monster's state, and asked, "I am willing to obey my seniors, but I don't know what I can get?"

The voice fell, his head was hit hard, and he lost consciousness instantly.

A shadow fell into the prison, Zhou Yi's palm rested on the back of Yanwu, and the mana flowed out through the body, running along the meridians and bones.

After a while.

Yan Wu woke up, smelled a stench, and found that his whole body was covered with greasy and sticky filth.

The limbs are strong and the meridians are smooth.

"Cleanse the essence and cut the marrow!"

Yan Wu immediately used the family's internal skills, and the efficiency was about 20-30% faster than before. Don't underestimate the difference between the front and the back, it is enough to cross the gap between ordinary people and geniuses.

The Shenquan Villa has been passed down for more than a hundred years. The five generations of people have accumulated the decoction and secret techniques of cleansing the marrow. Yan Wu has used it since childhood, and the combined effect is not as good as this time.

"Junior will join Jinyiwei as soon as possible."

Yan Wu suppressed his original thoughts, and the strength of the old monster in the dark was so terrifying that it was difficult to fathom, and it was very likely that he was the legendary innate master.

"Very good! When you become a household of Jinyiwei, you will start to explore the local strange things, strange people, and strange places, and organize them into a book, and the old man will go and fetch them."

Zhou Yi tempted: "As long as it is really related to the immortal way, you can get the magic and secret methods from this old man. Even if you are a congenital master, it is not impossible!"

"Junior will do my best!"

Yan Wu asked cautiously, "Can you know the name of the senior?"

Zhou Yi was silent for a while, then said quietly.

"The King of Wheels!"

No one would have thought that the King of Wheels was a eunuch, and it was equally impossible to think that he was a prisoner delivering meals!

Yan Wu said respectfully, "Yanwu of the junior Shenquan Villa, his parents and clansmen died at the hands of the black knights. In the future, he will get his revenge, and this order will be driven by him."

"Jie Jie Jie Jie..."

The words of loyalty were not praised, but instead attracted a series of strange laughter.

"The old man has seen a lot of loyalty and betrayal, so he never believes in repaying life. Only consistent interests are eternal. One day you think you are tyrannical, you can try to have a hand with the old man, but if you fail, you will die!"

"Yes."

Yan Wu's heart tightened, and he did not dare to have any more temptations.

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A Twelve Prison.

The young man Ye Xiong was curled up in the corner of the cell, his nose was bruised and his face was bruised.

In the prison, the weak eat the strong, and those who are weak will be bullied to sleep by the toilet, not to mention the fact that Ye Xiong belongs to a gang that has a grudge against the most powerful person in the prison.

"Cough cough cough..."

He coughed a few times, and because his lungs were severely injured, he spat out a few drops of blood.

At this time.

A voice indistinguishable from yin and yang rang in Ye Xiong's ear.

"Do you want revenge?"

"think!"

Ye Xiong answered without hesitation, and if he let the enemy beat him for a few days, he would most likely die in prison.

"What are you willing to pay?"

"everything!"

"Jie Jie Jie, very good..."

A phrase passed into his ears, and the essence of his martial arts was far beyond that of Ye Xiong's gang.

"From now on, your life belongs to me, the king of reincarnation!"

Zhou Yi's voice was vague and difficult to tell where he was going: "Little guy, that person's acupuncture point has been banned, you can try the magic of swallowing the sky."

Ye Xiong looked at the only straw mat in the prison. The strong man who was purring loudly was as quiet as a dead man.

"Thank you King of Rotation!"

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"Want to have power?"

"Do you want to be invincible and invincible?"

"Want to understand the meaning of life? Want to really... live?"

"Yes or no!"

A voice full of temptation, like a ghost, reverberated throughout the prison.

The desires of people in the arena far exceed that of ordinary people. The practice of martial arts is not for physical fitness, but for the pursuit of wine, sex, wealth, or greed for fame and power.

When the opportunity comes, no one will give up, even if they make a deal with the devil in hell!

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The idle chess falls.

Zhou Yi will not pay attention to its follow-up, only give it the capital to start, and will not rush to be a nanny.

After all, there are not many others in the Heavenly Prison, and there are people with deep hatred everywhere.

A group of people died, and another group was recruited.

Picking out three or five people a year who are pleasing to the eye, those with good aptitude to cleanse their essence, and those with inferior talent to teach magic skills, there will always be no shortage of chess pieces.

"Cast a wide net~[www.mtlnovel.com](http://www.mtlnovel.com)~ and catch more fish, even if ninety-nine percent of the pieces die prematurely, if you catch one, you will be rewarded a hundredfold."

Zhou Yi let the chess pieces develop on their own. After ten or twenty years in Jinyiwei, who would suspect that they were someone's spies.

The strength of martial arts has increased, and at least there are hundreds of households in the area. The horses under his command are all over the capital and county, and no strange person can escape the supervision.

"This plan may be rough, but if you extend the time line, I will be invincible."

Zhou Yi understands that his biggest enemy is not some immortals, gods and demons, but endless loneliness.

Immortals, Buddhas, gods and demons can eventually be surpassed, but loneliness will become more and more difficult to restrain as time goes on.

For example, the spiritual energy in the mundane world is thin, and the growth of mana is as slow as a snail. If you can't make an inch in ten or twenty years, you will definitely dream of entering the world of immortals, but rushing in is no different from dying.

This is just a Qi-refining realm. It will take a few hundred years at most to reach the peak. After breaking through to a higher realm, if the bottleneck cannot be broken for hundreds of thousands of years, is it going to take risks and compete for opportunities?

"It is impossible to take risks. It is impossible to take risks in this life. It will only take time to hone the bottleneck."

The most important thing Zhou Yi lacks is time, and the biggest enemy is also time. You must endure the long loneliness and the boring speed of entering the realm with strength. If you don't fight, you will not lose!

"As for how to overcome loneliness... I can only refer to the old monsters in the previous life books, the one who resembles me the most is Di Shitian!

"The same longevity is endless, and the same aptitude is inferior, so we must take Di Shitian as a warning. Don't fight for your spirit, don't fight for the best in the world, keep a low profile, and do things carefully."

"Even if there is a great enemy in the world, boil him to death and then go to the grave to dance!"

Zhou Yi summed up the death lessons of the immortals, reflected on himself three times a day, and repeatedly told himself to hold on to the waves.