

I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 1

Chapter 1: The Dao Fruit of Eternal Life

A traditional Chinese hat.

Indigo-colored cloth moved into action with fighting force.

Black pants.

The word “prison” was written inside a big white circle on his chest.

Zhou Yi sized up this outfit, but could never believe that he had woken up as a prisoner of Fengyang Kingdom.

Last night, they were still eating hotpot, hugging girls, and singing love songs. Sure enough, he had been transported!

The thick stench of decay permeated the dark and gloomy cell. A faint grunt echoed from a dark shadow of the prisoner curled up behind the iron bars.

All of them actively reminded Zhou Yi that this was not a dream.

“I was working like a dog before being transported here. Here, I’ll still be worked like a dog. What the hell is the point?”*

Zhou Yi rubbed his temples to relieve the intense pain caused by the sudden influx of memories. Gradually, he gained a rough understanding of his origins.

His father, who shared his same name and surname, was a Sky Prison guard. Unfortunately, he died of a cold last year. After that, his mother died of depression within a few months.

This prison guard’s household registration had been passed down for generations. According to tradition, he was summoned to the prison, but because he was born weak and sickly and did not possess any martial arts skills, he could only be responsible for delivering food to the prisoners.

The Imperial Court was directly in charge of the prison. The prisoners were political prisoners and other serious criminals, but there were not many prisoners overall, so the work was easy.

Zhou Yi stretched his muscles and bones. Just a few simple movements were enough to trigger a series of coughs, and his chest twitched violently.

“Ach, ach! This body is trash. No wonder he died at such a young age...”

Zhou Yi suddenly felt fear in his heart. In his memory, he was a premature baby. He was born weak and sickly. By this time, he had already used up his entire family fortune.

In the end, no matter how much nourishing medicine he drank, it still could not cure the flaw within himself.

“We’re just getting started and I’m already dying!”

As Zhou Yi carefully checked his memories, his heart turned cold.

Sky Prison guards seemed to be a lowly business, but because the prisoners were of extraordinary status, it was nonetheless lucrative.

Father Zhou had been on duty in prison for more than 20 years. Not only had he bought a residence in the Divine Capital, but he also used his connections to hire an imperial physician in the palace to personally prescribe medicine for Zhou Yi. In the end, it was all for nothing.

Thinking up to this point, Zhou Yi had no choice but to muster his courage and release a bellow from his gut.

“The system!”

No reaction.

“Cheat?”

“Grandpa?”

“System father?”

Zhou Yi called out affectionately a few times, but there was still no response. Not even a peep.

Just then—

A golden ray of light shone brightly in Zhou Yi’s mind, revealing a Golden Core, round and beautiful.

“What is this thing?”

Before he finished speaking, scenes began to appear before Zhou Yi's eyes. They were spectacular, gorgeous, and terrifying at the same time.

A huge beast galloped wantonly in the wilderness, spitting out flames that filled the sky.

The Bone Palace was built on a mountain thousands of feet in the air. Figures that looked like humans and ghosts rode billowing demonic clouds.

A beast with the head of a wolf and the body of a snake summoned the wind and the rain. A mutant with wings rode the thunderous clouds.

In the sky, Tianqiong slowly opened his golden eyes and stared coldly at the mortal world. Countless purple bolts of divine lightning descended, and everything within a thousand miles was reduced to ashes.

The immortal summoned his flying sword and tore a gap in the void.

Defeated, the demon sat cross-legged in a pool of blood, its skull bobbing.

A Giant God, thousands of feet tall, a war chariot pulled by nine dragons, a heavenly white tiger, a sea of black turtles...

The vast immortal voice buzzed, and the hazy image slowly faded.

At this moment—

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The Golden Core in his mind had already retracted its divine light. It was like an ordinary golden bead that slowly floated and rotated in his soul. A wisp of information was transmitted to Zhou Yi's soul.

The Dao Fruit of Eternal Life!

"The Dao Fruit!" Zhou Yi cried out.

"Isn't this the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life that I obtained after grinding to the highest level in the game I played in my previous life?"

Before Zhou Yi had been transported, he was addicted to a cultivation simulator. After working day and night for half a year, he finally reached the maximum level. Then, once he finally transcended to the ninth level of the Heavenly Tribulation, he was able to choose the Dao Fruit.

Since Zhou Yi was already an in-game hero, the choice was practically made for him. There was only one free Dao Fruit of Eternal Life.

The transcription read. "Dao Fruit: Eternal Life."

And below that, the text read, "The player ceases growth after childhood, achieving an endless lifespan—immortality.

A free Dao Fruit without any attributes!

"So my cheat is the game! Load the game? Open the game? Game panel? Dico Studios??"

Zhou Yi tried to call out a few more times. After confirming that he did not affect the game, he could only shrug helplessly.

"So, I'm immortal now?"

"Unfortunately, so-called eternal life doesn't mean immortality. It's just that you won't grow old. Your lifespan will be endless. You can still get injured, get sick, have all kinds of accidents, and be killed."

Zhou Yi moved his arms and legs and found that the weakness and illness had disappeared. His breathing was long and even, and his limbs were strong.

"The congenital deficiency has disappeared. It should be affected by the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life."

"If I had known that I would transport, I would have added ten 648 points and obtained the best Dao Fruit skills! But of course, although the other Dao Fruits increase skills and attributes, they don't have immortality..."

Zhou Yi thought about this carefully for a moment and realized that he was thinking entirely in terms of a different game. That being the case, the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life was the best choice.

Even with Dao Fruits with advanced skills and attributes, one still needed to continue training for immortality. During this period, there would be no lack of battles.

War was fierce and dangerous.

On the other hand, if one possessed the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life, one only needed to be careful and train steadily. After tens of thousands of years, one could still become an immortal and even become a Dao Ancestor.

Zhou Yi recalled the terrifying scenes in the cultivation world. It was normal to move mountains and fill the sea, and a tear in the void was ordinary.

Even with the help of a high-level Dao Fruit, one had to experience countless life-and-death struggles to cultivate immortality.

The immortals and demons were not kind elders. Once they discovered that Zhou Yi's cultivation speed was extraordinary, they would need one heck of a furnace to burn him in!

He might even have to put his pride aside, search his soul, and steal a Dao Fruit!

Dao Fruit was the ultimate goal of cultivation, but without the corresponding Dao Protection Technique, having it was like a child carrying gold through a bustling city.

“How can I, Zhou Yi, be a brave and ruthless person?”

Zhou Yi made up his mind to live a quiet life until he could train up to practical invincibility before roaming into the outside world to live freely.

Sky Prison was really a good place. Geographically, it was located in Ningde Square in the capital. The main gate of the capital was to the west, and the Dali Temple was to the east. It was only two marketplaces away from the palace.

Thousands of imperial guards were heavily armed and could leave the city at any time. It was simply the safest place in the Fengyang Kingdom.

Even if there was a drastic change in the dynasty, the attack would only affect the palace. The new emperor would not release the criminals who might harm his people.

He would enjoy emperor-level defense without being trapped inside the court.

“Perfect! Set small goals first. Sky Prison could keep me safe for hundreds of years!”

Zhou Yi carried the rice bucket to the door of every cell and scooped a spoonful of porridge.

A prisoner heard the sound and got up from his straw mat. His dark hands scooped up the rough porcelain bowl. There were only a few grains of brown rice and a few rotten vegetable leaves. He overturned the bowl with a clatter.

“I'm the Assistant Minister of Rites. How dare you let me eat swine food?”

This was the pride of a newcomer who had yet to leave his original identity!

The prisoner beside him was more sensible. “Brother, give me another spoonful. This is not enough!”

Zhou Yi looked at the cell number and scooped a spoonful of thick porridge from the bottom of the bucket for the prisoner.

“It’s almost the end of the month. Make sure your family delivers the money for the meal.”

“It’s been another month!”

The prisoner sighed, picked up his bowl of rice, and slurped it clean. He burped and returned to the straw mat to meditate.