

# I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 16

## Chapter 16: Connate Grandmaster

The next day.

Sky Prison.

Zhou Yi carried his last meal and arrived at Prison C9.

Dressed in white, the four sons and three daughters lay neatly on the ground, no longer breathing. The woman in mourning clothes lay on the ground, her eyes blank.

Li Xiong stood in the cell and looked coldly at Zhou Yi. "Remember, I'm waiting here with my wife and children. Tell Li Wu when he comes in!"

Zhou Yi frowned when he saw the tragedy of the father killing his children in the cell. He looked around the cell and realized that there were no prison guards on duty. The imperial court did not intend to carry out a public execution. It signaled for Li Xiong to commit suicide in the Sky Prison.

"The Grand Marshal is incorruptible and has made outstanding contributions. In the future, he will be worthy of being recorded in the history of the Imperial Ancestral Temple." Zhou Yi had spoken to Li Xiong yesterday and had already gone slightly overboard out of indignation at slaughtering the common people.

How could they speak ill of Li Wu and the imperial court today? Even if the officials wanted to kill the entire Li family, they had to praise the loyal monarch on the surface.

"He will come. I will wait for him!"

After Li Xiong finished speaking, he slapped the woman's forehead and then slapped his head. The couple died with their skulls shattered.

"If you knew this would happen, why did you do it!"

Zhou Yi pretended to panic and went out to call the prison guards to carry Li Xiong and his family out of the cell. Naturally, the Li family members would come to collect their corpses. As for whether they could be buried in the ancestral grave, no one knew.

"I'm in a bad mood today, so I'll choose an unlucky person to use my Demonic Technique!"

Zhou Yi carried the good wine and dishes and swayed to Prison A-12.

The prisoner was as strong as a bear and was half a head taller than the torture rack. There were a few scars on his shiny bald head. He's the type of man that commoners would report when he walked on the streets.

The prisoner glanced at the wine and meat and licked his lips. "Is it my turn today?"

"You sure know your stuff."

Zhou Yi set up the dishes and brought the meat to the prisoner's mouth.

The prisoner did not stand on ceremony and ate the meat and drank the wine happily. In the end, he burped. "I've heard outside that there's a prison guard in the Sky Prison who likes to torture experts in the martial world. No one can survive his torture."

"Do I actually have a reputation in the martial world?"

This was the first time Zhou Yi had heard of this matter. His life was simple, and he did not care about the martial world or the imperial court.

The prisoner said, "The martial world calls you Old Demon of Blood Prison. It's rumored that your entire family died at the hands of martial arts experts. That's why you're so ruthless."

"Old Demon?" Zhou Yi looked at his white hair and nodded slightly. "This nickname is not bad. It's quite imposing. The fellow daoists in martial arts had flattered me!"

The prisoner said coldly, "You're like a turtle, hiding in the Divine Capital and not going out. Otherwise, you would have been beaten to death!"

"Maybe they came to the Divine Capital, but no one knows."

It had been very lively for the past two years in Zhou Yi's small courtyard in the Divine Capital. The date trees in the courtyard grew vigorously, and his colleagues praised the sweetness and deliciousness of the dates. Perhaps it was because the experts of the martial world had achieved Body Tempering, and their flesh and blood contained special energy that the dates planted were not ordinary.

Zhou Yi planned to plant grape vines and invite his colleagues to try it.

"I don't believe it. I'll try your torture today." The prisoner said proudly, "Back then, I committed a murder in the temple and I survived when 18 monks beat me till their punishment sticks were broken."

"So you're a Buddhist disciple. Pardon me."

Zhou Yi cleaned up the dishes and placed his palm on the prisoner's dantian, circulating the Heaven Devouring Demonic Technique. Thick inner Qi flowed out of the prisoner's body like a floodgate being opened. In just a moment, the inner Qi in the prisoner's dantian was completely devoured.

"What is this—" The veins on the prisoner's bald head throbbed, and his eyes widened in disbelief. "Heaven Devouring... Demonic Technique?"

"You actually know?" Without waiting for the prisoner to speak, Zhou Yi slapped his head. Inner Qi seeped out of his body and turned his brain into tofu. "The more you know, the more curious you are, and the more dangerous you are!"

...

At the beginning of the twelfth year of Hongchang.

Grand Marshal Li Wu had defeated the enemy's main force at Snake Mountain and killed 200,000 people, capturing the Third Prince of Great Yong alive. Then, he chased the defeated soldiers for 1,200 kilometers and completely reclaimed the old territory of the Fengyang Kingdom.

When the news reached the Divine Capital, the citizens cheered. The court officials were silent.

That same autumn.

Li Wu led his army into Great Yong and broke through twelve cities in a row, reaching Great Yong's southern border, the Heavenly Barrier Soul Suppression Fortress. The commander of the Soul Suppression Fortress allowed Li Wu's shouts for challenge and refused to come out. Great Yong sent an envoy to seek peace.

...

The changes in the outside world had nothing to do with Zhou Yi.

In the courtyard.

Zhou Yi sat cross-legged under the grape trellis and silently circulated the Heaven Devouring Demon Technique. Inner Qi that surged like a river flowed through his meridians, faintly emitting the sound of raging waves hitting the shore.

"In seven years, I've devoured the inner Qi of more than 90 martial arts experts... Now, I've finally reached the 500-year limit!"

Zhou Yi applied for leave from the prison and focused on seclusion at home until he broke through to the Connate realm.

“According to the description of the Demonic Technique, my inner Qi has reached 500 years. As long as I keep circulating it until I can use the power of Heaven and Earth, I can naturally comprehend the Connate Grandmaster realm!”

His inner Qi followed his meridians and circulated for more than ten heavenly cycles.

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Zhou Yi only felt that his meridians had reached their limit. Some of his minor meridians had already cracked, but he still could not sense the Connate realm.

“Hmph!” Zhou Yi could not help but groan in pain. The pain of the cracks in his meridians was not inferior to the torture of being dismembered.

At this moment, if he continued to circulate his Demonic Technique, he might break through to the Connate realm, or his meridians might be broken and he would become a cripple. In the worst case, he would die.

“Ordinary people might grit their teeth and persevere to break through to the Connate Realm. I... I will try again tomorrow!”

And so, Zhou Yi stopped circulating his energy, stood up, brewed a pot of good tea, and recited the Dao Scripture. He concentrated on calming the restlessness.

The next day.

Zhou Yi circulated his Demonic Technique again. He had circulated a few more times than yesterday and reached the limit of his meridians.

“It seems that my talent is really a little poor. Ordinary people with low talent will either become disheartened and disappear into the crowd or risk their lives to break through. After all, life waits for no man.

“Fortunately, I have the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life. No bottleneck or shackles can withstand the tempering of time. Only I am still the same even though the world has changed!”

Zhou Yi stopped circulating his energy and took out a Buddhist scripture to read. He agreed with the other explanations such as retribution and karma, but he did not agree with philosophies such as enduring pain.

Time passed, autumn went and spring came. In the blink of an eye, half a year had passed.

At first, someone asked why Old Zhou wasn't back yet, but they got used to it.

Another day rolled around.

Zhou Yi was burning incense and chanting scriptures when he suddenly had a mysterious thought. He circulated the Heaven Devouring Demon Technique in his body. After circulating it for dozens of heavenly cycles, his meridians still did not feel any pain.

At this moment, wisps of cool air gathered into Zhou Yi's body from the outside world, like ice threads and drizzle, moistening everything silently.

"Is this the spiritual energy of heaven and earth?" Zhou Yi closed his eyes and sensed. There was a mysterious aura in the world that was faintly divided into five colors, and it was extremely thin.

As the majestic inner Qi circulated, it drove the five-colored spiritual energy into his body and fused into his inner Qi. As the spiritual energy gathered, the loose inner Qi gradually condensed into substance.

500 years of compressed inner Qi had become a trickle.

"This is Connate True Essence? The quantity is ten times less, but the quality has increased by a hundred times!"

Zhou Yi circulated his true essence and released it from his fingertips, condensing it into a visible energy sword. He waved it at the stone slab on the ground.

Swish! Silently, the energy sword sliced the stone slab in half.

"If I use my inner Qi to injure someone, its power will be greatly reduced in three to four feet. If I'm ten feet away, my inner Qi will dissipate on its own. However, my true essence is different. Even if I'm twenty to thirty feet away, it can still condense and not dissipate. Such methods of killing are like immortals in the eyes of mortals! No wonder the legends say that everyone below the Connate realm are ants!"

Zhou Yi circulated his Connate True Essence. After a heavenly cycle, the spiritual energy gathered in his body was almost undetectable.

"With such a cultivation speed, does it take hundreds of years to reach the perfected Connate Realm? The reason why it's so slow is definitely not just because of my poor aptitude. Whether it's the Heaven Devouring Demon Technique or the Origin Returning Mantra, there's no cultivation method after the Connate realm.

"Secondly, the spiritual energy of heaven and earth in the mortal world is extremely thin, so it naturally takes a long time to absorb it. Thirdly, it purely relies on one's own cultivation, where there are medicinal pills or other supplementary items or not..."

Zhou Yi thought about it carefully and listed several reasons why cultivation was slow.

“However, I still have to cultivate in the mortal world. Even if I spend hundreds of years until I really make no progress one day, it won’t be too late to go to the cultivation world. The cultivation world is different from the mortal world. It’s too difficult to hide. There are too many ways to harm people. It’s very difficult to cultivate in peace like now.”

Instead, Zhou Yi felt that the mortal spiritual energy was extremely thin and was a form of protection for him.

“Moreover, it doesn’t seem like there are no immortal cultivation techniques...”

Zhou Yi suddenly recalled that the Nameless Mantra taught by Wei Chang back then was to sense the aura of heaven and earth and refine his body through cultivation techniques. Back then, he could not enter the elementary level no matter what. Now that Zhou Yi had advanced to the Connate realm, he could already sense the spiritual energy of heaven and earth.

“...calm your heart, breathe slowly, gather the divine light, reach the heavens...” Zhou Yi recited the incantation silently. The True Essence in his body circulated on its own, and the spiritual energy of heaven and earth gathered at a speed several times faster than before.

The spiritual energy refined by the Nameless Mantra did not increase his innate true essence, but fused into his tendons, bones, internal organs, and limbs. His Body Tempering, which had just entered the Internal Organs Realm, advanced visibly.

“This chant is not a cultivation technique. It should be the legendary body tempering technique! In that case, can I cultivate another Connate Body Tempering?”

Zhou Yi smiled. Whether it was martial arts or immortal cultivation, it was all to protect the Dao Fruit of Longevity. As long as it could increase his strength, he would not hesitate to spend time cultivating it. There was no difference for hundreds or thousands of years.

“I should be on duty tomorrow!”

...

Sky Prison.

Zhou Yi greeted the guard on duty. “Old Feng, long time no see.”

“Aye?” Feng Qiao was reminiscing about Lady Lianxiang of Spring Breeze Tower. Eight years ago, she was the top courtesan. The wealthy merchants could not get her no matter how much money they spent. Now, she only needed five taels of silver. “You’re not dead, Old Zhou?”

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Zhou Yi asked, "Who said I was dead?"

"That's what they say in the prison. They say that you always like to torture the experts of the martial world and kill so many people. You have many enemies outside, and they attack you in revenge, leaving not even a complete corpse!" Feng Qiao explained, "Lieutenant Zhu even sent someone to your house. When no one answered the door, everyone believed him."

"I hid outside for a while. I'm fine now."

Before Zhou Yi went into seclusion, he prepared a large amount of food and locked the door. Every day, he would drink tea, read books, and comprehend his state of mind. No matter who knocked on the door, he could not be bothered.

During this period, there were indeed thieves who barged into his courtyard. Perhaps they were enemies or thieves. But no one could withstand a single blow from Zhou Yi.

Who could withstand a punch with five hundred years of strength!

## I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 17

### Chapter 17: The Emperor Is Old

Even though news of Zhou Yi's death spread, no one made things difficult for him when he came back. The prison guards cheered when he showed off his technique.

Warden Liu praised, "Old Zhou is a nostalgic person. Little Yu, you don't have to escort prisoners. You can just deliver food with Old Zhou."

Little Yu's name was Yu Jie, a 17 or 18-year-old youth. He had not been tainted by the gloomy aura of the Sky Prison for a few months. Just like when Zhou Yi first came to the Sky Prison back then, he stood obediently behind the prison guards and said little.

Zhou Yi smiled. "He's been in the Sky Prison for too long and am used to the smell here."

"We'll welcome Old Zhou at Spring Breeze Tower tonight." Lieutenant Zhu put his arm around Zhou Yi's shoulder and said in a low voice, "The prison hasn't been peaceful recently. People keep seeing ghosts at night. Old Zhou, you're a great expert now. Keep an eye out!"

“I’ll do that.”

Previously, Zhou Yi had been cautious. Now that he had advanced to the Connate Grandmaster realm, he could let go a little. His day went without any troubles.

Nightfall came.

The Sky Prison’s guards changed their clothes, and they went straight to Spring Breeze Tower.

Zhou Yi asked, “Old Feng, I heard you say that you have a fierce wife at home. Have you become more carefree now?”

“Old Zhou, you still don’t know?” Lieutenant Zhu winked and said, “This fellow bought a pair of twins at the brokerage and secretly raised them in the Divine Capital. I don’t know who let out the news, but his wife from the county came and caused a scene...”

“I originally saw that the woman had some money at home, so I tolerated her.” Feng Qiao said in embarrassment, “That money is nothing now. So I found an excuse and divorced her!”

The benefits of the Sky Prison were more than ten times or a hundred times higher than that of the county prison. If they found an opportunity to escort an exiled criminal, they would earn more money than the county prison could earn for a few years.

Zhou Yi did not persuade him to abandon his wife. He only has a shallow relationship with him, it’s best not to say anything. He knew that Feng Qiao would not have an easy time in the future when he saw his colleagues’ disdain hidden in their eyes, even though they were smiling. After becoming rich, he divorced his wife. Who dared to work with him?

“How are the twins?”

“Young and very smooth!”

Feng Qiao was not blind. He could naturally tell that his colleagues despised him. But so what? As long as he did not care about his reputation and future, it really did not affect anything.

After not coming for half a year, Spring Breeze Tower had changed its Flower Queen again.

When the procuress saw Zhou Yi, she immediately beamed. “Master Zhou, you haven’t been here in a while.”



He was an old customer for 21 years. Although Zhou Yi did not fight for the Flower Queen and did not casually reward people, the money he spent in Spring Breeze Tower over the years was enough to buy a residence in the capital.

These loyal customers were the foundation of the Spring Breeze Tower!

Zhou Yi smiled and said, "What is the program today?"

"Of course it's Master Zhou's favorite!"

The procuress summoned the clerk and gave him a few instructions. She took down the current program, replacing it with Drunken Spring.

The new Flower Queen was a big-chested woman. Her red lips were slightly parted as she sang softly, "... Gently push the boy, it hurts... Arms around each other, move..."

In a private room on the second floor.

Zhou Yi and Lieutenant Zhu took the lead, while the other colleagues sat on the left and right.

The waiter served the dishes without any instructions. They were all ordered by Zhou Yi. The wine was 50 years old pear blossom white.

"Master Zhou, you don't have to pay for anything today." The procuress made a few more wisecracks, causing the prison guards to laugh before leaving.

Lieutenant Zhu said, "If you're coming to Spring Breeze Tower, you have to call Old Zhou over. If we come alone, we'll always be sitting alone in the lobby, and we've never enjoyed such meticulous care!"

"Lord Zhu, you can enjoy the treatment if you spend ten thousand taels of silver here."

Zhou Yi roughly calculated that the annual expenditure was at least a few hundred taels. In twenty years, it had already exceeded ten thousand taels.

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Lieutenant Zhu muttered, "Old Zhou, why don't you learn from Old Feng and buy a few to raise at home? You won't need so much silver in your lifetime!"

His colleagues looked at each other. No matter how profitable the Sky Prison was, they could not make money like this.

10,000 taels for the Spring Breeze Tower, money for body tempering, not to mention that the Body Tempering Soup was filled with 100-year-old medicinal herbs, and there were priceless treasures, and other expenses. It was simply difficult to calculate.

Moreover, Zhou Yi only delivered food. He never went to escort prisoners. Where did he get so much money?

“I have many friends in the martial world. There are always people coming to the door to offer money. The kind that can't be refused.”

Zhou Yi did not earn much money in the Sky Prison. In recent years, when many prisoners saw him carrying wine and meat in, they would be so frightened that they promised to give him gold and silver in exchange for their lives, but he had never gone to retrieve it.

The silver that was distributed in the prison was only the extra money for the prisoners' meals. After deducting the portion for colleagues and officials, it was far from enough to spend at Spring Breeze Tower.

“I see!”

The prison guards suddenly remembered that the old Zhou Yi was a martial arts expert.

A first-rate expert in the Visceral Tempering Realm could have a position in the Uniformed Guards. He could also make a name for himself in the martial world. For example, the Flying Rainbow Swordsman could dominate Yuzhou, and the Twin Bears of the North Desert could shake the Northwest.

Lieutenant Zhu said, “In the future, the money for the prisoners' meals will all belong to Old Zhou. You can discuss how much of the leftovers you want.”

“Thank you, Sir Zhu.”

Zhou Yi did not explain that most of his income was actually from the thieves that trespassed his courtyard.

Initially, they were just some petty thieves. Later on, he gained the nickname of Old Demon of Blood Prison. Some of them wanted to take revenge for their friends and family, while others wanted to subdue the demon, and they left behind many jade rings and banknotes.

Zhou Yi could not be bothered to distinguish between good and bad. Since he had entered the martial world, he was prepared to die. The soil in the courtyard was three feet higher. Zhou Yi was not surprised if a zombie crawled out one day.

“Has anything major happened in the Divine Capital in the past six months?”

“Hehe, Old Zhou, you missed the show!” Lieutenant Zhu smiled and said, “A few days ago, when the Grand Marshal returned to the court, tens of thousands of people in the Divine Capital watched. His Majesty beheaded the prince in front of the envoys of Great Yong and offered him to the Imperial Ancestral Temple.”

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“Then why the peace negotiations?”

After Zhou Yi came out of seclusion, he heard a few words. It seemed to be about making peace with Great Yong and returning the five cities to them.

“War is dangerous. No one can always guarantee victory. It’s better to quit while you’re ahead.” Lieutenant Zhu’s tone changed. “In any case, the Ministry of War issued nine consecutive military orders to recall General Li from the northern border with this reason!”

Zhou Yi shook his head slightly. “Lord Zhu, do you think General Li can continue to win?”

Lieutenant Zhu said affirmatively, “Of course! General Li is a famous general that only appears once in a thousand years. Ever since he pacified the Long Rebellion, he has never tasted defeat.”

Zhou Yi looked at his colleagues and asked, “Do you guys think so too?”

“Is there something wrong? General Li knows his subordinates’ abilities well enough and has promoted several generals who are not that successful. Now, they are all generals who are powerful. General Li is still a Connate Grandmaster. Since he could kill someone in a ten-thousand army, it’s possible for him to destroy Great Yong!”

His colleagues chimed in, agreeing that Zhu had a point.

“Then let me ask you guys—” Zhou Yi said faintly, “How old is His Majesty now?”

Lieutenant Zhu calculated silently in his heart. The current emperor was twelve years old when the late emperor ascended the throne. Chongming Dynasty ended in its 46th year and the current emperor has been on the throne for twelve years. He was already seventy-two years old this year.

Although the emperor enjoyed glory and wealth, it was not easy for him to live to 70 years old except for Emperor Chongming, who was pure-hearted and did not care about government affairs.

Emperor Hongchang was already old!

Although the prison guards were the lowest level of officials and could not even be rated, they were usually guarding criminals. They had heard about the struggles in the imperial court and naturally understood the dangers.

Zhou Yi asked, “Does General Li have any rewards for recovering lost territory, defeating the enemy country, and expanding our territory?”

Immediately, a colleague replied, “The Emperor bestowed nine bestowments and a fake gilded battle-ax, his name would not be announced and he did not need to walk fast when he saw the Emperor, in addition, he was conferred the title of a Duke!”

“Ahem, ahem, ahem!” Lieutenant Zhu coughed and interrupted the conversation stiffly. He shouted to the clerk beside him. “Call the girls over. How can we just drink when we’re at Spring Breeze Tower?”

Due to the topic, the originally lively atmosphere suddenly became boring. After a few more rounds of drinking, they dispersed and went home.

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Cell C-9.

Zhou Yi sat cross-legged in the inner room, using the Heaven Devouring Demon Technique and practicing the Nameless Mantra.

The spiritual energy in the prison was sinister and cold. He gathered them in his meridians and refined them. It became colder and colder, incompatible with the warm true essence in his dantian.

“Cultivation needs to be relaxed. I’ll rest for the next few days and find the thief in the Sky Prison first.”

Zhou Yi lay on the bed with his ear pressed against the brick bed. His Connate True Essence circulated along his meridians.

In an instant,

Snoring, grunting in pain, berating, walking, drinking, prison guards drinking and playing rock-paper-scissors, snakes and rats burrowing and squeaking, all kinds of sounds mixed together like countless ants crawling around his ears.

Earth Communication Technique!

An unknown grave robber had exchanged this method for a roasted chicken before he died.

Grave robbers knocked on the ground and used the Earth Communication Technique to determine if there was any space a few feet underground. Then, through other methods, they deduced that it was a tomb or a hole in the ground.

Zhou Yi used it with his Connate Realm, and he monitored the entire prison. He distinguished and blocked out useless sounds.

No matter how good one's qinggong was in the world, there would still be the sound of wind and vibration when one moved. If one was not proficient in qinggong, it would be difficult to distinguish it from the noisy and chaotic sounds.

Zhou Yi learned Qinggong from many prisoners. There were many famous thieves in the martial world, and there were thieves who walked on the eaves and walls. It could be said that they were very knowledgeable. As long as someone in the prison used Qinggong, they would not be able to escape the Earth Communication Technique.

The first half of the night passed without accidents.

At dawn.

The warden on duty was exhausted. He was either dozing on the table or resting in a corner.

The night wind howled as a shadow entered the prison. The prison guard on duty at the door looked up groggily. Seeing no one, he continued to drift against the wall.

The oil lamp in the aisle of the cell flickered. Shadows were reflected on the wall, swaying with the light like struggling ghosts.

The shadow went straight into the depths of the prison.

Prison A2.

It was empty and there were no prisoners checking in for the time being. The shadow used a key to open the iron lock and entered with familiarity.

The shadow looked around, not leaving any gaps.

Crack!

The steel door moved without wind, shutting the shadow in the cell.

"Who?" A crisp cry sounded from the shadows. The shadow subconsciously wanted to pull open the cell door, only to see a seemingly corporeal sword energy stabbing over.

Swish! The sword energy struck the cell door. The steel bars snapped.

“Senior, spare me!” The shadow retreated in fear. The gray-black fog that enveloped him quickly dissipated, revealing the person inside.

“Hehehehe...” A series of strange laughter sounded in Yu Jie’s ears.

“Kid, what are you doing in the Sky Prison?”

The voice was ethereal and untraceable.

Yu Jie’s forehead was covered in sweat. He kept bowing to his surroundings, thinking that he had encountered a rare old demon.

“I, Yu Shitou’s grandson, came to the Sky Prison to obtain my ancestor’s inheritance. I have no intention of offending you!”

## **I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 18**

### **Chapter 18: The Art of Talismans**

“Yu Shitou, what kind of name is that?”

Zhou Yi recalled all the criminals in the prison and confirmed that there was no such person.

There was no lack of strong people who came from the bottom rung of society and climbed their way up. However, after gaining power, they would change to more domineering titles. The gang leader, Doggy Li, and the Sword God, Zhang Tiezhu, would be laughed to death if word got out. As a result, many experts had similar names and often used words like Xiao, Ba, Hao, and Lie. It was very likely that they were named by the same person.

“I’m quite knowledgeable and have never heard of this person. How dare you lie?”

The sword energy circled around Yu Jie’s head and spun gently. Strands of hair fell to the ground. If it did not miss by half an inch, it would split open his skull.

“Senior, please calm down. I’m not lying...” Yu Jie was terrified. He gritted his teeth and said, “Yu Shitou is my ancestor’s real name. He has another nickname outside. His name is Heavenly King Huang!”

“Heavenly King Huang...” Zhou Yi’s voice was ethereal, as if he was recalling the past. “I’ve met him once. I heard him mention that the Rebellion of Cang and Huang was controlled by the Jiangnan family. In the end, the two Heavenly Kings were abandoned!”

“Senior, you’re right. Back then, the Heavenly King Cang had the help of the ancestral seal. Even Li Wu couldn’t win.” Yu Jie said angrily, “The Jiangnan aristocratic families originally supported our ancestors, but they secretly betrayed them, defected to the imperial court and deceived my ancestor and the Heavenly King Cang to drink the strange poison. Otherwise, how could Connate masters be captured alive!”

“I see.”

Zhou Yi suddenly understood. Only after using the demonic technique to break through to the Connate realm did he know that the Heavenly King Cang was powerful back then.

Li Wu had captured him alive. He had thought that it was because of his talent, but the truth was that he had been poisoned. The famous general was said to be open and aboveboard. No one expected him to use such underhanded methods.

This made Zhou Yi’s smug thoughts feel like a bucket of cold water had been poured on him. Connate grandmasters were invincible among mortals, but they were not immortal. The enemy would set traps, poison them, and use evil methods. If he was careless, he would follow in Heavenly King Cang’s footsteps!

“How do you prove you’re a descendant of Heavenly King Huang?”

“This talisman is called the Shadow Talisman. It’s a secret talisman technique passed down by my ancestor. The Shadow Secret Guard that once shocked Jiangnan originated from this.”

Yu Jie took out a talisman that was painted with cinnabar. “Back then, when the Imperial Court’s army attacked the Heavenly King’s Mansion, I relied on this talisman to hide and luckily escaped.”

Zhou Yi asked, “What’s the use of this talisman?”

Yu Jie said, “The shadow talisman can summon fog to protect you. You can blend into the night and become invisible.”

Zhou Yi ordered, “Show it to me and let me broaden my horizons!”

Back then, when he sensed that the prison was dangerous, Zhou Yi hurriedly left to take refuge. After that, he never saw Heavenly King Huang again. He had originally thought that Heavenly King Huang using talisman water to treat illnesses was a strategy to gather faith and facilitate rebellion. Now, it seemed that he really had some mysterious methods.

The Art of Talismans had already transcended the mortal Martial Dao. It was more like a cultivator’s technique, making Zhou Yi filled with anticipation.

Yu Jie did not dare to refuse. He injected his inner Qi into the talisman and the shadow talisman burned into ashes. A black fog rose out of thin air in the cell and wrapped around Yu Jie's body. From afar, the darkness and the night seemed to have become one.

Zhou Yi asked, "Are there any other talismans?"

"I've already used up all my offensive talismans to avoid the Uniform Guards' pursuit a few years ago. I only have a few Shadow Talismans and Divine Movement Talismans left."

Yu Jie took out another talisman. The texture was different from the shadow talisman.

Zhou Yi hid in the dark and stared at Yu Jie for a moment. He was not sure if this kid had offensive talismans left. It would be bad if a few large fireballs came his way after he revealed himself.

A Connate Grandmaster might not be able to block the talisman.

"Didn't Heavenly King Huang teach you the Art of Talisman?"

Yu Jie pondered for a moment and said, "He did pass some down, but I'm not talented enough to understand it."

Zhou Yi did not hide his intentions and said fiercely, "I'm very interested in the Art of Talismans, so I'll exchange your life for it. How about that?"

Yu Jie firmly believed that Zhou Yi was a curmudgeon in the martial world. Such a person was eccentric and ruthless, so he did not dare to refuse. With a ripping sound, he tore open his sleeve and took out the blue book hidden inside. "I've recorded all the talisman techniques that my ancestor taught me. Senior, you can take them and comprehend them."

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Zhou Yi asked again, "Since you have an inheritance, why did you come to this prison?"

"Senior, you might not know this, but our ancestor only imparted the entry-level talisman technique. After that, there was an upheaval and he was unable to leave behind a complete inheritance."

Yu Jie explained, "Even if it's an entry-level talisman technique, I still haven't mastered it after studying it for several years. I can only place my hopes on finding the subsequent content. Perhaps I can learn the Art of Talismans."

"Heheheheh!"



A series of strange laughter entered Yu Jie's ears, and Zhou Yi's voice revealed a cold killing intent.

"Kid, by saying so much, are you planning to use my hands to find the talisman inheritance?"

Yu Jie admitted obediently, "I've already searched all the places where my ancestor might have left his inheritance. Now, only the Sky Prison and the Imperial Prison are left."

"The Imperial Prison..."

Zhou Yi had already searched the Sky Prison, so it was very likely that Heavenly King Huang's talisman technique was left in the Uniform Guard's Imperial Prison.

The Imperial Prison was filled with danger, even more so than the Sky Prison!

"Is it true that Heavenly King Huang received a technique from a variant human and cultivated the Art of Talismans?"

"I dare not hide it from you!"

Yu Jie felt the killing intent gradually dissipate and heaved a sigh of relief.

"What everyone knows was just a cover that my ancestor told others. Back then, there was a continuous drought and that damn emperor kept raising taxes. My ancestor entered the Daoist temple to eat.

"But he didn't know that there was no rice in the Daoist temple. My ancestor didn't want to starve to death. So he became a wandering Daoist who secretly robbed tombs for a living. The Art of Talismans was dug out from a tomb in Mount Tai. After my ancestor cultivated it, he used talisman water to practice medicine and took in many disciples..."

Needless to say, Heavenly King Huang's disciples were all over Jiangnan, and there was no lack of aristocratic descendants among them. After the two of them joined forces, they rose up and called themselves Heavenly Kings!

Zhou Yi stared at Yu Jie and sized him up for a moment. In the end, he did not kill him and ordered. "Put the book down. You can leave now, boy."

"Thank you, Senior!" Yu Jie's face lit up. He bowed to his surroundings and carefully placed the book on the ground before hurriedly leaving the prison.

Zhou Yi did not take the book. Instead, he secretly followed Yu Jie to a private courtyard in Desheng Workshop.

Yu Jie heaved a sigh of relief. He quickly packed up the gold and silver and headed straight for the west gate of the Divine Capital. The soldier on duty seemed to be familiar with Yu Jie. He accepted a few banknotes and sent him out with a basket.

“This boy has a future!”

Zhou Yi stood on the city wall and watched as Yu Jie disappeared. He went back to the Sky Prison.

Prison A2.

The blue book sat quietly on the floor, untouched.

Zhou Yi took the wooden stick and flipped through the pages. He did not activate any offensive talisman. He found a rat and let it eat a few pages to confirm that there was no strange poison in it.

Wrapping his hands with Connate True Essence, he picked up the book and read it page by page.

“The method of making talisman paper and talisman pen. Mixed beast blood in the cinnabar... You must calm down when drawing talismans... The inner Qi must be gathered at the tip of the pen... It must be done in one go. It cannot be interrupted...”

The content recorded in the book was not a proper technique. It was more like Yu Jie’s class notes. There were many insights mixed in.

Zhou Yi flipped to the last few pages. There were four complete talisman strokes.

“Dust Cleaner Talisman, House Suppression Talisman, Shadow Talisman, Light Body Talisman!”

## **I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 19**

### **Chapter 19: Suppressing the Evil**

Zhou Yi flipped through the book a few times and memorized it.

The breakthrough of the Connate realm was not only about martial strength, or rather, martial strength was just an appearance. In fact, it was a transformation of the essence, qi, and mind to a higher level of life. His memory was not far from photographic.

“I originally wanted to reach a bottleneck in the Martial Dao and find a few cultivation techniques to cultivate. Now that I have the Art of Talismans, I can be considered half a cultivator after learning it.”

Cultivators regarded talismans and other similar techniques as protective techniques. Immortal Dao cultivation techniques were the foundation of achieving the Dao. Pursuing techniques without any foundation was the act of neglecting the basics.

Zhou Yi had already obtained the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life, so his perspective was different from cultivators.

All the methods in the world that could increase strength, be it cultivation techniques, talisman or refinement of weapons, were all techniques to protect the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life.

“A talisman pen made from the tail hair of a white fox. A hundred-year-old white fox is best. The talisman paper is still made of animal skin. The older the beast, the higher the success rate...”

There was no need for Zhou Yi to hunt personally. The Divine Capital was where the essence of the Fengyang Kingdom was gathered. Rare and precious items like the hundred-year-old white fox fur would definitely be sent to the Divine Capital for sale. If he didn't have enough money, he could owe them first!

The next day.

When Lieutenant Zhu heard that the thief in the Sky Prison had been eliminated, he naturally realized that Yu Jie had disappeared. He could not help but be shocked. The other party had used his connections to enter the Sky Prison.

“Old Zhou, you're the Sky Prison's Sea-Calming Divine Needle!”

The news that Zhou Yi had reached the Internal Organs Realm in his Body Tempering would soon spread to the Uniform Guards. Someone would definitely come to rope him in. The five generations of Zhou family were all prison guards and they could not be more innocent. They were far more at ease than the martial arts experts they recruited.

“Don't worry, Lord Zhu. I can't bear to leave the Sky Prison either.”

It would be a lie to say that Zhou Yi was not tempted by the talisman inheritance that might be hidden in the imperial prison, but he had enough patience to wait for the opportunity.

Time would always be on Zhou Yi's side!

A month later.

The talisman pen and talisman paper were successfully made.

Zhou Yi taught himself to draw talismans according to the book. Naturally, he would not succeed at first. His true essence condensed on the tip of the brush and could not be integrated into the talisman at all.

“Nothing is impossible in this world, unless you’re not familiar with it!”

In the blink of an eye, two years had passed.

Zhou Yi’s life was simple and calm, but he heard his colleagues talk about many important matters.

At the beginning of the 13th year of Hongchang, not long after Zhou Yi broke through to the Connate Realm, the Fengyang Kingdom and Great Yong officially signed a peace treaty.

The Minister of Revenue wrote that the treasury was empty and asked for the dismissal of the Northern Border Army. Since the ascension of Emperor Hongchang, there had been constant wars of all sizes for thirteen years. This reason was very reasonable.

It was rumored that the Grand Secretary, Zhang Zhengyang, respectfully asked Li Wu in Fengtian Palace in front of Emperor Hongchang and all the civil and military officials, “This matter is of great importance. We need the Duke to agree before we can dismiss the border army!”

There were all kinds of versions of what happened after that. There was one where Li Wu scolded the Grand Secretary in public, and one where Li Wu surrendered. In the end, 70% of the million-strong army in the northern border was disbanded.

The imperial court was in turmoil, and the martial world was in turmoil.

Rumor had it that the mighty Cang family of Jiangnan had a demonic technique that could devour inner Qi. The Cang family had never been a small clan. In just ten years, they had indirectly produced top-notch experts. Their clansmen seemed to have become talented martial arts geniuses. Moreover, the Cang family specialized in inner Qi, which was in line with the rumors in the martial world.

In the 14th year of Hongchang, the Cang family was besieged by more than a dozen sects led by Buddhism and Daoism. More than a thousand people died, and none of the old, weak, women, and children were spared.

Someone asked Master Fang Yuan of the Huasheng Temple, “Does the Cang family have a demonic technique that can devour inner Qi?”

Master Fang Yuan had a benevolent expression on his face as he chanted a Buddhist proclamation. "Amitabha! Perhaps someone has found it."

When these words spread to the martial world, the Buddhist Sect had another stain on their reputation. It made the various gangs and sects mock them for a long time. After a few months, no one mentioned it again.

After all, too many major events had happened in the imperial court. The Buddhist Sect would not be able to occupy the trending searches for a few days.

For example, if Zhou Yi became a first-rate expert, it would be considered big news in the Sky Prison, and he could still cause some ripples in the Divine Capital, but he would not even be able to cause a drop of water splash in the Fengyang Kingdom.

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The Uniform Guards had sent people to recruit him. They had first promised him the position of an officer, and then raised their offer to sergeant.

Zhou Yi refused a few times in a row and left it at that.

The eyes of the world would always pay attention to the latest people and events. After two years, no one paid attention to a mere prison guard anymore. Occasionally, when he was mentioned at the wine table, they would even scoff in disdain. "Even if such a person is an expert, he's useless!"

At the end of the thirteenth year of Hongchang, approaching New Year's Eve. A decree spread throughout the world. The position of the crown prince of the Fengyang Kingdom that had been empty for many years finally belonged to someone.

It was the eldest prince, Zhao Xian, whose wife was the legitimate daughter of the Grand Secretary, Zhang Zhengyang.

"No wonder he can be a Grand Secretary. This old man is very capable!"

Zhou Yi clicked his tongue a few times and put this matter behind him. The imperial court was like a cloud to him, far less interesting than the Art of Talismans.

After two years of copying and drawing, ruining several talisman pens, destroying countless talismans, it almost became instinctive for him to draw four types of talismans, he could even draw the complicated strokes without stopping.

His true essence condensed at the tip of the pen. As the pen was set on the talisman, the cinnabar became crystal clear on the talisman paper.

Pfft! With a soft sound, the true essence in the cinnabar dissipated, and the talisman paper shattered into powder.

Zhou Yi was already used to it. He carefully recalled the reason for the mistake and changed a talisman paper to continue drawing.

In the past two years, he had gone from not knowing anything to comprehending the elementary level. Zhou Yi had a premonition that he was not far from drawing a talisman successfully.

“I’m running out of talismans. I have to borrow a few more.”

Zhou Yi heard that the Ferocious Tiger Hall in the south of the city had recently obtained a white tiger skin. The hall master even held a tiger appreciation banquet.

“Since I’m cultivating the Five Tigers Fist, I should borrow it!”

The Ferocious Tiger Hall’s Hall Master, Luo Hu, did not participate in the rebellion back then. Later on, he took advantage of the fact that the boxing hall had been seized by the Uniformed Guards and obtained the second half of the boxing manual and nourishing prescription. Now, he has also become a big shot.

“...Clear as the void, the talisman formed itself!”

Zhou Yi cleared his mind. When the last stroke landed, there was a faint spiritual light flickering on the talisman.

“Eh? It’s not broken!”

Zhou Yi was surprised. He picked up the House Suppression Talisman and observed it carefully. It was identical to the description in the book, but he did not know if it was effective. True essence poured in, and the talisman ignited without fire. An invisible wave swept across the courtyard.

At this moment—

It was midwinter, the dead of night. A cold wind suddenly blew in the courtyard, emitting a whining sound.

“Who?”

Zhou Yi’s eyes were like lightning as he suddenly looked at the date tree in the courtyard. The originally empty place was filled with black fog. It vaguely looked like a human with only two red spots on its face.

He turned to look under the trellis where he usually ate, drank tea, and drank wine. Some were hiding in the trellises, and some were sitting on stone blocks. Even the dining table was occupied by two ghosts.

More than ten pairs of red eyes stared at Zhou Yi resentfully, as if they would pounce over and bite him at any time.

“Ghosts?”

Zhou Yi was not afraid at all. Instead, he was filled with interest. He gathered his true essence and grabbed a ghost. However, when the ghost shadow touched the true essence, it let out a miserable scream and turned into nothingness.

“This is too fragile to be called a ghost. At best, it’s a remnant soul or something.”

Zhou Yi protected his body with his true essence and walked towards the ghost shadows.

Woowoo...

The vicious ghosts retreated in fear and finally squeezed into the corner, overlapping like smoke.

“You died in my hands when you were alive. Even if you turn into a ghost, you won’t dare to resist. Boring! Boring!”

After Zhou Yi finished speaking, his true essence condensed into a sword edge. He shuttled back and forth in the ghost shadows a few times before they died again.

## **I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 20**

### **Chapter 20 Yuniang, the Vengeful Spirit**

The remnant souls in the courtyard were too weak to interest Zhou Yi. According to his guess about ghosts in his previous life, there was definitely a place where real ghosts existed.

Sky Prison.

There were many people who were imprisoned and tortured to death all year round, which fit the conditions of vengeful spirits.

“The reason why prison guards’ lifespans are short might be because they are accompanied by ghosts day and night, and their lifespans are damaged by yin energy.

I've been in the Sky Prison for more than twenty years, but I've never heard of malicious ghosts harming anyone, so they're not powerful people. "I'll draw another House Suppression Talisman and try it tomorrow in the Sky Prison."

Zhou Yi planned to stay in the mortal world for a few hundred years until his cultivation could no longer improve. Then, he would think of a way to come into contact with the cultivation world.

During this period, the Sky Prison was considered a base. He had to clean up the ghosts hiding in the dark. Firstly, it was to prevent the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life from being leaked. Secondly, no one was willing to let ghosts spy on them.

After drawing the first House Suppression Talisman, Zhou Yi started drawing again. It was much smoother. After destroying more than ten talismans in a row, he finally succeeded in drawing them again.

"It doesn't seem that difficult to learn the basics of talismans. Yu Jie has someone guiding him for several years without succeeding. Could it be that I have some talent in talisman crafting?"

Zhou Yi was quite proud of himself. Although making talismans was not as rich as refining pills, it would also be a skill to make a living in the cultivation world in the future.

The next day.

When he arrived at the Sky Prison early in the morning, Zhou Yi was not sure about the effect range of the House Suppression Talisman, so he specially found a central position to activate it. An invisible wave swept across the cell, causing a cold wind to blow. The wind was mixed with faint cries and wails. The cold air brushed past his ears like someone whispering.

"There are indeed many ghosts!"

Zhou Yi looked around the prison. It could be said to be the lair of ghosts.

A humanoid shadow hung from the roof, like a bat hanging upside down in a cave. Pairs of red eyes looked at Zhou Yi in unison. Most of them were cold and heartless, while some were filled with hatred. They should have died at Zhou Yi's hands when they were alive.

There were more of them in the cells. There were those squatting in the corners, those lying on the walls, and those lying on the straw mats in various postures. Prisoners slept with ghosts every day. Even if there was no torture, they would not live long after being corroded by the yin energy day and night.



A shadow emerged from the ground and silently lay on Zhou Yi's back. The arm condensed by the fog was wrapped around his neck.

"Hmph!" Zhou Yi's true essence seeped out of his body, and the shadow melted into nothingness amidst his screams. "I'm merciful, so I'll send you to reincarnate!"

His true essence turned into sword energy and swept over as fast as lightning. The remnant soul did not even have time to escape before it was shattered.

"Senior, please spare me..."

The woman's cry came from the roof. A shadow slowly changed, and a human face appeared above her head. A misty fog condensed into an emerald-green gauze robe.

"A female ghost!"

Zhou Yi's figure flashed and landed in front of the woman. He sized her up with interest. "You look familiar?"

The woman said, "Senior, I'm Huang Yuniang, the daughter of the Minister of Rites, Huang Heng. I was imprisoned a year ago, and you took good care of me..."

"You're Huang's daughter?"

Zhou Yi quickly recalled Huang Heng. A year ago, he was wrongly accused of embezzlement.

A mere fifth-grade official was charged with embezzling 3,000 taels of silver. He was originally not qualified to enter the Sky Prison, let alone his wife and daughter.

The reason for this was very simple. The famous old pervert in the Divine Capital, Duke Wei, had accidentally seen Huang Yuniang's beauty. Ignoring his reputation as a duke and the jokes of the world, he had actually sent someone to the Huang family to propose marriage.

He said that he would take Huang Yuniang as his concubine and protect Huang Heng's promotion and wealth in the future!

Huang Heng prided himself on being from a scholarly family. How could he accept such humiliation? So he scolds Duke Wei for being shameless. Within a few days, he was reported by his colleagues that he had received 3,000 taels of silver from the merchants during the renovation of the Imperial College.

Duke Wei's original intention was to lock the family of three in a prison to sober up and continue to be in-laws in the future. Who would have thought that Huang Heng would

die in just a short month? His wife also left in depression. In order to avoid being bullied by Duke Wei, Huang Yuniang committed suicide in prison.

Zhou Yi pitied the Huang family. When he delivered food, he would always scoop a few spoonfuls of thick porridge.

“At that time, you were disheveled. I was wondering why Duke Wei was so anxious and actually liked you.”

“Father said that many women in the Sky Prison were humiliated and asked me to dirty my face so that...” Huang Yuniang corrected herself. “You’re different. You only know how to punish bad people and evil people. You have never mistreated anyone.”

“You saw everything?”

Zhou Yi’s voice was calm as he slashed out with his True Essence.

After Huang Yuniang turned into a vengeful spirit, she was extremely sensitive to auras and hurriedly explained.

“I know that you are a Connate Grandmaster and like to drink. You like to listen to prisoners tell stories and secretly kill evil people who try to escape from prison. You turn a blind eye to those who escape with grievances...”

“Yeah.”

After Zhou Yi had mastered the Heaven Devouring Demon Technique in the past two years, he could not increase his True Essence by devouring inner Qi, so he did not expose anything abnormal. The only flaw was probably that his appearance would never change!

“Why are you different from those remnant souls?”

There were more than a hundred ghosts in the Sky Prison. Apart from Huang Yuniang, they were all muddle-headed remnant souls.

Huang Yuniang answered obediently, “Senior, after my death, my soul was attached to the jade hairpin. I was nurtured by the jade hairpin to preserve my spiritual memory.”

Zhou Yi asked again, “Do you know any divine powers or spells after becoming a ghost?”

“I can absorb human essence and strengthen my ghost body. I can also possess and disturb people’s souls.” Huang Yuniang said, “However, I can only possess ordinary people who are weak. It’s difficult for me to approach those who have strong Yang

energy in their bodies. Those martial arts experts who have cultivated well have dense and powerful blood qi. If I get close, it'll be like a fire burning

me.”

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Zhou Yi nodded slightly. “Are you planning to hide in the Sky Prison and not reincarnate?”

The vengeful spirit was far worse than expected, but it made sense. After all, it had only been a new ghost for a year.

“The hatred of my parents is irreconcilable!” Huang Yuniang knelt on the ground and begged, “Senior, please help me. After avenging my parents, I’m willing to offer my life, which is the jade hairpin, and serve you every night!”

Zhou Yi was stunned and said angrily, “What are you talking about?”

Huang Yunan muttered, “I hid in the dark and heard you and your colleagues talking about Spring Breeze Tower and Flower Queen every day, so I thought you were a playboy.”

After her entire family died in vain and she turned into a ghost, Huang Yuniang thought it through. What bullsh\*t etiquette? As long as she could avenge her parents, she was willing to be a slave.

“My surname isn’t Ning!” Zhou Yi was not interested in riding a ghost and said, “There are many people in the prison who are worse off than you. Just relying on a jade hairpin is not enough to transform into a ghost. Is there any other reason?”

Huang Yuniang was silent for a moment before saying, “I was good at reading ancient books when I was alive, so Father specially collected some ancient books. One of them is the Dao Scripture. I read it day and night.”

Zhou Yi’s eyes lit up. “Read it out loud!”

“The Daoist scripture is called ‘Rejuvenation Theory of Perfected Qingwei.’” Huang Yuniang recited, “Human beings are born with yin and yang... Any mind-nourishing technique, the heart is like a baby, and the heart is quiet...”

After memorizing it, Zhou Yi recited it a few times. As expected, he felt refreshed and could vaguely sense the spiritual energy of heaven and earth more clearly.

“Didn’t your father read such profound scripture?”

Huang Yuniang muttered, "Father could have been a ghost, but he only had one jade hairpin as a possession. Before he died, he told me not to do anything evil, so he chose to dissipate his soul."

"Old Huang is a little stupid, but his personality is unyielding." Zhou Yi asked, "How can I help you avenge Duke Wei?"

It was difficult for anyone below the same level to track down the assassination attempt of a Connate Master. A wisp of true essence was attached to the target's body, and it would explode on its own when it was far away. If he waited slowly for an opportunity, when the other party accidentally fell and bumped into him, he would take the opportunity to stir up a few things in his mind.

The world would only think that Duke Wei had done all the bad things and accidentally fell to his death.

This was a method that Zhou Yi had thought of in a short period of time. How could there be any Connate Grandmaster who would go through such trouble? There was a high chance that they would attack the Wei Family and kill him in front of everyone.

A chuunibyou said, "A grandmaster cannot be humiliated." How domineering!

"I must avenge my parents with my own hands." Huang Yuniang said, "I'm weak and can't leave within a hundred feet of the jade hairpin. Senior, please help me place the jade hairpin under Duke Wei's bed."

"That's easy." Zhou Yi said, "After you take revenge, you can either change places or reincarnate. Anyway, don't stay in the Sky Prison anymore."

"Senior, can we go to the Imperial Prison?" Seeing Zhou Yi's expression darken, Huang Yuniang hurriedly said, "I'll have to trouble you to send me out of the Divine Capital and find a shady place."

Zhou Yi asked, "Why are you unwilling to reincarnate?"

Huang Yuniang said, "Even ants try to survive. I don't know if there is reincarnation in this world. Even if there is, the reincarnated body is not the same person."

Zhou Yi nodded in agreement. "Remember Old Huang's last words."

Huang Yuniang kowtowed and knelt, then pointed to the sky and swore. "I will remember Father's teachings and will never do anything to harm others. If I violate it, the world will punish me!"

Duke Wei's Mansion.

Backhouse.

The 62-year-old Wei Kang was old and strong. He spent half a night with his new concubine, Wanyu, before he rested.

In his sleep, he saw endless white fog rolling, hazy like a paradise. In the mist was a woman in green. She was as beautiful as a flower and charming

“Master, come here!”

Her voice was ethereal and her figure was enchanting. Wei Kang was immediately stunned. “Beauty, wait for me...” He rushed forward but missed. The woman’s voice came from behind him again.

“Master, I’m here!”

Wei Kang only had eyes for the beautiful woman. No matter how many times he missed, he persevered and did not realize that his lower body was gradually becoming transparent.

At this moment

The sky was already bright.

The concubine did not dare to disturb Wei Kang and carefully got up to greet the Duchess.

At noon, Wei Kang was still asleep. The Duchess thought that Wanyu had exhausted his body and sent someone to beat her up.

Duke Wei had at least 80 concubines. Not to mention continuing the bloodline of the Duke’s mansion, there were not many who could live past a year. However, Wei Kang did not care about the life and death of his concubines.

Even in the evening, Duke Wei was still unconscious, like a living dead. Only then did they know that something big had happened!

When the Matriarch found out about this, she hurriedly invited Imperial Physician Ge to treat him.

Imperial Physician Ge carefully took his pulse and shook his head. “The Duke’s pulse is normal. He’s only a little weak and unable to recover. He shouldn’t be unconscious.”

The Matriarch asked carefully and sent Imperial Physician Ge back to the palace.

Duke Wei's eldest son, Wei Chang, took the initiative to volunteer and said that he would consult Imperial Physician Ge about his condition so that he could get a famous doctor to treat him.

After leaving the door, Wei Chang lowered his voice and asked, "Will my father ever regain consciousness, Lord Ge? Is his life in danger if he remains unconscious for too long?"

"My medical skills are not good. My lord, please invite someone else to take a look."

Imperial Physician Ge did not dare to say anything else and hurriedly got into the carriage.