

# I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 21

## Chapter 21 Opening Ceremony

In a few days time, Wei Kang's facial features were bulging, and his chest and abdomen were sunken. He looked like a corpse.

The imperial physicians and famous doctors of the Divine Capital were all helpless. They could not even diagnose the illness.

Huang Yuniang floated above Wei Kang's head and opened her mouth to swallow. Wisps of grayish-white fog fused into her soul.

"Ghosts devour the essence of the human body. It seems to be an invisible substance, but it can be fed back to the body. Therefore, essence, energy, and spirit are the foundation of a person..."

Zhou Yi hid in the dark and observed the changes in Wei Kang's body.

In three or five days, Wei Kang's soul would dissipate. From the looks of it, the efficiency of ordinary vengeful spirits was a little slow. The only advantage was that they were hidden strangely.

Zhou Yi was about to leave and go to the Sky Prison to show his face and find an excuse to slip out. He had become a freeloader in the Sky Prison. Lieutenant Zhu found another prison guard to deliver food. Back then, he even secretly despised the prison guards who freeload in the Sky Prison. When it was Zhou Yi's turn to do it, he found out that it actually felt good!

Just then...

The door of the Duke's residence opened, and the Matriarch personally welcomed the person. The young master of the residence stood respectfully by her side.

Zhou Yi was immediately interested. Who had such a big face?

A few days ago, the eunuch who had been visiting on behalf of Emperor Hongchang had only entered through a side door. Furthermore, the Matriarch was the biological sister of the former empress, so they had to address her as aunt.

The sound of chanting could be heard. A moment later, two rows of eight yellow-robed monks took the lead. They opened the way, knocked the alms bowl, scattered the flowers, and held a banner. Then there were eight more monks with bulging muscles.

Their bare upper bodies were smeared with gold powder, and they carried lotus platforms on their shoulders.

The lotus platform was surrounded by silk banners that fluttered in the wind, revealing the fat Zen Master sitting inside.

Zhou Yi swept his gaze across the monks. They were all experts who had achieved Bone Forging. The Zen Master sitting cross-legged had a faint spiritual energy fluctuation.

“Interesting, interesting! The Divine Capital is really filled with crouching tigers and hidden dragons. I’ve seen too little in the Sky Prison!”

The monks walked to the entrance of the Duke’s mansion. The Zen Master slowly stood up from the lotus platform and looked solemnly at the sky above the Duke’s mansion. “Amitabha! Which monster dares to harm the Divine Capital?”

The Matriarch hurriedly sent someone forward and invited the Zen Master and the others into the residence. The fat Zen Master’s expression was solemn. He told the Matriarch that he had to open an altar and use decades of cultivation. In total, more than 200,000 taels of silver!

Fengyang Kingdom’s annual taxes would not exceed ten million taels of silver. A Buddhist monk’s ritual actually required twenty to thirty percent of the national tax.

“Everything goes according to Master Miaoju!” The Matriarch agreed decisively and got someone to get the silver. It was filled with large silver ingots the size of winter melons. The two of them had to work together to lift them up until night fell.

“The abbot of the Jingang Temple, Miaoju, one of the State Masters conferred by the dog emperor back then!”

Zhou Yi heard the discussions of the Duke’s mansion and also knew the origins of the Zen Master. It was said that back then, he had a close relationship with Emperor Chongming and discussed the Dao of longevity. He was one of the few experts in the Fengyang Kingdom’s Buddhist sects.

“He’s in his nineties but looks similar to someone in his fifties or sixties. He must have other methods. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been able to fool the dog emperor!”

Emperor Chongming asked, but he was not really stupid.

Back then, many warlocks thought that no one could see through their deception and wanted to enter the Shangyang Palace to enjoy wealth. In the end, they were all thrown into the imperial prison to be tortured to death.

“The dog emperor would rather the country be in turmoil than be deceived. Perhaps... he’s seen a real immortal?”

It was now dark. Dozens of whale oil candles as thick as arms were lit in Wei Kang’s courtyard.

The monks had already built the altar. Eight yellow-robed monks each held a Buddhist artifact and took turns to ascend the altar. They looked rather solemn. Whenever the people of the Duke’s Mansion saw that one monk walked down the altar, they would put their palms together and bow.

Miaojue sat cross-legged on the lotus platform and pressed his palms together in silence. “What’s this guy doing?” Zhou Yi frowned slightly. If not for the spiritual energy fluctuations on his body, he would have been too lazy to watch the monk dance.

Until midnight.

“Amitabha!” Miaojue suddenly chanted a Buddhist proclamation. His voice was like thunder, waking up the originally sleepy people from the Duke’s Mansion.

Miaojue jumped up and flew over everyone’s heads, landing on the altar.

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Just as Zhou Yi thought that the monk was about to use his true technique, he saw that Miaojue had started chanting again. Strands of true essence condensed on his fingertips. “Wait for another hour. If the darn baldy continues to act, he will take my sword!”

As if sensing danger, Miaojue only chanted for half an hour before taking out the bronze mirror. The bronze mirror was simple and unadorned. One side was shiny, and the other side was engraved with a sea of clouds patterns.

“Amitabha! Evildoer, reveal yourself!”

As soon as Miaojue finished speaking, a figure appeared on the bronze mirror. It was Huang Yuniang.

When Huang Yuniang heard that a senior monk had come to subdue the demon, she stopped absorbing the essence and stood not far from the altar to watch the monkey play. In the end, under the reflection of the bronze mirror, the ghost revealed itself. “Where did this woman come from?”

“That’s a ghost!”

“A ghost!”

Everyone in the Duke's Mansion noticed that Huang Yuniang had appeared out of thin air, causing a commotion. They fought to hide behind the altar.

Miaojue used the bronze mirror to freeze Huang Yuniang and shouted, "Burn my lifespan and give me divine weapons! Disciples, listen up! Hurry up and subdue the demon!"

"Aye!" The eight monk disciples shouted in unison and pounced at Huang Yuniang.

The hot and masculine blood qi condensed by martial arts body tempering was extremely effective against ghosts. Just by getting close, it made Huang Yuniang's soul illusory.

"This group of monks—"

Zhou Yi flicked his finger, and the True Essence Sword slashed across Miaojue's wrist. It circled in front of him and cut off a few more whiskers.

In the past two years, the growth of his Connate True Essence was almost negligible. However, his control had improved day by day. He could transform it into various forms and control them freely within a hundred feet. Condensing the tip of the sword was only from Zhou Yi's Sword Immortal Dream!

There was a pain in his wrist and the bronze mirror fell. He could no longer immobilize the ghost.

Huang Yuniang floated up and instantly disappeared.

The monks turned to look at the altar and saw that Miaojue's expression was dull and frightened. Then, he grabbed the pill bottle from his chest and raised his head to drink it.

"Poof!" Miaojue spat out a large mouthful of blood. His face was pale and he actually rolled off the altar.

"Zen Master!"

"Abbot!"

There were exclamations.

Miaojue was on the verge of death. "Amitabha! I've let the Matriarch down. That demon's demonic power is powerful and she broke the Vajra Demon Subduing Formation... Pfft!"

Before he could finish, he spat out another mouthful of blood and fainted.

One of the monks said, "Matriarch, I'll bring the abbot back to the temple to recuperate first. The 200,000 taels will be sent back tomorrow."

"Master, what are you saying? The Zen Master was injured because of my family matters and lost his lifespan." The Matriarch shook her head and said, "You can use those gold and silver as incense offerings."

"Amitabha!"

The monk gave the order and the others carried the palanquin away at a gallop.

In the shadows, seeing that the farce was about to end, Zhou Yi said to Huang Yuniang. "You've seen it yourself. Ghosts are invisible, but you can't act recklessly. Remember to be careful in the future!"

"Thank you for saving me, Senior." Huang Yuniang knelt on the ground. "I have avenged my hatred. If you need anything in the future, Senior, please instruct me. I will not hesitate to die even if my soul dissipates!"

Wei Kang had already lost 60% to 70% of his essence energy. Even if he woke up, he would not be able to live for more than a few days. Even a divine doctor would not be able to save him.

"It just so happens that I'm also going out of the capital for a while. I can also help you find a boundary."

Zhou Yi put away the jade hairpin and disappeared in a flash.

## **I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 22**

### **Chapter 22 Buddhism**

At the east gate of the Divine Capital.

The monk showed the sign of the Duke Wei's residence. The soldiers on duty did not dare to check the sign and hurriedly opened the city gate to let them go.

The monks were strong and did not stop even after running for more than ten kilometers.

In the palanquin, Miaoju, who should have been on the verge of death, sat calmly. If not for the large pool of blood on his monk robe, he would have looked like a different person.

“Fortunately, I was prepared. Otherwise, I would have caused a huge disaster...” A shiver ran down his spine as he recalled the sword light. He lifted the curtain and stuck his head out, anxiously urging the monks on. “Hurry, we’ll seal the temple when we return. We won’t see anyone!”

The monks knew the gravity of the situation when they heard it. Their muscles stretched, and they moved faster.

Miaojue turned around and was about to lie down to rest when he quickly realized that there was someone beside him.

Black clothes and black pants with a black cloak!

“A ... Mitahbha!” Miaojue cried out in fear and quickly chanted a Buddhist proclamation.

The monks who were following outside heard the sound and asked the abbot what had happened and if he needed to rest for a moment.

“Cough, cough, cough! I’m a little angry. There’s no need to stop. Hurry up and return to the temple.” After saying that, Miaojue turned around and cupped his hands at the man in black. He lowered his voice and said, “Grandmaster, if you have any instructions, I will definitely do it.”

“Do you know who I am?” Zhou Yi sent a voice transmission, his voice old and deep.

Miaojue shook his head repeatedly. He also found it strange that Duke Wei would provoke such a person.

Zhou Yi ordered, “Show me your bronze mirror.”

Miaojue hesitated for a moment before obediently offering the bronze mirror with both hands.

Zhou Yi observed closely and realized that there were a few small words on the side of the bronze mirror: Daoist Xuanqing has bestowed upon his disciple, Yu Lingzi.

Miaojue was very discerning and explained, “I don’t know the background of Daoist Xuanqing. Yu Lingzi was the founder of the Jade Spirit Temple in the Divine Capital 200 years ago. Due to a major rebellion case, his legacy has been severed.”

Zhou Yi injected his true essence into the bronze mirror and emitted a dazzling light. It was more than ten times stronger than when Miaojue used it.

“How did the bronze mirror fall into your hands, and what was its effect?”

“The Jingang Temple was built near the ruins of the Jade Spirit Temple. We accidentally discovered an underground palace, and there’s a precious mirror inside. To prevent the items of the sages from being lost, we brought it back to the temple to worship.” Miaojué said, “The mirror can manifest ghosts and freeze their bodies. It’s useless against living people.”

“There are more mirrors in the underground palace, right?” Zhou Yi casually stuffed the bronze mirror into his pocket. “I’m also a Daoist. I’m in the same league as the Jade Spirit Temple. Not only did you steal a treasure, but you also want to hide the Dao Sect’s inheritance?”

Miaojué’s fat face turned red. He had always been the one to deceive others. Today, he met an even more shameless fellow. “Senior, you’re right. There’s indeed a Dao Scripture.”

“Tell the men outside to stop and fetch the scriptures from the temple. Read them yourself.” Zhou Yi reminded him, “If there’s a mistake, I’ll slaughter the entire Jingang Temple!”

Now, he was pretending to be a rare curmudgeon in the martial world. His words and actions should be domineering and ferocious. He was efficient and would not arouse suspicion. Sometimes, the world was strange. If you treated him cruelly, he would be obedient. If you treated him kindly, he would play tricks on you.

“Stop!” Miaojué lifted the curtain and instructed, “Fa Zheng, go to the Sutra Pavilion in the temple and get the book called ‘Jade Spirit’s Explanation of the Earth Sutra’.” Fa Zheng bowed and agreed. He used his lightness skill and sped away.

Zhou Yi smiled and said, “The Jingang Temple is famous in the Fengyang Kingdom. Who would have thought that it cultivated the Dao Scripture!”

“Buddhism and Daoism have never separated.” Miaojué said, “Moreover, that scripture is quite mysterious. It has been placed in the temple for more than a hundred years, and only three people can cultivate it. The other disciples are still disciples of our Buddhist Sect!”

Zhou Yi’s eyes lit up. “Stop talking nonsense and quickly recite the scriptures!”

“Heaven and earth are dark and there is no limit. When they combine, the essence energy will be mixed into one...”

The Dao Scripture was called the Origin Returning Mantra. It had more than 5,000 words. The first part was the cultivation method. The last 500 words recorded a movement technique. After using it, one could be as light as a feather.

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Miaojue was obsessed with cultivating the Origin Returning Mantra. His martial path had only tempered his skin, but when he used the Light Body Technique, he could fly dozens of feet in the air.

Jumping over was different from flying over. The former jumped from low to high, while the latter moved horizontally in the air.

Two or three hours passed.

At dawn, the monk, Fa Zheng, finally returned.

Zhou Yi flipped through it and placed it in his pocket. "Let me ask you, you could have just cast a spell yesterday. Why did you waste a few hours dancing?"

"Those wealthy families like this. If we don't conduct a big ceremony, they would find it expensive if we charge three to five thousand taels of silver." Miaojue said with a bitter expression, "I have no choice. The temple usually gives porridge and rice. The land in the temple only accepts 40% of the rent from tenant farmers. I have to accept more money from nobles to afford the monks in the temple."

"Don't complain in front of me!"

Zhou Yi glanced at the fat monk. He had indeed heard of the reputation of the Jingang temple. Otherwise, he would not be so kind.

"I talked too much."

Miaojue was smart. How could he not hear that Zhou Yi's tone had softened? He immediately heaved a sigh of relief. At least he had saved his life.

Zhou Yi asked again, "Do you know of any eerie and cold places nearby?"

a mon

Miaojue was slightly stunned. After thinking for a moment, he said, "I only know of one place. 300 miles southeast of the Divine Capital, there's a Frost Pond. Many high-ranking officials and nobles went there to avoid the summer heat."

Zhou Yi shook his head slightly. It was not suitable for ghosts to live in a crowded place.

Some

"Senior, please wait a moment. I'll call someone over to ask." Miaojue stuck his head out and asked more than a dozen monks. He turned back and said, "There are three other places that are eerie. The Ten Mile Slope Burial Mound, the ancient battlefield of Mount Great Liang, and... Mount Longevity!"

Zhou Yi patted Miaojué's shoulder. "If I hear any bad news, I'll go to the Jingang Temple to discuss scriptures with you!"

With that, he swaggered out of the carriage and disappeared under the shocked gazes of the monks.

"Amitabha! Which old monster is so meticulous and ruthless?" Miaojué was terrified and angry. He stuck his head out and scolded the monks. "What are you waiting for? Go back to the temple!"

Mount Longevity.

150 miles away from the Divine Capital, at the imperial mausoleum of the Fengyang Kingdom where the previous emperors of the Zhao Clan were buried.

The Imperial Mausoleum was guarded by the Imperial Guards. No one was allowed to approach in case the dragon vein was damaged.

Zhou Yi felt that the underground palace of the imperial mausoleum was just right for Huang Yuniang. She could roam freely in the huge underground palace, but she would never touch a living person.

A gentleman should be magnanimous! Huang Yuniang vowed that she would not harm anyone. Perhaps she would be able to resist the temptation in ten or twenty years. But would she still keep her promise when she becomes a Ghost King in a hundred or a thousand years?

After all, only by devouring human essence could ghosts quickly become stronger!

Zhou Yi's footsteps were light and slow, but his speed was not slow. Every step was dozens of feet wide, and at the same time, he was flipping through the Origin Returning Mantra.

"It's similar to the Nameless Mantra. It should be an immortal cultivation technique. The former gathers spiritual energy to refine the body, while this scripture refines spiritual energy into the dantian and turns it into Dharmic powers. I wonder if this Dharmic power is any different from Connate True Essence?"

Zhou Yi did not cultivate rashly. He had to comprehend the scriptures and turn the Martial Dao into the Immortal Dao.

There was no need to be in a hurry to cultivate!

"With the addition to Huang Yuniang's scripture that increases the soul, I should be the legendary cultivator of essence, qi, and spirit, right?"

## I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 23

### Chapter 23 Honest Girl

The Imperial Mausoleum was located at the southern foot of Mount Longevity. The area within a radius of 50 miles was the Ling District, surrounded by mountains and surrounded by water in the north. The Imperial Mausoleum was arranged in order from west to east. There were a total of seventeen tombs.

Zhou Yi easily passed through the imperial guards and arrived at the latest tombstone of Emperor Chongming. “The emperor is really the most unreasonable creature in the world. The dog emperor spent more than ten years repairing the imperial mausoleum while not attending court for more than thirty years in order to achieve longevity.”

“Senior, you might not know this, but when the Imperial Mausoleum was being built back then, Father was the construction supervisor of the Ministry of Works.” Huang Yuniang floated out of the jade hairpin. “According to Father, after the dog emperor’s tomb was repaired, tens of thousands of craftsmen were killed to keep the secret.”

Zhou Yi nodded slightly. “I’ve heard a little about this. It was a huge commotion back then, and the Long Rebellion directly sent troops to suppress it.”

The Imperial Court’s army could not defeat the rebels from all over, but they were good at suppressing the commoners. Soon, there was no sound.

“The dog emperor has been a fatuous ruler all his life,” said Huang Yuniang. “But he did a good thing on his deathbed. He secretly nurtured General Li. But I can’t tell if it’s good or bad.”

Zhou Yi looked at the great achievements written on the tombstone and said, “From now on, you will live in the tomb of the dog emperor. It can be considered making the best use of everything.”

In the past, when he studied history, the books only wrote that a certain emperor was muddle-headed. Zhou Yi had never felt it personally, so it was very difficult for him to really be hostile to him.

After experiencing Chongming for a while, Zhou Yixing had seen and heard it before. Human cannibalism. Two casual words, but countless sad or absurd fates.

ere

Others, such as “plunder”, “slaughter”, “great hunger”, “executing three generations”, and “more than half were dead”, were simply drawn. They were not as gorgeous as the

words on the tombstone, nor did they have a trace of emotion. That was why they looked even more cold and cruel.

“Remember to burn the corpse of the dog emperor for me when you have the ability in the future!”

Zhou Yi found a hidden place and pierced through the tomb with his True Essence sword light. He sensed the huge tomb inside and sent the jade hairpin into it. The sword energy shattered the soil at the entrance of the cave. After a few days, there were no more traces.

Sky Prison.

The remnant souls were cleaned up, and most of the cold air dissipated. The prison guards discussed it for a few days, but it was ultimately a good thing, so they left it at that.

Ever since Zhou Yi took action to eliminate the thieves, although he was still a prison guard in name, in terms of treatment, he was equivalent to Lieutenant Zhu and was assigned a room.

He asked the craftsmen to renovate the place meticulously, arrange the mahogany tables and chairs, buy a superior tea set, and make a pot of Longjing tea. It was more comfortable to live at work than at home.

“What does the matters in the imperial court and the martial world have to do with me? I might as well cultivate!”

Zhou Yi had cultivated the Origin Returning Mantra for less than half a year. The Connate True Essence in his body had been completely transformed into Dharmic powers, and the efficiency of absorbing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth had increased several times.

Although it was only the last few decimal places, there was still a huge improvement!

Cultivation of Dharmic powers and Martial Dao True Essence had obvious advantages. They were more compatible with the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth. They were clear and could change according to one’s heart.

For example, his true essence could originally condense into swords, sabers, fists, and other forms, but the details seemed to be rough. With a thought, his dharmic powers could transform into a lifelike palm.

Another day rolled around.

Zhou Yi was meditating when he suddenly sensed someone enter the room and silently land on the beam.

“Get down!”

A sword light swept past. The guest on the beam could not dodge in time and fell. He gracefully flipped in the air and landed safely.

“How can you bear to come to me?”

Zhou Yi sized up Mr. Bai. He had to admit that this fellow’s looks had improved after more than ten years. There was a hint of maturity in his elegance. He was originally a young lady killer, but now, he could probably charm thousands of young women.

“A dignified Connate Grandmaster hiding in the prison to deliver food can be said to be unprecedented!” Mr. Bai’s eyes flashed with envy, but when he thought of the tragic state of the Cang family, he felt a little glad. “Old Zhou, I plan to get married, so I specially invited you to be my minister.”

The minister was the best man. He followed the groom and blocked the wine lest he get too drunk to consummate the marriage.

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Zhou Yi said in surprise, ‘You actually got married. Which girl is so charming?’

“It’s Princess Rongchang.”

Mr. Bai took out a red invitation card from his pocket. It was gilded with golden threads and had luxurious decorations.

Zhou Yi was slightly stunned. Then, he said disdainfully, “You’re too shameless. You’ve had enough fun outside. Do you think you can harm honest girls just because you want to?”

Princess Rongchang was the legitimate daughter of Prince Dongyang of Fengyang Kingdom.

Mr. Bai had bragged many times in prison that back then, he had accidentally fallen into the Prince Dongyang’s Palace and was on the verge of death. He had relied on his looks to capture Princess Rongchang’s heart and turned around to escape.

Mr. Bai put down the invitation, picked up the teapot, and took a few gulps.

“Are you still my brother? Do you really think I’m willing to marry her? In the end, they have something on me.”

“What do you mean, do you need my help?”

Zhou Yi raised his eyebrows. Not to mention that Mr. Bai had taught him, the two of them were good friends.

Over the years, whenever Mr. Bai occasionally came to the Divine Capital, he would find Zhou Yi to drink and chat. He would bring along some delicious and fun specialties from various places.

After drinking, they split up. Zhou Yi still guarded the prison while Mr. Bai continued to roam the martial world.

Zhou Yi envied Mr. Bai for being free and unfettered. Mr. Bai admired Zhou Yi for being indifferent to fame and fortune.

“Back then, in order to escape, I exchanged a love token with Princess Rongchang. I originally treated it as a joke, but who would have thought that this girl was so stubborn that she still remembered it after so many years?” Mr. Bai sighed. “Prince Dongyang is helpless. Seeing that the princess is getting old, he invited several top masters to look for me all over the martial world. Either marry his daughter, or...”

Zhou Yi could not help but point at the door. “Get out! Now!”

“Haha, remember to be on time!”

Mr. Bai could no longer hold back his sorrow and turned it into a smug smile. He had finally won another round.

The fifteenth of the month is suitable for marriage. Zhou Yi had applied for leave early and was familiar with the complicated process of marriage.

When Lieutenant Zhu heard that he was attending Princess Rongchang’s wedding, he was shocked at the breadth of Zhou Yi’s connections. He shamelessly asked for an invitation and said that he was going to broaden his horizons.

Lieutenant Zhu was someone who wanted to advance. He would not let go of such an opportunity.

On that day, Yongchang Workshop was filled with red silk. From Mr. Bai’s new residence to the Prince’s residence, peonies were placed on both sides of the road, and the ground was covered with various petals. The fees alone cost tens of thousands of taels of silver.

Not to mention Mr. Bai’s new residence. Yongchang Workshop was adjacent to the palace, and every inch of land was worth gold. Its value could no longer be estimated with gold and silver.

“So you can do whatever you want just because you’re handsome?” Zhou Yi looked in the mirror and touched his face. “I’m not bad either!”

Another advantage of dharmic powers was that it nourished the body at all times, allowing the body to transform more perfectly. Therefore, there were no ugly men or women in the cultivation world.

After a series of procedures, he finally married the princess.

In the Bai Manor’s banquet hall.

Mr. Bai followed the elders of the Prince’s residence. They toasted and chatted at the tables, getting to know the various Princes and Marquises.

Zhou Yi accompanied him and secretly said via voice transmission, “Prince Dongyang treats you too well. How can he introduce you to his relatives?”

“Perhaps this is what it means to be the beloved son of a parent.”

Mr. Bai was still jumpy yesterday, but now that he is really married, his tone suddenly changed.

## **I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 24**

### **Chapter 24 Noble Business**

Prince Dongyang Manor was one of the founders of the country and had stood strong for hundreds of years.

The marriage of the only legitimate daughter was a grand occasion in the entire Divine Capital.

Mr. Bai needed to know a lot of people, but they were all famous and distinguished people. He could not favor one over the other. The experts sent by the Prince Manor to drink had already been changed four times.

From the beginning to the end, Zhou Yi was all smiles. He let the wine enter his stomach and instantly refined it.

Mr. Bai said via voice transmission, “Old Zhou, pretend to be drunk so that no one will notice anything amiss.”

“Wait a little longer.”

Zhou Yi closed his eyes and sensed carefully. A faint killing intent moved with Mr. Bai.

Who in the martial world did not have a few enemies? However, they dare to cause trouble when the prince was having a wedding. It was unknown if Mr. Bai had provoked the other party's daughter or his wife.

Zhou Yi was not sure how the other party would attack. The other party was far away and he was not completely confident that he could eliminate the crisis.

Finally he knew all the old friends and relatives of the Prince Manor. There were about two to three hundred of them. Zhou Yi was very suspicious that Mr. Bai had probably forgotten most of them with his carefree personality.

There were two banquet halls, one large and one small. The large banquet hall was for the relatives of Mr. Bai and the nobles of the Prince Manor. The small banquet hall was for the martial artists.

The imperial court despised the vulgarity of the martial world, and the martial world despised the hypocrisy of the imperial court. It was to the liking of the guests on both sides to entertain them separately.

The moment Zhou Yi stepped into the small banquet hall, he found the source of the killing intent. At a table in the southeast corner, two guests seemed to be drinking silently. From time to time, they would glance at Mr. Bai.

The first few tables were still alright. They all showed some respect for Mr. Bai and the Prince Manor. Until they met the white-haired Daoist who occupied the entire table alone where no one dared to approach him.

The old Daoist ignored Mr. Bai and looked coldly at Zhou Yi. "Is this Old Demon of Blood Prison?"

Zhou Yi smiled and poured wine for the old Daoist. "It's all martial names, not worth mentioning."

The old Daoist stared blankly at the wine pot. The others were either not paying attention or far away, so they did not know that the wine pot was upright and the wine was flowing out on its own. He filled the glass steadily without spilling a drop.

"Ahem, ahem!" The old Daoist coughed twice and smiled. "I've long heard of your name and have long wanted to befriend you. If you pass by the Scenic Cloud Mansion in the future, I'll welcome you with open arms."

With such meticulous methods, it was very likely that he had perfected his internal organs and could reach the peak in the future. It was better to make friends than to

make enemies. Those in the martial world were even more unwilling to make enemies, especially old and weak experts.

“If you come to the Sky Prison... forget it. I’ll definitely go to your mansion when I have time.” Zhou Yi nodded slightly, but his mind was actually locked onto the southeast corner.

The old Daoist’s aura was already that of a top expert in the martial world. The two of them were young, but they were stronger than him.

Mr. Bai toasted all the way, not sensing the danger at all.

“Friends from the martial world, I’ve come from afar...”

His voice suddenly stopped. Mr. Bai’s face turned pale, then red and green. He subconsciously took two steps back and let Zhou Yi block in front.

“Pervert!”

“Pervert!”

Two female voices sounded. Two sword lights bloomed. One pointed at Mr. Bai’s neck, and the other went straight for his privates.

“Female?”

Zhou Yi was stunned for a moment before he flicked the sword. An extremely terrifying force traveled to their wrists. The two women cried out in pain and their swords fell to the ground.

Such a change had already alarmed many guests. The experts from the Prince Manor who were secretly protecting the manor surrounded the two women and wanted to capture them alive.

However, the woman’s qinggong was mysterious. One flew through the air, while the other was strange and unpredictable. In the blink of an eye, they escaped from the banquet hall and disappeared.

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Zhou Yi hid his achievements and had already left the small banquet hall. Before leaving, he could not help but ask curiously. “Who are these two women? They have such martial arts cultivation at such a young age. They might break through to the Connate Realm in the future!”

Mr. Bai didn't want to answer, but Zhou Yi kept sending voice transmissions, nagging and urging, "One is the Eldest Senior Sister of the Infinite Sword Sect, and the other is the Holy Maiden of the Heaven Demon Sect..."

"F\*ck!" Zhou Yi especially regretted being nosy. He should have let this scumbag's wedding fail.

The large banquet hall.

After Zhou Yi completed his mission, he found a corner to sit down and rest.

At this moment, the banquet was halfway through. The elders had already left the banquet, and the remaining people were the younger generation who loved wine and excitement. They were originally arrogant, but after getting drunk, they no longer had any qualms about speaking.

The young master of the Earl of Ding City said, "Have you heard? A few days ago, many seats were vacant in the northern border. His Majesty intends to promote the nobles."

"The northern border is cold and barren. Will we suffer there?"

It was Marquis Weiyuan's son who spoke. "In a few days, the capital camp will have a new transfer. This is a really good opportunity!"

"The capital camp is too expensive!"

"A guerrilla general costs a hundred thousand taels. How many years will it take to recover this silver?"

"The northern border is much cheaper. I heard that the supervisor only costs twenty thousand taels."

"Why should we buy the position of a supervisor? We should spend a few thousand more taels in exchange for the duty of the military weapons supervisor. That would be a huge profit!"

They spoke one after another, purely treating military affairs as business.

The son of Marquis Weiyuan shook his head and said, "What do you know... The Northern Border Army has fought with Great Yong a few times. It looks like a small conflict, but who knows when war will start!"

Hearing this, everyone immediately gave up on going to the northern border. It was good to earn money in business, but more importantly, it was their lives. With their family's foundation, it would take generations for them to lose all their family business.

“Now that His Majesty has the intention to support the nobility, we have to seize this opportunity. At the very least, we have to get a general with real power. Only when the military power is in our hands will it be a real title!”

Marquis Weiyuan’s son said, “It’s worth it no matter how much money we spend. This is a long-term business. The Imperial Court distributes a million taels of silver every year. One day, we’ll be able to get it back.”

“Brother Liang has a point.”

“Then we’ve agreed to go to the capital camp to serve His Majesty!”

“My father scolded me for not doing my job every day. Today, we’ll be generals. We’ll also be proud.”

“We nobles are the ones who are on the same side as the country. Everyone will rebel, but we won’t!”

“Watch your mouth!”

These young masters were drunk and thought to have taken over the positions in the capital camp. In fact, they were not far from it. After all, they had a deep family relationship and were willing to spend money to settle things.

Zhou Yi listened silently for a while before getting up and leaving the table. “No wonder these people treat national affairs as business. Most things in the world are business. Loyalty and betrayal are the same, but so are prosperity and decline.”

Someone had chosen betrayal and decline. Perhaps there was no other choice!

How could Emperor Hongchang not know that these noble young masters were like dog shit? Not to mention arranging troops, they could not even remember how many soldiers they had, let alone lead troops to war.

Sometimes, it was reassuring to use trash.

They would drink the blood of soldiers, earn money, and do business, but they would never rebel!

“Another storm is brewing. I hope—” Zhou Yi frowned slightly. For a moment, he did not know what to hope for. Was he hoping for a rebellion or a smooth transition?

Before leaving, he gave the congratulatory gift that he had prepared for a long time to Mr. Bai. It was a jade token that was purely handmade. The material and carving were ordinary, but the blood-red color was rather unique.

Zhou Yi did not know how to refine weapons, so he simply used his dharmic powers to forcefully inject a drop of blood into the jade. This blood is connected to him. No matter how many centuries had passed, he could still recognize this jade token!

## I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 25

Chapter 25 Li Wu Is in Prison

Year 17 of Hongchang. Summer.

A special prisoner had come to the Sky Prison. No one escorted him or dared to escort him. He stepped into the cell himself.

Li Wu!

The Sky Prison was built before the reform of the Fengyang Kingdom. It had a thousand years of history and had imprisoned countless nobles. Today, it welcomed the second Connate Grandmaster to stay.

The total number of Imperial Guards on duty was not enough for Li Wu to slaughter!

“This is really unexpected...”

Zhou Yi prided himself on being a bystander. He understood the power of the Fengyang Kingdom, but he could not guess their hearts.

“Bring me the lunch box. I’ll deliver it myself.”

“Thank you, Master Zhou.”

Zhang Yun, the prison guard in charge of delivering food, was Zhang Zhou’s grandson back then. His son, Zhang Jin, died under the knife of a thief less than two years after he was imprisoned. On account of his past kindness, Zhou Yi recruited Zhang Yun into the Sky Prison when he became an adult last year.

Cell C-9.

Li Wu closed his eyes to regulate his breathing. Suddenly, he sensed danger and opened his eyes to look at the prison guard who was gradually approaching. “Who are you?”

“A mere nameless prison guard.” Zhou Yi replied via voice transmission. He opened the cell door, took out fine wine and delicacies from the food box, and placed them on the table.

After fifteen years, he finally got to see this famous general and grandmaster up close! It was not that there was no chance previously, but Zhou Yi had always been cautious and was unwilling to approach such a person before he was confident of his safety, in case something unexpected happened.

For example, the person who sought revenge on Li Wu must also be a top martial artist. When the two of them fought, others would be killed.

“I didn’t believe that there were experts among the commoners. After all, life is short. Who can reach the peak and remain nameless?” Li Wu’s eyes were filled with admiration. He also used a secret voice transmission technique. “I only found out today that there really is such an extraordinary person in the world. I admit that I’m inferior!”

“You flatter me, General.” Zhou Yi asked the question in his heart, “Why did the general enter the Sky Prison today?”

Li Wu said, “Back then, Li Xiong sent troops to cause trouble and slaughtered thousands of people. I am guilty of negligence and dereliction of duty as a general. I am guilty of not disciplining my brothers well.”

“You jest, General. There’s no one in the whole Fengyang Kingdom who doesn’t know that you run a harsh household.” Zhou Yi said, “I’ve also been in this prison for decades. People from other families often come in, but only the Li family has a Li Xiong.”

Moreover, Li Xiong’s mistake did not have much to do with Li Wu. Furthermore, he had also given the citizens an explanation for his righteousness.

Li Wu shook his head and said, “This is what an official should do. It’s not worth mentioning.”

“General, you know what I want to ask—”. Zhou Yi said directly, “Why don’t you learn from the Long Rebellion?”

Li Wu said, “Since they’re traitors, how can I be like them? If there hadn’t been a general back then, perhaps it wouldn’t have been the Long Rebellion, but... Emperor Long?”

Zhou Yi had personally experienced the Chongming Dynasty. The dog emperor had long lost the hearts of the people. After Prime Minister Long’s rebellion succeeded, he could easily sit on the throne.

“The Long Rebellion only rebelled in the capital, and there were more than 60,000 casualties. If I don’t submit, regardless of victory or defeat, it will definitely be a chaos that affects all the state capitals.”

Li Wu muttered, “The country has only been peaceful for a few years. I can’t cause misery and suffering for my own selfish reasons!”

Zhou Yi was silent for a moment. “You can resign and retire.”

Since Connate Grandmasters did not care about power, the Imperial Court would not deliberately make things difficult for them. If they were forced into a corner, they would directly attack the Imperial Palace!

Li Wu said, “I know that I have made great contributions to the country. As long as I don’t die, the country will not be stable. The late emperor has done me a great favor. Before he died, he instructed me to prioritize the people of the country!”

That dog emperor only knew how to teach others. When had he ever cared about the citizens of the country?

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When Zhou Yi saw Li Wu mention Emperor Chongming, his face was filled with emotions, so he could not scold him in person.

“Is your family settled?”

Li Wu nodded and said, “His Majesty has agreed that as long as I am loyal to the country, the Li family will die with the country!”

If they died, they would be able to show their loyalty to the country!

Do you believe that promise? Zhou Yi did not ask this question in the end. Li Wu might or might not believe it, but he already had a choice. Firstly, he was unwilling to start another war. Secondly, he wanted to repay Emperor Chongming for his kindness.

“No matter what happened to Li Wu, the conflict was resolved.”

If Zhou Yi was in Li Wu’s position, he would definitely not be able to do this. It was very likely that he would receive a military order from the Ministry of War in five years and directly lead the Northern Frontier Army back to the capital.

As for how many soldiers would die, Zhou Yi did not care. In any case, my family and I could not die! How many people in the world could give up their lives and power for someone they didn’t know?

For example, when future generations read history, they would most likely curse Li Wu for being foolishly loyal.

“People like Li Wu are born heroes. They are strict with themselves and control their families. Unfortunately... I’ll take good care of them when the Li family goes to jail.”

Zhou Yi was never stingy with his malicious guesses. He had previously guessed that Li Wu would rebel, but he was wrong. Now, he guessed that before Emperor Hongchang died, he would clean up the Li family and the military forces and leave the successor to the clean and innocent Fengyang Kingdom.

Times create heroes, heroes change times!

After Li Wu was imprisoned, the gloom that enveloped the Divine Capital dissipated. The originally oppressive imperial court suddenly became much lighter.

All the officials submitted their reports. General Li had contributed greatly to the country, please forgive him, Your Majesty. No one knew what crime Li Wu had committed, but everyone knew that Li Wu could not walk out of the prison alive.

“The Duke is indeed the country’s capital!”

The officials used all kinds of flattering words to praise Li Wu’s imprisonment. They wanted to match him with the Imperial Ancestral Temple as soon as possible. Yet, when they spoke to their trusted aides in private, they despised Li Wu for being a lowly martial artist. With a million troops in his hands, he ended up with the same outcome as the Long Rebellion!

This matter spread to the public and caused a huge uproar!

Li Wu was ostracized by all the officials in the imperial court. Even the Ministry of War did not support him. However, in the eyes of the people, he was like a savior from the heavens.

At first, the crowd was in a frenzy and clamored to ask the Imperial Court for an explanation.

Later, there were rumors such as “Li Wu marched south and wantonly slaughtered the common people”, “Li Xiong robbed merchants, it was Li Wu’s silent agreement”, “The murderer behind Duke Wei’s death was Li Wu”, and so on...

After being splashed with dirty water, the Uniform Guards arrested many people. Soon, the public opinion disappeared!

Just as Li Wu had said, the citizens of the Fengyang Kingdom had just settled down for a few years and were unwilling to cause any more chaos, so they did not need a famous general who could sweep through the world.

On the account that Li Wu had quelled the rebellion back then, they erected a temple and a monument for him, there was nothing else...

"Those people thought you were dead. They built a temple and erected a monument to offer incense. They cried very sadly." Zhou Yi asked, "Do you regret your choice?"

"Mr. Zhou, there's no need to persuade me. This is my own decision. It has nothing to do with others. It has nothing to do with leaving my name in history. I just don't want many more people to die!"

Li Wu picked up his chopsticks and drank a glass of wine. "Besides, there's no chance for regret now."

Zhou Yi frowned and waved his hand to take the wine pot. The wine was called the Nine Brewing Spring. It was the tribute wine of the royal family of the Fengyang Kingdom and was 200 years old. The wine was originally a crystalline amber red, but because there was too much medicinal powder, it turned pale.

"This poison is too much. A good pot of wine is ruined by the poison!"

"It's not bad. Rare in the world!" Li Wu's expression was natural. He picked up a mouthful of food and drank a mouthful of wine, pretending that the poison did not exist.

"General, what are your last words? I can still help with some small matters."

It was very difficult for Zhou Yi to be noble, but he might as well pay respect to noble people.