

I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Pampered Rich Boy

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This Martial Dao expert could really eat.

Half a bucket of porridge poured straight into the man's stomach.

Zhou Yi cupped his hands and said, "Sir, may I know your name?"

The man ignored Zhou Yi and closed his eyes to regulate his breathing. His internal organs buzzed, and his muscles and bones trembled.

Blech!

The man spat out a mouthful of blood. His face was as white as snow, and his spirit immediately weakened.

Zhou Yi watched from his side, noting to himself that the man's healing process wasn't going so well after all.

"What vicious poison!"

The man spit blood again as he spoke. "My name is Wei Chang."

"What would you prefer to eat, sir? Shall I bring some tomorrow?" Zhou Yi had also brought in food for the prisoners before. He could sell it at a price a hundred times higher than outside, and the money he earned had already bought nourishing medicine.

Wei Chang said coldly, "I don't have money to bribe you."

"I just want to show you I admire your actions, sir!"

Zhou Yi said solemnly, "With my personality, I can't sacrifice myself for others, but I can admire heroes. I can only send some food as a farewell to you, a hero!"

Wei Chang closed his eyes and said nothing more.

Zhou Yi left him alone. Just as he stepped out of the cell door, a voice came from inside.

"Do you have wine?"

“Sure!”

...

The next day.

First, Zhou Yi paid a visit to the front office to pick up the porridge bucket.

There were two prison kitchens, one large and one small. The big one was for gruel, and the brown rice and rotten vegetables were casually cooked there. It was fine as long as it didn't kill anyone.

The layout of the small kitchen was exquisite. There were all kinds of ingredients for plates of chicken, duck, fish, and meat. Chef Liu was in charge of the furnace.

“Zhou Yi, they threw a new inmate into cell C9 last night and it seems they had a bad temper. Please wait on him carefully.” Chef Liu handed Zhou Yi the food box that he had prepared himself.

Zhou Yi asked curiously, “Brother Liu, what's your background?”

So-called special prisoners were often locked up in Sky Prison. Often, the nature of their crimes was uncertain, or they were being protected by their family or colleagues. The small kitchen prepared their meals.

Chef Liu said in a low voice, “I heard that Minister Long's only son got drunk at Spring Breeze Restaurant last night and got into a conflict with a merchant. He kicked his ass on the spot!”

Zhou Yi wondered, “Aren't such cases sent to the Capital Prison?”

“But that's not the whole story!”

Head Chef Liu peeked outside. Seeing that no one was around, he continued, “This fellow beat the guy to death, but he still wasn't happy. He led a group of servants into his family's house and...”

Then he made a throat-slitting gesture.

Zhou Yi could not help but be shocked. This Young Master Long was too arrogant. He even dared to commit mass murder at the feet of the emperor.

Incredible!

Zhou Yi carried the food container up to the prison. He greeted Zhang Zhou and the others and continued all the way to Prison C9.

Sky Prison had three sections: Section A was where thieves and criminals were imprisoned. In section B, political prisoners or scholars were locked up, while nobles and special prisoners were sent to section C.

Cell C9 was the neatest and most comfortable. It divided the original two cells into one room and one hall.

Zhou Yi knocked at the cell door. Before he entered, he heard a shout.

“Who’s there?”

The person who spoke was a burly man in martial arts clothing. He stared coldly at Zhou Yi.

“Brother, I’m here to deliver food to Young Master Long.” Zhou Yi respectfully handed over the food box.

There were four burly men outside Cell C9. Two of them guarded the cell door and the other two guarded the inner door. They were obviously in charge of protecting Young Master Long.

When the man heard this, he let down his guard and took out silver needles from his chest pocket to test the meal.

“Get lost!”

Zhou Yi bowed and retreated, preparing to close the cell door.

A young man came out from the inner room. His clothes were disheveled and his arms were wrapped around a beautiful woman.

“Fourth Brother, what has my father said about when I can get out of here?”

The Poison Tester responded, “Young Master, it’s a little tricky this time. That Chen guy is actually from a branch of the Duke of Qi’s Estate. You have to stay a bit longer.”

“What Duke of Qi? This is Fengyang Kingdom, it belongs to my father and...”

The cell door was now firmly shut. The words behind it were indistinct.

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Zhou Yi hauled the bucket and delivered food to the prisoners one by one. Finally, he went to Prison A-12 and observed that there was no one around. He took out a porcelain bottle.

“Sir Wei, this is the famous Pear Blossom White, a twenty-year-old bottle of hard liquor!”

He uncorked the bottle, and the rich scent of pear blossoms wafted out.

Wei Chang was still hanging upside down. His arms and legs were bound by chains, and even his neck was handcuffed.

“Try it, hero.”

Zhou Yi carefully poured the wine into Wei Chang’s mouth.

Wei Chang’s throat gurgled as a ball of fire seemed to burn through his throat and into his stomach. It was indeed good wine.

“Have another bite of meat.”

Zhou Yi took out the roasted chicken from his pocket, tore off the meat, and brought it to his mouth.

Wei Chang had lost his teeth and found it difficult to bite and chew. He swallowed the chicken in a few bites.

“Drink up!”

Zhou Yi fed Wei Chang the meat and let him wash it down with another helping of wine.

“Delightful!”

Wei Chang heaved a sigh of relief. “The Divine Capital certainly has some fine wine. Yuzhou has nothing on this.”

Zhou Yi said, “This Pear Blossom White is only one of them. There’s also Qionghua Wine, Zhao Dian Red, Yu Lu Chun, and others. I’ll bring a bottle every day. I guarantee that you’ll taste all the best wine in the Divine Capital!”

Wei Chang said coldly, “Nothing good in this world is truly free. You must be interested in my skills, is that it?”

Zhou Yi looked happy and did not hide it.

“Sir Wei, I did have this selfish motive for treating you to wine and meat.”

After being relieved of duty the day before, Zhou Yi had already asked around. There were many martial arts schools in the Divine Capital that taught ordinary body tempering techniques.

The tuition fees ranged from ten taels of silver to a hundred taels of silver. He also had to buy nourishing medicinal soup in the future. If he wanted to learn, he would have to pay at least a few thousand taels of silver.

To learn more profound body tempering techniques, one had to become a disciple of the martial arts school.

In this era, becoming a disciple was not for nothing. A teacher for a day was a father for life. If anything came up, a disciple would have to do it. Not only would he have to do a lot of dirty work, but would also have to fight enemies for his master.

The son of a rich man does not sit on the throne!

Zhou Yi wanted to learn the Dao Protection Technique, but this was not a matter worth risking his life over.

As for internal energy cultivation techniques, Zhou Yi had inquired about a few martial arts schools. Only the dojo master's true heirs had the chance to cultivate them.

In this way, Wei Chang was extremely valuable to Zhou Yi.

Wei Chang was only in his thirties or forties, but he had already reached the highest realm and was famous in Yuzhou. The cultivation technique he casually taught was much more advanced than the techniques taught at martial arts schools. In one short month, Wei Chang would be beheaded without leaving behind any karma. It was really a chance for the best of both worlds.

"I have nothing to do with the Imperial Court. Why would I teach you martial arts?"

After Wei Chang finished speaking, he closed his eyes to regulate his breathing and circulated his inner qi in an attempt to unleash the secret medicine of the Uniformed Guard.

Zhou Yi was not discouraged. He packed up the wine pot and left the cell.

"Trust isn't built in a day. Take your time. There's plenty of time anyway."

"Even if Wei Chang is unwilling to impart cultivation techniques in the end, there are other prisoners in Sky Prison. However, they are all criminals who have committed many evil deeds. They are vile and ruthless. Even if they impart cultivation techniques, training under them wouldn't be easy!"

A short time passed.

Zhou Yi's routine was extremely regular. He slept, woke up, delivered food, drank with Wei Chang, slept, woke up...

In just half a month, Zhou Yi found that he was already familiar with life in the Fengyang Kingdom.

He had thought that life would be boring without cell phones, games, movies, and other entertainment. However, when he went to the brothel with his colleagues, it was like a whole new world suddenly opened up to him.

The ladies were well-educated and passionate, making Zhou Yi unable to forget them.

Another day rolled around.

After Zhou Yi had delivered the food, he came to Wei Chang's cell to drink.

"Hero, this bottle of Autumn Dew is only ten years old. My hands have been tight recently!"

Wei Chang glanced at it and said disdainfully, "Did you throw all your silver into the brothel?"

Zhou Yi touched his face and said, "Is it that obvious?"

Wei Chang responded, "Your face is red and you're full of vigor!"

Zhou Yi said in surprise, "You know about medicine?"

Wei Chang's tone also showed a little surprise. He did not expect Zhou Yi to be able to endure what he had to say. "Medical martial arts are never shared outside of the family! Fortunately, you still know how to restrain yourself and protect your Yang Essence. Otherwise, cultivating your martial arts would be twice as difficult."

Zhou Yi naturally understood the principle of youth. He asked curiously, "Do you think those martial arts experts didn't break their precepts when they were young?"

Wei Chang said leisurely, "Among martial arts cultivation techniques, there is no lack of mystic-arts to lock essence and stabilize the Yang..."

Zhou Yi's expression was solemn as he bowed.

"Please teach me, hero!"