

## I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 36

### Chapter 36 A Female Orphan

“Who are you?” Imperial Consort Sun screamed.

“I’ve been a eunuch for a long time. I can’t change my habit of speaking.” This person was fair and beardless, and his voice was sharp. “A mere thief is not worthy of your attention. You’d better talk to your son more, lest you don’t see him again!”

Imperial Consort Sun thought of the chaos outside and could not help but tremble in fear. She hugged the Sixth Prince tightly.

Eunuch Wang frowned as he recalled all the inner servants in the palace. Suddenly, he had a thought. “You’re Feng Zhong from the Clean Room!”

“No wonder Eunuch Wang was valued by the late emperor and became a minister as a eunuch. He could be said to be the first in the country.” Feng Zhong praised, “I’m just a nobody who washed the latrines, but I can actually make Eunuch Wang remember my name.”

Eunuch Wang said coldly, “I can’t compare to you. You can actually influence the inheritance of the country with your disguise technique.”

As they spoke, the palace gates rumbled open and a hundred soldiers rushed in. Following closely behind was Prince Qin, Zhao Yuan. The real Prime Minister Zhang was on his right. He was also holding a sharp sword in his hand, and the blade was still dripping with blood.

“Father, I’m late!”

When Zhao Yuan saw Emperor Hongchang lying on the bed, he instantly shed two streams of tears. It was unknown if he was sad or excited.

Eunuch Wang shouted, “Your Majesty, why did you barge into the palace without an order?”

“Shut up, eunuch!” Zhao Yuan wiped his tears and berated, “I received a secret report from Prime Minister Zhang that Imperial Consort Sun tried to murder my father and forged a will to promote her son. I immediately brought troops to save him. Unfortunately, it was too late!”

In just a few words, he had completely denied the political correctness of the edict.

In the future, in the history of the country, it would also be Imperial Consort Sun and the others who killed the emperor and usurped the throne. Zhao Yuan had led the army in the middle of the night to save the day.

Duke Cheng looked deeply at Zhang Zhengyang and asked, "Can I leave?"

"Please, Duke!"

Zhang Zhengyang ordered someone to make way and explained to Zhao Yuan in a low voice, "Your lineage rests with the country. Duke Cheng is not a supporter of the Sixth Prince. You can rope him in after the matter is settled."

Zhao Yuan nodded slightly and looked coldly at the Sixth Prince, Zhao Yi.

Zhao Yi was talented and smart. He had already guessed what was about to happen. In a slightly childish voice, he begged, "Second Brother, I am willing to not be the emperor. Can you spare my life and my mother's life?"

Zhao Yuan was slightly stunned and hesitated. His younger brother was usually the most obedient and had a good relationship with his brothers.

"Your Highness, if we don't remove the roots, it will definitely cause trouble in the future!" Zhang Zhengyang reminded him, "The Sun family is in charge of the capital camp. The army will arrive early tomorrow morning. At that time, it will be Your Highness' turn to beg your younger brother to spare your life."

"Kill!" Zhao Yuan no longer hesitated and waved his hand to give the order.

A moment later.

Imperial Consort Sun and Zhao Yi fell in front of Emperor Hongchang. All the other palace maids in Shangyang Palace died.

Midnight.

The officials entered the palace and went to the morning court. After the former crown prince's rebellion failed, Emperor Hongchang personally came to court.

As he was old and weak, most of the morning court sessions were just a matter of time. When Eunuch Wang announced that His Majesty was unwell, the civil and military officials would return to their respective homes.

However, when they entered the Fengtian Palace, they looked up and saw a middle-aged man sitting on the throne.

Feng Zhong, who had been temporarily promoted to eunuch in front of the palace, took out the Minghuang Imperial Edict and read it. The general idea was that the late emperor had died last night, leaving the imperial edict to be inherited by Prince Qin, Zhao Yuan.

The courtiers looked at each other, unsure whether to cry or pay their respects.

Zhang Zhengyang was the first to kowtow and shout, "Long live Your Majesty."

The others immediately understood and kowtowed three times, acknowledging Zhao Yuan as the new ruler.

Chen family's valley.

The defeated commander died from being eaten by a group of ghosts. His flesh and blood were eaten clean, leaving only his pale bones.

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Zhou Yi carefully sensed the changes in the ghosts and discovered that after they devoured living souls and flesh, most of their auras strengthened slightly, and there was an additional ferocious aura.

A small number of ghosts turned into smoke and dissipated after the commander died.

Old Chen's vengeful spirit led the villagers' ghosts and knelt down to kowtow to Zhou Yi.

"Thank you, benefactor!"

Zhou Yi asked, "Do you have any plans for the future?"

Old Man Chen said, "We'll naturally disperse our remnant souls and reincarnate as soon as possible."

"That's good." Zhou Yi nodded slightly. If not for the stimulation of the House Suppression Talisman, the group of ghosts would not even be able to appear. Their souls would dissipate in three to five days.

Firstly, there were no spiritual objects for them to attach. Secondly, there was no soul refining technique, so they could not even become a vengeful spirit.

Old Man Chen was able to maintain his intelligence and spit out ghost fog because he had read books when he was alive. His soul was far tougher and stronger than ordinary people.

Old Man Chen begged, "I'll have to trouble you to dig a hole and bury our corpses. There's no need to dig a hole alone and erect a monument. In any case, no one will mourn us in the future."

Zhou Yi nodded in agreement. He would definitely find a good place to bury them so that they could reincarnate to a rich family in their next lives.

The ghosts kowtowed and thanked him again.

There were masters in the mortal world who were good at reading Feng Shui. Through various incantations and secret techniques, they found the so-called dragon cave. However, in the eyes of cultivators, it was just a small technique. Their dharmic powers could sense the places where the spiritual energy in the world was clear and dense; those must be a precious place of Feng Shui.

After that, Old Man Chen led the way. Zhou Yi found a trailer and went from house to house to collect the corpses.

There were all kinds of tragic deaths.

Zhou Yi realized that after putting away the corpses, some of the weaker ghosts dissipated with the wind on the spot, and the stronger ghosts became more transparent.

After filling up the cart with corpses, Zhou Yi found a place with good feng shui near Chen's family valley and stomped his feet to create a huge pit. After the corpses were buried, the faint ghosts completely disappeared.

When Zhou Yi saw this scene, he had a faint guess in his heart. "Perhaps this is the origin of the burial custom of being buried in peace. It can effectively reduce the number of vengeful spirits and evil ghosts harming the world!"

The second cart of corpses was more than half full. He came to a small farmhouse.

"This is Shuanzhu's family. His daughter is only two years old. What a sin!"

Old Man Chen's gaze swept across the sparse ghosts and did not find Shuanzhu.

Zhou Yi raised his eyebrows and heard breathing. "Perhaps there are still living people here?"

Old Man Chen was so excited that his soul was unstable. He entered the house and came out again.

"Lassie Chen is alive!"

Zhou Yi pushed the door open and entered. He saw two corpses lying on the bed. The man had been stabbed in the abdomen and the woman's neck was broken in half. The two of them died in each other's arms. Blood dyed the bed black and red, and the sound of breathing came from below.

Zhou Yi flipped the corpse and lifted the blanket. There was a baby girl wrapped inside. She looked two or three years old, pink and tender, as if she was hungry.

As soon as the blanket wrapped around her disappeared, the baby girl struggled to turn over and climbed onto her mother's body to scratch. Her little hands were covered in blood as she licked them to satisfy her hunger.

"Benefactor!" Old Man Chen knelt down and kowtowed again. "Lassie Chen is the only child in the village. Please, raise her till she grows up."

"Get up."

Zhou Yi pondered for a moment. He had been alone for nearly thirty years and was carefree. He did not want to have more people at home. Firstly, the Dao Fruit of Longevity could not be exposed. Secondly, he did not have any experience in raising children. If he made a mistake, his conscience would not be at ease.

However, Zhou Yi could not bear to see the little girl starve to death.

"Brother Chen, I have no choice, but I will bring Lassie Chen back to the Divine Capital and help her find a good family. I'll visit often and guarantee her a lifetime of peace and joy!"

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### **Chapter 37 Surging Undercurrent**

Dusk fell.

On the southeast side of Chen's family valley stood a huge grave. When the ghosts in the village saw that their corpses had been buried, their resentment dissipated and turned into smoke, leaving only Old Man Chen's vengeful spirit.

Zhou Yi found a green stone and used his dharmic powers to cut it into a long stone tablet. He wrote on it with his finger.

"Chen family's valley, the tomb of 327 people. May 27, 18th year of Hongchang!"

His fingers were like steel.

Old Man Chen thanked him. "The Chen clan has no way to repay such a great favor. We will pray for you in the Netherworld. If there is a next life, we will definitely do anything to repay you!"

"What are you going to do?"

Zhou Yi carried the swaddling and used his dharmic powers to protect Lassie Chen.

Not long after the many ghosts dissipated, they left behind dense yin energy. If children or old people pass by this place, they might suffer from the yin energy entering their bodies.

"I'm sorry to trouble you." Old Man Chen said, "Benefactor, please help me disperse my soul."

Zhou Yi asked in confusion, "Why?"

Old Man Chen said, "Originally, I am just a remnant soul that would dissipate in a few days. Who knew that it would become more corporeal in this cold place?"

"Isn't that a good thing?"

If Zhou Yi did not have the Dao Fruit of Longevity, he would definitely think of various ways to extend his lifespan one day. The orthodox method, special techniques, and evil scriptures would not be rejected.

For example, soul possession could extend one's lifespan, or one's soul could turn into a ghost cultivator after death, or one could simply bury oneself in a place with extreme yin and become a zombie with a long lifespan.

Due to the explosion of information in his previous life, he believed that as long as people maintained their own thoughts, it did not matter if they turned into ghosts.

"I was corroded by this yin energy and many desires arose in my heart, such as absorbing yang energy, devouring blood, and so on." Old Man Chen explained, "This is only the beginning. I'm already tempted. In a few days, I'll definitely turn into a ferocious ghost and cause trouble. I might as well take advantage of my rationality and kill my evil thoughts!"

"Brother Chen, you're really amazing!" Zhou Yi praised, "It's a hundred times better than that dog emperor who knows that he will die but still harms the world to extend his lifespan."

“Haha, you flatter me. I’m just a poor scholar who can’t even pass the imperial examination.” Old Man Chen smiled and said, “If you become the emperor and enjoy all the glory and wealth, you might become afraid of death.”

“Take care, Brother Chen!” Zhou Yi cupped his hands. Although Old Man Chen was not the emperor, the emperor did not have the chance to turn into a vengeful spirit. Judging the distance to longevity, the former was closer.

All things lie between give and take. There were many greedy people in the world, and there were very few who could give. Zhou Yi was the same.

Old Man Chen said freely, “May you live forever. I’ll repay you in my next life!”

Zhou Yi did not know what to say for a moment. With a wave of his hand, his Dharmic powers turned into sword light and shattered the vengeful spirit. He lowered his head to look at the swaddling, Lassie Chen was staring blankly at it, as if memorizing it.

“Old Brother Chen repeatedly reminded you not to have any thoughts of revenge. However, your parents and family have a deep blood feud. How can you hide such karma or let it go!”

Zhou Yi looked at the little girl’s red lips and could not help but tease her.

Hahaha!

Lassie Chen laughed crisply, adding a hint of warmth to the new grave, the mist, and the cold wind.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The hooves thundered.

A dozen black-clad riders roared across the main road.

The cavalry carried the small Minghuang flag on their backs. Regardless of whether they were officials or merchants, they hurriedly retreated to the side. It would be disrespectful to delay the decree.

Zhou Yi hugged his swaddling with one hand and pulled the reins with the other. The bay horse under him obediently dodged.

“Emperor Hongchang actually died!”

Zhou Yi was in a hurry to bring Lassie Chen back to the Divine Capital to find the wet nurse. After leaving the Chen’s family valley, he ran along the official road day and night and had already encountered four batches of messenger cavalry. With the notice from

the imperial court, the cavalry rushed to all the state capitals and counties of the Fengyang Kingdom to post the news of the new emperor. "I'll leave it for future generations to judge!"

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Due to the precedent of Emperor Chongming, Zhou Yi did not have much ill will towards Emperor Hongchang. Killing the meritorious personnel was not a stain on the emperor's reputation at all.

Throughout history, the game between imperial power and vassal power had happened in every dynasty. Emperor Hongchang rebuilt the country and reduced the taxes. He must have left his marks in the history books.

"It's a pity that he chose to ensure the stability of the imperial power even though he would rather see the decline of the country. I think Emperor Hongchang saw the defeat of the northern border before he died. Indeed, one can't learn from history. Because of the general trend, all his choices are selfish!"

Early June.

Zhou Yi looked at the Divine Capital Wall from afar. It was still towering and stable.

At the west gate.

It was bustling and there was a two or three-mile line outside.

Hundreds of armed imperial guards were on duty. They carefully checked the carriages and pedestrians entering and exiting the city. More than three feet of boxes had to be carefully flipped over.

"No travel passes? Arrest him and lock him up for now!" "Did you report this knife at the yamen? No? Arrest him!"

"Bow and arrow? The Imperial Court has decreed that hunting is temporarily prohibited and confiscated..."

The imperial guards investigated carefully and did not show any mercy. A person who claimed to be the son of the Imperial Court's bailiff was beaten up on the spot and dragged to the back to be flogged.

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Dozens of people were lined up neatly at the base of the city wall. They wore shackles that weighed a hundred kilograms around their necks. In a few days, they were crippled.

The commander roared, "Offending the imperial guards is equivalent to treason! Bring my namecard to the capital and summon Magistrate Li for questioning!"

This method frightened many business officials. After all, the truly profitable business was clearly written in the law. Instead, most of the commoners looked respectful and felt that this general was a good official.

There was no other reason other than fairness!

A fat merchant stepped forward and stuffed a few banknotes into his hand. "General, our Wantong Bank has been in the Divine Capital for two hundred years. Can you do us a favor?"

"Wantong Bank, of course I knew it."

The commander put the banknotes into his sleeve and ordered his soldiers, "Check his goods first and see if there is any contraband. Otherwise, why would he bribe me?"

The merchant gave a startled cry. Before he could stop it, the Imperial Guard had found several pieces of armor from the cart.

"Producing armor in private! Wantong Bank is rebelling!"

When the other merchants saw this, they either left with their carriages or sent people to the capital to find a backer.

Zhou Yi waited in line for a long time before showing the Sky Prison's plaque to the imperial guards.

The commander of the imperial guards actually recognized Zhou Yi and joked, "I've long heard of Mr. Zhou's name, Old Demon of Blood Prison. I've finally seen you in person today." "It's just a charade. Nothing like you, General."

Zhou Yi was not surprised. There were no more than fifty first-rate experts in the Divine Capital.

Out of three to four million people, only 50 were selected. It could be said that they were one in a million. Moreover, Zhou Yi was on duty in the Sky Prison, so he could not escape the attention of others.

The commander asked, "I heard that you live alone. Who is this child?"

Zhou Yi explained, "She's the daughter of a distant relative. She doesn't even have a name yet, I'm only calling her lassie. Her family can't afford to raise her, so they gave her to me. At the very least, she won't starve."

“I see. Please come in, Mr. Zhou.”

The commander did not ask further and ordered the imperial guards to give way. After Zhou Yi left, he sent someone to inform the higher-ups.

A few days after His Majesty ascended the throne, there was suddenly a lot of gossip in the Divine Capital.

Something about the Second Prince got the throne in an unorthodox way, and the Sixth Prince was the one ascending the throne...

Something about two of the four ministers died on the spot...

Something about the Second Prince being ruthless and killing Imperial Consort Sun and the Sixth Prince in front of the remains of the late emperor...

Such rumors were so real that the undercurrents in the Divine Capital surged, and many people had other thoughts.

The imperial guards' thorough investigation of the city gates and the carriages and pedestrians was only the beginning of a storm!

## **I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 38**

### **Chapter 38 Don't Ask for Glory**

The courtyard. The date trees and the grapevines bloomed and covered half the yard.

Zhou Yi pushed the door open and frowned.

The aura in the courtyard was chaotic. More than one person had been here, and the smell had not dissipated for a long time. He checked some secret marks and arrangements. The person was quite disciplined and did not mess around.

This was really bad news!

“Every time the imperial power alternates, the Divine Capital is in troubled times.”

Zhou Yi used the Dust Cleaner Talisman and it was instantly clean and tidy. Then, he went to the brokerage and hired two wet nurses to stay in the west wing of the small courtyard and take care of Lassie Chen.

“Where can I find a good family...”

Zhou Yi thought about it carefully and realized that most of his colleagues were not good people. He followed this train of thought and reflected on himself before coming to a realization.

“So in the eyes of ordinary people, I’m a greedy prison guard, a cruel official, and a cold-blooded demon!”

The villain is myself!

Nightfall came.

Zhou Yi sipped tea and chanted sutras in the courtyard until the moon was high in the sky. A figure flew across the sky, his white clothes fluttering in the wind, and landed in the courtyard.

Zhou Yi clicked his tongue and said, “I waited for half the night. I didn’t expect you to come.”

“How did you know someone was coming?”

It was Old Bai. He held a wine jar in his hand and sat opposite him.

“I’m guessing.” Zhou Yi said truthfully. He did not know how to divine. He only felt that the commander of the imperial guards was too enthusiastic during the day, and there were many people investigating the residence.

“Three hundred years old of Pear Blossom White. Thanks to my old father-in-law, he sold me a jar.” Old Bai opened the wine jar, and a fragrance filled the courtyard. “Old Zhou, guess again. Why did I come to look for you?”

Zhou Yi poured a bowl. It was as clear as spring water and as sticky as amber. He drank it in one gulp. “I can’t guess! But if there’s something good to do, I’ll go. If there’s something bad, I’ll drink good wine for nothing.”

“I’ve never seen anyone so brazen!” Ever since Old Bai learned this sentence, it had almost become a mantra. “My old father-in-law, Prince Dongyang, invites you to be a consecrator in his residence. It’s commonly known as guarding the house.” Zhou Yi frowned slightly. “This is the Divine Capital, not the northern border. Does the dignified Prince need to recruit guards?”

“In the months you’ve been out traveling, there have been drastic changes in the capital...”

Old Bai recounted the news of Emperor Hongchang's death, Prince Qin, Zhao Yuan, barging into the palace in the middle of the night, the death of the Sixth Prince, and so on.

Zhou Yi asked, "Did His Majesty really kill his mother and brother in front of the remains of the late emperor?"

Old Bai nodded. "It's groundless, but it's probably true."

Zhou Yi said, "So the Divine Capital is unstable, and Prince Dongyang is recruiting guards because he's afraid that trouble will befall his family?"

"That father-in-law of mine has more in mind than stability!" Old Bai took a sip of wine and waved his hand. "I'm here to handle an errand. It doesn't matter if you agree or not. If you want to be rich and powerful, you can go to the Prince Manor. Glory! Wealth!"

When Zhou Yi heard these two words, what appeared in front of him was not gold, silver, or jewelry, but bloody corpses.

Old Bai reminded him, "Old Zhou, my wife and I are going to Jiangnan in a few days. Why don't you go on a trip with us?"

"I have something to do in the Divine Capital, so I won't be going to Jiangnan for the time being." Zhou Yi pondered for a moment and said, "But there's someone I need to entrust to you..."

Then, he explained Lassie Chen's identity. He did not mention the group of ghosts in the Chen's Family Valley. He only said that he had encountered a defeated army that slaughtered the commoners and saved this only orphan.

According to Old Bai, the various prefectures in the Divine Capital were either roping in experts to protect themselves or plotting something. Lassie Chen had become Zhou Yi's weakness.

If she was really kidnapped, Zhou Yi would not give in. Instead, he would choose to avenge Chen Ya'er!

Old Bai was indignant and promised, "Don't worry, Old Zhou. My kid is also going to Jiangnan. He can accompany Lassie Chen."

"Eh? How could I forget you!" Zhou Yi's eyes lit up. "Why don't you raise Lassie Chen and be her godfather or something? You can have both a son and a daughter."

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Old Bai was originally a carefree person. With his qinggong, he had caused a lot of trouble in the martial world and was not a good person to entrust his life to. However, marriage and family could really change men. Ever since he married Princess Rongchang, Old Bai had become a good husband who took care of the family.

Old Bai was stunned when he heard that. He did not manage to rope in Zhou Yi, but he brought back a goddaughter?

Zhou Yi thought that Old Bai was afraid of his wife and promised, "Tell Princess Rongchang directly that Lassie Chen is the granddaughter of a Connate Grandmaster. She only needs to be raised for twenty years. During this period, your family's safety will be guaranteed!"

"And after twenty years?"

Old Bai was quite tempted. He had previously thought of asking Zhou Yi to protect the residence and had been embarrassed to speak. Even though he knew that Zhou Yi would definitely agree, Old Bai did not want to make things difficult for his friend.

Zhou Yi said slowly, "Twenty years later, Lassie Chen will naturally not need anyone's protection."

"Don't worry, Old Zhou. I'll definitely take care of her as my own daughter." Old Bai suddenly changed his tone and said shamelessly, "If... I say if Lassie Chen and my son are in love, can we?"

Zhou Yi said angrily. "Shameless!"

The next day.

Sky Prison.

After Zhou Yi nodded, he chatted with his colleagues on the way and distributed the local specialties he had bought in the Divine Capital. After making an appointment to go to Spring Breeze Tower at night, the slightly unfamiliar feeling immediately dissipated.

In ancient times, there were hook bars to listen to music. In the modern era, there was a foot-washing massage. It was a supreme weapon to get closer to colleagues.

Zhou Yi returned to his room. The tea had yet to boil.

The new Lieutenant Lu knocked on the door and entered with a bag of tea leaves. "Biluochun from Mount Taichuan. Do you want to try it, Old Zhou?"

"No pain, no gain. What can I do for you, Lord Lu?"

Zhou Yi could drink Old Bai's wine for free, but he could not easily take Lieutenant Lu's tea. The former was a good friend and a bad friend, while the latter was a colleague.

"Old Zhou, are you willing to spend the rest of your life in prison?" Lieutenant Lu said, "With your skills, you're enough to be a consecrator in the prince's mansion. If you follow the right person, it's not impossible for you to bring glory to your ancestors."

"What's wrong with prison?" Zhou Yi smiled and said, "My great-grandfather was a prison guard of the Sky Prison, and so was my grandfather. Later on, he passed it down to my father. I can't betray my ancestors!"

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The imperial court had always preached filial piety. Since Zhou Yi even mentioned his ancestors, Lieutenant Lu immediately had nothing to say. Zhou Yi said, "I'm not asking for glory. I just want to live a stable life. Lord Lu, take these tea leaves back."

Lieutenant Lu waved his hand and said, "It's okay, Old Zhou, I'm giving you this Biluochun as a gift. We'll be colleagues in the future. If anything happens, I'll need Old Zhou's help!"

"Then it would be rude to refuse." Zhou Yi smiled and said, "Lord Lu, please wait a moment. Let's taste this famous tea today!"

"Stop calling me lord. We're about the same age. Just call me Old Lu."

"Haha, Old Lu!"

A moment later. The strong smell of tea wafted, intoxicating.

Zhou Yi usually drank tea and chanted sutras when he was free. After more than twenty years, he had already mastered the superior tea ceremony.

In a few hundred years, Zhou Yi would become an elegant scholar who was proficient in zither, chess, calligraphy, wine, and tea. Only the path of poetry could not be forced without talent.

A few days later.

There were many people who came to his house or came to the Sky Prison to promise all kinds of benefits. In the worst case, he would become generals and be conferred titles. Zhou Yi rejected them one by one.

In the eyes of those big shots, such an action was arrogant! Hence, they sent experts over the wall at night to teach him a lesson. In the end, they all fled with swollen faces.

Zhou Yi only revealed his body-refinement technique. After being nourished by his True Essence and Dharmic powers, he had already reached the limit of organ-refinement. If he went one step further, he would be able to cleanse his marrow.

The Marrow Cleansing realm had the power to split an army! Especially in the Divine Capital, once there was a small-scale war, Marrow Cleansing experts were even rarer.

After the news spread, more people came to rope him in. Until Zhou Yi ruthlessly crippled a few flies and sent out a message.

“I don’t want glory or power. I’d rather die in prison!”

Only then did things calm down.

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Chapter 39 Each Planning Their Own  
Outside the Shangyang Palace.

The eunuch on duty stopped Zhang Zhengyang and stood on the steps.

“Lord Zhang, His Majesty is already asleep. If there’s anything, you can submit a memorial in the imperial court tomorrow.”

“I have something important to report. Please report it, Eunuch Xu.”

Zhang Zhengyang looked at the brightly lit palace and heard the sounds of singing and dancing. From time to time, there were women chasing and laughing.

Eunuch Xu said, “We don’t dare to disturb His Majesty’s rest. Lord Zhang, please leave.”

“I request an audience with Your Majesty!”

Zhang Zhengyang knelt outside the palace gate with tears streaming down his face. He kept begging to see His Majesty. He kept knocking his head against the ground. Blood oozed from his forehead.

A long while passed.

There was no response from the palace. Zhang Zhengyang’s expression changed from firm to miserable. After kowtowing three times, he got up and left with difficulty.

“I’ll take my leave!”

In the palace.

Forty to fifty beautiful palace maids were dancing and playing in the hall. Emperor Yongxing was not on the throne in front of them.

After Zhao Yuan ascended the throne, his dynasty was called Yongxing. This year was still the 18th year of Hongchang, and next year would be the year of Yongxing.

Eunuch Xu quickly arrived at the small pavilion in the rear hall. He entered and knelt down. "Your Majesty, Minister Zhang has left the palace."

Emperor Yongxing leaned against the soft couch. More than twenty people stood on his left and right like stars surrounding the moon. They were all high officials. On his left was the Minister of War, Liang Dong. On his right was the Minister of Personnel, Xie Wei.

The two of them were originally Zhang Zhengyang's trusted aides, but at this moment, they had already submitted to Emperor Yongxing. As the dynasty changed, the civil and military officials could clearly see that the powerful Minister Zhang would definitely fall. They had to make preparations early.

Emperor Yongxing asked, "Was there any disobedience when Minister Zhang retreated just like that?"

Eunuch Xu said truthfully, "Your Majesty, Minister Zhang looks desperate and has no complaints."

"Minister Zhang is quite tactful."

Emperor Yongxing waved his hand and dismissed Eunuch Xu. He asked the eunuch serving at the side, "Defu, have you found out who is spreading rumors?"

Li Defu was originally an inner eunuch in Prince Qin's Mansion. He had been serving Emperor Yongxing since he was young. Now, he has become the Director of Ceremonies and the commander of the Uniform Guards.

"Your Majesty, too many people were seen in the palace that night. It will take some time to investigate."

Emperor Yongxing said coldly, "What's wrong with entering the palace to quell the rebellion? I'm asking who's spreading rumors about me killing Sixth Brother?"

Ever since the imperial edict was issued, all kinds of rumors spread throughout the Divine Capital, such as usurping the throne, being unfilial, and so on, faintly destabilizing Emperor Yongxing's throne.

Li Defu knelt down. "Your Majesty, I deserve to die. I have yet to completely control the Uniform Guards."

Emperor Yongxing frowned slightly. He wanted to call for someone to drag this piece of trash out and beat him to death, but he was in a hurry to ascend the throne and there were too few people he could use.

The commander of the Uniform Guards was too important. He would rather have loyal trash than let outsiders take the position.

"Your Majesty, anyone with a discerning eye knows that this is a lie. Those people don't care about the truth at all. They just want to tarnish Your Majesty's reputation."

Xie Wei said, "Instead of tracking down the traces of the rumormongers and letting people lead us by the nose, it's better to point to the source. There are only those three who benefited from this rumor!"

Among the six princes of the late emperor, the eldest prince was banished to the Cold Palace, the sixth prince was dead. Only three people were qualified to replace Emperor Yongxing

Emperor Yongxing nodded slightly, and a fierce glint flashed in his eyes. He was still soft-hearted when he killed his first brother, but it would be much easier to kill again. If not for his reputation, he would have killed his three younger brothers' entire families now. The rumors in the capital would have collapsed.

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"A bunch of cowards. After I make peace with Great Yong, I'll transfer the army of the various prefectures back to the capital and kill them all!"

Emperor Yongxing looked at the Minister of War. "Is the imperial camp stable?"

"Your Majesty, don't worry! I entered the capital camp alone and scolded the Sun family for only drinking the blood of the soldiers and disregarding the grace of the emperor. I took away their authority on the spot. A few troublemakers were beheaded, and no one dared to object. The capital camp's military power was all in my hands." Liang Dong said proudly, "In order to prevent the Sun family from rising from the ashes, we have already messed up the capital's army and transferred them to other government offices in the Divine Capital."

Emperor Yongxing praised, "Lord Liang is indeed a pillar of the Imperial Court."

The capital camp was the only thing that worried Emperor Yongxing. Even if the other demons rebelled, they would not be able to break through the imperial palace that the imperial guards were guarding.

Now that Emperor Yongxing had already announced to the world that he had obtained the approval of the various prefectures of the Fengyang Kingdom, the rebels could not quickly break into the palace. When the imperial army arrived, they would definitely be annihilated.

Just then, a voice drifted into the pavilion. "An assassin has been captured, Your Majesty."

Emperor Yongxing snorted. "Bring him in."

The man who entered was a white-robed monk, old-faced and thin.

The old monk held a man in night clothes in his hand and threw him to the ground with a wave of his hand. He did not kneel to Emperor Yongxing and directly reported, "This person is famous in the martial world and is very good at acrobatic jumping. I heard that he was recruited by Prince Chu's Mansion a few days

ago."

Emperor Yongxing said, "A mere country bumpkin dares to call himself a god? Send him to the imperial prison for interrogation. Investigate his family and send him to the northern border to be sent to the army!"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

The monk broke the man's limbs and disappeared like a ghost.

Emperor Yongxing looked at the kneeling Li Defu and praised, "This is well done. Although the people of the martial world are not presentable, they can prevent thieves from spying on the palace." Li Defu heaved a sigh of relief and flattered him. "Your Majesty, I dare not take credit. When those righteous experts heard that they were working for Your Majesty, they all rushed to join the Uniform Guards."

Emperor Yongxing said happily, "It seems that the people have submitted to me!"

The two ministers twisted their beards and smiled. The high officials on both sides clapped their hands and praised them.

"His Majesty is ordered by the heavens to live forever!"

Emperor Yongxing was relieved. "Then let's follow the plan. I'll be a fatuous ruler for a few days. When those clowns jump out, I'll capture them all."

At the northwest corner of the palace. In a remote and cold nameless palace.

When the servant on duty saw Zhang Zhengyang coming over, not only did he not stop him, he even bowed. "His Highness has been waiting, Prime Minister."

There was only one candle lit in the hall. It was dim. The disinherited prince, Zhao Xian, paced back and forth with an anxious expression.

Zhang Zhengyang entered and said, "Your Highness, you have to calm down!" "There's something Father-in-law doesn't know." Zhao Xian's expression was slightly bitter. "I heard from the palace servants that my younger brother has accepted two ministers from the Ministry of War and the Ministry of Official Personnel. He has control over the military power of the capital and the appointment of officials. His throne is becoming more and more stable."

Zhang Zhengyang said, "Liang Dong is an armchair strategist, and Xie Wei is a fence sitter. There's no need to care about these two pieces of trash."

Zhao Xian asked in confusion, "Aren't these two ministers that Father-in-law promoted?"

Zhang Zhengyang was old and weak. Not long ago, he had cried and kowtowed in Shangyang Palace. He had exhausted most of his strength and found a round stool to sit down on.

"If I really promoted an official, I'm afraid the previous emperor would have replaced me. In the future, when you ascend the throne and become the emperor, remember not to let there be only one voice in the court. Even if there are mistakes, there must be two!"

Zhao Xian bowed and said, "I will follow Father-in-law's instructions."

"You really listened to me. You shouldn't have interacted with the Li family in the first place. Why did you end up like this?"

Zhang Zhengyang knew that his son-in-law's talent was average and that he did not have much intelligence to begin with. However, he wanted to make use of this opportunity to turn the situation around.

If not for his daughter's request and the fact that he had a grandson, Zhang Zhengyang would definitely follow the previous emperor's will.

Having been in charge of the Grand Council for twenty years, Zhang Zhengyang was confident that he could send the other three ministers to prison.

## **I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 40**

### **Chapter 40 Assassinating Yongxing**

"I know my mistake. In the future, everything will be up to you."

Zhao Xian looked ashamed. Since he was young, Emperor Hongchang had commented that he was naturally stupid and useless. After coming of age, Zhao Xian had always wanted to do things to prove himself. In the end, he ended up in the Cold Palace.

“My old bones won’t last much longer. Once His Highness has secured his position, I’ll asked to return home to retire.”

Zhang Zhengyang had been calculating gains and losses all his life. He would always seek luck and avoid calamity to plan for the long term. Before he died, he went against his heart when it came to his children.

In his opinion, pushing Zhao Xian to the throne was not a good thing. The bad thing was that his eldest son was of the Zhang family’s bloodline.

No matter how generous an emperor in the world was, he could not tolerate an outsider taking charge of the country for two consecutive generations. At that time, it would be hard to say if the surname of the Fengyang Kingdom would be Zhao or Zhang.

On the contrary, if they followed the will of the previous emperor, the Zhang family would still be a prominent family no matter how lonely they were.

Once they participated in manipulating the succession of the throne, even if they won a complete victory, it would be a disaster for their future extermination.

Zhao Xian noticed Zhang Zhengyang’s changing expression and asked, “Father-in-law, when should we make a move? The longer we delay, the more stable my brother’s throne will be.”

“This matter can’t be rushed. Your Highness’ greatest stain now is that the late emperor issued a decree to depose you. The late emperor announced it in his posthumus. Who would dare to disobey him?”

Zhang Zhengyang had to explain this matter to Zhao Xian in case he acted on his own again and ruined the plan. “So even if Your Highness overthrew Zhao Yuan and ascended the throne, it will be very difficult to obtain the recognition of the imperial family.”

Zhao Xian said anxiously, “What should we do?”

“Wait!” Zhang Zhengyang said, “We’ll wait for Zhao Yuan to take action and destroy Prince Chu, Prince Han, and Prince Jing before overthrowing him.”

Zhao Xian asked in confusion, "Then the imperial family will acknowledge me?"

"At that time, His Highness will be the only son of the late emperor. Be it the imperial family or the imperial court, they will have to accept it." Zhang Zhengyang said, "As the ruler of the country, they have the eldest son of the first wife, but they allowed the collateral branch to ascend the throne. He will definitely be labeled as disloyal and unfilial in the history books!"

Zhao Xian asked, "Can Zhao Yuan be so ruthless?"

"Of the six sons of the late emperor, only Zhao Yuan was born suspicious and cold. He has always been vengeful. Otherwise, why would I choose him for no reason?" Zhang Zhengyang said, "Of course, personality is only a prerequisite. There are still other ways to lure Zhao Yuan into killing the three princes."

Zhao Xian asked, "Father-in-law, please enlighten me."

"A few days ago, rumors were raging in the capital. The various prefectures were recruiting experts from all over the world. I was the one behind the scenes..."

Seeing Zhao Xian's confused expression, Zhang Zhengyang rubbed his forehead helplessly and could only continue explaining.

"The purpose of this is to create an illusion. Firstly, there are few experts in the martial world and it's difficult to recruit them. Secondly, experts can determine small-scale wins and losses. the hidden meaning is that it's beneficial to fight for the throne."

"What's wrong with that?" Zhao Xian said, "When I heard about this, I also sent people to recruit a few experts."

Zhang Zhengyang raised his eyebrows and said a few names. "Hong Luo, Wang Yizhang, Monk Mercy, Old Qu..."

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Zhao Xian's face turned red. No matter how stupid he was, he knew that these were all Zhang Zhengyang's men. "The others are also like His Highness, following the trend and recruiting experts everywhere. I heard that someone even promised a title!" Zhang Zhengyang said slowly, "To dare to make such a promise, he must have great ambitions. When the palace saw this, they had no choice but to recruit them as well, lest the experts of the various prefectures enter and leave the palace wantonly and endanger Zhao Yuan."

Zhao Xian looked confused. What did this have to do with seizing the throne?

“Corrupt scholars like Liang and Xie have long become stupid from studying. They naturally won’t bend down to meet the uncultured. Therefore, this task will definitely fall on Li Defu. Li Defu is only an inner eunuch. He doesn’t even come out of his mansion often. How can he recognize any martial arts experts?” Zhang Zhengyang said, “The experts under me have long been on good terms with Li Defu’s relatives. They successfully entered the palace without arousing any suspicion.” “Hiss!”

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Zhao Xian gasped in shock and joy. He was shocked that the officials were so sinister, and he was happy that the most sinister person was one of his own.

“Not only that, my men have also become consecrators for the three princes.” Zhang Zhengyang said, “In a few days, the experts of the Prince Chu’s Mansion will infiltrate Shangyang Palace for assassination. Do you think Zhao Yuan will be ruthless to the three princes after he’s injured?”

Zhao Xian nodded repeatedly and said in surprise, “Where did you recruit so many experts?”

In the martial world, people were arrogant and difficult to tame. No one expected Zhang Zhengyang to be able to subdue so many experts as sacrificial warriors.

“It’s a long story. When the Heavenly King was captured back then, the Uniform Guards were unable to interrogate him for his cultivation technique. Everyone thought that the inheritance was broken.” Zhang Zhengyang said, “But I’ve been secretly paying attention to this matter. I finally found the Cang family in Jiangnan. Then, under the cover of Buddhism and Daoism, I finally obtained the Heaven Devouring Demonic Technique!”

Zhao Xian said in surprise, “This cultivation technique can mass-produce experts?”

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“What they’ve learned is only a remnant. It won’t only shorten their lifespan, but they also don’t have the method to fuse inner Qi.” Zhang Zhengyang said, “The entire cultivation technique will be handed over to Your Highness in the future. You can give it to your servants to cultivate. I guarantee that the imperial family’s connate grandmasters will not die out for generations.”

“I will never forget your kindness!” Zhao Xian pointed to the sky and swore, “In the future, the heir to the throne will definitely be the eldest son, Rong’er. The Zhang family will enjoy glory for generations and rest with the country. If the Zhao family fails, the country will collapse and the bloodline will be severed!”

Zhang Zhengyang nodded slightly. "There's no need to make such a solemn oath. It's good that you have this intention."

The imperial court was deep and he had long stopped believing in oaths. The foundation of promises and oaths was that the benefits were not great enough.

Zhao Xian had heard of Zhang Zhengyang's plan and felt that the throne was close at hand. "Why don't you just assassinate Zhao Yuan and the others to death?"

"You can't hide what you're doing from the rest of the world. Evidence or no evidence, you'll end up with a reputation for murdering your brother to usurp the throne." Zhang Zhengyang said, "On the other hand, if you overthrow the tyrant, Zhao Yuan, it will clear up the root of the matter. If you ascend the throne under everyone's expectations, it will be very useful for you to rule the imperial court in the future!"

Zhao Xian's eyes turned red when he heard this. It sounded like he was making arrangements.

Zhang Zhengyang coughed twice and said, "Don't worry, I can still hold on for two to three years. At the very least, I can find you a prime minister who can take charge of the overall situation."

Zhao Xian bowed almost to the ground, his eyes filled with tears. "Thank you, Minister!"

Early July

Emperor Yongxing was assassinated and severely injured.

The assassin committed suicide by taking poison on the spot. After careful investigation by the Uniform Guards, he was consecrated by Prince Chu's Mansion.

When the news spread, all the officials were in an uproar!

The Ministry of War mobilized the Imperial Guards to surround Prince Chu's Mansion. The Uniform Guards searched carefully and found dragon robes and seals.

Emperor Yongxing was furious and ordered the execution of Prince Chu's lineage.

The Imperial Clan Court stepped forward to plead for leniency. They said that for hundreds of years, no prince had been sentenced to death in the country. In the end, they removed the title of prince and exiled him to the northern border as a commoner.

Sky Prison.

Section B of the prison was filled with prisoners who were implicated in the Prince Chu's assassination.

His relatives, distant relatives, officials, and so on were all imprisoned. Even the three families of the butler were arrested. This was enough to show Emperor Yongxing's anger.

It was rumored that if the assassin's dagger was shifted by another two or three inches, today would be a national funeral!

"Old Zhou, fortunately, you refused that day!" Lieutenant Lu had a look of fear on his face. "The person who asked me to rope you in is the butler of Prince Chu's Mansion, that old man from the seventh prison. I have to go and calm down later!"

After failing to rope in Zhou Yi that day, Lieutenant Lu turned around and pondered carefully. He also rejected the butler's attempt to rope him in, which let him escape a calamity.

Zhou Yi shrugged and whispered, "Old Lu, we're going to be busy these days. This is just the beginning!"