

I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 5

Chapter 5: Cautious Action

Some time passed.

Today was the day.

It was the day of Wei Chang's execution.

Zhou Yi came to pick up food delivery in the morning and realized that the small kitchen was not open, so he guessed that Young Master Long had already been released from prison.

After exterminating an entire family!

He had been locked up for just over half a month, and there wasn't even any interrogation.

He had been given a private room within the prison. He ate and drank well, and there were girls from the Spring Breeze Restaurant accompanying him. He had been better off here than 99% of the people in the world.

"This world..."

Zhou Yi was on duty in Sky Prison. He had heard from his colleagues that the Dragon Minister was extremely powerful.

The current Emperor Chongming was obsessed with martial arts cultivation. He did not attend court for 26 years and had been the Prime Minister for 19 years. It was not an exaggeration to say that the wool had been pulled over the eyes of the public.

The people whispered that if the emperor ever did appear at the court, the civil and military officials would not obey him!

Prison A-13.

Zhou Yi was carrying a food box. It was the typical "last meal" for prisoners about to be executed. No matter what the crime, there would be meat and wine before execution.

"Hero, we're on the road in two hours!"

Wei Chang's hair was disheveled, and the burn marks on his face made him look like a ghost.

"Have you brought the century-old vintage?"

"Of course I did."

Zhou Yi took out a porcelain bottle from his pocket and opened the lid. The rich fragrance of wine floated out. "A hundred-year-old pear blossoms white. That shopkeeper treated it as the treasure of the shop and refused to sell it at first. I pawned most of my family's wealth in order to convince him."

Wei Chang gulped down half the bottle in one go. He belched and exclaimed in admiration.

"Good wine!"

Zhou Yi then fed the lion's head, fish gill tofu, and a dish called Buddha Jumps Over The Wall.

Fat but not greasy. It melted in his mouth.

Wei Chang asked as he ate, "How's your cultivation of the Origin Returning Technique?"

"My talent is ordinary. I can only condense a wisp of internal energy every day." Zhou Yi had long guessed this. He was old and had a poor foundation. His abilities to cultivate internal energy already signified that his cultivation technique was superior.

The greatest difficulty in life is to accept the ordinary and still work hard!

"Your perception is not bad. Unfortunately, you're getting on in years."

Wei Chang guided a few cultivation exercises until he had finished eating. He smiled happily and said, "Not a bad last meal. I haven't eaten such delicious food or drunk such good wine in 43 years!"

Zhou Yi was silent for a moment before suddenly asking, "Hero, the iron chain is broken. Can you escape?"

Wei Chang shook his head and refused.

"The poison has already seeped into my bones and I don't have many days left to live. I might as well go to the site of my execution and give the Imperial Court a piece of my mind!"

Just then—

They heard the sound of the cell door being unlocked. Zhou Yi hurriedly cleaned up the dishes.

Zhang Zhou brought the secretary of the Ministry of Justice in. Behind him, more than ten prison guards escorted Wei Chang to the site of his execution.

“Those who suffer poverty for good will have shorter lives. Those who commit evil will enjoy wealth and longevity!”

Zhou Yi sighed and continued to deliver food with the bucket.

After a month of torture, the former Assistant Minister of Rites in Prison B6 was in a sorry state. Unfortunately, there was no one from his home to deliver silver to pay for his meals. He only had two spoonfuls of porridge every day and was already starving.

“Little brother, give me another spoonful, give me another spoonful!”

“That’s all for now.”

Zhou Yi ignored the former Assistant Minister’s pleas. It wasn’t that there wasn’t enough to go around, but it was a matter of what was right. This particular prisoner was not a good person.

His reason for being locked up in Sky Prison was very simple. He had embezzled money from the Imperial Court. It was said that the Uniformed Guard had found more than a hundred thousand taels of silver, and he had piles and piles of all kinds of gold and jewelry.

Next to him was cell B-7.

Su Wenhao awoke from his meditation in good spirits.

After finishing the porridge, he said, “Is there something troubling you? I’m proficient in mathematics and can help you solve your problems!”

“Do I give the impression that something is bothering me?”

Zhou Yi had some sympathy for Su Wenhao. He spent most of his time in prison reciting poetry and grumbling.

“Is it because of this guy over here?”

Su Wenhao pointed to the former assistant minister, who was groaning in bed beside him.

Zhou Yi felt his heart drop. This wasn't some work of divination. Su Wenhao just happened to be good at reading people. Still, he nodded his head as he spoke.

"All my life I have hated corrupt officials. They said that he took the Imperial Court's money, but the truth is that the wealth he stole belonged to the people!"

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"Hehehe, you don't understand."

Su Wenhao laughed and continued, "I recognize this fellow. His ability as an official is not bad. He did some practical work for the people, and the amount of money he embezzled was not much."

The former assistant minister lay down and snorted. "Old Su, I didn't make friends with you for nothing!"

Zhou Yi asked curiously, "Then why did he get thrown into Sky Prison?"

"Politics isn't about moral purity. It's about taking sides!"

Su Wenhao went on, "Corruption doesn't guarantee getting ahead in one's career. And getting thrown in prison doesn't guarantee corruption."

Zhou Yi pondered carefully and clicked his tongue. "Interesting, interesting!"

The former assistant minister spoke now. "Little brother thinks it's interesting. Now give me another spoonful of rice."

"Sure."

Zhou Yi was tempted to tease him a bit, but thought better of it. The prisoners in this section of the prison were unusual. Many criminals were reinstated into society later on, so it was better not to provoke them.

He scooped up the thick porridge at the bottom of the bucket and poured it into a bowl for the former Assistant Minister.

Zhou Yi asked, "Why is Mr. Su in such a good mood today?"

This old man usually didn't speak much. After eating, he would always meditate. It might be some kind of internal cultivation technique, which would explain why he was healthy.

"Wrongfully imprisoned, locked away for four or five years."

Su Wenhao was reciting a line from a poem. "I have a feeling that the day I walk out of this cage and return to freedom is not far away."

"Congratulations, then, Mr. Wen."

Zhou Yi cupped his hands in respect and left with the bucket.

This old man had been locked up for three to four years and still hadn't changed. He couldn't control his mouth and recited poems. What did he mean by "wrongfully imprisoned"? It was obvious that he didn't accept Emperor Chongming's judgment.

The former assistant minister, who was engrossed in eating, suddenly paused, his eyes sparkling.

Some time passed. Wei Chang had been beheaded.

Zhou Yi's life returned to normal.

Zhou Yi's father had been a jailer for most of his life. Most of the money he earned was used to treat Zhou Yi's illness, and he had bought a house in the Divine Capital.

It was a courtyard called Ningde Square.

If you take the old Imperial City as the first ring of the capital, Ningde Square was located within the second ring. Zhou Yi would have to work for 500 years without eating or drinking to afford it.

The progress of the Origin Returning Technique was slow, but Zhou Yi was not in a hurry. His greatest advantage was time.

After a long time, he would finally reach greater mastery.

"Reach out and touch Jie Maomao Bay. Spread out the width..."

Zhou Yi hummed a little tune he had used to memorize the text. Although the Origin Returning Technique was not an advanced technique, there was something to it that would allow the Yang and solidify the essence, allowing one to be tenacious and to persevere.

After the morning roll call, Zhou Yi carried the bucket to deliver the food.

He encountered Chang Ning, the night duty officer. Behind him were four jailers escorting a shackled prisoner.

The prisoner's hair was disheveled. Upon closer inspection, it was Su Wenhao.

Zhou Yi went forward to greet him. "Uncle Chang, what's going on here?"

Zhou Yi was the youngest guard at Sky Prison and had been the latest to arrive. The other prison guards were of the same generation as his father. It was not inappropriate to call him uncle whenever they met, and he could count on the older folks to take care of him.

Chang Ning snorted. "Hmph! This fellow refused to submit to the emperor's judgment and even slandered the emperor's lifespan. He's been sent to the Imperial Prison!"

The Imperial Prison where the Uniformed Guard interrogated prisoners!

If one was imprisoned in the Sky Prison, there was still a chance of survival. If one entered the Imperial Prison, they could only pray for an early reincarnation so as to suffer less torture.

Su Wenhao's face was ashen as he muttered to himself, perhaps reciting some obscure poem to himself.

Cell B-6.

The former Assistant Minister sat cross-legged on the straw mat. He glanced at the porridge and beckoned to Zhou Yi.

"I'm about to be released from prison. Hurry up and prepare some good wine and food. Otherwise, I'll teach all of you a lesson once I'm reinstated!"

Zhou Yi looked at the empty cell beside him and suddenly understood.

"Just a moment, sir. I'll get it ready!"

The afternoon rolled around.

A palace eunuch was sent to Sky Prison to deliver a decree. Word had gotten around about Assistant Minister Liu's meritorious deeds, and seeing that he had served his sentence, he was being promoted to Assistant Minister of Revenue.

The Ministry of Appointments is noble, the Ministry of Revenue is rich, the Ministry of Rites is poor...

Assistant Minister Liu had caught the eye of Emperor Chongming. It was as if a rat had entered a vat of rice.

"In the future, you must be careful with your words and actions!"

Zhou Yi broke out in a cold sweat. If not for that spoonful of thick porridge, with Assistant Minister Liu's personality, would he have taken revenge after he was released from prison?

Hard to say!