

I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 6

Chapter 6: Death Comes At Last

Half a month later.

As Commandant Niu drew his tile, he mentioned that Su Wenhao had died in the Imperial Prison.

It was said that when he died, not many of his bones were intact.

“In our line of work, remember to be careful with your words!”

Commandant Niu reminded him, “Especially you, little Zhou Yi. Don’t stick around chatting when delivering food to prisoners. Assistant Minister Liu asked me to tell you not to eavesdrop and stick your mouth where it shouldn’t be!”

“They just barely got away with it.”

Zhou Yi felt a lingering fear in his heart. This was really a big lesson.

Fengyang Kingdom was not a society ruled by law. The life and death of an individual depended on their own interests.

A single sentence could be a fatal charge!

For example, Zhou Yi delivered wine and meat to Wei Chang and even called him a hero. His words were filled with praise. If someone reported that to the Imperial Court, at best, he would be exiled. At worst, he would be seen as Wei Chang’s accomplice.

If that happened, the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life would be wasted!

“Don’t make a fool of yourself!”

Zhou Yi warned himself that he would see more injustice and unhappiness in the future. He had to learn to let such things go.

Just stand at the side and watch. Don’t ask, don’t care!

He would do his best just to fit in with the mortal world.

Zhou Yi made a decision to just be the guy who delivered the food without any expression. He would save his smiles only for prisoners who offered him their silver.

After all, the jailer's monthly salary was only five taels of silver. It was not even enough to spend an evening listening to music at Spring Breeze Tower.

The better the prisoners ate, the more money Zhou Yi earned every month. To tell the truth, he was the one winning out!

Another day rolled around.

A new prisoner arrived. He was said to be the leader of the rebels somewhere in the south.

Dark and thin, his face was wrinkled with grief. He didn't look like a general commanding tens of thousands of men. He looked like an old farmer who should be tending his fields.

The appearance of the old rural general brought some excitement to Sky Prison.

Commandant Niu and a few officers tortured and interrogated him in different ways. In just a few days, the old farmer was already disfigured.

Though he lacked Wei Chang's hard-as-iron bones, the old farmer's mental endurance was actually better. He bore all kinds of torture methods such as clamping, the branding iron, the whip, the heavy flail... Yet he never let out a scream.

After each session, the old farmer spat out blood and still had the strength to curse.

"You dogs!"

"Continue if you have the guts. If you can make me beg for mercy, this old man will become your son!"

...

Zhou Yi stood to the side and listened. He suddenly saw how this seemingly frail old man could become a general.

After the general was locked up for a few days, he was sent to the market to be beheaded. Dozens of people were also beheaded on the same day. From the general to the platoon commander, the blood that sprayed out filled the execution ground.

The onlookers cheered loudly. They just wanted to watch the show and didn't care why these people were beheaded.

Zhou Yi stood at the edge of the execution site and watched as the general's head rolled. His eyes were still open as he glared at the executioner without giving in.

That night.

Zhou Yi returned to his small courtyard and meditated as usual.

After cultivating for more than half a year, hundreds of wisps of Inner Qi had accumulated within him. He was already completely proficient at this cultivation technique.

“The world is dark and there’s no limit to it. When it merges, the essence energy will mix together... Damn it, why won’t my heart calm down!”

Zhou Yi always had the image of the old farmer in front of his eyes. He heard from him that the state capitals in the south suffered from continuous droughts, and hunger was everywhere. The government officials embezzled all the disaster relief food.

There was cannibalism!

This word was terrifying. Behind it were countless human tragedies.

“To be human is to be too empathetic. Life is exhausting!”

Zhou Yi shook his head and did not vent the frustration in his heart. If he continued to cultivate the Origin Returning Technique, it was very likely that his Inner Qi would go berserk.

“How should I ease my mind?”

After thinking it over, he finally thought of a solution.

In his previous life, there were also many people who worked and lived under too much pressure. In order to avoid falling into depression, they would vent their emotions by scolding and beating up fake people. Supposedly, this was a very effective method.

“The person I’m going to scold is so taboo that if anyone hears it, I’d have to kill them. But I can write about it!”

Zhou Yi bought a brush, ink, and a blank book. He wrote in the writing system from his previous life. Even if someone saw it, they would not recognize it.

“How do I write it?”

After pondering for a moment, he wrote, “In the 39th year of Chongming, the crescent moon, the day of Wuchen...”

“I was very upset to see the beheading of the rebel general today. This dynasty is rotten from top to bottom.”

Zhou Yi frowned slightly. He felt that something was wrong. He was writing the diary to scold people, so there was no need to be so serious.

“Emperor Chongming is not a good person. He wants to live forever. It would be good if he ate a poison pill and died.

At this point, criticized the palace alchemists for lack of professionalism. They could use cinnabar, lead ingots, and gold. If the emperor drank it, he would surely ascend to heaven.

Perhaps the alchemist really could make such pills? After all, this was the world of martial arts cultivation. It was normal for itinerant cultivators who had no hope of living forever to come to the palace to enjoy themselves.

“Then I’ll curse Emperor Chongming. Eight princes have eight fathers!”

Thinking of this, he immediately felt refreshed and continued cultivating.

It was important to set goals. A hundred years of cultivation!”

...

Half a month passed.

Zhou Yi started writing in his diary again.

“Today, that playboy surnamed Long was jailed for murder again. It’s said that he deliberately set a fire to burn many people to death...”

“...Now that he’s back in Sky Prison, he is as arrogant as ever. Just because he put too much salt in a dish, he had the guards beat me and the chef...”

“...I won’t forget this!...”

“...This matter isn’t finished yet...”

“...Mr. Long, I’ll be waiting for my turn...”

At this point, Zhou Yi was still feeling uncomfortable. He wrote another few hundred words to scold Emperor Chongming before letting this matter slide.

Another month passed.

Zhou Yi opened his diary again and wrote down what he had seen during the day.

“There’s just one month until the New Year, and I’m still not in the holiday spirit...”

“...Everyone knew that the rebellion was a false flag. Yet, all the officials of the Imperial Court had tacitly agreed to behead the families of all the rebels. That’s 300 people...”

“...It was said that the rebel army had already reached Yuzhou and was only a few hundred kilometers away from the Divine Capital. Instead of sending troops to suppress them, the Imperial Court was still fighting among themselves...”

“...Fengyang Kingdom is doomed!...”

“...At this point, I have a few choice words for Emperor Chongming...

...

“...40th year of Chongming...”

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“...I learned something today. There are those who can transform from a man to a woman through use of a clever disguise. No one can tell their true sex by looking at them...”

“...One pervert snuck into some women’s boudoirs and committed unspeakable crimes...”

“...There was also a makeup expert in the Uniformed Guard who pretended to be a beautiful woman and the criminal took the bait. He was finally captured alive...”

“...I mention this because I discovered new ways to vent, such as mixing some laxative powder in the meals of the pervert...”

“...Perhaps I’m a bit perverted myself?...”

“...It’s all the bastard emperor’s fault...”

Zhou Yi fed the rapist a few packets of laxative powder, and meanwhile, discovered a method to disguise himself with makeup. In the future, as the years passed, he could disguise himself as an old man to prevent his colleagues from discovering anything strange.

It was chaotic and dangerous on the outside. How strange to find that it was safer to hide in the Sky Prison!

...

It was now the 50th year of Chongming.

150,000 rebel soldiers surrounded Shenjing. Their leader was known as the Eight-Armed King.

The officials were terrified, and the state was growing unstable.

Zhou Yi had originally thought that a change of dynasty would take place on this day. He had prepared many grains and vegetables and hidden them in a hole in the ground of his home. It was enough to sustain him for half a year.

In the end, the Eight-Armed King suddenly died.

The imperial guards took the opportunity to rush out of the city gate and defeat the rebel army, putting an end to the siege of the Divine Capital.

“Human strength is no match for fate. Fengyang Kingdom’s luck is endless!”

Zhou Yi recorded this matter in his diary. In the end, he couldn’t help but curse Emperor Chongming.

“The world is in chaos. The damned emperor still has to collect birth dates. I heard that some government offices will collect taxes until the 120th year of Chongming...”

After three years, Zhou Yi had saved 500 taels of silver. He found a cheap dojo and began to cultivate his body tempering technique.

In this time of crisis, even Sky Prison was not so safe.

Martial arts was not just about learning to fight, the ability to run fast!

...

45th year of Chongming.

A special prisoner had been sent to Sky Prison. He was the eldest son of that damned emperor, the former crown prince.

“How can there be a forty-year-old prince in the world? No wonder he rebelled...”

“...The crown prince seems too mild-mannered to be the son of such a terrible emperor...”

“...Unfortunately, he didn’t succeed. It was rumored that the emperor was protected by a Martial Dao master. As it turned out, the Eight-Armed King’s death wasn’t a coincidence. He was assassinated...”

Zhou Yi cursed the emperor as usual and found himself in a good mood.

He had now been cultivating his Origin Returning Technique for five years. If he activated it with all his might, he might be able to shatter bricks with his palm. Yet according to the classification of the martial world, he wouldn't even rank.

Wei Chang was right back then. It was very difficult for ordinary people to achieve anything by cultivating Inner Qi.

The Body Tempering Technique that Zhou Yi had learned from the martial arts school was called the Five Tigers Mighty Fist. It was a common technique and was far inferior to the profoundness of the Origin Returning Technique.

In three years, he had already reached greater mastery of the Membrane Realm, and his arms had the strength of a ferocious tiger.

When blunt weapons like clubs hit his body, their power was reduced by more than half. He could already be considered a third-rate expert.

...

It was now the 46th year of Chongming.

Zhou Yi returned from Spring Breeze Tower and took out his diary to curse Emperor Chongming.

"This damned emperor..."

After writing these three words, he suddenly did not know what to write. No matter what words he thought of, he would flip back to previous pages and realize that he had already written them.

Zhou Yi flipped through the pages again. He had been writing less and less frequently.

When he first started, he was writing twice a month. Later, he found he was only writing once every two or three months.

Most recently, this diary told of very few unjust cases and tragedies. The entire diary was nothing more than cursing the emperor. In reality, however, the frequency of tragedies of Sky Prison had never declined.

"When you see something often enough, you become desensitized!"

Zhou Yi muttered this to himself. As time and experience accumulated, his emotional threshold seemed to increase.

"That's not right either. I've never tired of the ladies at Spring Breeze Tower!"

At this point in the diary, there was no cursing.

Emperor Chongming was completely worthless. He had not attended court for more than 30 years and hid in Shangyang Palace, cultivating his martial arts.

Helpless, Zhou Yi finally wrote:

“Why doesn’t the damned emperor just die?”

More time passed.

Zhou Yi wrote a single sentence every day, cursing Emperor Chongming and wishing for his expedient death.

...

Early morning.

The mist was faint, and the moon hung in the sky.

Zhou Yi dodged and moved in the courtyard. His fists punched the air, and the sound was endless.

Bang bang bang!

It sounded like a cowhide drum or rolling thunder.

In the cold winter, Zhou Yi only wore thin and short clothes.

After a few punches, qi and blood surged out of his body, turning into steam.

“HA!”

Zhou Yi let out a long breath and transformed into a three-foot-long white fog that condensed in the air without dissipating.

“After cultivating the Five Tigers Mighty Fist to the Tendon Tempering realm, I can already be considered a second-rate expert. It’s just that I’ve never fought with anyone and don’t know how to use weapons. I only have superficial strength!”

As Zhou Yi reached adulthood, his figure and appearance had not changed at all over the past five years.

After truly experiencing the mysteries of the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life, Zhou Yi let go of his last worries and completely became an ordinary Sky Prison guard. He couldn’t be bothered with the imperial court and the world of martial arts.

After hundreds and thousands of years, Zhou Yi would remain the same. Fengyang Kingdom will be long gone by then!

Back at his room.

Zhou Yi put on some makeup, making his skin dimmer and his face pale and sickly.

He was already 27 years old. Normally, someone who spent all their time in Sky Prison would age quickly.

When he was done, he went straight to the morning market.

Zhou Yi found a stall and sat down. He was calling for the lady boss to serve the tofu pudding and fried dough sticks when he suddenly heard a bell.

It was melodious, deep, and lingering.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

After nine consecutive rings, the originally lively morning market suddenly fell silent.

All the citizens looked up in the direction of the palace. Their movements were uniform, as if they had rehearsed this many times. It was as if they had been waiting for this moment.

Zhou Yi continued to eat the tofu pudding with his head lowered. The corners of his mouth curled up slightly, and his breakfast suddenly tasted a hundred times more delicious than usual.

“The damned emperor is finally dead!”