

I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 7

Chapter 7: Hiding in Sky Prison

The people were blind and stupid.

They would cheer as the insurgents beheaded their peers. They just wanted to see the blood spurt out a few feet and wonder if they could dip their buns in it.

But the people were also wise.

Thousands of eyes turned in unison to the palace. In the silence, history pushed forward.

Only then did Zhou Yi understand what it meant to incur the wrath of the masses.

Wiping his mouth, he looked up and shouted.

“Miss! Bill, please.”

“Zhou Yi, it’s on the house today.”

The lady boss snapped out of her trance and pinched her own face hard to stop herself from laughing.

“Okay.”

Zhou Yi was not one to throw money around. Body Tempering was a bottomless pit when it came to costs.

The martial arts school took tuition fees. Ten taels of silver was not that much, but after imparting the cultivation technique, they told you that you needed nourishing medicine to train your body. Otherwise, you would die from the training.

The formula of the medicinal soup was a secret of the martial arts school. Only the owner knew how to make it and sold it to the students.

“This is like a freemium game if I’ve ever seen one. Don’t even think about getting stronger if you can’t afford to pay for it!”

Zhou Yi clicked his tongue in wonder. Throughout all of history, merchants have been using the same old tricks.

From tempering the skin membrane to tempering the muscles and bones, he had already paid 500 to 600 taels of silver. The difficult part was to refine the organs and marrow. The nourishing medicine was also becoming more and more expensive. He estimated that a few thousand taels of silver would not be enough.

Ordinarily, when martial artists reached the second-rate realm they would begin to wander in the martial world.

In battle, there wasn't so much heroism. Most of it was to earn money.

Zhou Yi did not need to take this risk. There were many corrupt officials in Sky Prison. Just scraping a little off the top was enough to cover his martial arts body tempering.

He walked all the way down the street.

The commoners seemed to have been struck by a silence spell. Their eyes kept glancing in the direction of the palace. They looked like they wanted to speak, but they did not dare to discuss what was happening.

They exchanged glances. In their minds, they were cursing the damned emperor and celebrating his death.

Sky Prison.

Warden Lei had changed into plain clothes and was directing the guards to raise the white banner.

The emperor had died, and the nation was in mourning.

The ten-foot-six white banner was set up, and the warden summoned all the prison guards.

"The palace has sent an order. From now on, the Sky Prison is closed both inside and outside. No one is allowed to enter or leave. Everyone, including me, eats and drinks inside the prison!"

Warden Lei looked at Zhou Yi. "Zhou Yi, go and take a look at the rice and noodles in the kitchen. If there's not enough, quickly buy some."

During the Emperor's burial period, feasting was forbidden, so they could only eat rice and white flour.

Although Lei Situ was old, his memory was getting better and better. It was obvious that he was planning to work in this position until he died. It was rumored that he wouldn't even take a promotion to seventh-rank Minister of Justice.

Zhou Yi accepted the order. "Yes sir!"

Zhang Zhou reminded him, "Remember to prepare a few more jars of cooking wine. If you use too little while cooking, the food won't taste good."

"Ha ha!"

"The prison guards laughed. Zhang Zhou ate and drank.

"I'll do that."

Zhou Yi had been on duty in Sky Prison for ten years and was already familiar with everyone. He often went to the brothel to listen to music. He was no longer reserved when speaking.

There were few government officials in the prison, but many lowly prison guards. They all held secure, life-long positions that had been passed down for generations.

There was no need to look down on each other. Moreover, because the benefits were too great, it was difficult for them to not get along well as colleagues.

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The kitchen.

Chef Liu was already there, instructing his son and apprentice to make a big pot of rice.

Zhou Yi said in surprise, "Why are you here? Stop busying yourself. If you don't, you'll be locked in Sky Prison."

"No, no. I'll just be here for a moment."

Chef Liu wiped the sweat off his face and said in a low voice, "Our boss said that there was going to be trouble in the Divine Capital and closed the furnace building. The shopkeeper and staff wanted to leave through the city gate, but they were stopped."

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"I thought to myself, where could be safer than Sky Prison? So I brought Shunzi here to hide here to hide!"

"Great!"

Zhou Yi gave him a thumbs up. He had taken account of the rice jar, noodles, and wine jar. It was enough to last Sky Prison for a month. After chatting with Chef Liu for a while, he carried the bucket and went to deliver the food.

After all this time, he was still delivering food.

Oftentimes, teams were sent to escort prisoners to exile. They traveled thousands of kilometers each time. The outside world was in chaos. Nowhere could be as safe as Sky Prison.

Of course, escorting prisoners was a good job. The prison guards fought to do it.

On the way back and forth, there were carriages and inns, good wine and good food. Not to mention at least a few hundred taels of silver!

Prison cell B-3.

Zhou Yi poured some porridge and was about to leave.

The aged prisoner clung to the bars, disheveled and emaciated, pleading.

“Little brother, I seem to have heard the bell. How many chimes was it?”

“Nine.”

Zhou Yi replied expressionlessly. This criminal was the head of the Ministry of Works and had embezzled money that was slated to repair the river embankment.

Stone sand smeared on the surface of the dam and it became filled with straw.

The previous summer, a heavy rain had caused the dam to collapse before the water levels had even reached alert levels. As a result, hundreds of thousands of people had either drowned or gone missing.

“Emperor!”

The prisoner was stunned for a moment before wailing and kowtowing in the direction of the palace.

Zhou Yi shrugged and continued to deliver food. The prisoners in section B were all brilliant performers. It was difficult to tell if they were crying from grief or from joy and excitement.

According to tradition, when the new emperor of Fengyang Kingdom ascended the throne, he would grant amnesty to the world to show his grace.

The prisoners in section A were much more straightforward. All of them were laughing and joking, just short of shouting their excitement that the emperor had died.

“Young man, when will the new emperor ascend the throne?”

“We’re about to be released. Can’t we have a good meal?”

“Hahaha, Old Zhao, I still have three months before my scheduled execution. Long live the new emperor!”

Zhou Yi ignored the shouts of the prisoners. After delivering food for ten years, he had long developed the habit of not listening or watching.

He drew circles in the bottom of the bucket with the spoon. There were a few grains of rice and a few vegetable leaves inside, all completely under Zhou Yi’s control.

Practice makes perfect!

For some prisoners who he didn’t like, they would eat three to five grains of rice every meal. After being locked up for a period of time, they would starve to death.

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Nightfall came.

The prison was brightly lit, and the sound of boxing was incessant.

There were thousands of imperial guards guarding the outer gate. The inner gate was tightly locked, making the prison like a small world that stood alone.

The kingdom had prohibited drinking alcohol, but that meant nothing to a prison guard.

At first, Commandant Niu advised the others not to flout the privilege. In the end, after losing three rounds of cards in a row, he threw the anti-drinking law to the back of his mind.

“No nines! No nines...”

Superintendent Chang Ning puffed up his chest and slowly lifted the tiles in front of him. He immediately laughed loudly. He hugged all the money on the table in front of him and gulped down a bowl of wine.

The guards at the table cursed. The onlookers praised Chang Ning for his skill and good luck.

“Uncle Chang, good luck!”

Zhou Yi praised him, then casually changed the subject. “There are so many prisoners locked up here. There are also many ferocious people in section A. You have to pay attention to your safety during the change of dynasty.”

Chang Ning was focused on the game and said indifferently, "Three thousand Imperial Guards have surrounded the Sky Prison. Even the most skilled warriors couldn't break in."

Commandant Niu, who had lost, frowned when he heard this. "What Zhou Yi said makes sense. We can't be careless about this matter. If real trouble starts stirring, we'll lose our heads!"

Zhou Yi took the opportunity to say, "Do we have a watchtower here? I'll go up and keep an eye out. If anyone comes, I can inform you."

"Yes, go ahead. The tower door key is in the cabinet. Get it yourself."

Commandant Niu did not suspect anything. He bid Zhou Yi farewell as he fingered his tiles.

"It's freezing out, and it's windy up in the watchtower. Remember to bring an extra blanket!"