

I Am Immortal In The Cultivation World Chapter 2

Chapter 2: The Flying Rainbow Swordsman

The prison never saw the light of day, and the aisles were lit only with oil lamps.

It was dim and gloomy, and it was hard to tell day from night.

A prisoner had just come in and was still making scratches on the wall. He had stayed up too long and painted all over the wall. He no longer had the spirit to count the days.

After all, there were few people capable of walking out of Sky Prison alive!

Zhou Yi had an impression of this prisoner who was meditating. His surname was Su, and it was said that he was once a literary tycoon in Jiangnan.

Because he had written a poem that went against the current era, it attracted the Embroidered Uniform Guard to investigate. Somehow, they found evidence that he had tortured his servant to death and imprisoned him.

With his family giving him money, he could eat more porridge every meal!

Perhaps one day, when the new ruler ascended the throne and pardoned the world, this person would be released.

“No wonder he’s in such a good frame of mind!”

Zhou Yi finished distributing the porridge and walked out of the cell.

Voices began to sound, and then came closer.

They were noisy at first, then turned into shouts of all sizes. It sounded like they were gambling.

It had been 300 years since the founding of Fengyang, and there were many common problems in the dynasty. For example, the emperor required everyone’s date of birth, and the governance of officials was lax.

The rules in Sky Prison were not as strict as the rules of the Founding Ancestors. Otherwise, Zhou Yi would not have been recruited.

It seemed that most of the prison guards would slack off and disappear. The few lieutenants on duty would drink and gamble every day.

Zhou Yi compared the rules in the history books to the current situation in the Fengyang Kingdom. There was a high chance that a change in the ruling dynasty was imminent.

“Are you done delivering food, Zhou Yi? Come and play with me!” The voice of Zhang Zhou awoke him from his thoughts.

Zhang Zhou kept blowing into his palm as if hoping to increase the luck of the tiles he was playing with.

Zhang Zhou was a lowly official in the Imperial Court. He happened to be Zhou Yi’s direct superior and had a good relationship with his deceased father.

Zhou Yi shook his head. For one thing, he was cautious and not good at gambling. Secondly, he did not have any money.

The previous occupant of this body had bought medicine every day to nourish his body and spent all the family’s money. In the end, it was still useless and the soul from the Blue Planet was able to occupy his body.

Standing behind Zhang Zhou and watching for a while, the game appeared to be similar to Pai Gow. The banker was Niu Xiaowei.

The whole thing was boring.

Zhou Yi calmed down and thought about how to keep training in the future.

Even if he had the Dao Fruit of Eternal Life, he couldn’t give up on training. What if one day, he encountered a demonic cultivator abducting people, or immortals fighting to destroy a city?

Natural and man-made disasters could not be avoided by caution alone.

His Dao Fruit gave him eternal life, and he would have to cultivate his Dao Protection Technique to keep it!

“In the memories of my predecessor, I’ve never heard of cultivation training methods. I don’t even know about immortals. I’ve only heard that martial arts in this world are divided into Internal Qi and Body Tempering. As for the specifics, I’ll have to go to the martial arts school to ask.”

Cultivation was for the purpose of longevity. Zhou Yi had already obtained the Dao Fruit, so he would not give up on his long-term goal to seek immortality.

Therefore, he could only choose Martial Dao for the time being!

“Should I make a bunch of money and improve my life first? If I can’t get soap, I can get access to a saltpeter greenhouse...”

“Or plagiarize some poems and songs. With fame, money...”

“At worst ...”

“Forget it for now. Currently, there’s a courtyard in the Divine Capital, and the prison is in charge of food. Don’t cause any more trouble because of some money.”

Zhou Yi did not believe in the ancient business environment. In a purely official society, he had nothing to stand on but a large amount of silver. He was just a pig waiting to be slaughtered.

Just then—

A scribe came from outside and whispered something in Niu Xiaowei’s ear.

The lieutenant was a ninth-rank official in Sky Prison. He was in charge of ten different assignments and ten prison guards.

According to the law, Niu Su could manage 100 people. Now, there were too many slackers in the prison, and he only had 20 to 30 jailers under him.

“Brothers, let’s get to it.”

Niu Su threw the tiles on the table and said, “Master Lei has instructed that the thief who was imprisoned a few days ago must be interrogated and branded today so as not to delay the execution.”

Master Lei’s full name was Lei Hu, and he was in charge of the prison. Not counting the imperial guards guarding outside, he could be said to be the highest-ranking official in the prison.

“I’ll do it, I’ll do it!”

Zhang Zhou’s eyes were a little red, and the shadows of the lamp swayed like ghosts.

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“I was unlucky today and lost everything. I have to vent my anger on this guy!”

As they were speaking, a dozen people clattered toward the torture chamber.

Zhou Yi hesitated for a moment before following.

The thief was in Room A-12. He opened the cell door and saw a man hanging upside down. His face was obscured by his own blood..

Zhou Yi followed behind the crowd. Perhaps because he had seen too much in his memory, he did not feel any nausea when he saw the man's miserable appearance.

Zhang Zhou splashed water on the man and woke him up. Without asking a single question, he raised his whip and whipped him ruthlessly.

Whap! Whap! Whap!!

With each sound, another bloody mark appeared on the man's body.

The whip was dipped in salt water and irritated the man's wounds. The man whimpered in pain.

Only then did Zhou Yi see clearly that the man's teeth were gone and half of his tongue was broken. How could he even be expected to confess?

Commandant Niu sat in an armchair and slowly sipped his tea. He whispered to the clerk in charge of note-taking.

The dozen or so people around them watched the man suffer. They either looked refreshed, ignored him, or bet on how many rounds the prisoner could last.

A long while passed.

Zhang Zhou grew tired of whipping. He picked up the red branding iron and casually pressed it on the man.

Tsssssss!

The smell of burnt flesh filled the room. The man was already on the verge of death, and only his instinctive grunts remained.

Niu Xiaowei called on Zhang Zhou to stop the torturing. "Don't kill him!"

The scribe had already finished taking notes on the interrogation process. He picked up the man's palm and left a clear bloody handprint on the confession without touching the toxic acid.

As far as they were concerned, evidence was irrefutable!

Zhou Yi asked the prison guard beside him in a low voice, "Uncle Ye, what crime did this person commit? He doesn't look like an official."

“This thief is a gangster. His nickname is Flying Rainbow Swordsman or something like that.”

“There was a drought in Yuzhou half a year ago, and many people starved to death. This fellow led a group of people to attack the granary. They killed more than a dozen grain merchants and even beheaded the county magistrate.”

Uncle Ye continued, “The Uniform Guards tracked them for half a year and finally caught them. They were beheaded right then and there!”

A classic Robin Hood scenario!

This was the first thought that came to Zhou Yi’s mind. In ancient times, if the drought was light, hunger would be everywhere. If it was heavy, people would eat each other.

This man opened the warehouse and released the grain, saving countless lives!

Commandant Niu took the confession and looked at it. He nodded slightly and said, “The White Lotus Society betrayed the throne. They gathered a crowd to cause trouble and committed murder and treason! Remember to feed him well. He will be executed in a month. At the very least, he must be alive.”

“Master, don’t worry,” insisted Zhang Zhou. “Our little Zhou Yi is quite reliable.”

“Shall I begin feeding him now, my lord?”

Zhou Yi bowed and accepted the order. Looking at the man’s miserable appearance, he had already been tortured until he did not look human. To be sure, he did not look like he could survive a month eating porridge alone.

Commandant Niu waved his hand. “There’s no need to trouble yourself. This thief has tempered his internal organs and is a top-notch expert in the world of martial arts. He won’t die so easily.”

Of course he was...

That night, Zhou Yi carried the porridge bucket over. The man had already recovered his essence, and his tiger-like eyes were wide open.

His face was black and purple, and there were blood-red whip marks on his body. Not only did he not look weak, but he even had a fiendish aura.

Zhou Yi did not dare to approach him. He scooped up a spoonful of porridge and poured it into the man’s mouth. However, the prisoner closed his mouth and struggled such that the porridge was accidentally poured into his nostrils.

“Ach, ach, ach!” The man choked and coughed incessantly.

“Sir, we’re just government henchmen. Don’t make things difficult for us.”

“Zhou... Dog... stick!”

The man’s tongue was split open, and his speech was slurred.

Zhou Yi put down the good-for-nothing prisoner and went outside to take a look. The cells on the left and right were empty, and the jailers were drawing tiles again.

He returned to the man’s side and cupped his fists.

“This hero spared no effort to help the victims. I admire him greatly. Even now that he’s in prison, he won’t give up on himself. If he goes to the guillotine, he will still have the strength to scold the Imperial Court!”

The man was silent for a long time before he slowly opened his mouth.

Zhou Yi helped the man wipe the dirty blood off his face and carefully poured the porridge with a spoon to prevent it from going up his nose again.