

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 103: The Clouds Are Not Clear — Han Tian Imprisoned

Bai Zihua left his grandfather's Water-Cloud Realm in a dejected mood and immediately noticed Ma Yuan kneeling outside the Law Enforcement Hall, badly injured.

"Elder Ma, please get up at once! Someone, quickly treat Elder Ma's wounds!" Bai Zihua hurried forward and helped him up.

"No, there's no time. This is urgent. Fellow Daoist Bai, take me to see Venerable Bai immediately." Seeing Bai Zihua, Ma Yuan looked as though he had found a lifeline. He tightly grabbed Bai Zihua's arm and said, "I was just seriously wounded by a single strike. Had I not been within the protection of Verdant Cloud Sect's grand formation, I would already be dead. That person is also at the Golden Core realm and knows the residences of the elders like the back of his hand. He stole my secret-realm ancient map. This traitor is already a Golden Core cultivator. If a Venerable doesn't personally intervene, he may very well escape Verdant Cloud Sect."

The secret-realm ancient map caused infighting within Deep Literary Pavilion?

Maintaining a calm expression, Bai Zihua helped Ma Yuan up.

"I'll take you to see Venerable Bai immediately."

Originally, Bai Zihua had been struggling with how to explain matters concerning Han Tian. Ma Yuan's sudden appearance provided him with an opportunity. Since elders within Deep Literary Pavilion were already killing one another, perhaps Han Tian's killing of Wu Tong could be shifted onto Deep Literary Pavilion as well.

Returning to Water-Cloud Realm, Bai Yongzheng's Nascent Soul incarnation listened to Ma Yuan's account and narrowed his eyes.

"I understand the situation. The ancient map has been lost, but is the jade key still in your possession?"

Ma Yuan hurriedly produced the jade key and respectfully offered it.

"I have already done everything in my power to protect these two items. That villain feared causing too much commotion, and seeing that I was unafraid of death, he dared not linger. Thus, I managed to protect this key."

Bai Yongzheng nodded but did not take it. Instead, he merely swept it with his divine sense before waving his hand.

"You may withdraw and recover from your injuries. Leave this matter to the Law Enforcement Hall."

After dismissing Ma Yuan, Bai Yongzheng turned toward Bai Zihua.

"You are not to involve yourself in Deep Literary Pavilion's affairs any further. As for Han Tian, you need not handle him either. I will personally take care of everything."

As he spoke, Bai Yongzheng raised a hand. The rushing waterfall suddenly transformed into a mirror-like screen. Moments later, the screen displayed Verdant Cloud Sect's mountain-protecting barrier. Bai Yongzheng projected the imprint of the jade key into it.

Immediately, a trail of red footprints appeared upon the barrier.

The red trail showed someone leaving Verdant Cloud Sect's grand formation during the night and returning before dawn.

Bai Zihua was stunned.

"This Ma Yuan is incredibly bold! He's actually crying 'thief' while being the thief himself!"

The jade key had always been in Ma Yuan's possession. If the barrier showed the key's movements, then who else could it have been besides Ma Yuan?

Remembering what Bai Yongzheng had said earlier, Bai Zihua hurriedly asked:

"Grandfather, shouldn't we postpone dealing with Han Tian and first investigate Ma Yuan's case thoroughly?"

Bai Yongzheng did not answer.

His infant-like Nascent Soul body suddenly became translucent before transforming into a stream of light and entering the waterfall.

The waterfall then parted like a curtain.

The real Bai Yongzheng stepped out from the cave hidden behind it.

As a Nascent Soul Venerable, Bai Yongzheng still possessed the appearance of a young man. In fact, his bearing and vitality surpassed even Bai Zihua's.

"You still understand nothing."

His face was full of disappointment.

"The more complicated a matter becomes, the less we should involve ourselves in it. Instead, we should simplify it."

"If I arrest Ma Yuan, but he has already sent the map out of the sect, do you think Wu Hao won't suspect that I embezzled the map for myself?"

"The more you do, the more mistakes you can make. Do nothing, and you make no mistakes."

"You must understand as early as possible that once certain matters are handled personally, an imperfect outcome can turn good intentions into a grave offense."

"If Han Tian dies, or if we wrongly arrest Han Tian, nothing significant will happen."

"But if we mishandle Wu Hao's ancient map, then our Law Enforcement Hall will become sworn enemies with the Deep Literary Pavilion."

Bai Yongzheng paused before concluding coldly:

"Compared to offending the Deep Literary Pavilion, sacrificing a Han Tian is a price too insignificant to mention."

"Grandfather, we are the Law Enforcement Hall! If this is how you conduct yourself, then what authority and credibility does the Law Enforcement Hall have left?"

"Authority?" Bai Yongzheng let out a mocking laugh. "If I say Han Tian is guilty, then Han Tian is guilty. That is authority. I do not need them to be convinced. I only need them to obediently follow the rules that I set."

Ignoring Bai Zihua, Bai Yongzheng vanished directly from the Water-Cloud Realm. When he appeared again, he was already standing within the Law Enforcement Hall.

"Which one of you is called Han Tian?"

Bai Yongzheng's divine sense instantly swept across the entire hall, observing everyone's reactions. His gaze abruptly settled on Han Tian.

The gaze of a Nascent Soul Venerable was like a towering mountain.

Han Tian felt his knees go weak, nearly collapsing to the floor. Enduring the immense pressure, he forced himself to take a step forward.

"This disciple, Han Tian, greets Venerable Bai."

"Grandfather, don't!"

Bai Zihua came rushing out from Water-Cloud Realm in a panic, shouting desperately as he entered the main hall.

Bai Yongzheng did not even glance at him.

He merely pointed lightly at Han Tian.

The air throughout the hall suddenly froze.

Han Tian felt as though his entire body had been locked in place. At the same time, it seemed as if the sharpest sword imaginable had been pressed against his dantian.

The next moment, Han Tian spat out a mouthful of blood and collapsed weakly onto the ground.

With nothing more than a single finger from a Nascent Soul Venerable, Han Tian's dantian had been shattered.

"Take Han Tian into custody."

Bai Yongzheng's command was cold and emotionless.

Although the disciples present were shocked, they immediately obeyed. One of them kicked Han Tian to the ground, while others bound him with specially crafted restraints. With his cultivation crippled, Han Tian offered no resistance.

"Stop!"

Bai Zihua rushed to Han Tian's side and sent one of the arresting disciples flying with a kick.

"Grandfather! Han Tian obtained evidence proving that Deep Literary Pavilion murdered its own disciples! He is a hero, not a criminal!"

Bai Yongzheng looked at Bai Zihua calmly and repeated:

“Take Han Tian into custody.”

“I'd like to see who dares!”

With a sharp metallic ring, Bai Zihua drew his sword.

The disciples hesitated for a moment, but still surrounded him.

“Senior Brother Bai, please don't make things difficult for us. If Han Tian is innocent, the Law Enforcement Hall will clear his name.”

“That's right, Senior Brother Bai. Don't act rashly. Talk things through with the Venerable. We're only carrying out orders.”

“Senior Brother Bai, step aside. If Han Tian is truly innocent, then nothing will happen to him.”

The disciple whom Bai Zihua had kicked away suddenly steeled himself.

Grinding his teeth, he charged directly toward Bai Zihua's sword.

The reckless, death-defying act startled Bai Zihua so much that he instinctively turned the blade aside.

Seeing his opportunity, the disciple kicked Han Tian away from Bai Zihua, then threw himself on top of Han Tian and dragged him farther away.

Meanwhile, the other disciples seized the chance to surround Bai Zihua completely, preventing him from making any rescue attempt.

“Venerable! Han Tian has been secured!”

After tightening the restraints around Han Tian, the fearless disciple who had charged the sword dropped to one knee before Bai Yongzheng.

“Mm.”

Bai Yongzheng let out a faint grunt through his nose.

“You performed well. I will remember you. Take Han Tian to the prison.”

“Thank you for your praise, Venerable!”

The disciple lifted Han Tian to his feet.

The remaining disciples closed ranks around them to prevent Bai Zihua from interfering.

Only after seeing the despair on Bai Zihua's face and realizing he had no intention of acting further did they finally relax.

Together, they escorted Han Tian toward the dungeon.

Soon, only Bai Zihua and Bai Yongzheng remained in the great hall.

“Zihua, do you see now?”

Bai Yongzheng smiled.

“This is reality.”

“They can only understand orders. They cannot understand justice.”

“In fact, I don't even know the name of the disciple who was nearly killed by your sword just now, yet he was willing to risk his life for me.”

“And with a single casual sentence, I can make him feel overwhelming gratitude.”

Bai Zihua stood silently in the hall.

He looked like a man whose spirit had already died.

After a long time, he finally spoke:

“I understand now, Grandfather.”

“I understand what you've been trying to teach me.”

The words seemed to drain every last ounce of strength from his body.

His sword had fallen to the ground, but he did not even bother to pick it up.

Like a lost soul, he turned and walked out of the hall.

Bai Zihua did not know where he was going.

He simply kept walking.

Only after the Law Enforcement Hall had completely disappeared behind him did he finally stop.

Looking up at the sky, he murmured softly:

“I understand, Grandfather.”

“But I can't do it.”

. . .

The dawn had arrived.

Lu You had not slept all night, spending the entire time cultivating. Some of the branches of his heavenly spiritual root were already fully covered with leaves. After doing a rough calculation, he concluded that with an unlimited supply of serpent eggs and spirit liquid, it would take only about ten more days for the spiritual root to become completely lush and flourishing.

“Boss, the ancient map's exploded in Elder Wen's hands. Everything okay?”

Evil Eye smacked its lips. When the detonation mark had been activated, it had seen Elder Wen through the mark and naturally understood that the ancient map had ended up in Elder Wen's possession.

“Of course it's fine. The more chaotic things become, the better. The more complicated everything gets, the less anyone can connect it to me.”

Lu You felt completely at ease.

He had already handed over the ancient map. It had been lost while in Ma Yuan's possession, then stolen by Elder Wen, and finally destroyed by the trap he had set. Even if a Nascent Soul Venerable personally investigated, the matter would only become more tangled and confusing.

There were already so many Golden Core cultivators involved, and Han Tian was still waiting to expose his own evidence. At this point, nobody would be paying attention to Lu You anymore.

To balance work and relaxation, after finishing his cultivation and no longer being able to absorb any more spirit liquid for the moment, Lu You opened

his storage ring and examined the spoils he had obtained from the Myriad Talismans Pavilion.

Most of the trays displayed by the maidservants had contained talismans that Lu You already possessed and had little use for. Only one tray had been different.

It contained a pitch-black stone.

After destroying the talismans, Lu You infused his spiritual sense into the stone and nodded with satisfaction.

“At least I gained something. This stone gives me a feeling similar to a treasured artifact. It's probably a material used for forging treasured artifacts. The only issue is that the piece is too small.”

But size was not a problem.

With a flip of his palm, the single stone instantly became countless identical stones.

“I should forge a weapon that actually suits me.”

Lu You had always felt that a standard sword couldn't fully maximize his abilities. For a long time, he had wanted a custom weapon.

Now, it was like a pillow arriving just as he was getting sleepy.

He didn't want to directly spend spirit stones buying expensive materials and attract attention. Fortunately, these stones were black and resembled materials commonly found in secret realms. He could simply claim they had

been obtained from the secret realm and then commission a craftsman from Verdant Cloud Sect to forge a weapon for him.

Coating his hands with spiritual energy, Lu You began modifying the stones.

He squeezed some into round shapes and flattened others. By varying the force each time, he ensured that no two pieces looked exactly alike.

After weighing them in his hand, he nodded in satisfaction and placed the prepared materials back into his storage ring.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Just as Lu You was about to leave, a knock sounded from outside the courtyard.

Opening the gate, he found Zeng Yan standing there.

Today, however, she was wearing a training robe instead of her usual attire.

“Senior Sister.”

Lu You's eyes lit up.

The next second, however, a sword was pressed against his throat.

Fortunately, it was still sheathed.

Zeng Yan spoke seriously:

“If you dare flirt with me again, then don't even think about seeing me before you reach the Golden Core realm.”

Lu You immediately straightened his expression.

Then he grabbed the sword's scabbard and examined it for a moment.

“Senior Sister, the tournament is coming up soon. I was planning to visit the Weapon Crafting Hall and ask a craftsman to forge me a weapon. I happen to have enough materials, so I could have a treasured artifact made for you as well.”

Zeng Yan's sword was nothing more than ordinary mortal steel.

For a sword cultivator, a weapon was part of their strength.

Lu You wanted to get her a proper weapon too.

“Where did the materials come from? The secret realm again?”

At the mention of a sword, Zeng Yan couldn't help asking another question.

“Ta-da!”

Like a child proudly showing off a treasure, Lu You opened his storage ring and pulled out a bundle of black stones.

The events of the secret realm had already spread throughout the sect.

Stories circulated about spiritual energy being drained away, endless black sand, black stones, black mountains, and other strange phenomena.

Zeng Yan picked up one of the stones and examined it with her spiritual sense before sighing.

“Sometimes, I really envy your opportunities, Junior Brother. But when I think about it carefully, perhaps these opportunities truly belong to you. In such a dangerous environment, even cultivators stronger than you were merely struggling to survive, yet you still had the energy to mine precious materials. In terms of mentality and state of mind, I'm afraid even I can't compare to you.”

“It wasn't really mining,” Lu You quickly replied, changing the subject. He felt a little embarrassed by such sincere praise. “Those stones were everywhere in the secret realm. The other senior brothers simply overlooked them.”

“Senior Sister, do you happen to know any weapon craftsmen in the Weapon Crafting Hall? The weapon I want made may have a few extra requirements.”

“You aren't planning to use a sword?”

Zeng Yan looked surprised.

During their time reflecting in the Sword Tomb, Lu You had demonstrated swordsmanship that was already highly accomplished. She had not expected him to abandon swords.

“One can never be too prepared. Who says a person can only have one weapon?”

Zeng Yan nodded and did not refuse Lu You's kindness.

Since they had already made their agreement, there would be plenty of time in the future.

Anything she owed Lu You could be repaid with other resources.

For example, spirit liquid.

Zeng Yan secretly thought that once she had a chance to leave the mountain, she could trade serpent eggs with Zeng Kehan in exchange for spirit liquid.

That way, Zeng Kehan's injuries could be treated while Lu You's spiritual root could continue to improve.

A perfect solution benefiting both sides.

. . .

The Weapon Crafting Hall had been built atop a volcano within Verdant Cloud Sect.

Before they had even reached the mountain's base, Lu You could already feel waves of heat rolling down from above.

“The path of cultivation truly is filled with hardship.”

Lu You sighed.

“It seems becoming a weapon craftsman isn't as easy as it looks.”

Immediately, he crossed this profession off his list of possible pursuits.

Forging gemstones required spiritual flames.

The Weapon Crafting Hall relied upon the volcano's subterranean fire, refining materials through both magma and spiritual energy to create

treasured artifacts and even magical artifacts used by Nascent Soul Venerables.

Without this volcano, even a master craftsman would struggle to accomplish much.

As the two entered the hall, an inner-sect disciple approached to receive them.

“What kind of weapon would you like forged? Will you be paying with spirit stones or contribution points?”

After glancing at Lu You's identity token and seeing that he was merely an outer-sect disciple, the Foundation Establishment cultivator's expression became noticeably less enthusiastic.

“If you're looking for ordinary iron weapons, you can buy them in the lower city district. If you want something forged by the Weapon Crafting Hall, the minimum material requirement is refined iron.”

I've seen this kind of situation before.

Lu You opened his storage ring and tossed one of the black stones to the disciple.

“Take a look at this material. It should be enough to forge a treasured artifact, right? How many contribution points or spirit stones does your hall charge for forging one?”

“A treasured artifact?”

Although Lu You had spoken casually, everyone nearby heard him.

The moment the words *treasured artifact* were mentioned, cultivators throughout the Weapon Crafting Hall immediately gathered around.

After sensing the stone's aura, every one of them looked like starving men staring at a feast.

“My heavens! That's material for a treasured artifact! Let me forge it for you—I won't charge a single coin!”

“Bullshit! With your skill? You just want to use someone else's treasure-grade material for practice!”

The speaker shoved his way forward.

“Fellow Daoist, let me do it. I won't charge anything either. I have more experience than he does. I've even assisted elders before and participated in the forging of treasured artifacts!”

“Brother, choose me!”

Another cultivator squeezed into the crowd.

“I come from a family of weapon craftsmen. I have more experience than any of them. Not only will I do it for free, but if the forging fails, I'll steal my family's heirloom treasured artifact and compensate you with it!”

After thinking for a moment, Zeng Yan offered a suggestion.

“This material is extremely valuable. Perhaps we should try asking one of the elders of the Weapon Crafting Hall instead?”

Lu You shook his head and pointed at the cultivator from the crafting family.

“Senior Sister, let's give him a chance.”

Lu You naturally had his own reasons.

The last thing he wanted was to attract the attention of Verdant Cloud Sect's elders.