

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 10: Endless Supply Of Talismans

“Boss, this sheep seems a bit prickly.”

One of the masked men chuckled, showing not the slightest hint of fear.

The masked man addressed as the boss laughed as well.

“Yeah. Second, Third, Fourth—looks like today we’ve run into a tough sheep.”

Facing the menacing Lu You, the four surrounded him, clearly not taking him seriously at all.

These four masked bandit cultivators were each at eight-level of the Qi Refining realm. They had long worked together in perfect coordination, and each carried a Golden Light Talisman for protection. They felt there was no way a mere third-level Qi Refining realm cultivator could stir up any real trouble.

As for whether Lu You might be the junior of some powerful expert, or whether he possessed a treasure bestowed by a great master, they cared even less. If someone at the Foundation Establishment Realm were backing him, would he really be coming to the Myriad Talismans Pavilion to buy a talisman manual?

“You’re pretty interesting. I almost don’t have the heart to kill you,” the masked leader said as he tugged at his waistband. “A beast with personality like you would definitely be popular if sold to the Heavenly

Fragrance Pavilion in the main city. Third, cripple his dantian. Keep him alive and sell him.”

“Boss is right. This one’s smooth-skinned and delicate, those old cultivators who’ve grown tired of women love this kind the most.”

Masked Third joked as he spoke, but his movements were ruthless. In an instant, he appeared before Lu You, his palm slamming viciously toward Lu You’s dantian.

Clang!

A golden barrier appeared in front of Lu You.

In that single instant, Lu You activated over a thousand Golden Light Talismans.

Layers upon layers of protective spiritual energy formed a dense cocoon around him, sealing him off completely without a single blind spot. When quantity reached a tipping point, it caused a qualitative change—at this moment, golden light radiated from Lu You’s body as if a living Buddha had descended into the world.

“Th-this— what kind of cultivation technique is this?!”

Third stumbled back in terror and spun around, trying to flee toward the masked leader.

But in the very next second, a streak of purple lightning swallowed his body whole.

Hundreds of Thunder Technique Talismans activated in succession. Now, not even ashes were left of Masked Third.

“Third!”

The remaining three masked men’s eyes nearly split apart, but none of them dared to hesitate. They instantly scattered in three different directions, fleeing at full speed. With their eighth-level of Qi Refining realm cultivation fully unleashed, they widened the distance from Lu You in the blink of an eye.

“Raging wind and torrential rain—heed my command!”

Lu You had anticipated this long ago. Several thousand Rain-Calling Talismans were thrown out. Drop by drop, rain converged into a deluge, instantly covering the entire mountain road. At the same time, hundreds of Beginner Wind Talismans were activated. Wind and rain intertwined, the gale howling as the downpour grew ever fiercer, soaking all three black-clad men through in an instant.

Lu You himself stood in the rain as well, yet with thousands of Golden Light Talismans protecting him, not a single drop could come within half a meter of his body.

“Thunder Technique Talismans—bombard them!”

Crack! Boom!

The dense activation of Thunder Technique Talismans triggered a change in the heavens themselves. Water conducts electricity—drenched by the rain, the three black-clad men could not escape no matter where they ran,

no matter which direction they fled. In the end, all were engulfed by lightning.

It was like a mosquito blundering into a high-voltage power grid.

Bzzzzt

A flash of sparks—and the mosquito vanished instantly, leaving behind only a wisp of green smoke.

The masked leader stared at the sky-filling web of lightning. Knowing escape was impossible, he suddenly twisted around, drew his blade, and charged straight at Lu You, determined to make one last desperate stand before death.

But all of a sudden, several hundred Golden Light Talismans scattered through the air and wrapped themselves precisely around the masked leader's head and torso, leaving only his limbs exposed.

Boom!

A bolt of lightning slammed down onto the masked leader, instantly melting his arms and legs. Yet because the Golden Light Talismans protected his vital areas, he was blasted into a living stump—still alive. The lightning even cauterized the wounds; not a single drop of blood flowed.

Stepping forward, Lu You planted his foot on the masked leader's body. *Rip, rip, rip*—he tore apart several Healing Talismans and scattered them over him. The terrifying lightning force made the masked leader convulse violently, but under the combined effects of the Golden Light Talismans and

Healing Talismans, no matter how much pain he endured, he simply could not die.

“Send a message to your companions,” Lu You said calmly, holding a Thunder Technique Talisman in one hand and a Healing Talisman in the other. “Tell them you’ve caught a fat sheep and to gather at the usual place to split the loot. Do it, and I’ll give you a quick, clean death. Fail, and I’ll keep you alive until your lifespan runs out.”

“Chest... message talisman...”

The masked leader writhed, then clamped a talisman between his teeth and pulled it from his robes, activating it.

Unlike other talismans, the message talisman transformed spiritual energy into an invisible bird that flew off into the distance.

“Our hideout is the Bodhisattva Temple on the back mountain of the lower district. Once they receive the message talisman, they’ll all gather there tonight at the hour of Hai.”

Although the Golden Light Talismans protected his torso, the lightning had already seeped through his meridians into his organs. At this moment, the masked leader’s internal organs were trembling violently, his voice hoarse and broken—kept alive only by the countless Healing Talismans Lu You had used.

“Kill me... please, just kill me. I can’t take it anymore.”

After delivering the message, he let out a heart-rending wail.

“Why... why are you tormenting us like this? Tens of thousands—hundreds of thousands—of spirit stones, just to make life hard for small fry like us...”

Lu You ignored his cries and continued coldly,

“That female clerk from the Myriad Talismans Pavilion, the one who tipped you off. Will she be going too?”

“She will. She will...” The masked leader’s eyes bulged with hatred. “So it was her who slipped up. Heh, heh... all of them will die. They’ll all be there. All of them will die!”

Lu You no longer paid attention to the half-mad masked leader. He withdrew the Golden Light Talismans and Healing Talismans. After convulsing for a short while, the masked leader completely lost all signs of life.

Maintaining the protection of Golden Light Talismans around himself, Lu You searched the masked leader’s body once more.

There were no traps as imagined, nor any self-destructing treasures. All Lu You found were forty low-grade spirit stones, a Qi Refining realm manual titled Eight-Slash Saber Technique, and a single Golden Light Talisman.

“Knew it. You people never carry anything good.”

Lu You flipped through the saber manual briefly, then tossed all three items back onto the masked leader’s corpse. A few casual Thunder Technique Talismans followed, reducing everything to ash.

With his mixed spiritual root, even cultivating the Minor Five Elements Qi-Nourishing Technique was a struggle. These trashy saber techniques weren't even worth a glance to him.

What use was a saber, anyway? When you had an endless supply of talismans?

After checking carefully and confirming that all four bandit cultivators had been reduced to drifting ashes, Lu You tidied his clothes meticulously. He activated a Divine Speed Talisman and returned to the lower district as if nothing had happened. Remembering that his senior sister had mentioned a certain pastry shop last time, he even queued up again and bought several extra boxes for her.

At noon, when the sun was at its highest, Lu You arrived early at the meeting point to wait for Zeng Yan. Senior Sister Zeng Yan didn't arrive late, though her face still carried a trace of worry. Only when she saw the pastries in Lu You's hands did she smile faintly.

"You still dare to line up for indulgences like this? Not afraid of being watched again?"

Zeng Yan took the pastries, her mood lifting a little, her steps no longer as heavy as before. The two of them turned in tacit understanding—one in front, one behind—and headed back toward the Verdant Cloud Sect. This time, all the way to the sect's spiritual fields, they didn't encounter a single bandit cultivator.

Zeng Yan took the initiative to walk side by side with Lu You.

“Not bad. You learnt from your mistakes, this time, no one was tailing us.”

After offering him a word of encouragement, she continued with a warning:

“But don’t let your guard down. Your strength is still lacking. What looks like safety is really just luck. Never grow arrogant. Next time you go down the mountain to buy materials, come find me again.”