

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 128: From a Thousand Miles Away—Instantly Killing a Golden Core Cultivator

Within the Heavenly Opportunity Realm, countless scarlet eyes streaked across the sky. Whenever they spotted a disciple of Medicine King Valley, they swooped down without mercy.

"What in the world is happening? Have the demonic beasts gone berserk?!"

"Is there some scent attracting them? Hurry and think of something!"

The Medicine King Valley disciples turned pale with fear, frantically ordering the cultivators they had enslaved to intercept the owls.

But the owls completely ignored everyone else and flew straight for the Medicine King Valley disciples.

In the blink of an eye, an entire squad of Medicine King Valley disciples was torn to pieces.

After killing them, the owls did not immediately leave. Instead, they pecked and ripped apart the corpses until nothing remained but shattered bone fragments. They then picked up the victims' storage rings in their beaks before flying off in search of the next group of Medicine King Valley disciples.

"Where did these owls come from?"

Many of the cultivators who had been enslaved by Medicine King Valley were finally freed and breathed sighs of relief.

Even those who had already become addicted to the sect's drugs found the will to live again.

Everyone understood that once they had become Medicine King Valley's cannon fodder, they were never meant to leave the secret realm alive. To cover up their crimes, Medicine King Valley would certainly kill them before the trial ended.

But these unexpected owls had given them hope.

As long as they survived and escaped the secret realm, they could report Medicine King Valley's atrocities to their sect elders. Their sects would seek justice on their behalf, and even if they had become addicted to the drugs, their sects could force Medicine King Valley to hand over the antidotes.

"Did the Beast Taming Sect send disciples into the secret realm this time?"

Seeing that the owls not only destroyed the bodies but also collected the storage rings, the survivors immediately realized that the owls were under someone's control.

After some thought, the only possibility they could imagine was a disciple of the Beast Taming Sect.

"I don't think so. Even an elder of the Beast Taming Sect couldn't control this many demonic beasts!"

The number of owls far exceeded anything the cultivators present could comprehend.

Even if every cultivator who had entered the Heavenly Opportunity Realm were gathered together, their numbers wouldn't amount to even a fraction of the owls.

If someone from the Beast Taming Sect truly possessed such power, the entire world would already belong to that sect.

"Whoever it is, they did well. I never imagined Medicine King Valley would dare commit such atrocities. Once we leave, we must testify together. We absolutely can't let them get away with this. And hurry—warn our fellow disciples to be on guard against Medicine King Valley."

Looking at the corpses on the ground, one cultivator spat in disgust.

The others quickly agreed.

They hurriedly opened their storage rings, took out communication talismans, and began sending warnings to their friends and fellow disciples.

Beside a lotus pond, another team of Medicine King Valley disciples emerged from the forest, driving a group of captured cultivators ahead of them.

"Why is the Heavenly Opportunity Realm so safe? We haven't encountered any danger this entire journey."

One Medicine King Valley disciple looked puzzled.

Using their enslaved captives as laborers, they had harvested a huge quantity of medicinal herbs without facing the slightest threat.

Croak!

One of the enslaved cultivators was forced to approach the lotus pond.

To see what lay ahead, he released a stream of spiritual energy to illuminate the darkness.

The instant the light appeared, a deep croak echoed across the pond.

A gigantic tongue shot out, wrapping around him with a series of sickening cracks as it crushed his bones.

Before he had any chance to resist, the tongue snapped back, dragging him into the enormous frog's mouth.

The light vanished instantly.

But that brief glimpse was enough to silence every Medicine King Valley disciple.

They had clearly seen what lurked within the lotus pond.

The enormous lotus leaves resembled floating islands, and upon each one squatted a terrifying giant frog.

"Senior Brother Ouyang, it seems we chose the right path. Leaving the forest is the true trial of the Heavenly Opportunity Realm."

Rather than feeling afraid, the Medicine King Valley disciple calmly ordered three of the cultivators under his control,

"You three, go test the strength of those frogs."

As he spoke, he took a medicine bottle from his storage ring.

"As long as you come back alive, I'll give you your freedom... and the antidote."

This Medicine King Valley team consisted of over twenty disciples.

Leading them was Ouyang Wen, the expedition leader from Medicine King Valley.

Although Ouyang Wen's cultivation was only at the Golden Core Realm, among Medicine King Valley disciples, cultivation level alone did not determine one's true strength.

He possessed numerous secret medicines.

In a direct fight, no Golden Core cultivator would dare claim with certainty that they could defeat him.

The three controlled cultivators looked deeply at Ouyang Wen, then glanced at the bottle containing the antidote.

Finally, they gritted their teeth, drew their swords, and walked toward the giant frogs.

"Be careful. These frog demonic beasts seem especially sensitive to light. Let's avoid making any light. We'll test their strength and retreat immediately."

"Senior Brother... are we really going to keep risking our lives for Medicine King Valley? Do you really think they'll let us go?"

Another cultivator glanced back before lowering his voice.

"Why don't we turn around, fight them to the death, and take as many of them down with us as we can?"

"There's more than twenty of them, and Ouyang Wen is with them. If we fight back, we'll definitely die."

The leading cultivator let out a sigh.

"They've already enslaved nearly thirty cultivators. Since they promised to give us the antidote, they probably won't go back on their word. Otherwise everyone would lose hope and rebel against Medicine King Valley together."

"No matter what sect they're from, people enter the Heavenly Opportunity Realm for opportunities, not to throw away their lives. Once we've tested the giant frogs, Medicine King Valley should let us go."

"Besides, releasing us would give the other captives hope. Medicine King Valley has no reason to sacrifice the greater benefit over such a small matter."

"Senior Brother, how can you trust these scum?"

The other cultivator clenched his fists in frustration.

"We should take them by surprise and focus all our attacks on one person. As long as we kill one of them, everyone else will join the rebellion!"

Back when they had been under Medicine King Valley's watchful eyes, they hadn't had a chance to discuss anything.

Now, however, because everyone was wary of the giant frogs, the Medicine King Valley disciples had retreated some distance away.

This was their opportunity.

He couldn't defeat a Medicine King Valley disciple alone, but if the three of them struck together, he refused to believe they couldn't kill at least one.

"Junior Brother, enough."

The leading cultivator glared fiercely at him.

"I want to live. Don't drag me down with you. Otherwise, the first person I'll kill is you."

"Senior Brother, are you out of your mind?!"

The proposing cultivator looked at his senior brother's hand tightening around his sword hilt, ready to draw at any moment, and could hardly contain his anger.

"Gong Zhen, stop arguing."

The third cultivator hurried to mediate.

"Senior Brother has a point. Once we've tested the frogs, we may get the antidote. If Medicine King Valley deceives us, we can always find another opportunity to resist later."

"Fine, Senior Brother. I was wrong. I'll do as you say."

Gong Zhen answered solemnly.

By then, the three of them had reached the edge of the lotus pond.

Just as the leading cultivator was examining the giant frogs—

Gong Zhen suddenly exploded into motion.

His sword flashed.

With a single strike, he beheaded his own senior brother.

"Ah!"

The remaining cultivator was so shocked that he rolled backward in panic, slipping with a splash into the lotus pond.

Without even looking back, Gong Zhen sprinted toward the Medicine King Valley group.

"My lord! My lord!"

"My senior brother recognized these giant frogs! He planned to use them to lure you all into a trap, so I killed him!"

"These giant frogs have a weakness! My senior brother just told me about it!"

Carrying his senior brother's severed head, Gong Zhen hurried over to the Medicine King Valley disciple holding the bottle of antidote.

He cautiously glanced at the other enslaved cultivators nearby.

The Medicine King Valley disciple reacted immediately.

Afraid Gong Zhen might reveal the frogs' weakness where all the captives could hear—and that they might exploit it to rebel—he quickly waved him over.

"Come closer and tell me."

"This bottle of antidote is yours."

Seeing that Gong Zhen had even killed his own senior brother, and knowing he was already addicted to Medicine King Valley's drugs, the disciple had no reason to doubt him.

"The weakness of these giant frogs is..."

As Gong Zhen approached, his voice became softer.

The Medicine King Valley disciple instinctively leaned in to listen.

A flash of cold steel suddenly appeared.

Not from the hand holding Gong Zhen's sword, but from the hand holding his senior brother's head.

Hidden in the dead man's hair was a hairpin, sharper than a sword.

Only Gong Zhen and his fellow junior brother knew about this secret, Medicine King Valley did not.

Everyone had been watching the hand holding the sword.

No one had paid attention to the hand carrying the severed head.

Thrust!

The hairpin pierced straight into the disciple's forehead, killing him instantly.

Before anyone could react, Gong Zhen hurled his senior brother's head toward Ouyang Wen.

Then he leaped back toward the enslaved cultivators and roared,

"Are you all just going to wait until those giant frogs swallow you one by one?!"

"There are thirty of us, and only twenty of them!"

"Why aren't you fighting back?!"

"Are you all just waiting to die?!"

"Kill one and you've made a profit! Kill two and you've broken even!"

"Charge!"

"Let's slaughter these bastards!"

With a furious roar, Gong Zhen stuffed a Qi-Nourishing Pill into his mouth.

Gripping his sword tightly, he charged toward the Medicine King Valley disciples without hesitation.

Yet behind him, not a single one of the enslaved cultivators moved.

"How laughable."

Ouyang Wen casually waved his hand, using spiritual energy to knock aside the severed head flying toward him.

"You actually think someone like you can rebel against Medicine King Valley?"

"I'll make sure you experience the most painful death imaginable."

His flying sword shot forth like lightning.

Ouyang Wen was a Golden Core cultivator, while Gong Zhen was merely at the Foundation Establishment realm.

In the blink of an eye, the flying sword arrived before Gong Zhen's throat.

Flap! Flap! Flap!

A gigantic owl suddenly descended in front of Gong Zhen, intercepting the flying sword.

The next moment, more and more owls appeared.

They filled the sky, blotting out the heavens as they surged toward Ouyang Wen and the Medicine King Valley disciples.

"How... how is this possible?"

"Where did all these demonic beasts come from?!"

Ouyang Wen's expression changed.

Although there were many giant frogs in the lotus pond, they had not attacked anyone on their own, and their numbers were still countable.

The owls, however...

They filled the sky, blotting out even the moon. They formed a boundless black sea with no end in sight.

"Explode!"

Ouyang Wen immediately detonated his Golden Core, unleashing an enormous surge of spiritual energy.

That wasn't all.

He took another pill from his storage ring and swallowed it.

His cultivation rose yet another level, approaching the Nascent Soul Realm.

Rather than fight the endless flock, Ouyang Wen glanced at the limitless sky, unleashed the full force of his cultivation, and shot toward the lotus pond on his flying sword.

"Anyone who blocks me dies!"

With a series of gestures, he detonated several owls in succession.

He reasoned that demonic beasts possessed intelligence.

If he could overwhelm them with terrifying force, perhaps they would fear him and attack someone else instead, allowing him to escape into the pond.

After all, owls couldn't fight underwater.

But the endless flock seemed utterly ignorant of the concept of death.

Without the slightest hesitation, every owl charged directly at Ouyang Wen.

His furious roar was still echoing through the air when his body was reduced to nothing but a skeleton beneath the assault.

After sacrificing his Golden Core and taking a cultivation-enhancing pill, Ouyang Wen's attacks could wipe out entire swaths of owls in a single strike.

But he only had that one opportunity.

Even when facing certain death, the owls never retreated.

Even when split cleanly in half, they continued flying like arrows toward him.

In the space of a single second, nearly ten thousand owls slammed into Ouyang Wen.

In their determination to tear him apart, they even smashed through their own companions.

Plop

A pile of blood and flesh splattered onto the ground.

Ouyang Wen had completely disappeared.

The only thing left behind besides the gore was his storage ring.

Ouyang Wen's death was only the beginning.

While part of the flock attacked him, the remaining owls descended upon the other Medicine King Valley disciples.

After only one pass, Medicine King Valley's strongest team had been completely annihilated.

Ouyang Wen, the expedition's strongest participant, was dead.

The elite disciples second only to him had all been reduced to bone dust.

Flap! Flap! Flap!

Like a swarm of locusts sweeping across the land, the owls left nothing behind.

Not a single Medicine King Valley disciple survived.

Even their storage rings were carried away.

In the blink of an eye, the flock disappeared once more, as though it had never existed.

Fortunately, the bottle of antidote the Medicine King Valley disciple had taken out earlier had never been returned to his storage ring.

It had fallen onto the ground.

Gong Zhen immediately rushed over and picked it up.

"Gong Zhen! We're saved!"

"Gong Zhen, that's the antidote, isn't it? We've all been poisoned. Hurry and divide it up so everyone gets some!"

Before Gong Zhen could answer, the cultivators who had not dared show the slightest resistance against Medicine King Valley moments earlier instantly surrounded him.

Every one of them stared at him with greedy eyes.

A rather attractive female cultivator stepped forward.

"Daoist Gong, I'm a disciple of the Jade Pool Sect. I also specialize in alchemy."

"Give me the antidote. I'll study it. Perhaps I can reproduce it and make enough antidote to save everyone."

"That's right, Gong Zhen."

"You have to think about the greater good. So many people here are poisoned. What right do you have to keep the antidote for yourself?"

"Besides, you just killed your own senior brother. Who knows what kind of person you really are? The antidote can't stay with you."

"Exactly!"

"What if you use the antidote to control us? Hand it over, Gong Zhen. As for you killing your senior brother... we'll all keep it a secret."

"Heh."

Gong Zhen laughed.

Without hesitation, he uncorked the bottle and poured the entire antidote into his mouth.

Then he raised his sword with a savage grin.

"Hahahaha! Hahaha!"

"The antidote's gone."

"So?"

"Are you all going to kill me now?"

Pointing his sword at the crowd, he shouted, "Come if you want!"

"You bunch of trash!"

"Just looking at you makes me sick!"

"Damn it! He swallowed the antidote!"

"That's right! He even murdered his own senior brother. He was obviously never a good person!"

"Hurry!"

"Cut open his stomach!"

"The antidote hasn't been fully absorbed yet. I'll see if I can extract it!"

The Jade Pool Sect female cultivator screamed in agitation.

"Kill him!"

The same people who had been too terrified to resist Medicine King Valley now all drew their weapons against Gong Zhen.

Thousands of miles away, Lu You narrowed his eyes.

"If I just let that guy die like this, my Dao Heart won't accept it."

"Evil Eye, do it."

Flap! Flap! Flap!

The endless flock of owls returned once again.

Just as before, they carefully avoided Gong Zhen and instead descended upon the people surrounding him.