

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 126: Dust and the Mortal World, Medicine and the Catalyst

Fifty thousand owls flew out of the forest in search of Zeng Yan. Another fifty thousand circled around Lu You, accompanying him as they explored the entire woodland.

"Boss, look at this," Evil Eye said while sharing its vision with Lu You.

Deep within the forest, two female cultivators dressed in the robes of the Verdant Cloud Sect had climbed a towering tree. Holding tools in their hands, they carefully gouged into the trunk, piercing the bark. Green sap flowed from the wound, and the two women collected it in porcelain bottles.

Lu You recognized one of them immediately. She was the disciple from Spirit Herb Peak who had sold him potions aboard the Verdant Cloud Sect's flying ship.

"Are they gathering medicinal ingredients?" Lu You watched for a moment. Although the woman's side business had seemed rather unreliable, every potion she brewed had been effective. In fact, her creations were remarkably innovative, allowing Lu You to complete his bone-tempering with the smallest possible cost.

"Wait... something's wrong."

Looking again, Lu You's expression darkened.

The two women were laboring high up in the tree, harvesting medicinal sap. But beneath them stood several cultivators wearing the robes of another sect, swords in hand, directing them from below.

Lu You guided one of the owls closer. Hidden by the darkness, the trees, and the suppression of spiritual sense and spiritual energy within the Heavenly Opportunity Realm, the cultivators below failed to notice the owl and continued talking without restraint.

"I never expected a minor sect like the Verdant Cloud Sect to have cultivators so skilled at gathering and refining herbs," one of the female cultivators below remarked. "These two are even more useful than the medicine attendants our sect spent years training."

"That's true," one of the male cultivators agreed. "Judging from their harvesting techniques alone, even if we did it ourselves, we'd probably be inferior to them."

The moment she heard him praise the two women, the female cultivator's face filled with annoyance.

"We're naturally gifted. Since entering the sect, we've always had medicine attendants serving us. Why would we ever dirty our own hands doing farm work like country bumpkins such as them? So what if they're good at gathering herbs? Aren't they still obediently working for us? You've looked at too many flowers—now you think even a pile of manure smells good."

"Junior Sister, that's going too far," the male cultivator replied, his face turning grim. "They're gathering herbs for us because we agreed to help

keep them alive in the Heavenly Opportunity Realm. This is cooperation. There's no need to insult them like that."

"Cooperation? They think they're worthy of cooperating with me?"

The woman poked him in the chest.

"They're just cultivators from some insignificant sect. How could they possibly deserve to cooperate with disciples of Medicine King Valley? And tell me this—if danger came, would you really risk your life to protect them? Of course not. We threatened them and tempted them with rewards until they agreed to gather herbs for us. If they refused, would you really let them walk away?"

"Enough," another female cultivator, who had remained silent until now, stepped in to smooth things over.

"We don't need to argue over a pair of country bumpkins. Here's what we'll do: once they come down, I'll feed them our secret medicine and get them addicted to it. After that, they'll obediently follow our every command. Senior Sister, there's no point getting angry over a couple of slaves. And Senior Brother, as for you... once I properly 'condition' the two of them, you'll see just how lowly they really are. By then you'll realize women like them aren't worth anything beyond a bit of amusement."

"Well..." The male cultivator was clearly tempted, though he still hesitated. "This is Mount Shu's territory, and those two belong to a sect. If we turn them into slave girls outright, won't Mount Shu or their sect come looking for trouble?"

"Don't worry."

She smiled dismissively.

"We'll change their clothes. Once they're out of their sect uniforms, who would know where they came from? Do you think Mount Shu can recognize every disciple from every sect? As for a tiny sect like theirs, that's even less of a concern. What small sect actually goes to great lengths searching for missing disciples? If the two of them never return, they'll simply assume they died in the secret realm. It's not like this is the first time we've done something like this. As long as we're not caught in the act, what insignificant sect would waste the effort looking for a couple of Foundation Establishment disciples?"

"Hehehe~ Then we'll have to trouble you, Junior Sister. Once we leave the Heavenly Opportunity Realm, I will give you half of this year's contribution points."

The male cultivators let out lewd chuckles.

This was far from the first time their group had done something like this. They were all disciples of Medicine King Valley. The two female disciples considered themselves above becoming romantically involved with the men, yet they still wanted the men to risk their lives protecting them. So they had developed all kinds of strange drugs. Women understood women better than men did, and no matter how chaste or resolute a female cultivator was, once she fell into the hands of these two women from Medicine King Valley, she would be conditioned into an obedient "bitch in

heat." With those resources, the two women had become extremely popular among the male disciples.

High in the tree, the two women collecting sap stole a glance at the leering group below. Their expressions grew even darker.

"Wan'er, I'm afraid these people want more than just to use us to gather herbs," said the female cultivator who had once sold Lu You potions. "I can smell several kinds of medicine on those two women—all addictive poisons."

As she spoke, she quietly slipped a bottle of medicinal powder into Wan'er's hand.

"I developed this False Death Powder based on a chameleon. The refinement failed, though. After taking it, your skin will immediately erupt in dark sores, making you incredibly ugly. Your life force will appear to wither away, and you'll look like a corpse. But it's only temporary. The effects will wear off in about half an hour."

"Take it secretly. When we get down from the tree, the medicine will take effect. Those people will definitely be disgusted by you and abandon you. Once the effects wear off, you'll have to find a way to escape on your own."

"Sister Liu Yan, what about you?"

The young woman called Wan'er refused to take the powder.

"No. You should use it instead. You're clever, you know how to make money, and you're better than me at everything. Ever since we escaped

from our village and made our way to the Verdant Cloud Sect, you've always taken care of me. Without you, I'd have died long ago."

"This time... let me protect you."

"You take the powder. I'll stay with them and cover for you."

"No!"

Liu Yan's eyes dimmed.

"You possess the Divine Farmer's Physique. Our ancestral inheritance can only continue through you."

"And besides, I stopped being pure a long time ago. I've even lived among brothels, doing degrading work just to survive. I'm no longer worthy of calling myself a descendant of Shennong."

"Liu Wan'er, don't worry. I won't die."

"I understand men better than anyone. I know exactly what they want. I'll find a way to stay alive."

"When your cultivation is strong enough to recreate the medicines of Shennong, you can come back and save me."

"There is no medicine our Shennong lineage cannot refine, and no poison it cannot cure."

"So long as I stay alive, no humiliation matters."

"One day... you'll rescue me."

"Sister Liu Yan, don't say that about yourself!"

Tears welled up in Liu Wan'er's eyes.

"You're not lowly. Not at all."

"Without you, I would have died long ago."

"Without you, the Shennong lineage would already have disappeared."

Her voice trembled.

"Sister... I don't understand."

"In our village, we were used as test subjects because of our Shennong constitution."

"After joining the Verdant Cloud Sect, we were bullied and excluded because we had no resources or powerful background."

"Now we've entered the Heavenly Opportunity Realm in search of opportunity, only to end up in this situation."

"We struggle so desperately just to survive..."

"What kind of life is this?"

"After enduring so much suffering, what is the point of preserving the Shennong inheritance?"

"Wan'er..."

Liu Yan lifted her gaze toward the endless darkness.

Though she had survived by selling herself in the mortal world, at this moment she seemed incomparably sacred.

"What is the ancestral motto of the Shennong clan?"

Liu Wan'er obediently recited it.

"To escape the sea of suffering is still to remain an ordinary mortal.
To guide others through suffering and hardship—that is the true immortal.

Medicine heals the body.

Great aspiration heals the heart.

With the body of a human, stand shoulder to shoulder with the gods."

Yet she still didn't understand what those words truly meant.

"Wan'er... we are the descendants of Shennong."

"We've tasted so much suffering."

"That is precisely why we must survive—and make sure this suffering never happens again."

"If we die here, countless others will continue to endure the same misery."

"Only by surviving..."

"...by healing people's bodies..."

"...and healing their hearts..."

"...can we truly bring an end to this pain."

"If running away leads to death..."

"...and facing it also leads to death..."

"...then why not endure a little longer?"

"Why not fight?"

Liu Yan pressed the packet of powder firmly into Liu Wan'er's hand.

"You must live."

"Because you possess the Divine Farmer's Physique."

"The world is not what's sick."

"People are."

"You must not give up on this world."

Tears streamed down Liu Wan'er's face.

Afraid the people below would notice something was wrong, she turned her head away and forced herself not to look at her sister.

Clutching the packet of powder, she steeled herself.

Pretending to continue collecting tree sap, she poured the powder into her palm, preparing to secretly swallow it.

Her heart ached as though it were being torn apart.

'Sister... the one I want to save isn't the world.'

'It's only you.'

'If I truly have a future...'

'Then I want that future to be one where I can repay you and make up for all the suffering you've endured.'

The instant the powder touched her lips—

A piercing bird's cry suddenly echoed through the forest.

A gigantic owl dove down from the tree trunk like a bolt of lightning.

With one talon it seized Liu Wan'er, and with the other it grabbed Liu Yan.

Its massive wings beat powerfully as it soared into the sky.

"You damned beast!"

Someone below roared in fury.

"You dare steal people from right under our noses?!"

The eight people beneath the tree showed no fear when they saw the enormous owl.

All eight were Foundation Establishment cultivators at the peak of their realm. They carried magical artifact and secret medicines with them. A mere Foundation Establishment demon owl was hardly enough to intimidate them.

One of the male cultivators suddenly reached out with his hand and clenched his fist.

Countless glowing phosphorus-like particles appeared out of nowhere. In an instant, the particles linked together into threads, weaving themselves into a web-like chain that burned with an eerie light. The chain shot forward and instantly ensnared the giant owl.

"I originally prepared this in case those two tried to escape," the man sneered. "I didn't expect it would end up catching a demonic beast instead."

His spiritual energy merged with the phosphorescent powder. The spell and secret medicine worked together, creating a chain whose cutting power rivaled even a Golden Core cultivator's flying sword.

The giant owl's wings were severed instantly.

It crashed heavily to the ground.

Liu Yan and Liu Wan'er were thrown free as well, tumbling across the forest floor until they slammed into a large tree.

"Wan'er! Are you alright?"

Ignoring her own pain, Liu Yan struggled to her feet, rushed over, and helped Liu Wan'er up.

But Liu Wan'er stared at her own palm in horror.

"Sister... the powder... the powder spilled..."

Liu Yan's heart sank.

"The powder... spilled..."

That False Death Powder had been an accidental failure during refinement.

She had only managed to make a single packet.

"Stop acting like devoted sisters on the ground."

One of the male cultivators laughed lewdly.

"See? We said we'd protect you, and we did."

"Hehe~~ That's an excellent demonic beast corpse. Hurry up and process it for us. Once you're done, we'll reward each of you with a few bottles of Medicine King Valley's secret medicine."

In truth, he already wanted to enjoy the two women before him.

Liu Yan possessed an alluring beauty. Even her eyes carried a naturally seductive charm that stirred a man's desire.

Liu Wan'er, on the other hand, looked innocent and adorably naïve. Her pure appearance made him want to roughly toy with her like a doll—to break her, tear her apart, and hear her cry out endlessly.

Unfortunately, if they gave the women the addictive medicine now, they would lose their strength and become muddled from withdrawal, making them useless for processing medicinal materials.

He could only endure his impatience a little longer and make them do more dirty work first.

"The powder... spilled..."

Liu Yan stood frozen.

There had only ever been that one packet.

"Why are you two just standing there?"

One of the female disciples from Medicine King Valley glared at them with disgust and strode over, raising her hand to slap Liu Yan.

At that very moment, the owl lying on the ground with its wings severed suddenly sprang to its feet.

It opened its beak and viciously lunged at the approaching woman.

"Get lost!"

The woman flicked a finger.

A single seed dropped onto the ground.

Instantly, more than a dozen vines burst from the earth, wrapping tightly around the owl.

But then—

Crack!

The owl's neck twisted at an impossible angle, snapping completely.

Despite its broken neck, its beak continued forward.

It struck the woman's hand with terrifying force.

"AAAAAAHHH!!!"

The woman's screams echoed through the forest.

With one savage peck, the giant owl bit off her entire right hand at the wrist.

It swallowed it whole.

"Junior Sister!"

The male disciples rushed over. One quickly sprinkled medicinal powder over the severed wrist before staring at the owl in disbelief.

"How is that possible?"

"What kind of ferocious beast is this?"

"It actually snapped its own neck just to bite you!"

"A broken neck should kill it!"

"How could it still peck your hand clean off?"

"Ah... ah... it hurts..."

"My hand... it hurts so much..."

The woman had never experienced such agony.

As one of Medicine King Valley's prodigies, she had always been served by medicine attendants—even while refining pills.

Now, with her wrist severed, the pain nearly drove her insane.

"It's alright. It's alright."

The male cultivator hurriedly comforted her.

"That owl is already dead."

"We'll take its corpse back to the sect and exchange it for a regeneration medicine."

"Your hand can still be restored."

After quickly bandaging her wound, he turned toward Liu Yan and Liu Wan'er.

"You two, hurry up and process the demonic beast's corpse."

"Hm?"

"You..."

"Who are you?"

Only then did he notice someone standing in front of the two women.

Looking more carefully, he saw that this newcomer wore the same robes as they did.

"So that's it!"

He burst into laughter.

"I remember now."

"You're from that sect where every single disciple entered the Secret Realm."

"Hahaha!"

"Looks like we've just found ourselves another first-rate laborer."

"Senior Brother?"

The moment Liu Yan saw Lu You, she recognized him immediately.

After all, he was the man who had bought a huge supply of long-lasting enhancement medicines.

She had sold medicine for a long time, and he was the first customer she'd ever met who seemed to need so much stamina support. The impression had been unforgettable.

But regardless of that...

Weak or not, he didn't deserve to die here.

Without hesitation, Liu Yan drew the longsword at her waist.

Then she shoved Liu Wan'er into Lu You's arms.

"Senior Brother!"

"I'll hold them off."

"You take her and run!"