

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 14: Refusal

Han Tian was taken aback.

All cultivators walked a path of struggling against the heavens—or at least, that was how the cultivation world had taught it since its birth. Every cultivator was subtly molded by that belief. This was the first time he had ever encountered someone like Lu You, who actively avoided a destined opportunity.

“Junior Brother, the path of cultivation cannot lead to immortality by retreating,” Han Tian shook his head, his gaze filled with disappointment as he looked at Lu You. “Moreover, the number of Qi Refining cultivators currently remaining in the sect is just barely enough. Many inner disciples still have responsibilities to keep the sect running, which is why it’s finally come down to people like you and me. Even if you don’t want to go, you’ll probably still have to make up the numbers and put on a show.”

“Senior Brother, I’m timid by nature, I’d probably only drag everyone down,” Lu You said immediately, placing the full box of spiritual rice and the bottle of spiritual wine into Han Tian’s hands. “Senior Brother, please accept this small token of goodwill. Just treat it as if your junior brother happened to have gone down the mountain and isn’t at his spiritual field.”

“This...” Han Tian was astonished.

“It’s actually spiritual rice and spiritual wine.”

Although it was only one box of spiritual rice and a bottle of spiritual wine, they were worth over a dozen spirit stones. Even for Han Tian, that was no small sum.

“Junior Brother, how can you be like this? You’re truly missing out on a heaven-sent opportunity,” Han Tian said, feeling as though the gifts in his hands were burning hot. “With ten senior brothers at peak stage Foundation Establishment present, how could there possibly be danger? Do you think the sect elders haven’t made preparations? Each of those senior brothers is a favored disciple of an elder. One of them is even Senior Brother Bai, the own grandson of the Law Enforcement Hall elder. Without a doubt, Senior Brother Bai must be carrying an artifact that makes him on par with a Golden Core realm cultivator. With that level of combat power, how could anything go wrong? The Verdant Cloud Sect isn’t like those rogue cultivators.”

Han Tian’s face was full of frustration, as if iron refused to become steel. “Junior Brother, this is an opportunity. As long as you perform well inside the ancient tomb, once you come out, you’ll at the very least become an inner disciple.”

Han Tian didn’t say it outright, but with Lu You’s mixed spiritual root, without other opportunities, he might never advance to the inner sect in his entire lifetime.

“Senior Brother, on the contrary, I find farming a bit, cultivating a bit, and living like this extremely joyful. Whether or not I ultimately become an immortal doesn’t matter to me as much. So I’ll have to trouble you to help me out.”

Only caring about the process, not the outcome?

Lu You's words unexpectedly struck Han Tian as quite profound. After thinking for a moment, Han Tian accepted the spiritual rice but returned the spiritual wine to Lu You.

"Junior Brother, I was too fixated just now," Han Tian said with a faint smile. "Your perspective carries a different kind of immortal flavor, it's given your senior brother quite a bit to ponder. I'll accept this spiritual rice, but the spiritual wine is quite valuable. You should keep it for yourself."

Naturally, the sect wouldn't have entrusted Han Tian with collecting spiritual rice without first examining his character. Although Han Tian also worked hard to earn extra income and save spirit stones, he only ever took what he was entitled to. Eating spiritual rice every meal was expensive; having a bowl once in a while wasn't. Pretending he hadn't seen Lu You was a trivial matter, and accepting the spiritual wine was something Han Tian would never do.

"Senior Brother, please don't refuse. There's actually one more thing," Lu You said, pushing the spiritual wine back toward him. "I wonder if you could help me by not informing Senior Sister Zeng Yan next door."

Lu You knew just how sinister that eerie eyeball was. He didn't want to go himself, and he didn't want his familiar senior sister to go either. If he weren't afraid of revealing that he knew too much, he would've even tried to persuade the decent-natured Han Tian not to go.

"You mean Senior Sister Zeng Yan?" Han Tian gave a wry smile. "Junior Brother, Senior Sister Zeng Yan isn't from humble origins like you and me."

Her family is a sword cultivator clan from the main city. She reached the seventh level of Qi Refining at the age of twenty. This stint of farming is merely to temper her temperament. Once the three-year term is up, she'll naturally become an inner disciple and receive focused cultivation from the elders."

"There's no need for me to notify her," Han Tian continued. "Her family will arrange for her to follow Senior Brother Bai's team into the legacy tomb for training."

Seeing the look of disappointment on Lu You's face, Han Tian clearly misunderstood something and offered comfort instead. "Junior Brother, Senior Sister Zeng Yan is a sword cultivator. Among all cultivators, sword cultivators have always been praised as the strongest at the same realm. Everything is fought for, seized through battle. The Senior Sister Zeng Yan you speak of has no doubt slain countless petty villains under her sword. Even I—with my tenth level Qi Refining cultivation—might not be her match in a life-and-death struggle. You really don't need to worry too much about her."

"Thank you for telling me, Senior Brother."

Lu You didn't pay attention to Han Tian's look. After seeing Han Tian off, he immediately rushed straight to Zeng Yan's residence.

"Senior Sister, are you in?"

Lu You pounded urgently on the door.

The next second, Zeng Yan yanked the door open and flicked Lu You hard on the forehead.

“If you’re not cultivating properly, what are you doing banging on my door?”

“Senior Sister, you’re still here? I thought you’d already left,” Lu You let out a breath of relief, then hurriedly asked, “Senior Sister, can you not go to the legacy tomb?”

“Hm? Do you know something?” Zeng Yan narrowed her eyes.

“Of course not. In three days, the Myriad Talismans Pavilion is holding an auction. I want to ask Senior Sister to accompany me to take a look.” Lu You placed the bottle of spiritual wine on Zeng Yan’s table. “Senior Sister, I’ve saved up enough to buy a few treasures at the auction. If you come with me this time, I’ll definitely reward you handsomely.”

Hearing Lu You’s words, Zeng Yan smiled faintly and shook her head. “Don’t worry. The Foundation Establishment realm cultivators of the Verdant Cloud Sect aren’t like those half-baked rogue cultivators. All ten senior brothers are elites of the sect. With the ten of them working together, they could even fight a Golden Core cultivator.”

A gentle warmth rose in Zeng Yan’s heart—she could see through Lu You’s intentions at a glance.

A few days earlier, Zeng Yan had clearly noticed that Lu You was afraid of the chaotic mix of people down the mountain and didn’t dare go down at all. That alone proved he had never planned to attend the auction in the first place. Asking her to go this time was obviously out of concern that the

ancient tomb was too dangerous, so he was forcing himself to choose the relatively lower-risk option of going down the mountain, all to keep her from entering the legacy tomb.

“Junior Brother, you don’t understand me,” Zeng Yan said softly. “I cannot retreat. Even if there’s only the slightest chance at an opportunity, I must fight for it.”

Lu You clenched his fists, swallowing the words about the dangers of the ancient tomb that had risen to his lips.

It wasn’t that Lu You didn’t want to say anything. With his cultivation at the fourth level of Qi Refining, even if he spoke up, Zeng Yan wouldn’t believe him. And seeing the determination in her eyes, Lu You knew that even if he did say it, she would still go.

“Senior Sister,” Lu You sighed, “your junior brother has always been timid, so I tend to worry too much.”

He pulled out a cloth pouch from his robes—the one he used to store spirit stones.

“This is a small token of my sincerity. Senior Sister, please don’t refuse it. And when you’re in the ancient tomb, you must be extremely careful.”

Seeing the pouch, Zeng Yan froze for a moment and was just about to open it when Lu You pressed her hand down.

“Senior Sister, don’t look yet. Open it after you’ve entered the ancient tomb.”

Meeting Lu You's resolute gaze, Zeng Yan nodded solemnly and tucked the pouch into her robes.

What exactly did Junior Brother give me?

After seeing Lu You off, the previously solemn Zeng Yan immediately broke her promise. Curiosity written all over her face, she opened the cloth pouch.

Inside were a large number of talismans.

Golden Light Talismans, Thunder Technique Talismans, Healing Talismans, Divine Eye Talismans, Detoxification Talismans, Evil-Repelling Talismans, Light Rock Talismans, Purifying Heart Talismans—everything imaginable. There were at least ten of each, and the Evil-Repelling Talismans, meant for warning and defense, numbered more than twenty.

“No— this is far too valuable. This must be all of Junior Brother's savings.”

Zeng Yan hurriedly chased after him, but Lu You had already anticipated that she would look. So he didn't go back to his hut right away and wander around elsewhere.

“Junior Brother...”

Zeng Yan didn't dare leave such precious items casually at Lu You's place and could only accept them silently. “I'll keep these with me for now. Once I come out of the ancient tomb, I'll return them to you.”