

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 107: Storms over the Verdant Cloud Sect — Lu You Avoids Disaster

Ma Yuan looked at the corpse on the ground, unsure how to deal with it. What troubled him even more were the listening artifacts scattered everywhere—they felt like a hot potato in his hands. With a helpless sigh, he used his spiritual energy to gather every listening artifact into his storage ring.

But in the next instant, Ma Yuan narrowed his eyes.

He was certain he had already collected them all, yet somehow another listening artifact had appeared on the ground.

"Sigh... This incident has shaken even my Dao Heart."

Thinking he had simply overlooked one, Ma Yuan waved his hand again and picked it up.

"Hm?"

No sooner had he done so than another one appeared in the courtyard.

Ma Yuan rubbed his eyes.

"No... it's not just one."

One listening artifact after another sprouted from the ground like bamboo shoots after a spring rain, quickly covering his entire courtyard.

"Could it be that Venerable Bai of the Law Enforcement Hall has personally intervened? Only a Nascent Soul Venerable could toy with me without me sensing anything!"

Seeing the ever-increasing number of listening artifacts, Ma Yuan dropped to his knees with a thud.

"Venerable, please withdraw your divine powers! I, Ma Yuan, have been wronged! Please grant me some time. Even if it costs me my life, I will uncover whoever framed me!"

As though his plea had been answered, the listening artifacts finally stopped multiplying.

Inside his room, Elder Wen stared uncertainly at the dead assassin lying on the floor.

Both the Law Enforcement Hall and the Deep Literary Pavilion had Nascent Soul cultivators backing them. Could Venerable Bai truly defeat Venerable Wu Hao?

If he chose the wrong side, he would end up just like this assassin—gaining nothing while becoming nothing more than cannon fodder.

With a wave of his hand, Elder Wen reduced the corpse to ashes using spiritual energy. He then collected the listening artifacts from the floor before picking up the identity token from the assassin's body.

Examining it, he discovered that the dead man had actually been a prison guard from the Law Enforcement Hall.

"This matter requires careful consideration. Now that Huo Chuan and the others are dead, if I firmly side with Venerable Wu Hao, perhaps I'll soar to new heights."

But then another thought crossed his mind.

"No... In the past I was already loyal to Venerable Wu Hao, yet I still ranked beneath Huo Chuan. The moment I was injured, I was discarded like worthless trash."

Holding the listening artifacts he had gathered, Elder Wen hesitated once more.

Suddenly, his pupils contracted.

A listening artifact had somehow appeared on his table.

"Who's there?! What kind of divine ability is this? Someone placed a listening artifact right in front of me without my noticing! Could that assassin have done it secretly before he died?"

Since he had personally disposed of the corpse, he knew the assassin was unquestionably dead. Filled with unease, he picked up the artifact, convincing himself that he must have been distracted and simply failed to notice it.

But in the very next moment, his eyes widened.

As soon as he put away the artifact on the table, new ones abruptly appeared throughout the room—on the chair, on the bed, on the meditation cushion...

Realizing something, Elder Wen immediately rushed out of the room, summoned his flying sword, and rose into the sky to look toward the Deep Literary Pavilion.

Just as he had suspected.

Listening artifacts containing the recorded evidence of Huo Chuan's and Wu Tong's crimes now carpeted the entire pavilion. Every disciple had inexplicably found seven, eight, or even ten of them.

"What a tremendous display... What unwavering resolve!"

Elder Wen's heart trembled as he silently congratulated himself.

Fortunately, he had never openly declared his allegiance to the Deep Literary Pavilion. Fortunately, he had stolen Ma Yuan's ancient map, causing the Law Enforcement Hall to see him as someone worth recruiting.

Otherwise, judging by the Law Enforcement Hall's determination to spread the evidence to every single person regardless of the cost, even if Venerable Wu Hao possessed heaven-defying abilities, there would be no way to clear his name.

"Hahaha! I laugh at Wu Tong for his lack of judgment in taking Huo Chuan as his master! I laugh at Huo Chuan for scheming all his life only to be assassinated by the Law Enforcement Hall! In the end, isn't I the one who truly wins?"

Thinking about how the Law Enforcement Hall intended to give him the ancient map and even allow him to cultivate using the prisoners inside the prison, Elder Wen was filled with boundless ambition.

"Now I stand in an invincible position. Under these circumstances, if I side with Venerable Wu Hao, he will undoubtedly treat me as a trusted confidant. If I side with the Law Enforcement Hall, Venerable Bai will surely rely on me to deliver the decisive testimony against Wu Hao. No matter which side I choose, I stand to reap enormous rewards."

Laughing loudly, Elder Wen looked at the prison guard's identity token in his hand.

After a moment's thought, he flew toward the Law Enforcement Hall prison.

He was convinced this had all been arranged deliberately by the Law Enforcement Hall.

They had to be trying to tell him something.

Outside the gates of the Law Enforcement Hall prison, Bai Zihua changed into a set of red robes, covered his face, gripped a longsword, and cautiously pushed open the prison gates.

He couldn't simply watch his grandfather hand Han Tian over to Venerable Wu Hao. If that happened, Han Tian—the one who had killed Wu Tong—would undoubtedly suffer a horrific fate.

He had to find a way to rescue him.

After thinking it over for a long time, Bai Zihua decided to disguise himself as Dongfang Bubai.

Ever since the inheritance tomb incident, Dongfang Bubai had been sabotaging the Deep Literary Pavilion's plans at every turn. There was simply no identity better suited for this mission.

Yet something felt strange.

Where had the two disciples guarding the prison gone?

Entering the Law Enforcement Hall prison had been far too easy.

Before Bai Zihua could figure it out, a flying sword streaked across the sky.

Elder Wen descended to the ground and froze for a moment upon seeing the figure dressed entirely in red.

Damn it!

It's Elder Wen of the Deep Literary Pavilion—a Golden Core cultivator!

Bai Zihua's heart skipped a beat as he nervously raised his sword.

At his current level, he was no match for Elder Wen.

"Dongfang Bubai!"

Seeing Bai Zihua's attire, Elder Wen blurted out the name instinctively.

Then he immediately became vigilant as well and swept Bai Zihua with his spiritual sense.

The next moment, he froze.

"Bai Zihua?!"

It's over... My identity has been exposed!

Bai Zihua clenched his teeth.

He knew his plan had completely fallen apart.

He had never imagined that the Foundation Establishment cultivators guarding the prison would be absent, only for him to run straight into a Golden Core elder who saw through his identity with a single sweep of spiritual sense.

Without Lu You's Evil Eye blood mist, Bai Zihua had no way to conceal himself from spiritual sense.

From this moment onward, rescuing Han Tian was impossible.

"So that's how it is... Fellow Daoist Bai, this Wen has disturbed you."

At last, everything made sense to Elder Wen.

No wonder Dongfang Bubai had been able to stir up chaos everywhere.

Because Dongfang Bubai was Bai Zihua.

No wonder Dongfang Bubai dared oppose the Deep Literary Pavilion.

Because the one backing him was Venerable Bai Yongzheng.

No wonder Elder Wen himself had nearly been assassinated while investigating Huang Wen's murder.

It had all been the Law Enforcement Hall's doing.

Even the events at the inheritance tomb suddenly became crystal clear.

What "Dongfang Bubai saved everyone"?

Nonsense.

The Law Enforcement Hall had deliberately sent Bai Zihua into the tomb to sabotage the Deep Literary Pavilion's blood sacrifice, fabricate the identity of "Dongfang Bubai," and seize the ancient map that the Deep Literary Pavilion had been determined to obtain.

In that case...

The Law Enforcement Hall had clearly been plotting against the Deep Literary Pavilion for a very long time.

Now they had distributed the evidence to practically everyone.

They were obviously launching their final offensive against Venerable Wu Hao.

If they weren't absolutely certain of victory, how could they dare make such a move?

At that point, the question of which side to support answered itself.

Everything fit together perfectly.

Looking at Bai Zihua once more, Elder Wen cupped his fists respectfully.

"Fellow Daoist Bai, please carry on. This Wen shall take his leave. Oh, and please convey a message to Venerable Bai for me—I will certainly follow whatever arrangements Venerable Bai makes."

After speaking, Elder Wen mounted his flying sword.

He had arrived in a hurry and departed just as quickly.

"???"

What's going on?

What did Elder Wen mean by that?

And what message am I supposed to pass on to my grandfather?

Bai Zihua was utterly bewildered.

But seeing Elder Wen leave, he had no time to think about it.

He hurriedly pushed open the prison doors and rushed toward Han Tian.

No matter who discovered him, rescuing Han Tian came first.

"Junior Brother Han, hurry and come with me!"

Filled with urgency, Bai Zihua charged to the prison cell and swung his sword with all his strength, intending to shatter the cell door.

Yet his full-powered strike was effortlessly stopped by the severely wounded Han Tian inside the cell.

"Senior Brother, I can't leave. I still have something even more important to do."

Recognizing Bai Zihua's voice, Han Tian spoke with heartfelt gratitude.

The Verdant Cloud Sect still has hope.

At the very least, there are still righteous people like Bai Zihua.

"Junior Brother Han... you..."

Watching the badly injured Han Tian casually restrain his sword, Bai Zihua's face filled with shock.

"This time in prison, this battered body... it allowed me to break through after being pushed to the brink. Senior Brother, you don't need to worry about me anymore. By a stroke of luck, I've advanced to the Golden Core realm."

Han Tian did not hide the truth.

He had already reached the Golden Core realm, and after absorbing the powdered remains of the Bone of Hell, his strength was formidable even among Golden Core cultivators.

Now he intended to wait for the right moment.

He wanted more people to learn of the Deep Literary Pavilion's crimes.

Then he would take to the skies on his flying sword and die above the Verdant Cloud Sect, where every disciple could witness it with their own eyes.

Even under the suppression of two Nascent Soul cultivators, justice would not be silenced.

Just then, a listening artifact suddenly appeared inside the prison.

Bai Zihua quickly picked it up.

To his surprise, it contained the evidence Han Tian had recorded earlier.

Han Tian narrowed his eyes as well.

The only backup copy had been entrusted to Lu You.

Could Lu You have gotten cold feet and secretly returned it yesterday... only for me to never notice?

The next moment, another listening artifact appeared.

Then another.

And another.

Soon, the entire prison floor was covered with them.

"I understand now!"

Bai Zihua tore off his red robe, revealing his original clothes beneath.

Recalling Elder Wen's words and looking at the countless listening artifacts that had suddenly appeared, his heart began pounding with excitement.

"Grandfather never abandoned us!"

"He never abandoned justice!"

"He's decided to fight the Deep Literary Pavilion to the very end!"

Only a Nascent Soul Venerable could possess such incredible divine abilities—silently duplicating listening artifacts and scattering them everywhere without anyone noticing.

And Han Tian had entrusted the evidence to only one person:

Venerable Bai Yongzheng.

So...

"Perhaps you're right, Senior Brother."

Han Tian, however, thought of someone else.

Dongfang Bubai.

After all, someone capable of helping him reach the Golden Core realm in a single day certainly possessed the means to accomplish something like this.

He was convinced that this had to be Dongfang Bubai's work.

. . .

The entire Verdant Cloud Sect descended into chaos.

Whether outer disciples, inner disciples, or even Golden Core elders, everyone had received listening artifacts exposing the crimes committed by the Deep Literary Pavilion.

"Huo Chuan was a Golden Core elder! Wu Tong was the descendant of a Nascent Soul Venerable! Yet they treated us like livestock, refining us into human pills! This cannot go unpunished! If they aren't punished, I'm leaving the Verdant Cloud Sect!"

"Exactly! They cultivated evil techniques and slaughtered fellow disciples! The Nascent Soul Venerable cannot escape responsibility! Let's report them to the Law Enforcement Hall!"

"Not just the Law Enforcement Hall! Everyone must work together! Disciples from Myriad Sword Mountain should appeal to their Nascent Soul Venerable! Disciples from the Weapon Crafting Hall should seek out their own Venerable! The Spirit Medicine Peak disciples should do the same! If necessary, we'll all petition the Sect Master himself! Otherwise, next time, the Deep Literary Pavilion's butcher's knife will be pointed at us!"

Then another disciple discovered something else within the recording and shouted, "Did you hear that? Wu Tong mentioned Han Tian by name! Han Tian is the one who recorded all this evidence! We can't let our hero come to harm!"

At those words, everyone became even more enraged.

Someone immediately shouted,

"Are there any Law Enforcement Hall disciples here? Does anyone know what happened to Fellow Daoist Han Tian?"

In an instant, countless furious eyes turned toward the disciples of the Law Enforcement Hall.

One Law Enforcement Hall disciple stammered nervously,

"F-Fellow Daoist Han Tian... h-he..."

Seeing the angry crowd surrounding him with murderous expressions, he hurriedly blurted out,

"It wasn't me! It had nothing to do with me! Venerable Bai crippled Fellow Daoist Han Tian's cultivation, and Zhang Tai personally dragged him into the prison!"

Zhang Tai was the cultivator who had thrown himself onto Bai Zihua's sword without hesitation simply because Bai Yongzheng had given the order.

"Shameless!"

"The Law Enforcement Hall is shameless!"

"Zhang Tai is shameless!"

"We can't let them harm the witness! We definitely can't let them hurt a hero! Who's willing to come with us? Let's surround both the Law Enforcement Hall and the prison!"

"We have to go! We're all going! The Deep Literary Pavilion is like this, and now even the Law Enforcement Hall is like this! If they don't give us an explanation, how can anyone remain in the Verdant Cloud Sect?"

"And that Zhang Tai—we absolutely can't let him get away with this!"

Throughout the Verdant Cloud Sect, disciples from every peak—both inner and outer sect alike—gathered together.

In an instant, a mighty crowd numbering in the tens of thousands surged toward the Water-Cloud Realm, where the various Nascent Soul Venerables resided, as well as toward the Law Enforcement Hall.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

A knock sounded at Lu You's small cottage.

Several Foundation Establishment disciples stood outside his door.

The disciple in front smiled apologetically when he saw Lu You.

"Junior Brother Lu, pardon the disturbance. Two disciples assigned to guard the Law Enforcement Hall prison have gone missing. We're only carrying out orders. We'd just like to ask what you did yesterday after returning from the prison."

Since Bai Zihua had officially registered his visit with Lu You to see Han Tian, Lu You had long anticipated that someone would eventually come asking questions.

"Please come in, Senior Brothers."

"I wasn't in a good mood yesterday, so I bought some talisman paper. I didn't go anywhere else—I stayed home the entire time drawing talismans."

As he spoke, Lu You led the Foundation Establishment disciples inside and gestured toward the talisman papers spread across the table.

"Senior Brothers, after returning from the bookstore yesterday, I went straight to the Registration Office and bought these talisman papers. They still bear the time stamp, proving they came from yesterday's batch. Ever since I got home, I've been drawing talismans. It's been five hours now, and I've successfully completed more than sixty."

The Foundation Establishment disciples followed the direction he pointed.

Sure enough, every sheet of talisman paper bore a timestamp showing it had been sold by the Registration Office the previous day.

After counting the finished talismans, they arrived at a total of sixty-two.

That meant Lu You had successfully completed over twelve talismans per hour without a single failed attempt.

One of the disciples couldn't help but exclaim,

"I'd heard that Junior Brother Lu had already reached the Grandmaster State in the Dao of Talismans. Seeing it with my own eyes today, it's truly extraordinary."

"Even an experienced Golden Core elder would consider fifty successful talismans in five hours an impressive achievement—and they certainly couldn't guarantee every attempt would succeed."

"Yet Junior Brother completed sixty-two in just five hours without a single failure."

"You're truly a genius in the Dao of Talismans."

There wasn't the slightest flaw in either Lu You's talismans or the talisman paper.

The Foundation Establishment disciples had no reason to make things difficult for him.

After politely recording the relevant details, they took their leave with genuine admiration.

Not a single one of them suspected or challenged Lu You.

After all, a talisman master of such extraordinary skill was someone everyone wanted on good terms with.

Perhaps, when the day came that they needed to buy talismans from him, they might even receive a discount.