

## I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

### Chapter 116: Open Schemes and Hidden Plots, An Invincible Body

Within the Blood Shadow Technique, although the Light Talisman couldn't break Zeng Kehan's secret technique, its radiance briefly illuminated his shadow. Though it lasted only an instant, Evil Eye could replay and freeze the image. Looking at the conical bamboo hat atop the shadow's head, Lu You immediately recognized him as the elder who had blocked his way to the second floor.

"Boss, if I'm not mistaken, when that shadow fled at the end, he formed the hand seals for the Flying Sword Technique. Judging by his habits, he's a sword cultivator. Since he relied on the Flying Sword Technique, he should be a Golden Core cultivator."

Evil Eye was highly experienced. By analyzing Zeng Kehan's hand seals, it identified the sword technique he had used. Combined with the fact that Nascent Soul cultivators could travel thousands of miles instantly without relying on flying artifacts, it concluded that Zeng Kehan was only at the Golden Core stage.

*As long as he isn't a Nascent Soul cultivator...*

Evil Eye sighed in relief before suggesting,

"Boss, how about we head back to the second floor now, lure him out, and kill him?"

Lu You frowned and shook his head.

"No. This flying ship is linked to Zhang Daoran's consciousness. If we make too much of a disturbance, Zhang Daoran himself may come. If that happens, neither of us will have any chance to escape."

He continued reassuring Evil Eye,

"There's no need to worry. If he truly was sent by a Nascent Soul elder to monitor us, then that actually proves we're safe. It means our true strength hasn't been exposed."

"Otherwise, why would he deliberately appear on the second floor and expose himself? It's obvious he never considered us a threat. He believed we had no way to break through his concealment."

"At this point, the situation has already reversed. The enemy is in the open while we remain hidden. We'll wait until after we leave the flying ship before looking for an opportunity."

For Lu You, however, there was another problem.

If the bamboo-hat cultivator truly had been sent by a Nascent Soul elder, then up to this point Lu You had behaved perfectly normally. The moment he took the initiative to attack, it would practically be the same as exposing himself.

Even if he managed to eliminate the cultivator without leaving any evidence, the sudden disappearance of the person assigned to monitor him would still arouse the Nascent Soul elder's suspicions.

Closing his eyes, Lu You sat cross-legged and earnestly cultivated the Five Elements Qi-Nourishing Technique.

He already had a plan.

After getting off the flying ship, he would find a secluded place, use the paralysis drug, and temper his bones once more. Once that was complete, both his physique and his five senses would improve again, making it impossible for the bamboo-hat cultivator to remain hidden.

When that time came, the man would only be able to see whatever he allowed him to see.

Not only would Lu You avoid exposing himself, but he could even reassure the Nascent Soul elder directing the surveillance.

...

For the next two days, Lu You never left his room.

He devoted himself entirely to cultivation.

Occasionally, he would take out the talisman paper from the Verdant Cloud Sect and carefully practice drawing talismans stroke by stroke, deliberately presenting himself as nothing more than a diligent cultivator.

Only when the flying ship let out a tremendous roar and docked beside a floating island did Lu You finally step outside.

Blending into the crowd, he joined the other cultivators in marveling at the wonders of Mount Shu.

The Mount Shu Sword Sect had actually been built upon an entire mountain range floating in the sky.

Each mountain had been flattened at its summit and transformed into a bustling town.

Viewed from aboard the flying ship, every town was filled with lively crowds, more than ten times busier than the city beneath the Verdant Cloud Sect.

This was hardly just the Mount Shu Sword Sect.

It looked more like an entire kingdom of Mount Shu suspended in the heavens.

As the Verdant Cloud Sect's flying ship came to a stop, a streak of sword light shot out from Mount Shu and landed on the bow.

"Fellow Daoists of the Verdant Cloud Sect, the Grand Tournament will not begin for another three days. Our Sect Master has already arranged accommodations for everyone. Please follow me."

As soon as he finished speaking, nearly a thousand flying swords emerged from Mount Shu.

One by one, they descended before the disciples of the Verdant Cloud Sect.

"There's no need to panic. These flying swords are manifestations of Mount Shu's protective formation. Simply stand upon them." Bai Zihua's voice echoed from the highest deck of the flying ship.

It was clear that the Sect Master had already informed him of Mount Shu's customs.

Bai Zihua instructed all the Golden Core cultivators of the Verdant Cloud Sect not to use their own flying swords.

Then, taking the lead, he stepped onto one of Mount Shu's conjured flying swords.

The others saw Bai Zihua comply and quickly stepped onto their own flying swords as well.

The Golden Core cultivators didn't find anything unusual, but the Foundation Establishment cultivators quietly began whispering among themselves.

"Mount Shu truly lives up to its reputation. A single formation is enough to let cultivators experience sword flight ahead of time."

Once everyone had gotten over the novelty, the Mount Shu guide waved his hand.

The flying swords instantly shot forward like bolts of lightning.

The crowd barely had time to cry out in surprise before they had already arrived outside the largest city within Mount Shu.

"This is Chang'an City, the most prosperous city in Mount Shu," the guide explained. "Within the city, the use of spiritual energy is forbidden. Artifact and flying swords are prohibited, and fighting between cultivators is absolutely forbidden."

"It is considered the safest place in the world for cultivators, which is why it bears the name Chang'an."

He pointed toward a district in the distance.

"The compound flying the banner of the Verdant Cloud Sect is where your delegation will be staying. Mount Shu already knows the identities of all tournament participants. Simply collect your access tokens yourselves."

"For the next three days, Chang'an City is open to all of you free of charge."

"Whether you seek talismans, pills, artifacts, or heavenly treasures, you can find them here. Feel free to explore."

"But remember this above all else—once you enter Chang'an City, you must obey its rules."

"Anyone who violates them will face strict enforcement from Mount Shu."

After finishing his introduction, the guide flew away.

The flying swords carried the disciples of the Verdant Cloud Sect to an elegant residential compound.

This year, the Verdant Cloud Sect had brought a full five hundred competitors.

Yet Mount Shu had arranged an individual courtyard for every single one of them.

The sight left every disciple astonished.

"So this is Mount Shu... As expected of the world's greatest sword sect. They're incredibly generous!"

"If they're this generous to guests, just imagine how well they treat their own disciples!"

For a time, everyone marveled in admiration.

Some even sighed wistfully, regretting that fate had not allowed them to join Mount Shu instead.

"Junior Brother, what do you think of Mount Shu?"

With everyone free to move about over the next three days, Zeng Yan slowly walked over to Lu You and admired the surroundings together with him.

Among everyone present, Zeng Yan knew the most about Mount Shu.

While everyone else was amazed by Mount Shu's generosity, she remained completely indifferent—even somewhat disdainful.

Lu You edged a little closer to her and quietly said, "If I'm not mistaken, Mount Shu doesn't forbid cultivators from changing sects."

Zeng Yan's eyes lit up.

"You saw through that immediately?"

Lu You nodded.

"It's an open scheme."

"They exploit the weak for their own benefit. It seems Mount Shu isn't as noble as everyone believes."

Sensing Zeng Yan's dislike of Mount Shu, he continued without reservation.

"If Mount Shu truly possessed the bearing worthy of the world's greatest sword sect, it wouldn't resort to such underhanded tactics."

"What they're doing today is clearly using their reputation to poach talent."

"Everyone who comes here for the tournament has already survived layer after layer of selection. They're the elite nurtured by their respective sects."

"By treating everyone so lavishly, Mount Shu naturally tempts those dissatisfied with their current sects to quietly defect."

"No matter how elegantly they dress it up, they can't hide the fact that they're stealing the fruits cultivated by other sects."

Lu You let out a quiet sigh.

"The world's greatest sword sect, as I imagine it, should teach all without discrimination and nurture each disciple according to their talents."

"It shouldn't rack its brains trying to steal the painstakingly cultivated disciples of other sects."

"Instead, it should devote more of its efforts to helping its own ordinary disciples, giving everyone a chance to rise."

"Everyone only sees Mount Shu's generosity."

"But that generosity doesn't withstand close scrutiny."

Without attracting attention, Lu You gestured toward the Mount Shu disciples constantly coming and going outside the Verdant Cloud Sect's residence.

The identity badges hanging from their waists came in three distinct types.

One bore a white sword.

Another bore a black sword.

The last bore a multicolored sword.

It was obvious that cultivators carrying the white-sword badges held the highest status.

Whenever a white-sword cultivator merely glanced suspiciously at someone wearing a black- or multicolored-sword badge, they would immediately walk over, seize the person, and even conduct a body search in full public view.

Although Chang'an City's rules forbade everyone from using spiritual energy, not a single black-sword cultivator dared resist a white-sword cultivator.

"Among all sects and schools, only strength truly matters."

Lu You looked at Zeng Yan and said,

"Mount Shu may indeed be better than the Verdant Cloud Sect. But if someone is unhappy in the Verdant Cloud Sect, what guarantee is there that they'll be happy after joining Mount Shu?"

"Senior Sister, don't worry. I won't let Mount Shu shake my Dao Heart."

"The only person truly worth comparing myself to... is the person I was yesterday."

Zeng Yan nodded in satisfaction.

"It seems my worries were unnecessary."

"Junior Brother, you're exceptionally perceptive. You saw through Mount Shu's intentions at a glance."

"So many geniuses who could have made great achievements lose the balance of their Dao Hearts after seeing Mount Shu."

"From then on, all they do is compare their own sect to Mount Shu."

"The more they compare, the more resentful they become."

"They can't simply leave their sects, yet they can't let go of their envy either."

"Their attention becomes scattered, they begin blaming heaven and others for their misfortune, their cultivation deteriorates, and in the end they not only fail to enter Mount Shu—even surviving in their original sect becomes difficult."

"Mount Shu has used this strategy countless times."

"Who knows how many talented cultivators from other sects have quietly been ruined because of it?"

"Hiss..."

Hidden nearby, Zeng Kehan couldn't help but feel his eyelids twitch.

For a moment, even he began to wonder.

*Could Mount Shu's motives really be this disgraceful?*

And that boy named Lu You...

*He's truly impressive.*

*"The only person worth comparing yourself to is the person you were yesterday."*

Even Zeng Kehan couldn't help secretly giving him a thumbs-up.

*Wait— no.*

He quickly shook his head.

*That can't be right.*

He fixed his gaze on Lu You once more.

*This brat must simply understand Zeng Yan's temperament and is deliberately saying what she wants to hear.*

*No, I need to keep watching him.*

*After all, he's carrying that drug on him.*

To Zeng Kehan's surprise, Lu You bid farewell to Zeng Yan and left the Verdant Cloud Sect's residence alone, heading toward Chang'an City's marketplace.

The tournament was about to begin, and Lu You didn't want to interfere with Zeng Yan's cultivation.

She was a sword cultivator.

With the competition so close, becoming overly immersed in romance would dull the killing intent within her sword, doing her more harm than good.

Besides that, Lu You still had his paralysis drug on his mind.

He intended to rent a secluded room and see whether he could temper his bones one more time.

Upon arriving at Chang'an City's market, Lu You quickly learned where private cultivation rooms could be rented.

Because spiritual energy was completely forbidden within the city and Mount Shu's grand formation constantly monitored the area—instantly detecting anyone who tried to use spiritual energy—the private rooms were considered exceptionally safe.

After giving it some thought, Lu You realized that even soundproof talismans would likely fall under the formation's surveillance.

Instead of renting a meditation chamber, he rented a smithing workshop.

Unlike a quiet cultivation room, every neighboring workshop echoed with the constant clanging of hammers striking metal.

Even if he couldn't endure the agony of bone tempering and cried out in pain, the sound would be drowned out by the endless hammering.

*Clang! Clang! Bang! Bang!*

Amid the deafening noise, Lu You sat down cross-legged.

From his little cauldron, he took out two bottles of medicine along with the powdered Bone of Hell.

After hesitating briefly, he gritted his teeth.

Then he stripped off all his clothes.

He first applied the external medicine over every inch of his body.

To maximize its effectiveness, he repeatedly duplicated the medicine with the little cauldron.

Bottle after bottle.

He continued until his entire body was soaked.

So much medicine dripped onto the floor that it formed a puddle beneath him.

Only then did he finally stop.

After waiting about fifteen minutes, Lu You gently pinched his own skin.

Sure enough.

That female cultivator had deceived him.

The medicine contained a powerful numbing agent.

Because he had used far more than the recommended amount, his entire body had become completely numb.

Even punching himself with full force produced no sensation whatsoever.

"She may have lied to me, but this medicine happens to be perfect for my purposes."

Seeing that the external medicine had taken effect, Lu You took out the oral medicine.

Since it was meant to be swallowed, he didn't dare overdo it.

Following the dosage the female cultivator had recommended, he drank one bottle.

Another seven or eight minutes passed.

Lu You's vision gradually became blurry.

His mind grew drowsy.

Hallucinations began appearing before his eyes.

He tried reaching for the Bone of Hell powder.

Only then did he realize he could no longer distinguish east from west.

He couldn't even perform the simple motion of picking up the powder.

"Evil Eye, you're up."

Fortunately, Lu You and Evil Eye shared the same consciousness.

Evil Eye lived within Lu You's spiritual sea and had become part of him, so it wasn't considered a normal artifact.

A layer of crimson energy enveloped Lu You's body as Evil Eye took control, guiding him to pick up the Bone of Hell powder.

"Boss, this medicine is incredible!"

"I think you're even stiffer than the Bone of Hell itself!"

Even under Evil Eye's control, Lu You's body had become like a rusty wooden puppet.

The hand holding the bone powder couldn't even bend back properly.

The next moment, Lu You inhaled a tiny trace of the Bone of Hell powder.

A faint stab of pain entered his mind.

Compared to the agony of his previous bone-tempering sessions, however, it was weaker by hundreds—if not thousands—of times.

"It works!"

"Start absorbing it!"

Sensing that Lu You could endure the pain, Evil Eye stopped hesitating.

It took control of Lu You's body and began steadily absorbing the energy contained within the Bone of Hell powder.

"AAAAAH!"

Lu You let out a miserable scream.

"Boss, are you alright?"

Evil Eye sounded nervous.

"I'm fine... I can take it!"

Lu You's teeth began chattering uncontrollably.

After thinking for a moment, Evil Eye picked up the numbing medicine while continuing to hold the bone powder and fed Lu You another two mouthfuls.

"AAAAAH! I'm fine... I can take it!"

"AAAAAH! I'm fine... I can take it!"

In the workshop next door, Zeng Kehan had his ear pressed tightly against the wall.

His mouth hung wide open, his face frozen in disbelief.

"What on earth is Lu You doing?"

"Is he forging weapons or forging himself?!"

Listening to Lu You's heart-wrenching screams, Zeng Kehan became even more convinced that Zeng Yan absolutely could not end up with him.

*This Lu You's methods are far too extreme... too terrifying.*

*How could my precious daughter, who has been pampered since childhood, possibly endure someone like this?*

If Mount Shu's grand formation hadn't been watching every corner of Chang'an City, Zeng Kehan would have already turned invisible and slipped into the room to see exactly what Lu You was doing.

An entire incense stick's worth of time later, Lu You finally collapsed onto the floor, drenched in sweat.

After completely absorbing the powder from one Bone of Hell bone, the medicine's effects wore off.

He didn't dare force the process any further using his spiritual sense, so he stopped there.

This round of bone tempering elevated both his physical body and his five senses by yet another level.

If his body had previously been comparable to that of an ordinary Golden Core cultivator, then now his physique was invincible among the Golden Core realm.

No Golden Core cultivator, relying solely on Golden Core cultivation, could inflict any injury upon him.

Even more frightening was the source of that strength.

His physical power wasn't sustained by spiritual energy at all.

It came purely from the toughness of his own flesh and bones.

The same was true of his enhanced senses.

His five senses had become as keen as the spiritual sense of a Golden Core elder, yet they required no spiritual energy whatsoever.

Because of that, Mount Shu's grand formation couldn't detect them, allowing him to use them freely without attracting any attention.

"Someone next door is watching me?"

The instant his senses expanded, Lu You immediately detected Zeng Kehan eavesdropping through the wall.

Without betraying the slightest hint of awareness, he calmly tossed the remaining medicine into the workshop's forging furnace to destroy the evidence.

Then he casually opened the door and walked outside.