

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 91: Food

Only after bringing Jia One far away to a deserted area did Huo Chuan finally stop. He spread out his spiritual sense to inspect the surroundings, and after confirming no one was nearby, he revealed a kindly expression.

“Jia One, how long have you been in the Deep Literary Pavilion?”

Jia One replied, “Reporting to Elder, fifty years and five months.”

Huo Chuan nodded.

“How quickly time passes. Adding the years you spent farming spiritual fields, you’ve been in the Verdant Cloud Sect for at least fifty-three years. Then how old were you when you entered the Verdant Cloud Sect?”

Jia One continued respectfully:

“This disciple became a spiritual field laborer at eighteen.”

Huo Chuan smiled and patted Jia One on the shoulder.

“Good. What the Verdant Cloud Sect needs are not geniuses, but disciples like you—hardworking and loyal. You people are the backbone of the sect’s prosperity.”

“Take out your storage ring and empty it. Your master wishes to grant you a great opportunity. As long as you pass the trial, you will be able to touch the Golden Core Dao.”

Hearing those words, Jia One's eyes burned with excitement. He immediately removed his storage ring and poured out all the pills and spirit stones inside.

Before entering the secret realm, the two hundred Foundation Establishment disciples had already been informed to prepare huge amounts of pills and spirit stones. Moreover, because the realm drained Foundation Establishment cultivators far less severely than Golden Core cultivators, Jia One had never realized how precious those resources truly were.

Or rather, he believed that with ten Golden Core elders present, the secret realm would be broken open in only a few days anyway. There was no way they would actually consume everything they brought.

Looking at the pile of resources on the ground, Huo Chuan sighed inwardly.

Even with prior warning, the wealth of Foundation Establishment cultivators simply could not compare to Golden Core elders. All these resources together would only sustain him for a few days.

Then Huo Chuan turned his gaze toward Jia One and approached him with a benevolent smile, placing his palm atop Jia One's head.

"Good. Now calm your heart and focus your comprehension. Very soon, you shall attain the Golden Core Dao."

"Immediately attain the Golden Core Dao?"

The burning excitement in Jia One's eyes vanished instantly.

There was no way the sect possessed some miraculous method that allowed instant Golden Core ascension. Instead, Huo Chuan's words sent a chill through his body.

"E-Elder Huo... merely reaching Foundation Establishment has already made this disciple deeply grateful to the sect. If you need anything, please command me directly. There is no need for rewards. This disciple is willing to help Elder with anything."

"Hahahaha... truly amusing."

The smile on Huo Chuan's face gradually turned savage.

"I just praised your loyalty to the sect, yet at the crucial moment, you are this spineless."

"But this is good. Very good."

"You are neither a genius, nor are you capable of offering your heart and soul to the sect. So tell me... why do you think the sect bothered raising you?"

A crimson-red light erupted from Huo Chuan's palm and spread over Jia One's head.

The instant the red glow appeared, Jia One's facial features twisted violently in agony.

In the next moment, starting from his hair, his body began to melt.

Drop by drop, he transformed into liquid and seeped directly into Huo Chuan's body.

“Men rarely live beyond seventy,” Huo Chuan said coldly.

“If you think carefully, the sect taught you cultivation methods and allowed you to safely live past seventy years old. You should already have died long ago.”

“The spiritual energy the sect gave you... now it is time for you to repay it.”

As Jia One melted into his palm, Huo Chuan revealed an expression of utter pleasure.

“And I did not lie to you either.”

“Now that you have fused with me, and I am a Golden Core cultivator, doesn’t that mean you have attained the Golden Core Dao as well?”

Only after Jia One completely vanished did Huo Chuan open his eyes again. With a satisfied expression, he picked up all the resources on the ground.

“As expected, Foundation Establishment cultivators contain far more spiritual energy. Absorbing one of them equals several months of my own cultivation.”

His face twisted with greed.

After learning how terrifying Dongfang Bubai was, Huo Chuan no longer merely needed to maintain full spiritual energy. He also needed to raise his cultivation realm as quickly as possible.

Only then could he survive Dongfang Bubai long enough for the sect to discover something was wrong and send experts to destroy the secret realm.

What Huo Chuan was using was precisely the cultivation method recorded in the ancient jade scroll from the Deep Literary Pavilion—the Jade Toad Swallows the Moon Technique.

That ancient diagram described human devouring.

Through a secret technique, cultivators could be refined into Human Pills. After consuming one, the user could absorb all of that cultivator’s cultivation and spiritual energy.

“I don’t want to die! Elder! Elder, spare me! Spare me!”

Just as Huo Chuan was about to rise and return to the gathering point, he suddenly clutched his head.

Inside his mind, Jia One’s voice suddenly echoed.

This was the flaw of the Jade Toad Swallows the Moon Technique’s Human Pills: while gaining the target’s cultivation and spiritual energy, one also absorbed fragments of their consciousness.

However, Huo Chuan clearly had experience dealing with this.

The moment he sensed Jia One inside his mind, he immediately sat cross-legged and focused his consciousness.

“Tsk tsk tsk... you jumped out impatiently this quickly. I was honestly afraid you’d hide.”

Concentrating his awareness, Huo Chuan instantly entered his spiritual world and saw Jia One's consciousness there.

Then he walked toward it with a vicious grin.

"As long as I shatter your consciousness, you will completely fuse with me. Stop struggling. You were merely the sect's expendable resource from the very beginning."

"No!"

Compared to Huo Chuan's solid, condensed consciousness body, Jia One resembled little more than a wisp of smoke that could dissipate at any moment.

"Elder! I cultivated diligently all my life! I completed every mission carefully! I treated the sect as my home! I never betrayed the sect! You cannot do this to me!"

Huo Chuan suddenly stopped.

Then he burst into laughter.

"The sect is your home? Hahaha! Look at yourself first. Do you even deserve to enter the sect's front gate?"

"You learned the cultivation methods provided by the sect. You used the resources mined by the sect. Hahaha~ surely you don't actually believe you earned all of that through missions?"

"You need to understand—trash like you are merely consumables."

“Even the missions themselves were only bestowed upon you by the sect!”

Within Huo Chuan’s spiritual world, a flying sword condensed into existence.

The power driving the flying sword was the Golden Core floating in the center of the spiritual world.

“Ants labor for the ecosystem of Heaven’s Dao, yet Heaven’s Dao only grants ants a bit of rain.”

“Because your only purpose to Heaven’s Dao is to work... and then die.”

“Why do you think the sect spreads the Dao and recruits disciples?”

“A Divine Transformation Realm cultivator possesses ten thousand years of lifespan. They can move mountains and fill seas. With a single strike, they could slaughter every Foundation Establishment disciple in the sect.”

“So why would they freely distribute cultivation methods and resources to people like you?”

“Your purpose is simply to act as the backdrop that makes geniuses shine brighter... and then obediently become nourishment for those geniuses.”

The flying sword shredded Jia One’s soul.

Huo Chuan took a deep breath, then slowly exhaled.

The spiritual energy within his body rose noticeably once more.

“Dongfang Bubai! Hahaha! Let’s see how you plan to outlast me now!”

Back at the gathering point, there still remained one hundred and ninety-nine carefully selected cultivators.

After devouring them all, Huo Chuan was confident he could touch the threshold of the Nascent Soul realm.

Glancing downward, he saw only the clothes Jia One had left behind after being absorbed into nothingness.

With a casual wave of his hand, Huo Chuan used spiritual energy to grind the clothes into dust.

Meanwhile, far away beneath the foot of a mountain, Han Tian—who had been meditating alongside Wu Tong—suddenly trembled and pulled a communication talisman from his robes.

Slowly, the talisman changed shape, transforming into a shell-shaped treasured artifact.

This was a treasured artifact forged by the Verdant Cloud Sect's Weapon Crafting Hall. Bai Zihua had borrowed it from his Nascent Soul grandfather and lent it to Han Tian.

The artifact possessed both surveillance and recording functions. Unless destroyed, it would disguise itself as a normal communication talisman.

During the previous inheritance tomb expedition, Dongfang Bubai's remark that "there was something wrong with the Golden Core elders" had already made Bai Zihua suspicious.

Whether it was the mass recruitment of rogue cultivators from the lower districts or the bizarre ancient tomb itself, all of it made Bai Zihua uneasy.

Why had the sect classified such a dangerous tomb as merely an inheritance tomb?

Even under the most charitable interpretation, the elders responsible for investigating the tomb had severely neglected their duties.

Yet after returning to the sect, there was no news whatsoever of any elders being punished.

In fact, to compensate for the lost cultivators, the Deep Literary Pavilion had even openly held recruitment competitions among the spiritual fields menial disciples.

But then came the truly crucial detail:

All the menial disciples who won those competitions vanished without a trace.

Under normal circumstances, this would have been considered a trivial matter.

Even if some Foundation Establishment disciples noticed, it would still remain a minor issue.

But because Bai Zihua became involved, the Nascent Soul Grandmaster behind him personally launched an investigation.

And the moment he did, the problems with the Deep Literary Pavilion immediately surfaced.

Why was the Deep Literary Pavilion investigating Dongfang Bubai?

Why had they decided Dongfang Bubai was evil?

Why was Dongfang Bubai—who had broken the tomb's mechanisms and rescued Verdant Cloud Sect disciples—still being targeted by the Deep Literary Pavilion?

Therefore, the answer could only be this:

Dongfang Bubai must have obtained something from the tomb after deciphering it.

That was why the Deep Literary Pavilion viewed Dongfang Bubai as a thorn in their side.

Which also meant—

The Deep Literary Pavilion knew exactly what Dongfang Bubai had obtained.

And they also knew exactly what had existed inside that ancient tomb.

Bai Zihua's Nascent Soul grandfather discovered the truth and immediately flew into a rage.

The Deep Literary Pavilion had known the inheritance tomb was dangerous, yet not only had they failed to stop his grandson from participating, they had even used Bai Zihua as a promotional gimmick to lure even more cultivators into becoming cannon fodder.

As a result, the Nascent Soul Grandmaster secretly intervened. He provided Bai Zihua with treasured artifacts and authority to quietly investigate the Deep Literary Pavilion.

The plan was to take advantage of the Pavilion's focus on hunting Dongfang Bubai and expose its illegal activities from the shadows.

The moment the Deep Literary Pavilion revealed any weakness, the Enforcement Hall would seize the opportunity to crack down on them fiercely.

Clutching the eavesdropping artifact in his hand, Han Tian's heart shook violently.

An elder of the Deep Literary Pavilion had actually cultivated a demonic technique, and even used Foundation Establishment disciples as cultivation nourishment, absorbing a living cultivator alive!

With this recording alone, Han Tian could earn enormous merit, perhaps even hand Huo Chuan and his associates over to the Enforcement Hall for punishment.

"No... this still isn't enough. How could a mere Golden Core elder dare do something like this!"

Han Tian's eyes turned bloodshot.

Huo Chuan's words had deeply wounded him.

Han Tian had clawed his way upward from being a spiritual field menial disciple. He completed every sect mission earnestly and cultivated

diligently, yet in the eyes of the elders, he was nothing more than a consumable.

Joining the Verdant Cloud Sect had merely turned him into fertilizer for nurturing geniuses.

“That’s right...”

“Even if the sect discovered something abnormal about the Deep Literary Pavilion, it was only because Bai Zihua was involved that I received this artifact and the chance to investigate.”

“If Bai Zihua hadn’t been involved, even if everyone died inside the inheritance tomb, no elder would have cared at all.”

Holding the artifact tightly, Han Tian felt his heart ache.

After a long silence, his gaze gradually turned cold.

“Verdant Cloud Sect... if it has already become a mass of dark clouds, then it deserves to be blown away. It no longer has any reason to exist.”

“The heavens must be revealed.”

“And if the heavens refuse to appear...”

“Then I, Han Tian, shall become the heavens myself!”

Merely punishing Huo Chuan was nowhere near enough.

Earlier, Han Tian had already given Wu Tong a disguised communication talisman, so he had long overheard conversations proving that Wu Tong,

Huo Chuan, and the Nascent Soul cultivators of the Deep Literary Pavilion were all working together.

He simply never expected them to actually refine Human Pills.

“Even if I bring the evidence out of the secret realm, if the Sect Master does not intervene, who would dare hold a Nascent Soul cultivator accountable?”

Han Tian understood clearly:

Even with irrefutable evidence, only Huo Chuan would be punished.

The Nascent Soul cultivator who taught Huo Chuan the technique and gave him the confidence to commit such crimes would never be held responsible.

“So only when Nascent Soul cultivators fight each other to the death will justice finally arrive.”

“Otherwise, justice will not even have the chance to arrive late.”

Han Tian slowly closed his eyes.

The Enforcement Hall was exactly the same.

Only after Bai Zihua was endangered did they truly begin investigating.

Therefore, the Deep Literary Pavilion would be no different.

If the Enforcement Hall harmed Wu Tong, then the Deep Literary Pavilion’s Nascent Soul Grandmaster, Venerable Wu Hao, would never let the Enforcement Hall go. He might even target Bai Zihua himself.

And only then would the cultivators backing Bai Zihua step in and directly oppose Wu Hao.

In Han Tian's eyes, although the Enforcement Hall had never openly declared that ordinary disciples were expendable, they still never valued the lives of common cultivators.

The fact that they investigated only because Bai Zihua was involved made the implication obvious to Han Tian.

The Enforcement Hall and the Deep Literary Pavilion were fundamentally the same.

The only difference was that one was slightly less cruel.

At their core, ordinary disciples were still nothing more than expendable resources.

"In that case..."

"Let them experience the revenge of consumables."

Han Tian slowly rose to his feet and walked toward Wu Tong's room.

Like everyone else, he and Wu Tong had excavated a cave dwelling, each creating a separate stone chamber for themselves.

"Senior Brother Wu, I received a transmission talisman message from that senior brother we met on the road."

Han Tian respectfully knocked on the door.

"A transmission talisman? Why would he send you one?"

Wu Tong opened the stone door with a curious expression.

Han Tian said solemnly:

“He said Elder Huo Chuan succeeded and is currently looking for you. Since he saw you and me together before, he wanted to earn praise from the elder, so he tried contacting me first.”

“Master captured Dongfang Bubai? He actually captured Dongfang Bubai that easily?!”

Wu Tong’s face filled with delight.

“Hahaha! Han Tian, didn’t I tell you? I discovered Dongfang Bubai’s identity first, then my master and I devised a brilliant plan and tricked Dongfang Bubai into entering this place.”

Han Tian nodded respectfully.

“Senior Brother’s schemes are truly divine. I deeply admire you. Besides capturing Dongfang Bubai, preparing all the supplies was also Senior Brother’s idea.”

“I remember Senior Brother mentioning that the other two hundred Foundation Establishment senior brothers were deliberately selected as well. It seems they must have played an important role in capturing Dongfang Bubai.”

“Hah, a bunch of mere Foundation Establishment cultivators—what use could they possibly have in a Golden Core battle?”

Wu Tong waved dismissively.

“They had another purpose originally, though it seems they won’t be needed anymore.”

As he spoke, Wu Tong took out his personal communication talisman, preparing to contact Huo Chuan directly.

In the very next instant, a streak of sword light flashed through the air, slashing directly toward Wu Tong’s wrist.

“Han Tian, you—!”

Wu Tong’s face changed drastically.

A layer of light automatically activated around him—it was a protective talisman that triggered on its own.

Crack

The protective light shattered instantly.

The sword in Han Tian’s hand was actually Bai Zihua’s treasured artifact.

After confiscating it from Zeng Yan, Bai Zihua no longer wished to use it because Lu You had touched it before. So he had casually rewarded it to Han Tian instead.

Slash

Blood sprayed everywhere.

Wu Tong’s arm was severed cleanly.

Not only that, but the sword energy attached to the treasured artifact instantly pierced through Wu Tong's meridians, sealing his spiritual energy.

In the next moment, Han Tian stepped forward and thrust again, piercing straight through Wu Tong's dantian.

"Han Tian! You— what are you doing?!"

Wu Tong was utterly terrified.

If Dongfang Bubai had not destroyed his treasured artifact back at the Myriad Talismans Pavilion, there was no way a mere Foundation Establishment cultivator could have injured him.

Because the Nascent Soul Grandmaster remained in closed-door cultivation, Wu Tong had never requested a replacement artifact.

Moreover, since this operation had been a carefully planned ambush involving ten Golden Core elders, Wu Tong had never intended to personally participate in combat.

As a result, he had converted most of his spirit stones into resources instead of purchasing defensive treasures, leaving himself completely unprepared.