

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 102: What Is Justice? The Deep Literary Pavilion Offered as a Sacrifice

The child was none other than the Nascent Soul incarnation of Bai Zihua's grandfather, Bai Yongzheng.

Having seen him countless times before, Bai Zihua was no longer surprised by his youthful appearance.

"I've come this time because there's something I want to know. I want to see how Grandfather would handle it."

Bai Zihua took out the surveillance artifact and handed it to Bai Yongzheng's Nascent Soul.

To avoid towering over the childlike figure, Bai Zihua sat down cross-legged.

After listening to the contents of the recording artifact, Bai Yongzheng frowned and looked at him.

"How do you think this matter should be handled?"

Bai Zihua replied, "The last time, the Deep Literary Pavilion nearly got me killed in the inheritance tomb."

"Now that we've finally caught them red-handed, if it were up to me, I would retaliate without mercy. Even if I can't harm a Nascent Soul Venerable, I'd at least cut away his wings."

"Besides that, the Law Enforcement Hall could quickly seize the territory and influence that currently belong to the Deep Literary Pavilion and expand our own power."

Bai Yongzheng looked at him and shook his head.

"Zihua, I know what's really on your mind."

"Even now, you're still thinking about justice and fairness."

"Only two kinds of people pursue justice."

"The first kind are those who cannot obtain what they desire. They're jealous of others and unable to close the gap through their own efforts, so they chirp endlessly about fairness and justice like crickets."

"The second kind is someone like you—someone who doesn't understand his own circumstances."

"I've taken care of you too well."

"Because your life has been so comfortable, you've had the spare energy to care about other people."

"If justice and fairness truly existed, then tell me—why do you deserve your current status and resources?"

"Without them, cultivation alone would consume all your time and energy. How would you still have the luxury to uphold justice?"

"Grandfather, but Venerable Wu Hao has already violated the sect's laws."

Bai Zihua's eyes dimmed slightly.

Clearly, he was not surprised by this response.

Bai Yongzheng shook his head.

"Who created the laws enforced by the Law Enforcement Hall?"

"The Sect Master and Nascent Soul Venerables like us."

"And why did we create them?"

"To make the disciples behave according to rules."

He fixed Bai Zihua with a sharp gaze.

"Zihua, in this world, strength is the rule."

"We have strength, so we create the rules."

"The rules exist because we made them for people like you to follow."

"I'm disappointed."

"I gave you the authority of the Law Enforcement Hall for you to enjoy, yet now you've set your sights on challenging a Nascent Soul Venerable."

He sighed.

"Do you know why the disciples of the Verdant Cloud Sect can peacefully cultivate spiritual fields?"

"Because the sect possesses a Divine Transformation Sect Master and Nascent Soul Venerables like us."

"If we disappeared, think carefully."

"Could cultivators at the Qi Refining, Foundation Establishment, or even Golden Core realm really defend those vast spiritual fields?"

"Without us, those who resisted would be slaughtered by cultivators from other sects."

"Those too afraid to resist would become slaves."

"At that point, who exactly would you expect to uphold justice?"

His voice grew colder.

"Huo Chuan is not the enemy."

"Venerable Wu Hao is not the enemy."

"Sacrificing merely two hundred Foundation Establishment cultivators in exchange for one additional Nascent Soul Venerable?"

"If such a profitable deal existed, even the Sect Master would support it."

"One more Nascent Soul Venerable means more resources."

"More resources mean every disciple in the sect receives greater rewards."

"Therefore, the true enemy of the Verdant Cloud Sect is the person trying to stop Huo Chuan's advancement."

After a pause, he asked:

"Zihua, do you understand now what should be done?"

Listening to his grandfather's words, Bai Zihua silently clenched his fists.

"Grandfather... I still do not understand."

Bai Yongzheng's expression darkened.

"Then I'll tell you."

"Capture Han Tian."

"Deliver both Han Tian and the evidence to Venerable Wu Hao."

"At the same time, I'll mention that you were nearly caught up in the inheritance tomb incident."

"That way, the Nascent Soul Venerable will owe you a favor."

His disappointment was obvious.

"Afterward, stop playing house in the Law Enforcement Hall."

"Return to my side and focus on cultivation."

"Grandfather, but that inheritance tomb nearly killed me too!"

Bai Zihua's voice was full of unwillingness.

Bai Yongzheng's gaze turned icy.

"And who told you to lead a team into that secret realm?"

"You are my grandson."

"The sect's resources are yours."

"The opportunities belonging to the sect's disciples are yours as well."

"Why did you need to compete for opportunities in a secret realm?"

"You're blessed and don't even realize it."

"If you continue like this, the thing that kills you won't be a Nascent Soul cultivator."

"It will be yourself."

He raised a hand to stop further argument.

"Enough."

"Do you think I don't know you've been intoxicated by all those voices calling you 'Senior Brother Bai'?"

"Do you think I don't know how much you enjoy the trust and admiration of the sect's disciples?"

He laughed coldly.

"If you were just an ordinary cultivator, would you really deserve to be called 'Senior Brother'?"

Then he delivered the final blow.

"Let me tell you something."

"Venerable Wu Hao may have accidentally endangered you, but that doesn't necessarily mean he wanted to harm you."

"But those people who call you 'Senior Brother' day after day?"

"Who knows how many of them are secretly hoping you'll die."

Having finished speaking, Bai Yongzheng's Nascent Soul stood up.

Then he dove headfirst into the waterfall.

With a splash, he disappeared from sight.

Only Bai Zihua remained seated on the riverbank, staring blankly into the darkness.

. . .

The night had grown even darker.

Using the jade key, Lu You easily passed through the Verdant Cloud Sect's protective barrier and arrived at the Myriad Talisman Pavilion in the Lower City District.

Pushing open the doors, he stepped inside.

The moment he circulated his spiritual energy, an overwhelming pressure erupted from his body.

Several female attendants who had been about to greet him immediately froze in their tracks. One of them quickly rang an alarm bell, sending a warning to the cultivators stationed within the pavilion.

"May I ask what brings you to the Myriad Talisman Pavilion, fellow Daoist?"

Two Foundation Establishment cultivators emerged and surrounded Lu You.

They then waved their hands, signaling the female attendants to evacuate the pavilion to avoid being caught in any conflict.

Lu You glanced at the two men indifferently.

Then he took out the ancient map and tossed it to them.

"Take a look. Tell me what this ancient map is worth."

"This is...?"

The two Foundation Establishment cultivators accepted the map and examined it carefully from top to bottom.

Unfortunately, neither of them could determine its value.

However, even without understanding exactly what it was, they could sense the extraordinary aura emanating from the ancient map and the profound mysteries hidden within the diagram on its reverse side.

It was obviously an extremely valuable treasure.

"Are you planning to auction this ancient map through our Myriad Talisman Pavilion?"

The two cultivators' attitudes became noticeably friendlier.

Lu You shook his head.

"No need for an auction."

"Just show me the best goods your pavilion currently has and exchange them for the map."

Sensing that Lu You's cultivation was only at the Foundation Establishment realm, the two cultivators exchanged glances before one of them gestured politely.

"In that case, please follow us, fellow Daoist."

One walked ahead while the other stayed behind, subtly keeping Lu You boxed in.

They led him into an underground auction chamber.

Along the way, one of the cultivators activated a communication talisman.

Before long, more than a dozen Foundation Establishment cultivators gathered in the underground room.

After being blown up once before, the Myriad Talisman Pavilion had clearly increased its security significantly.

Feeling that over a dozen Foundation Establishment cultivators were more than enough to suppress any trouble Lu You might cause, the leading cultivator clapped his hands.

Several scantily dressed female attendants entered in single file.

Each carried an exquisite tray.

"Fellow Daoist, these are the treasures currently available in our pavilion."

"If you wish to exchange the ancient map, feel free to choose."

"If the value exceeds our appraisal of the map, you can simply make up the difference with spirit stones."

Lu You snorted coldly.

"These are your most valuable items?"

"Don't insult me with this trash."

The expressions of everyone present immediately darkened.

The leading Foundation Establishment cultivator pointed at the treasures on the trays.

"Fellow Daoist, aren't you being a bit too arrogant?"

"Because the ancient map you brought showed genuine sincerity, our pavilion specifically brought out these auction-grade treasures for your selection."

"You reject one item and look down on another."

"If you're really so capable, why are you still wandering around the Lower City District?"

"So these really are your best goods."

Lu You nodded thoughtfully.

"I was only worried that good things might go to waste."

Seeing their reactions, he finally relaxed.

Then, with a thought, he suddenly withdrew more than a dozen sword cores from the small cauldron.

The instant they appeared, sword energy filled the underground chamber.

"Everyone, be careful!"

"Sword cores!"

"There are so many sword cores!"

The cultivators surrounding Lu You immediately descended into panic.

They had suspected he might be trouble.

But since he appeared to be only at the Foundation Establishment realm, they had assumed that with so many people present, he could never cause any real disturbance.

After all, the Lower City District was merely a trading ground for rogue cultivators.

Anyone truly powerful would never come to a place like this.

Yet when they saw the dozen-plus sword cores, every one of them was stunned.

Sword cores were the embryonic form of flying swords.

An ordinary Foundation Establishment cultivator might not be able to afford even a single one in an entire lifetime.

Furthermore, sword cores were normally nurtured and cultivated over time.

They were not disposable weapons.

No one had ever seen someone use sword cores as consumable ammunition.

And more importantly—

If someone could afford to treat sword cores as expendable items, what in the world would they be doing in a place like the Lower City District's Myriad Talisman Pavilion?

In the blink of an eye, the battle was over.

All of the cultivators collapsed into pools of blood.

As for the female attendants carrying the trays, Lu You did not harm a single one of them.

The dim underground chamber, the trembling attendants, and their revealing attire softened the atmosphere of bloodshed, leaving behind an indescribable sense of tension and ambiguity.

However, Lu You paid them no attention.

He simply collected the items from the trays into his storage ring and then retrieved the ancient map from the corpse of a Foundation Establishment cultivator.

"Whether you live or die, and what kind of future you have, is your own choice."

Lu You glanced at the attendants indifferently.

Then he scattered a handful of Flame Talismans.

Boom!

The Myriad Talisman Pavilion was instantly engulfed in flames.

Immediately afterward, he activated a teleportation talisman and vanished from the pavilion in a flash of light.

"Fire! Fire!"

One of the attendants finally came to her senses and screamed in terror.

Kicking off the shoes that hindered her movement, she ran frantically.

But she did not run to extinguish the fire.

Instead, she sprinted straight toward the auction vault.

Stuffing an entire bag full of spirit stones, she then ran outside while continuing to shout for help.

The remaining attendants quickly recovered as well.

Like a swarm of bees, they rushed toward the storage rooms.

All of the cultivators responsible for guarding the pavilion had been killed by Lu You.

At this moment, the entire Myriad Talisman Pavilion had become an unguarded gold mine.

Nobody cared about the spreading fire anymore.

Before the building was completely consumed, even the female clerks upstairs joined the frenzy, looting everything they could get their hands on.

Outside the pavilion, Lu You watched the flames from a distance and sighed.

"What a shame. I already gave you a chance to survive."

Inside the pavilion, after sensing that Lu You's spiritual energy had disappeared, one of the cultivators slowly crawled to his feet.

A sword core had pierced his abdomen.

"So I'm the only one who survived..."

The other corpses littering the floor had suffered fatal wounds through their throats or hearts.

Only he had been struck through the abdomen.

By pretending to be dead, he had escaped disaster.

Looking at the raging fire and the attendants fighting over treasure, the cultivator picked up the sword he had dropped.

"I wasn't playing dead."

"I fought desperately, escaped the Myriad Talisman Pavilion, and returned to report the attack."

"I certainly didn't lie there and allow a robber cultivator to burn the pavilion."

The next moment, screams erupted from within the building.

Those mortals who had remained behind to loot instead of fleeing found no mercy.

Not a single one of them walked out of the Myriad Talisman Pavilion alive.

Eventually, the fire reduced the entire pavilion to ashes.

Watching the cultivator he had deliberately spared flee in panic toward the Verdant Cloud Sect, Lu You's lips curled into a faint smile.

He took out the jade key, concealed his presence, and quietly followed behind him.

Soon, he returned to his own room.

"Evil Eye, your turn."

Removing his black robes, Lu You contacted Evil Eye.

When he had handed over the ancient map earlier, he had secretly instructed Evil Eye to plant a puppet-control mark within it.

Evil Eye let out a sinister laugh.

"Hehehe~ Verdant Cloud Sect is about to become very lively."

Activating the mark he had left behind, Evil Eye remotely triggered the Thunder Technique Talisman made from the ancient map that Lu You had previously given away.

As a result, the sect's protective formation had recorded the jade key's movements, the Thunder Technique Talisman made using the ancient map had been seen inside the Myriad Talisman Pavilion, and then the ancient map currently in Ma Yuan's possession had suddenly exploded.

Thinking through the chain of evidence, even Lu You couldn't help shaking his head.

If he were in Ma Yuan's position, he wouldn't even know how to explain himself.

. . .

Meanwhile...

Elder Wen spat out a mouthful of blood.

Yet excitement still filled his face.

Removing his black night-traveling clothes, he took the ancient map from his storage ring.

Just moments earlier, he had ambushed Ma Yuan.

Relying on his familiarity with Ma Yuan and his own cultivation at the peak of Golden Core, he had exchanged a minor injury for a major victory.

With a single strike, he had severely wounded Ma Yuan and seized the ancient talisman.

"There's hope!"

"I finally have hope of recovering my Golden Core and breaking through to the Nascent Soul realm!"

Elder Wen burst into laughter.

He unfolded the ancient talisman and studied the mysterious map inscribed upon it.

Then he flipped it over, intending to examine the cultivation technique recorded on the other side.

The very next second, a surge of spiritual energy suddenly emanated from the ancient talisman.

Then—

Boom!

A bolt of lightning exploded directly in Elder Wen's hands.

"AHH! My hands!"

"No—my cultivation technique!"

The explosion came so suddenly that Elder Wen had no chance to react.

Fortunately, his protective spiritual energy activated automatically.

Even so, both of his hands were blown apart, leaving them bloody and mangled.

What he found even harder to accept was that he hadn't managed to see anything clearly at all.

Why had the ancient map exploded?

Had Ma Yuan tampered with it somehow?

Elder Wen felt a chill run through his entire body.

The flash of lightning just now...

Could it have been some kind of tracking mark?

Surely Venerable Wu Hao of the Deep Literary Pavilion wouldn't be able to trace it back to him... right?

But Elder Wen was not the only one whose heart had sunk.

Inside his own residence, Ma Yuan—who had only recently recovered from some of his injuries—felt equally terrified.

I knew it!

I knew that ancient map was a disaster waiting to happen!

If I hadn't been prepared beforehand, that man in black would have killed me just now!

Ma Yuan's face turned pale.

He had never expected that a Golden Core cultivator would become an insider traitor.

Fortunately, this was still within the Verdant Cloud Sect.

The black-clothed attacker had not dared to pursue him after obtaining the map.

Otherwise, there was no way he would have survived.

"No, I need to report this to a Nascent Soul Venerable immediately."

"That man in black might come back to silence me."

Ma Yuan shivered.

He dared not delay any longer.

At the moment, Venerable Wu Hao was in seclusion.

The only Nascent Soul Venerables still available were those of the Law Enforcement Hall.

Without the slightest hesitation, Ma Yuan set out.

He did not even dare activate his flying sword nor use his identity token.

Instead, he repeatedly relied on the jade key, concealing his presence and covering his tracks as he traveled.

Only after rushing into the Law Enforcement Hall did he finally breathe a sigh of relief.

"Quick!"

"Go make a report!"

"I have an urgent matter that I need to discuss with Venerable Bai immediately!"