

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 120: Lu You: Do You Know What "Malicious Editing" Means?

A magical artifact was a combination of a treasured artifact and a formation. Through the formation, the treasured artifact gained even greater power.

A living artifact, on the other hand, was a combination of a cultivator and a magical artifact.

Some cultivators who had no hope of breaking through to the next realm chose to entrust their bodies to formation masters. Their flesh would be fused with specially crafted artifacts, transforming them into living puppets.

Once someone became a living puppet, they would never again advance in cultivation, and both their life and death would be completely controlled by the formation master. However, their bodies would be reinforced by the artifact. As long as their core remained intact, even if they were torn into pieces, they could simply be reassembled like a doll and revived.

Moreover, the bodies of living artifacts were as durable as the artifacts themselves, and the formation greatly extended their lifespan by at least three hundred years. For a Foundation Establishment cultivator, that was equivalent to increasing their lifespan by one and a half times. It was precisely because of this incredible benefit that many cultivators who had lost hope of advancing, yet still clung to worldly pleasures, willingly accepted becoming puppets despite knowing the price.

Zeng Kehan's sword flashed repeatedly.

Every strike landed precisely on the joints of the living artifacts.

Yet no matter how exquisite his swordsmanship was, it was useless.

Without using spiritual energy, there was no way an ordinary sword could sever bodies forged from treasure-artifact materials.

"Come on! Weren't you acting so tough? Be tough now!"

Hui Zi charged forward and threw a heavy punch at Zeng Kehan's bamboo hat.

Although Zeng Kehan's sword had left sparks flying from Hui Zi's body and deep cuts across his joints, that was already the greatest damage he could inflict.

Without spiritual energy, living artifacts whose bodies rivaled treasured artifacts were virtually invincible.

Crack!

The bamboo hat shattered under Hui Zi's punch.

Zeng Kehan dodged the fist itself, but more than a dozen others fearlessly swarmed him. Some hugged his legs, others pinned down his arms, and several grabbed his hair, pulling it loose until it hung in complete disformation.

'Damn it! When have I ever suffered such humiliation?'

His eyes widened in fury as he prepared to unleash his spiritual energy.

But the moment he had the thought, he sensed Mount Shu's grand formation locking onto him.

The instant he used spiritual energy, Mount Shu's cultivators would immediately come to investigate.

He wasn't a disciple of Verdant Cloud Sect. He had secretly stowed away aboard the sect's flying ship to reach Mount Shu.

Drawing Mount Shu's attention now would only create endless trouble. Not only would he be subjected to a strict investigation, he would also implicate Verdant Cloud Sect.

'Damn it... I'm about to embarrass myself in front of my future son-in-law!'

He shuddered.

Terrified that Lu You might recognize him, Zeng Kehan didn't dodge Hui Zi's next punch.

Instead, the instant his bamboo hat broke, he deliberately thrust his own face toward the incoming fist.

Bang!

His nose and mouth exploded with blood.

His lips and eye sockets immediately swelled, twisting his entire face beyond recognition.

Borrowing the force of the punch, he deliberately flew backward, crashing out of the encirclement.

"Kid, these guys are living artifacts! Without spiritual energy, blades can't hurt them. Let's get out of here!"

As he spoke, Zeng Kehan reached to pull Lu You away.

But Lu You merely sidestepped him.

Using his identity token, he opened his storage ring and pulled out... a meteor hammer.

"Boss, I recorded it!"

Evil Eye cackled wickedly inside Lu You's mind.

"I know what that old man's real face looks like now. He'd rather take a punch than reveal his appearance. Just who is he?"

Lu You quietly replied, "He might be one of Zeng Yan's elders. Even if he isn't, he doesn't seem to have any ill intentions."

Back in the spiritual energy sucking secret realm, Lu You had already crushed several treasured artifacts with his bare hands.

At this point, every movement of his body carried the might of a Golden Core cultivator. Even if he charged in empty-handed, he could smash these living artifacts to pieces.

After all, living artifacts couldn't use spiritual energy either. Their material alone wasn't enough to withstand the physical strength of someone with Golden Core-level power.

But doing that would attract far too much attention.

That was why Lu You took out a hollow meteor hammer—to disguise his true strength.

"Meteor hammer!"

Zeng Kehan's jaw nearly hit the floor when he saw Lu You's weapon.

In the entire cultivation world, there was practically no cultivator who used a meteor hammer.

Once cultivators reached the Golden Core realm, they mastered telekinetic weapon control. Every weapon could be wielded from a distance, making the meteor hammer's chain completely redundant. Furthermore, every weapon could be infused with spiritual energy, so the slight increase in destructive power provided by a meteor hammer was meaningless. On top of that, the smaller the weapon, the faster it flew.

To Golden Core cultivators and above, the meteor hammer was nothing more than a joke.

As for cultivators below the Golden Core realm, it was even more useless.

The heavier the weapon, the more spiritual energy it consumed.

Cultivators didn't fight like mortals. The clash of weapons was actually a clash of spiritual energy. Simply having a larger, heavier weapon didn't allow one to overpower an opponent.

If your spiritual energy wasn't sufficient, a single swing of a giant hammer could easily be blocked by an opponent who merely infused spiritual energy into a longsword. The energy required to reinforce a sword was

minimal, but covering an entire meteor hammer and its long chain consumed more than ten times as much spiritual energy.

'You're clearly a talisman master, so why are you pulling out a giant hammer? And of all things, why practice with a hammer? Didn't you waste all that cultivation time for nothing?'

Zeng Kehan sighed in disappointment.

Even if Lu You possessed tremendous physical strength and an extraordinary amount of spiritual energy, allowing him to swing a meteor hammer with ease, it would only give him an advantage before reaching the Golden Core realm.

Once he reached Golden Core, he'd have to start over with an entirely new weapon.

It was a complete waste of both talent and time....

Wait.

Zeng Kehan's eyes suddenly lit up.

Living artifacts were nearly immune to ordinary swords.

But a meteor hammer was different!

Since no one could use spiritual energy here, the battle had essentially become a fight between mortals. As long as the weapon was heavy enough, it didn't matter whether the opponent's body was a treasured artifact or a magical artifact.

If the hammer landed, it would smash them to pieces.

"Hahaha! This idiot actually pulled out a giant hammer! You think we're afraid of a hammer?"

Hui Zi and the dozen or so living artifacts around him burst into laughter.

"What a country bumpkin. He actually thinks the cultivation world works like the mortal world, where heavier weapons automatically win. Doesn't he know cultivators compete through spiritual energy and the skill of using it? Weapons are merely extensions of spiritual energy, it doesn't matter whether they're big or small."

Pang Zichuan shook his feather fan, his eyes filled with disdain.

No wonder Fairy Xiao was so irritated by this fool.

Actually... that made sense. Only an idiot like this could manage to anger someone like Fairy Xiao.

"Haha... haha..."

As Hui Zi laughed, his expression suddenly froze.

Wait a second.

Outside Chang'an City, living artifacts could still use spiritual energy.

Of course they wouldn't fear a hammer.

But here...

Inside Chang'an City...

No one could use spiritual energy.

The look of contempt on Pang Zichuan's face also stiffened.

Why the hell would this idiot specialize in a hammer?

Without spiritual energy, living artifacts are actually hard-countered by it!

Whoosh!

Lu You didn't bother waiting for them to finish reacting.

The enormous meteor hammer roared through the air and slammed directly into Hui Zi.

After tempering his bones, Lu You's full-powered swing was equivalent to the all-out strike of a Golden Core cultivator.

Splat!

Hui Zi's frozen smile was instantly replaced by... nothing.

He was smashed into a flat pancake of flesh.

The bits of metal and mechanical components inside his body burst outward with a series of clanks and rattles, scattering broken parts all across the ground.

"Brother Hui!"

"My heavens! Brother Hui got flattened!"

"Oh no! Brother Hui's dead!"

The flattened lump of flesh on the ground twitched slightly before an exasperated voice came from within.

"He can't destroy my core without spiritual energy! I'm not dead!" Hui Zi roared furiously.

Although he had survived, he was now nothing more than a pile of mangled flesh and scrap metal.

Without Pang Zichuan reforging him, there was no way he could rejoin the fight.

"All of you, attack together! Rush him at once!"

"Damn it! Let's see how long he can keep swinging that meteor hammer!"

No one understood the terrifying power of that last swing better than Hui Zi himself.

Such overwhelming force...

And without using even a trace of spiritual energy...

How many times could Lu You possibly keep swinging a weapon that heavy?

The other cultivators all turned to look at Pang Zichuan.

Pang Zichuan gently waved his feather fan and pointed at Lu You.

"That last strike must have drained all your strength, hasn't it? Now, even if you apologize, it's too late. Since you've destroyed one of my living artifacts, you'll compensate me... by becoming one yourself."

. . .

In the distance, Xiao Yue and several female guards stood atop the city wall, watching the battle between Pang Zichuan and Lu You from afar.

"Miss," one of the guards whispered, "one of Pang Zichuan's living artifacts has been destroyed. He's furious now. He might really turn that cultivator into a living artifact. Shouldn't we intervene?"

Creating a living artifact required the cultivator's voluntary consent.

Otherwise, it was considered an act that violated the natural order and would brand the perpetrator as a demonic cultivator throughout the cultivation world.

Moreover, having more living artifacts wasn't necessarily better. The stronger the cultivator, the stronger the resulting living artifact. That was why Ghost Valley Sect didn't go around slaughtering innocent people to manufacture them.

If Pang Zichuan truly turned Lu You into a living artifact, then regardless of Lu You's background, Mount Shu would punish Pang Zichuan.

"What would be the point of saving that country bumpkin?"

Xiao Yue snorted.

"We'll intervene, of course—but not to save his life."

"When Mount Shu punishes Pang Zichuan afterward, we'll step forward as witnesses and testify that the cultivator deliberately tried to murder him."

"That way, I'll earn Pang Zichuan's gratitude... and the gratitude of the entire Ghost Valley Sect."

"Isn't that far more valuable than saving some nobody?"

. . .

"Kid, don't get bogged down fighting them! They outnumber us. Let's break through and figure things out afterward!"

Zeng Kehan tore off a strip of cloth from his robe and wrapped it around his face before glaring viciously at Pang Zichuan.

"So what if he's some brat from Ghost Valley Sect? Back when I was young, I slaughtered more Ghost Valley disciples than I can count."

He had officially added Pang Zichuan to his list of enemies.

Once I get out of here, he thought, I'll feed every drop of spirit liquid I'm carrying to Zeng Yan and help her break through to the Golden Core Realm as soon as possible.

Then I'll pull a few strings through my old friends and make sure Zeng Yan gets matched against Pang Zichuan.

Foundation Establishment cultivators only fight others in Foundation Establishment. Golden Core cultivators fight Golden Core cultivators.

Zeng Kehan knew his daughter's talent well.

Combined with the few Ghost Valley Sect weaknesses he knew as a Nascent Soul cultivator, and after personally teaching Zeng Yan a few tricks...

She would beat Pang Zichuan so badly he'd be crawling away in tears.

"Alright, let's go."

Lu You nodded.

Then, carrying the meteor hammer, he charged straight into the crowd.

The next instant, the hammer blurred into countless afterimages, like meteors raining down from the heavens upon the living artifacts.

Sword Technique — Ninth-Heaven Fall Technique.

Compared to a sword, the meteor hammer was actually even better suited for the Ninth-Heaven Fall Technique.

Immediately, the area outside the city gate echoed with deafening crashes that sounded like an earthquake.

The sturdy stone road cracked beneath the impacts, dust and smoke billowing into the air.

Every swing smashed one living artifact so hard that sparks exploded from its body before it was flattened into a pancake of flesh.

In the blink of an eye, more than a dozen living artifacts were sprawled across the ground.

Not *lying* on the ground—

They had literally been spread across it like meat pancakes.

Carrying the meteor hammer, Lu You slowly walked toward Pang Zichuan.

He bent down, picked up the recording crystal that had fallen to the ground, and narrowed his eyes at Pang Zichuan, whose face had turned ashen.

"Country bumpkin," Pang Zichuan sneered, "don't think a little brute strength gives you the right to do whatever you want."

"This is Chang'an City."

"If you dare kill me, you'll pay for it with your own life."

"If you don't dare kill me, then stop showing off in front of me."

"I, Pang Zichuan, admit defeat today."

"I can even swear a binding spiritual oath that we'll let this matter end here and never pursue it again."

"But if you dare humiliate me..."

"Then once we leave Mount Shu, no matter what sect or faction you belong to..."

"I, Pang Zichuan, will hunt you down to the bitter end."

The living artifacts were never Pang Zichuan's true trump card.

Pang Zichuan was a Golden Core cultivator. Inside his storage ring were even more powerful magical artifacts, and he could also deploy large-scale

formations to amplify himself, forcibly raising his strength to the level of a pseudo-Nascent Soul cultivator.

That confidence was what allowed him to call himself a genius of the Ghost Valley Sect.

The only reason he wasn't using any of those methods now was because he was constrained by Mount Shu's barrier and couldn't break its rules.

Otherwise, Pang Zichuan was certain he could suppress Lu You on the spot.

"Humiliate you? No, no, no."

Lu You shook his head.

"I don't want to humiliate you."

"I just want you to say one sentence."

He glanced toward the distant city wall.

Although Xiao Yue and the others had hidden themselves well, Lu You had sensed both their surveillance and their hostility long ago.

Holding the recording crystal up toward Pang Zichuan, Lu You said, "I want you to apologize to me... on behalf of Xiao Yue."

"Bullshit!"

Pang Zichuan snorted.

"You think you're worthy of calling Fairy Xiao by her name?"

"How could Fairy Xiao possibly be in the wrong?"

"Tsk, tsk."

Lu You sighed dramatically.

"No matter how loudly you shout, Fairy Xiao can't hear you from here."

"What a pity."

"I really thought you'd treasure the chance to represent Xiao Yue."

As he spoke, he pointed toward Zeng Kehan, who was still standing nearby staring blankly at the field of flattened meat pancakes.

"My brother happens to share the same hobby as your Brother Hui."

"So you decide."

"Will the recording crystal capture you apologizing on Xiao Yue's behalf, or will it record my brother demonstrating his swordsmanship on you?"

Brother?

The hell am I your brother?

And since when is my swordsmanship... that kind of swordsmanship?

Zeng Kehan nearly cursed out loud.

But now wasn't the time to ruin Lu You's plan.

Although he had no idea what Lu You was trying to accomplish, he gritted his teeth, puffed out his chest, and walked over to the flattened "meat pancake" that had once been Hui Zi.

He poked it with his sword.

"What a shame."

"Such a fine toy, and now it's broken."

"But fortunately, the genius of Ghost Valley Sect is still perfectly intact."

"Hehe~~"

"If a genius of Ghost Valley Sect gets to witness my swordsmanship..."

"Even if I die afterward... It'll have been worth it."

"You— you filthy, low-born country bumpkins!"

Pang Zichuan instinctively took a step backward.

If Lu You had demanded something outrageous, Pang Zichuan had already prepared himself to go down fighting.

He would rather activate his spiritual energy, kill Lu You in violation of Mount Shu's rules, and then surrender himself afterward.

But Lu You's demand...

It was merely for him to say a single sentence on behalf of the woman he adored.

He actually thinks I can represent my goddess...

He acknowledges that one day my goddess and I will be together...

And besides...

Fairy Xiao can't hear any of this anyway.