

I Have An Infinite Cultivation Resource

Chapter 121: Mount Shu Tournament, Lu You's Divine Strength

"What happened this morning was Xiao Yue's fault. I, Pang Zichuan of the Ghost Valley Sect, hereby apologize on her behalf."

After speaking, Pang Zichuan turned to Lu You.

"Can I leave now?"

Seeing Lu You silently agree, Pang Zichuan opened his storage ring and pulled out a flat cart. He loaded the flattened bodies one by one onto it before quickly making his way back toward the city gate.

Realizing that Lu You truly intended to let him go without taking any further action, Pang Zichuan sneered inwardly.

'What a country bumpkin. He actually thinks a single recording stone can threaten me. During the tournament, I'll make sure to find you and show you what I'm really capable of.'

Only after Pang Zichuan disappeared from sight did Zeng Kehan frown and remind Lu You,

"I'm afraid Pang Zichuan won't care about that recording. He'll definitely come looking for trouble again."

After a moment's thought, he added, "Still, it's fine. Here in Chang'an City, his living magical artifact happens to be countered by your abilities. Once spiritual energy is no longer restricted, I'll personally deal with him."

Rubbing his swollen, aching face, Zeng Kehan didn't want to continue talking to Lu You, lest future meetings become even more awkward.

Turning around, he declared dramatically, "When soldiers come, generals stop them. When floods come, earth blocks them. That's enough for today. This old man shall take his leave!"

He deliberately drew out the last sentence, intending to fly away on his sword. Only then did he remember that spiritual energy couldn't be used beneath the barrier.

His face immediately darkened.

Left with no other choice, he hurried off with short, quick steps.

His grand exit was anything but impressive.

Lu You put away the recording stone and headed toward the Verdant Cloud Sect's encampment.

In the distance, Xiao Yue saw that Lu You and Pang Zichuan had actually settled the matter peacefully instead of continuing their confrontation.

Furious, she kicked the city wall.

"That Pang Zichuan is no man at all! He couldn't even deal with some country bumpkin. If he doesn't compensate me with a magical artifact to cheer me up, I'm never going on another date with him!"

She then turned to one of her female guards.

"Hey, did you see what Pang Zichuan said that got recorded by that country bumpkin?"

Because she had been too far away, Xiao Yue had seen Pang Zichuan speaking but couldn't make out what he had said.

The female guard immediately lowered her head.

"Please forgive me, Fairy. Since spiritual energy cannot be used here, I could only rely on my eyes, and I was unable to read Cultivator Pang's lips."

"Forgive you, forgive you... That's all you people ever say! You can't do anything useful!"

Xiao Yue snapped angrily.

"The sect is just as bad, assigning a bunch of useless people like you to protect me. Why don't you learn from the attendants serving Senior Sister? Look how capable they are!"

Still fuming, she stormed down from the city wall.

She didn't actually care what Pang Zichuan had said. What truly angered her was that Lu You had escaped punishment.

The female guards exchanged helpless glances.

Inside, they looked down on her immensely, but outwardly they maintained respectful expressions and quietly followed behind her.

After walking a few steps, Xiao Yue still wasn't satisfied. She turned back.

"You lot, don't just stand around doing nothing. This matter absolutely cannot end here! Otherwise, won't my reputation be dragged down by that country bumpkin?"

"Go think of a way to completely ruin his reputation. Make everyone believe that I was the one bullied by that country bumpkin—not that I made the wrong judgment."

Suddenly, her eyes lit up.

"I've got it! Find some female cultivator and have her claim that the country bumpkin molested her under the pretense of inspecting medicinal herbs. Say that she only dared report him because you all supported her."

"And spread the story that the incident with the *Polygonum multiflorum* was intentional—that he deliberately staged it to get my attention. Just a toad lusting after swan's flesh, trying to pursue me."

"As for me, I was merely upholding justice. I never gave someone like him a second thought."

. . .

After returning to the Verdant Cloud Sect's encampment, Lu You rented a cultivation room from the Mount Shu officials.

Mount Shu's rules were rather interesting.

Under the supervision of the city's barrier, no cultivator within Chang'an City was allowed to use spiritual energy.

But if spiritual energy was forbidden, how were cultivators supposed to cultivate?

Mount Shu had devised a special solution.

As long as a cultivator paid spirit stones, they could rent a private cultivation room.

Each person received their own room, and inside those cultivation rooms, the restriction was lifted, allowing cultivators to freely release spiritual energy and continue their cultivation.

Lu You placed the recording stone into the small bronze cauldron, then took out more than a dozen additional recording stones. Activating his spiritual energy, he caused over a dozen projected images to appear simultaneously throughout the cultivation room.

Picking up a blank recording stone, he erased its contents and began re-recording footage from the remaining projections.

Before long, he had produced a carefully edited recording.

Afterward, he erased and destroyed all the other recording stones, keeping only the edited one, which he stored inside the Cauldron of Cornucopia.

Having finished everything, Lu You checked out of the cultivation room.

Just then, He Shan came running over.

"Boss Lu, I've been looking everywhere for you! Senior Brother Bai told everyone to get ready. We're heading to Mount Shu's main peak immediately to participate in the sect tournament."

Putting the matter of the recording stone aside for now, Lu You followed He Shan to the Verdant Cloud Sect's formation.

Just as on the flying ship, the disciples were divided into separate groups according to their cultivation realms.

Bai Zihua was nowhere to be seen.

As the leader of the Verdant Cloud Sect delegation, he had already gone ahead to Mount Shu's main peak.

Standing before the assembled disciples, Han Tian checked everyone's names against the roster. Once the headcount was complete, he led the group out of Chang'an City and toward Mount Shu's main peak.

. . .

Mount Shu's main peak was an unimaginably vast mountain.

Simply looking at it from afar inspired awe and intimidation.

Without the use of spiritual energy, Golden Core cultivators could still manage.

But for Foundation Establishment cultivators, climbing such an enormous mountain would be extraordinarily difficult.

Han Tian addressed everyone.

"The first trial has already begun."

"There are simply too many disciples participating in this sect tournament. Mount Shu cannot possibly arrange individual matches for every participant."

"Therefore, this journey up Mount Shu serves as the tournament's first test."

"Anyone who fails to reach the summit within the allotted time will be eliminated by Mount Shu."

"What? It's that difficult?"

"The mountain is so tall! Without spiritual energy, how are we supposed to climb it? They're clearly making things impossible for Foundation Establishment cultivators!"

"Senior Brother Han, should those of us at the Foundation Establishment Realm just give up now instead of humiliating ourselves? There's no way we can climb something like this."

After hearing the announcement, the Foundation Establishment disciples from the Law Enforcement Hall and Myriad Sword Mountain remained relatively calm.

However, the disciples from the Deep Literary Pavilion and Spirit Herb Peak immediately began complaining.

One of the Spirit Herb Peak disciples spoke up, "Senior Brother Han, maybe we just shouldn't participate. Better than falling behind halfway and embarrassing ourselves. We'll stay at the encampment and wait for all of you to return victorious."

Several female disciples from Spirit Herb Peak couldn't help voicing the same concern.

After all, they specialized in alchemy and medicinal arts rather than combat, and they had never trained their physical bodies.

Without being able to use spiritual energy, climbing Mount Shu's main peak was simply impossible for them.

"I'm not telling you all this to persuade anyone to give up."

Han Tian removed the longsword from his waist.

Holding the top of its scabbard with one hand, he extended the lower end toward a Spirit Herb Peak disciple, signaling her to grab hold.

"We're all senior brothers and junior brothers of the Verdant Cloud Sect."

"Since we came here together to compete, then no one gets left behind."

"If we're going to participate in this tournament, then every single one of us will participate."

"If even one person is absent, then all of us will withdraw together."

His expression became solemn.

"Right now, I'm the elder leading the Verdant Cloud Sect delegation. My word is final."

"When I boarded the flying ship, I asked myself one question."

"As nothing more than an ordinary disciple of the Verdant Cloud Sect, what do I have that can compare with the disciples of Mount Shu, Jade Pool Sect, Ghost Valley Sect, the Blissful Buddhist Sect, and the other great powers?"

"Can we compete in cultivation resources?"

"Can we compete in cultivation techniques?"

"Can we compete in talent?"

"Can we compete in family background?"

Han Tian shook his head.

"We can't compete in any of those."

His voice grew even heavier.

"Mount Shu is renowned throughout the world."

"Whether in cultivation resources or inherited cultivation arts, they surpass our Verdant Cloud Sect by a tremendous margin."

"The disciples accepted by Mount Shu are all extraordinary talents."

"There's even a saying that anyone without at least a high-grade spiritual root cannot become a disciple of Mount Shu."

"But does that mean we're destined to lose? Does it mean that from the moment we were born, we were already inferior to them?"

Han Tian stepped onto the stone stairs of Mount Shu, taking another step upward as he reached back and pulled the Spirit Herb Peak disciple up with him.

"No."

"Are kings, nobles, generals, and ministers born to their positions?"

"We still have something to compete with."

"We still have our Dao Hearts."

Han Tian raised his voice for every disciple of the Verdant Cloud Sect to hear.

"All disciples of the Verdant Cloud Sect, hear my command!"

"During this journey up Mount Shu, we will show every sect present that although we may lack their resources, our Dao Hearts seek immortality!"

"We will never surrender."

"We will never give up."

"Every disciple of the Verdant Cloud Sect advances together and retreats together."

"If one of us is honored, all of us share that honor."

"If one of us suffers defeat, all of us bear that defeat."

"No matter who wins or loses the tournament itself, on this road leading to Mount Shu, not a single disciple of the Verdant Cloud Sect will be left behind!"

We can't compete in resources.

We can't compete in talent.

The only thing we can compete with... is our Dao Hearts.

Advance together.

Retreat together.

Share honor together.

Share hardship together.

Every disciple of the Verdant Cloud Sect felt their hearts tremble.

Indeed.

Resources.

Cultivation techniques.

Talent.

Family background.

None of those were things they had been free to choose at birth.

Losing in those areas wasn't true defeat.

Only when one's Dao Heart became weak...

Only when one's Dao Heart surrendered...

...would one be truly defeated.

A disciple from the Law Enforcement Hall stepped forward.

"Junior Brother from Spirit Herb Peak, I'm a disciple of the Law Enforcement Hall. Grab hold of my sword scabbard."

He smiled reassuringly.

"Don't worry. Even if you run out of strength, I'll drag you to the top if I have to."

Another voice rang out.

"Haha, handsome Junior Brother, this Senior Sister just advanced to the Golden Core Realm. No matter how weak I am, I can still climb Mount Shu."

She extended her hand.

"Come on, let me help you."

"Elder Han already said it—we share honor and hardship together."

"Don't be shy."

"We're one family."

Another disciple laughed.

"Come, come! Bet you didn't know—I secretly practiced body cultivation."

"Junior Brothers, get over here!"

"I can carry two of you by myself!"

Laughter spread through the group.

"Hahaha! Come on!"

"Let's give the other sects a good scare!"

"No matter how the competition ends, at least when it comes to the number of participants, our Verdant Cloud Sect won't lose a single disciple!"

The entire Verdant Cloud Sect suddenly became lively.

Those with higher cultivation helped those with lower cultivation.

Those blessed with greater physical strength paired up with those who were weaker.

Some climbed in groups of two, others in groups of three.

Supporting one another, they slowly made their way up Mount Shu, one step at a time.

Zeng Yan walked over to Lu You.

"Junior Brother, allow your Senior Sister to lend you a hand."

She reached out and intertwined her fingers with his.

Feeling their hands clasp together, Zeng Yan sighed with admiration.

"Senior Brother Han Tian's pure-hearted sincerity has actually united the Verdant Cloud Sect."

Lu You smiled.

"It's more than just sincerity."

"By insisting that we advance and retreat together, he's given everyone a reason to try."

"After all, failing together makes failure far less frightening."

"As the leading elder, Han Tian has chosen to shoulder the consequences of failure himself."

"That's why everyone is willing to fight so wholeheartedly."

Zeng Yan looked at him.

"If we all lose together... would you regret it?"

Lu You shook his head.

"No."

"Because we're not going to lose."

He tightened his grip around Zeng Yan's hand.

The next moment, he exerted a little strength with his arm.

Zeng Yan suddenly felt her body become astonishingly light.

Instead of helping Lu You climb the mountain, she found herself being effortlessly pulled upward by him.

Her eyes widened.

"What...?"

"Your strength is actually this incredible?"

Originally, she had intended to help Lu You.

Instead, the situation had been completely reversed.

Lu You blinked innocently.

"Otherwise, why do you think I forged myself a meteor hammer?"

Ever since tempering his bones, Lu You's physical body had become equivalent to constantly operating with the strength of a Golden Core cultivator's spiritual energy.

Pulling Zeng Yan up the mountain consumed less than one ten-thousandth of his total strength.

. . .

An unusual sight appeared along the path leading to Mount Shu's main peak.

One lavishly dressed team after another passed by.

Yet regardless of which sect they belonged to, people continually fell behind, collapsing onto the stone steps and gasping for breath.

Only the Verdant Cloud Sect was different.

Its disciples supported one another as they climbed.

Though their pace was incredibly slow, not a single person left the formation.

At the front of the group, Han Tian continued encouraging everyone.

"Come on, everyone!"

"Just one more section!"

Unable to use spiritual energy, Han Tian himself was already drenched in sweat.

Not only was he pulling along a physically frail Spirit Herb Peak disciple, but he also had to keep an eye on every member of the team while constantly cheering them onward.

Strangely enough, if someone fell out of the formation and sat down on the stone steps, they would become so exhausted that they no longer had the strength to stand again.

But when everyone climbed together, no matter how tired they became, there was always one last breath of determination in their hearts, forcing themselves never to sit down.

Han Tian wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"If anyone can't keep going, say so! We'll all stop and rest together!"

He had noticed that several disciples' footsteps had already become unsteady.

Those disciples smiled when they saw him looking at them.

"Senior Brother Han, don't worry."

"We can keep going!"

Then they gritted their teeth and pressed onward.

The mountain grew steeper.

The path became increasingly slippery.

Yet not a single disciple of the Verdant Cloud Sect complained.

"Which sect is that?"

Disciples from other sects couldn't help laughing when they saw the enormous group.

"Are they idiots?"

"The higher you climb, the harder it gets. They're wasting all their strength dragging those weaklings along. In the end, they'll all be eliminated anyway."

Another scoffed.

"Powerful beasts travel alone. Only cattle and sheep move in herds."

"That bunch are complete fools."

"They actually think numbers alone will get them to the summit."

"Don't they realize Mount Shu is here to select the strongest predators?"

Someone else chuckled.

"You don't understand."

"Even if they reach the top, what difference does it make?"

"Just look at their robes."

"Can you even tell which sect they're from?"

He laughed.

"A tiny, insignificant sect like theirs at least knows its place."

"If they all get eliminated together, they'll at least earn a reputation for being united."

"Otherwise, even if they somehow made it to the main tournament, they'd be beaten senseless in the very first round."

"Wouldn't that be even more embarrassing?"

As they climbed, countless cultivators overtook the Verdant Cloud Sect.

Seeing the disciples supporting one another, nearly all of them looked on with contempt.

Even those who had already fallen behind, given up, and were sitting on the steps mocked them.

"Pathetic."

"Even if I quit, I'd never drag my sect down with me."

"You useless people should be ashamed."

"Some of your members could have reached the summit, but you've held every one of them back."

Another sneered.

"Exactly."

"Who came up with this ridiculous order?"

"It's absolutely laughable."

Night gradually fell.

By then, the Verdant Cloud Sect had only reached the halfway point up the mountain.

The climb was becoming more and more difficult.

Meanwhile, Mount Shu's requirement was clear:

Only teams that reached the summit before dawn would qualify.

A female disciple from Spirit Herb Peak suddenly burst into tears.

Crying as another disciple desperately pulled her upward, she sobbed,

"Senior Brother... it's all my fault."

"If it weren't for me, you could definitely have made it to the top by yourself."

Nearby, another disciple gasped desperately for air.

His mouth opened wide as he struggled to breathe.

Tears streamed uncontrollably down his face.

His voice was filled with despair.

"Senior Brother Han..."

"I'm sorry..."

"I... I can't do it anymore..."

"I don't think I can hold on..."

Someone beside him immediately shouted,

"Don't say things like that!"

"I've still got strength left!"

"Come on!"

"I'll pull you!"

Another voice joined in.

"That's right!"

"Senior Brother Han, you didn't do anything wrong!"

He Shan—the same man who had previously bullied the weak and acted like a tyrant—was now gripping one disciple in each hand.

The veins in his neck bulged as he strained with every ounce of strength.

"Damn it!"

"If I lose, then I lose!"

"But there's no way in hell I'm letting go!"

Han Tian looked at every disciple of the Verdant Cloud Sect.

Not a single one blamed him.

His eyes couldn't help reddening.

"Everyone—"

"We're not going to lose."

Lu You, still pulling Zeng Yan along, climbed until he reached Han Tian.

Then he reached into his storage ring and took out a long iron chain.

It was the chain from his meteor hammer.

He had previously connected several chains together, making it thousands of meters long.

Holding it up, Lu You shouted, "Everyone, we still have a chance!"

"Those of you who still have strength, come to the front and grab the chain."

"Everyone else, hold on farther back."

"It'll be much easier to climb this way."

He wrapped the iron chain securely around his arm.

Without needing to hold anyone's hand anymore, he dropped to all fours and began climbing.

Using both his hands and feet, he could exert far more force.

"That's a great idea!"

"Thank goodness Lu You brought that iron chain!"

Without hesitation, everyone copied him.

They wrapped the chain around their arms or bodies and climbed on all fours, using the chain to support and pull one another upward.

Zeng Yan immediately understood what Lu You intended to do.

Looking at the countless disciples behind them, she couldn't hide the worry in her voice.

"Junior Brother..."

"Can you really manage... pulling this many people?"