

Seeking Fortune and Avoiding Evil in the Cultivation World #Chapter 11: Heaven's Favor, Another Eighth-Grade Opportunity - Read Seeking Fortune and Avoiding Evil in the Cultivation World Chapter 11: Heaven's Favor, Another Eighth-Grade Opportunity

Chapter 11 - 11: Heaven's Favor, Another Eighth-Grade Opportunity

"No way, these guys actually have so much money on them?"

"A total of thirty-five taels of silver."

Jiang Fan stepped forward and scavenged the belongings left on Zheng Wenbing and his associates, eventually finding a total of thirty-five taels of silver on them, which was quite a fortune.

Even if they were members of the Dragon King Gang, they couldn't have earned so much money.

Without a doubt, it must have been Zheng Wenbing and his group who exploited and robbed the fishermen to get this much money.

Moreover, it hadn't been long since they plundered the money, so only thirty-five taels were left.

If more time had passed, considering their extravagant spending habits, they probably would have already spent it all.

"I'm rich."

Jiang Fan was very satisfied, knowing that if he used this money to buy food, it would be enough to sustain him and his wife for several years, and quite luxuriously too.

Even if he stopped fishing, just living on savings, he could survive for a long time.

It must be said, Zheng Wenbing and his group really brought him a significant gain.

No wonder there are so many robbers in this world.

If you succeed, the gains are truly immense.

This is the so-called "three years without opening, open once and eat for three years."

However, the risks are great, and if you meet a tough opponent, it's a dead end.

Thud!

At this moment, a message resonated in the depths of his consciousness: "You expended much effort, fought a life-and-death battle, won against all odds, and killed four members of the Dragon King Gang, overcoming a deadly calamity. You have obtained one Eighth-Grade Opportunity and one hundred and fifty Luck Points."

Upon sensing this message, Jiang Fan immediately knew it was his Life Chart at work.

Having overcome this calamity, his destiny skyrocketed.

"An Eighth-Grade Opportunity?"

Jiang Fan concentrated and clicked on the opportunity point in his consciousness, and a stream of information flowed in.

"In three days, at noon, go to the reed area of Yunmeng Lake to obtain the Eighth-Grade Opportunity."

Sensing this information, Jiang Fan immediately knew where it was — near Osmanthus Village, in the lake area, covered with reeds but seldom visited by people.

After all, there were few fish in that area.

Fishermen naturally didn't want to go to such places, they were all busy making a living, so who would go there?

However, going to that place at noon three days later could yield an Eighth-Grade Opportunity, which made him very expectant.

Because the previous Eighth-Grade Opportunity had benefitted him greatly, although he didn't know what kind of opportunity this one was.

"Oh no, wolves are coming."

At that moment, Jiang Fan's expression changed; he heard the howling of wolves coming from the distant forest.

His acute Five Senses were warning him of imminent danger, as if every pore on his body was open.

He knew very well that the forest nearby was home to many wild wolves.

Some fishermen passing through occasionally encountered wolf packs and were then devoured by them.

If he got surrounded by many wolves, he wouldn't stand a chance either.

Whoosh!

Thinking of this, Jiang Fan didn't hesitate, taking the thirty-five taels of silver from Zheng Wenbing's body, and grabbing the sack of food, he immediately ran toward Osmanthus Village.

He didn't even have time to deal with the corpses here.

However, the sudden arrival of this pack of wolves was also a blessing, as they might help him deal with these four corpses.

This way, it saved him a lot of effort in disposing of bodies.

Running all the way, after a full hour, Jiang Fan finally saw the familiar houses of Osmanthus Village, and he immediately breathed a sigh of relief; at least back here, there would be no danger.

Boom~~

At this moment, the sky was overcast, and heavy rain poured down.

Rain fell like buckets of water, continuously washing the earth.

Shortly after Jiang Fan left, more than a dozen wild wolves emerged from the forest, drawn by the scent of blood, they found the four human corpses on the ground.

Their eyes glowed green as they excitedly pounced on the corpses, frantically tearing and munching, the scene a bloody mess — they treated the flesh as their dinner for the night.

Meanwhile, the heavy rain washed down, erasing all traces on the earth.

Whether footprints or blood, they vanished without a trace under the deluge.

It seemed as if some mysterious force erased all traces.

But Jiang Fan didn't know that such things had occurred.

He just felt that he was lucky, having just returned to Osmanthus Village before the heavy rain started.

If he had been a bit later, he might have been drenched like a drowned rat.

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In the brick house of the Jiang Family in Osmanthus Village.

It was now evening, with the sun setting in the west.

Su Weiwei had already prepared the meal, the table set with steaming dishes, though she hadn't touched a bite; instead, she kept getting up to look out the window.

Obviously, she was waiting for Jiang Fan to return.

Even though she knew Jiang Fan had become a Skin Tempering Realm Martial Artist, increasing his strength substantially.

But the outside world was chaotic, who knew what might happen?

Every time he went out, it was a risk.

She remained anxious and worried until Jiang Fan returned.

Knock knock knock!!!

At that moment, a rhythmic knocking came from the door.

Su Weiwei had long locked the door.

It could only be opened from the inside.

"Who is it?"

Su Weiwei did not open the door; instead, she picked up the sharp silver kitchen knife in her hand with much caution.

She knew sometimes it might not be her husband knocking, but a stranger.

If she recklessly opened the door, who knew what could happen.

Sometimes, crooks might pretend to be villagers to trick people inside to open the door.

Once the door was opened, it could spell disaster.

"Weiwei, it's me."

Jiang Fan's voice came from outside.

"It's you, brother."

Hearing this, Su Weiwei was overjoyed, but she still remained cautious, not opening the door immediately. Instead, she looked through the peephole and saw Jiang Fan's figure, with a large bag of grain on his back, as well as various supplies bought from Tonghe County.

Seeing this, she quickly opened the door, ushered Jiang Fan inside, then swiftly locked the door.

"Great, you're finally back. Do you know how worried I was about you?"

"But why do you have blood on you?"

Su Weiwei was ecstatic but also very observant. She immediately noticed the bloodstains on Jiang Fan, which startled her.

Undoubtedly, the journey was far more dangerous than expected.

"It's nothing, just encountered some bandits on the road, and I dealt with them."

Jiang Fan spoke lightly, not intending to elaborate on the events.

After all, what he did to Zheng Wenbing's men was significant. If exposed, it would surely enrage the Dragon King Gang.

Even though Su Weiwei wouldn't reveal this matter, if she knew, she would undoubtedly worry greatly.

And she might not be able to handle such psychological pressure.

Better to avoid unnecessary trouble.

Chapter 12 - 12 Su Weiwei's Special Constitution

What?!

Upon these words, Su Weiwei's eyes turned red, and tears as large as beans welled up incessantly.

She knew things weren't as simple as her man claimed.

If anyone from the village encountered robbers, which of them could safely return?

For Jiang Fan to come back alive, the peril he faced was beyond imagination.

No wonder the villagers would rather pay a high price to buy food from the fish cage than go to Tonghe County.

The dangers along the way were truly immense.

"Don't cry. Didn't I come back safe and sound?"

"It's just a small matter."

"Look at what I brought back today."

"So much food is enough for us to eat for several weeks."

"And I bought chicken and pork; it's been a long time since you had any meat, right?"

Jiang Fan reached out and gently wiped away the tears from her fair, smooth face. He opened the burlap sack on the ground, revealing the food he had bought in Tonghe County today. He wanted to change the subject.

"Brother, next time let's not go to Tonghe County."

"Just buy from the fish cage directly; it's a bit pricey, but it's safer."

Su Weiwei said with red eyes. She couldn't imagine that if Jiang Fan were to die, she might not survive either and would surely follow him.

"Alright, alright, we will buy from the fish cage from now on."

Jiang Fan nodded in agreement, just agreeing to appease her for the time being.

Hearing this, Su Weiwei felt significantly relieved. Although this time was indeed very hazardous, since her man truly survived, he should just be more careful next time.

She looked at Jiang Fan and continued, "Brother, I've already heated a bucket of hot water in the bathroom. You must be tired after your journey. Why don't you wash up first and then come eat?"

To be honest, she wanted to clean the blood-stained clothes thoroughly. Wearing them again would be quite inauspicious.

"In that case, why don't we wash together?"

Jiang Fan looked at Su Weiwei with fiery eyes. For some reason, ever since cultivating the Soaring Snake Technique, he felt his inner fire growing stronger.

Especially after this bloody battle, his inner fire reached its peak.

Facing such a stunning beauty as Su Weiwei, he simply couldn't restrain himself.

"Ah?"

Upon hearing this, Su Weiwei's face flushed red, and her charming eyes revealed a pool of tender emotion, like a ripe peach, exuding an irresistible allure.

At sixteen, she wasn't considered a little girl in the countryside.

She already knew what she needed to know.

Before, due to Father Jiang and Jiang's Mother's deaths, plus Jiang Fan's illness, the two had never consummated their marriage.

But now her man had recovered, so everything was perfectly normal.

Thinking of this, she gently nodded and made a sound of agreement.

It seemed this one sound used up all her courage.

"Alright."

Jiang Fan was instantly delighted, lifting Su Weiwei around her waist, feeling her burning, radiant body.

For a moment, the lights flickered within the room.

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The next morning, as the sun rose high.

After a night of exhaustion, Jiang Fan and Su Weiwei only woke up now.

"Husband,"

"How come it's so late?"

"I-I'll get up and make food now."

Su Weiwei's face blushed slightly as she curled up in Jiang Fan's arms, shyly recalling last night's events.

She hadn't expected to consummate her marriage with her husband so soon.

But this feeling wasn't bad at all.

However, realizing how late it was, she hastily tried to get up.

But as soon as she tried, her body went limp, and she fell back into Jiang Fan's arms, unable to muster any strength.

"It's okay, it's just one meal, we won't starve."

"There are still some leftovers from last night; I'll heat them up soon. No need to rush."

"Just rest a bit."

Jiang Fan embraced Su Weiwei tenderly.

After all, it was normal for his wife to feel a little discomfort after experiencing such events for the first time.

However, he was surprised at Su Weiwei's physique.

During their consummation, a coolness continuously flowed from her body.

This seemed to significantly enhance his own energy and vitality.

Consequently, his cultivation progress had improved by leaps and bounds, edging closer to the Refining Flesh Realm.

He was curious about Su Weiwei's unique constitution.

To be honest, given this world has extraordinary powers like Martial Artists and the Life Chart, other unusual occurrences wouldn't be surprising.

Boom~

At this moment, he focused his mind and opened his virtual panel.

[Name: Jiang Fan]

[Life Chart: Great Blessings Equal to Heaven, Attribute: Survive great calamities, there must be future blessings]

[Lifespan: 60]

[Luck Points: 150]

[Cultivation Technique: Soaring Snake Technique (Incomplete), First Layer]

[Skills: Fishing (Beginner) +]

[Realm: Skin Tempering Realm (70%)]

Without a doubt, he guessed correctly; his martial arts cultivation had indeed improved significantly.

In just one night, he made astonishing progress.

"Although luck points can help enhance my Martial Arts Realm,"

"if I practice diligently or obtain other opportunities, I can also improve my Martial Arts Realm."

"It would also save the use of luck points."

Jiang Fan's eyes flickered as he pondered how to use his luck points.

He was still some distance from reaching the second layer of the Soaring Snake Technique, which might require two hundred luck points for the advancement.

Thus, enhancing his martial arts cultivation further.

Currently, he had one hundred fifty luck points, which meant he only needed a bit more.

However, he might also use them to improve his skills.

This way, his fishing skills would also improve.

Yet, he believed his martial arts cultivation was more crucial. Enhancing fishing skills could wait; they weren't his most immediate need.

"Mm."

Upon hearing this, Su Weiwei gently nodded, feeling very heartened, especially lying against this man's firm chest, feeling a sense of solid security.

If life continued like this, it would be wonderful.

After resting with Su Weiwei for a while, Jiang Fan got up to wash.

Although he wasn't good at cooking, there was plenty of leftover food from last night, which he could heat up.

After all, it was just from the previous night.

Soon enough.

The food was warm and ready.

Su Weiwei also got up from bed, wearing a ruqun, her face slightly red, eyes glimmering like a pool of spring water, her figure graceful, alluring, like a fully ripened peach.

Now she increasingly displayed mature charm.

Like a carved raw stone exuding the brilliance of a jewel.

Watching this scene, Jiang Fan couldn't help but feel restless, his blood boiling, her being truly an extraordinary beauty, undeniably his wife.

At this moment, sudden cries came from outside, seemingly spreading throughout the entire Osmanthus Village.

Chapter 13 - 13 Forced Buying and Selling

"What happened?"

At this moment, Jiang Fan and Su Weiwei exchanged glances, both feeling that something serious must have happened; otherwise, the crying wouldn't be so mournful.

Thinking of this, Jiang Fan suppressed the ripples in his heart and walked out of the house.

He saw a black coffin unexpectedly placed at the entrance of the Meng Family not far away.

Uncle Meng's wife, Sister-in-law Meng, was wearing white mourning clothes, her eyes red and kneeling on the ground crying.

Her son, Meng Tie, was also kneeling on the ground, clenching his fists, his face full of tears.

However, more than that was anger and hatred.

The surrounding neighbors also came out one after another, their expressions numb, feeling a shared sorrow for the loss, deeply grieving.

"Uncle Meng died?"

Seeing this scene, Jiang Fan was shocked, the entire Meng Family was dressed in mourning clothes, and recalling what happened the day before yesterday, the outcome was self-evident.

"Alas, Old Meng really had it rough, being badly beaten by the Dragon King Gang, severely injured. We thought he could pull through, but he died because he couldn't afford the medical expenses due to his severe injuries."

Song Fugui sighed helplessly.

Originally, Uncle Meng didn't have to die if he could get proper treatment.

But the money of the Meng Family had long been taken away by the Dragon King Gang, no medical expenses left.

As a result, Uncle Meng, unable to afford treatment, could only go home to recuperate.

Then, in just one night, he died because of his severe injuries.

A human life, in this era, is so cheap, like an ant.

"Old Meng worked hard all his life, got up early and stayed up late for fishing, braving the elements, tirelessly every day, yet only earned a few taels of silver. But the bastards of the Dragon King Gang wanted even that little money, and even beat Old Meng to death."

"Those bastards from the Dragon King Gang really deserve to die."

"Shut up, if those from the Dragon King Gang hear us, what good will it do us?"

"Just saying, could that lead to disaster too?"

"Heh, do you really think those from the Dragon King Gang care about reasoning?"

"Alas, let's not talk about it, let's not talk about it."

The villagers of Osmanthus Village discussed animatedly, each with a sorrowful, helpless look.

They also wanted to help Old Meng's family, but alas they were powerless.

"This."

Hearing this, Jiang Fan clenched his fists, feeling a surge of sadness. This is the plight of the poor in chaotic times; a single accident can destroy their home and ruin them.

Uncle Meng did nothing wrong; he was just an honest, stuttering fisherman, working hard all his life.

Yet it was only because of the greed of the Dragon King Gang that led to his death.

Zheng Wenbing really deserved to die and should be torn apart.

Fortunately, that guy was already slain by me, and even his corpse fed to the wild wolves.

I hope Uncle Meng's spirit in heaven could find some solace.

"The Old Meng Family is now only left with a widow and a child; the days ahead will be tough."

"Yeah, they might not even be able to pay next month's monthly salary."

"Without Old Meng, the veteran fisherman, how much fish can they catch? Can the young Meng Tie manage?"

"If they can't pay, there might be another beating."

"Sigh, we're all villagers here; if we can help, we should."

"You heartless one, still wanting to give money to Qian Laomeng's family, when we don't even have grain at home. Trying to play the good guy, do you want to starve our family?"

"I didn't mean that; I can't afford money, but a few pieces of flatbread could be a token of goodwill."

"Yes, we've been neighbors for dozens of years."

The villagers discussed animatedly, negotiating how much money to give.

Jiang Fan listened quietly on the side. Although he still had a lot of money on him, he wouldn't play the fool.

The Meng Family indeed was pitiable and lived very hard.

But isn't everyone struggling in this world? Who isn't pitiful?

If he exposes his wealth, it might not be a good thing.

Rather, it might bring unforeseen disasters.

Staying unremarkable and blending in was the best way to live in Osmanthus Village.

Now, he couldn't do anything; being able to take care of his small family was his limit.

At this moment, each villager went forward to pay respects to Uncle Meng and gave some token money.

Jiang Fan also stepped forward, following the crowd.

"Thank you, thank you."

Meng Tie knelt on the ground, his gaze empty, seemingly in utter despair.

He mechanically repeated thanks.

I guess he hadn't recovered from the blow of his father's death.

"Alas."

Seeing this, Jiang Fan couldn't help but feel a twinge of sorrow in his heart.

There was a time when Meng Tie was also a high-spirited young man, who said he planned to learn martial arts and become a renowned hero.

But now, it had come to this.

And this scene made Jiang Fan even more determined to gain powerful strength.

In these chaotic times, all skills are worthless.

No matter how much money you earn, it's meaningless, all temporary.

If there's no powerful strength, none of this can be safeguarded.

It would just be making wedding clothes for others.

So, the Luck Points on him couldn't be spent recklessly; they could only be used to improve his martial arts power.

After paying respects to Uncle Meng, Jiang Fan walked out from the Meng Family.

"Xiaojiang, have you thought over that matter from last time?"

"Are you considering selling me your Upturned Boat?"

At this moment, a young man, covered in spots, around twenty-five or six years old, approached; his attire was casually put together, looking very nonchalant.

He was none other than the infamous idler of Osmanthus Village—Guo Mazi.

This person wasted his days idling in the village, living by stealing and pilfering.

Yet, he was quite sociable and familiar with some members of the Dragon King Gang.

So even though he was detested by both man and ghost in the village, not many dared to offend him.

He came directly in front of Jiang Fan.

"No need, my family's Upturned Boat is not for sale."

Jiang Fan shook his head firmly.

It's worth noting that his family's Upturned Boat was bought with the accumulation of three generations, quite valuable.

For fishermen, boats are their livelihood, practically essential.

Some fishermen, due to poverty, can only rent boats from the Dragon King Gang, facing further exploitation.

They barely make ends meet.

But for fishermen who own a boat, it's entirely different. They avoid the Dragon King Gang's exploitation, earning much more than other fishermen.

If not driven to absolute poverty, no fisherman would possibly sell their means of livelihood.

If that were all, it would be fine. But this Guo Mazi, utterly despicable, wanted to buy his Upturned Boat at the price of a simple boat, practically daylight robbery.

"Oh, it's rumored that your family's money has long been exhausted."

"If this month's fishing yields no results, you won't even be able to pay next month's monthly salary."

"And I've offered a very high price."

"After all, your family's Upturned Boat has been in use for so many years, old and ragged, it can't fetch a high price at all."

"If not for considering you as a fellow villager, I wouldn't have offered such a high price."

"If next month, the Dragon King Gang comes, and you can't pay the monthly salary."

"The price won't be the same."

Guo Mazi spoke with a tone laced with threats.

Chapter 14 - 14: Must Practice Martial Arts

"That's not something you need to worry about."

"Anyway, I'll have a way when the time comes."

Jiang Fan was too lazy to argue with Guo Mazi, this guy wanted to threaten him, he was simply out of his mind.

If there weren't villagers around, he would've slapped this insidious fellow to death by now.

What?!

Upon hearing this, Guo Mazi was shocked; he didn't expect Jiang Fan would become so bold now.

If it were before, this guy would definitely be scared into submission and not dare to say anything.

But now, he completely disregards him, appearing confident.

Does this guy have the money to pay the monthly salary?

That's why he doesn't care about his threats?!

The problem is where does this guy get so much money, could Uncle Jiang have left so much money even after he's dead?

If that's the case, it's quite normal for him to be so confident.

"I see."

"Since you don't need it, Xiaojiang, I won't insist."

"After all, who in Osmanthus Village doesn't know I'm always ready to lend a helping hand."

"If you want to sell the Upturned Boat later, feel free to come to me, the price is negotiable."

Guo Mazi quickly shifted gears, without lingering longer, and promptly left.

Being someone who bullies the weak and fears the strong, seeing things can't be done, he didn't insist.

However, he wouldn't give up, for an Upturned Boat is worth a good amount of money when sold.

Who knows how long these earnings could afford him a nice lifestyle; he was determined to get it.

"Tch, Guo Mazi is just full of bad intentions."

"He's always tricking others into selling their boats, it's simply outrageous."

"It's said this kid often takes villagers to the Fish Cage's casino to gamble, even gamble their lives away."

"To pay off debts, they are forced to sell their boats, and finally, they drown themselves."

"You must not fall for this kid's trap, he specializes in predatory deals."

At this moment, Zhao Ziqiang saw the scene, stepped forward to remind.

He's always disliked Guo Mazi, who was a plague in Osmanthus Village.

However, Guo Mazi was familiar with the Dragon King Gang, and with backing, no one could do anything to him.

"Yeah, this kid does no good but all sorts of evil, sooner or later he will perish."

Song Fugui also agreed, grumblingly speaking.

He didn't dare to badmouth someone face to face, but he was bold enough to curse a few times seeing the person leave.

He was also very displeased with Guo Mazi's behavior.

"Uncle Zhao, Uncle Song, I understand, I won't fall for his tricks."

Jiang Fan nodded.

He knew these two uncles cared about him and worried about him being deceived.

However, having lived two lives, he was naturally aware of Guo Mazi's thoughts.

With a farewell to the neighbors, Jiang Fan returned home quickly and shut the door.

"Husband, I didn't expect Uncle Meng to die too."

Su Weiwei sighed, she always felt like everyone around her was leaving, but she was helpless.

This world is just too hard.

"Nothing we can do, people have unpredictable fortunes and misfortunes, and the sky unpredictable storms."

"We can only take care of ourselves."

Jiang Fan hugged Su Weiwei, comforting her.

"Yeah."

Su Weiwei nodded; she was also a tough person, only a bit sentimental seeing familiar people leave.

After comforting her for a moment, Jiang Fan went to an empty room.

This empty room was his training room.

Although using the power of Luck Points can quickly enhance Martial Arts Cultivation, daily hard training is indispensable.

Only this way can he become more familiar with the power of his own body.

Soaring Snake Breathing Technique!

In an instant, Jiang Fan stood still, recollecting the content of the Soaring Snake Technique.

At this moment, his pulse and heart seemed to begin to beat slowly.

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale...

At this moment, Jiang Fan instantly entered the state of cultivation, as if he became a Soaring Snake.

With the process of breathing, mysterious substances between heaven and earth permeated every pore on his body, turning into cloud snakes roaming every corner of his body.

This world exists beyond ordinary martial artists because there is a vast amount of mysterious energy between heaven and earth.

And the breathing techniques in Martial Arts Techniques can resonate with heaven and earth, devouring these mysterious substances.

That's why Martial Arts Techniques are essential.

Many martial arts schools and noble families regard cultivation techniques as heirlooms.

If not for an enormous price, it would be impossible to obtain a book on Martial Arts Cultivation.

So Jiang Fan being able to obtain a top Martial Arts Cultivation technique for free is indeed a tremendous fortune, a rare encounter.

Rumble~~

Instantly, as Jiang Fan entered the state, the air around him seemed to form clouds and fog, condensing into material form, transforming into Soaring Snakes, continually roaming in his body's depths.

At this moment, he seemed like an ancient mythical Soaring Snake, riding clouds and fog.

Meanwhile, his skin gained full tempering from the mysterious substances, becoming more resilient and smooth.

For a while, he completely lost track of time, immersed in cultivation.

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At this moment, Song Fugui also returned home, looking sullen.

His wife Li Sufen saw him like this, frowned, and expressed discontent: "What's going on? Old Meng died, and you look so worried? You're no stranger to seeing villagers dead."

"Ah, the grief over others' loss."

"Old Meng worked hard all his life, but in the end, he was beaten to death."

"Being a fisherman for life, incapable of rising, unable to gain wealth, only to be bullied."

"Still need to practice martial arts."

Song Fugui lamented.

Undoubtedly, Old Meng's death not only disturbed Jiang Fan but also greatly shook Song Fugui, erasing his inner persistence completely.

"What do you mean? You intend to have our son learn martial arts?"

"But do you know how expensive martial arts school is, at least ten taels of silver for tuition."

"If he really makes a name for himself, even several dozen taels of silver can't cover it."

"Learning martial arts is something a fisherman can't even consider."

"Most importantly, where will you find such wealth?"

Li Sufen instantly understood her husband's thoughts.

But she found it too difficult.

The saying goes, money rules the hero.

As fishermen, supporting oneself is already incredibly challenging.

Let alone spending big to learn martial arts.

And there's no guarantee of success.

If their son, Song Wangcai, lacks talent, then all the money is wasted.

As underprivileged folks, one can gamble only once.

If it fails, they face ruin, making it so hard to turn the tide.

"Don't worry about this, leave it to me."

"Without strength, all the money earned will be snatched away by the Dragon King Gang."

"I must have my son learn martial arts."

Song Fugui's face turned gloomy, he had made up his mind completely.

Chapter 15 - 15: Eighth-Grade Opportunity

Another two days passed.

Jiang Fan and Su Weiwei stayed at home, deeply enamored with each other, as they had just consummated their marriage and were brimming with the energy of youth. Both of them savored this new intimacy.

At the same time, they had several weeks of food stored at home, so there was no need to worry about sustenance.

However, on this day, he expended a lot of energy to finally pull himself out of the comfort of the bed.

Because his Eighth-Grade Opportunity was about to arrive.

If he missed this time, he would likely miss the Eighth-Grade Opportunity altogether.

No matter the reluctance, he had to get up.

"At noon, in the reed area of Yunmeng Lake, I wonder what kind of opportunity it will be?"

Jiang Fan was full of anticipation.

He bid farewell to Su Weiwei and left home, heading to the dock of Osmanthus Village.

Basically, the villagers of Osmanthus Village moor their fishing boats at the dock.

It didn't take long for Jiang Fan to find an upturned boat that hadn't been used for a long time, then he headed towards the reed area.

As a child of a fishing family, mastering the fishing boat was a skill learned from a young age, so he was very familiar with it.

Especially now that he was a Skin Tempering Realm Martial Artist, handling the boat became even easier.

"Oh, is that Jiang Family Boy? Coming fishing?"

"Isn't that to be expected? Even if Old Jiang left a lot of property, you can't just sit around eating until it's gone."

"It's said that Jiang Family Boy was sick for several days and rested at home for a while. Now that he's recovered, naturally he wants to fish; after all, without fishing, there's no food."

"Coming out to fish at this time isn't a good idea."

"But it's better than sitting at home doing nothing and running out of resources."

"That's true. Coming out might even result in a good catch."

Many fishermen noticed Jiang Fan. After all, Osmanthus Village wasn't large, and everyone was quite familiar with each other.

However, they only exchanged a few words casually.

After all, they also needed to venture deep into Yunmeng Lake to catch a substantial amount of fish. There wasn't time to delay.

At noon, with the sun high in the sky,

Jiang Fan maneuvered his upturned boat into the reed area, where the lake was densely filled with reeds.

Apart from him, there were basically no other fishermen around.

"Hmm?!"

It was at this moment that Jiang Fan's heart stirred, as if he saw something.

He noticed at first glance a vast amount of fresh blood in the reed area, staining that patch thoroughly.

As he maneuvered the upturned boat over, he immediately saw a corpse dressed in black clothes.

The deceased appeared to be in his forties or fifties, of small stature, with numerous knife wounds and sword marks on his body.

His eyes were wide open, filled with terror and unwillingness, clearly a restless death.

Although he didn't know who this person was, there was undoubtedly a treasure left on the body.

"Could this be the Eighth-Grade Opportunity?"

Jiang Fan was truly astounded, even though it wasn't the first time, he remained deeply amazed.

His Life Chart was truly unusual, allowing him to foresee future opportunities, which was simply inconceivable.

If he hadn't come at that time, to that place, he definitely wouldn't have obtained the opportunity.

Thinking of this, he maneuvered the upturned boat closer, flipped over the corpse, and quickly found a black package on it, stuffed full.

He sat on the upturned boat and opened the black package.

Immediately, he discovered thirty taels of silver inside; besides that, there were many bottles and jars, seemingly filled with special concoctions, though he didn't know what they were.

Finally, there were two secret manuals.

One on the Disguise Technique, and one on Cao's Poison Scripture.

Although Jiang Fan was quite curious about the origins of these items, he knew this wasn't a place to linger.

It was obvious that the corpse hadn't been dead long.

Moreover, the body was covered in knife wounds and sword marks.

Clearly, the individual had been hunted down by enemies.

If he stayed there, he might encounter enemies.

Thinking of this, Jiang Fan didn't hesitate, and quickly left the reed area with the upturned boat.

Boom~~

Just as Jiang Fan left the reed area not long ago, a giant black fish appeared from the depths of the lake, as large as a whale, pitch black, exuding a fierce aura.

It had caught the scent of blood in the lake and swam over instantaneously, like a deep-sea monster.

Thud!

Immediately, the monstrous fish breached the surface and swallowed the corpse in one gulp, as if devouring a light snack at lunch, then diving back into the depths, sauntering away.

The corpse seemed to have vanished without a trace in this place.

Without a doubt, if Jiang Fan had arrived a moment later, the corpse and the Eighth-Grade Opportunity would have disappeared without a trace.

If he had arrived too early, he wouldn't have encountered the corpse.

After a while, a black warship appeared on the lake, bearing the Court's banner.

Standing on it was a group of soldiers clad in Court attire.

Each of them exuded murderous intent, wielding sharp swords, closely watching the movements on the lake.

They could be described as elite, not to be underestimated.

Leading them was Tonghe County's County Captain, Feng Hao, the second-in-command only to the County Magistrate, a Bone Forging Realm Martial Artist.

His strength was truly exceptional.

"Lord Feng, we have already dispatched quite a few people to investigate the nearby lake."

"But there has been no sign of the Flower Thief, Cao Jun."

One governmental constable immediately reported.

"Keep searching."

"That Cao Jun fell into our ambush, severely wounded, he can't have gone far."

"If he really escapes, catching him next time will be nearly impossible."

"That guy won't fall for it a second time."

County Captain Feng Hao said solemnly.

The infamous Flower Thief Cao Jun had wreaked havoc across the martial world for decades.

Countless women from noble families had fallen victim to his cruelty.

However, his ancestry traced back to the Poison Doctor, Cao Yi, making him exceptionally skilled in poisons and adept in disguise.

Once he eluded capture and disguised himself as another person, it became impossible to track him down.

Thanks to this disguise technique, not even the Court's relentless pursuit could unveil his trail.

Additionally, he was proficient in poisons.

Even a slight oversight could lead to a Bone Forging Realm Martial Artist falling victim to his venomous scheme.

In past sieges, Cao Jun had escaped unfettered each time.

This infuriated the Prefecture City to no end.

Numerous noble families had united, vowing to make the Flower Thief pay the price.

If successful, his accomplishments might extend beyond Tonghe County, paving the way for further advancement.

"Yes, Lord Feng."

Many governmental constables nodded in agreement.

They knew that capturing the Flower Thief Cao Jun was a significant matter; success would bring rewards for each of them, and everyone could earn a silver reward.

Unfortunately, the Flower Thief Cao Jun had long been swallowed by the monster fish of Yunmeng Lake.

Finding his remains was virtually impossible.

Thus, these people were destined to return empty-handed.