

Fortune 72

Chapter 72: Perceiving People's Hearts, Extorting Money

"Lord He, you truly have sharp eyes."

"I am indeed from out of town."

"Only recently have I come to live in Yunze City."

Jiang Fan nodded.

He did not hide his identity as an outsider.

After all, due to recent unrest, many people have left Yunze City, but more people have entered.

Outsiders like him were not few in number.

So he was not particularly conspicuous.

"An outsider?"

"Recently, we've been strictly investigating outsiders in Yunze City."

"It's to prevent some lawless individuals from sneaking in and causing trouble within our city."

"You wouldn't happen to be a spy for the Red Eyebrow Army, would you?"

Elder He Yuliang looked at Jiang Fan and directly labeled him a spy.

He showed a clearly malicious intent.

"Indeed, confess immediately."

"What is your true intention in coming to Yunze City at this time?"

Other Money Gang members surrounded Jiang Fan, appearing ready for a confrontation.

What?!

Upon hearing this, Jiang Fan's heart sank. Was this guy planning to make trouble for him? But they had never met; what reason did he have to cause problems?

Wait, this was a feeling of greed. Could this guy be attempting to extort money?!

Ever since he ascended to the Refining Organ Realm, his sensitivity to ordinary people's emotions had become increasingly keen.

Joy, anger, malice, murderous intent, greed—all these emotions could not escape his perception.

Thus, he seemed increasingly familiar with controlling people's hearts.

This was the power brought by the Soaring Snake Technique, mastering a power akin to divine ability, truly incredible.

Clearly, Elder He Yuliang did not harbor any malice or murderous intent, only pure greed.

This meant the person intended to make some money.

Of course, if handled improperly, it could turn into malice and murderous intent.

Emotions often shift in a single thought.

By handling it well, danger could be turned into safety.

"Lord He misunderstood."

"I'm powerless, how could I possibly be a spy for the Red Eyebrow Army."

"If you don't believe me, I can show you proof."

Jiang Fan smiled slightly.

He didn't fear the other side having desires, only feared them lacking desires, which was most troublesome.

"Proof? What proof?"

Elder He Yuliang spoke lazily, but soon his eyes brightened as he saw Jiang Fan discreetly handing over heavy silver taels.

He kept his composure and accepted them.

Suddenly, he felt very satisfied. It seemed this young man was wise and saved him the trouble.

After all, he just wanted monetary gain; if the other side was sensible, he wouldn't pursue further.

"Cough, cough, this proof is indeed quite crucial."

"It seems you aren't a spy sent by the Red Eyebrow Army."

"Live well in Yunze City from now on."

"As long as you don't cause trouble, our Money Gang can protect you."

Elder He Yuliang casually gave an empty promise, very satisfied to have accepted the silver taels from Jiang Fan.

He thought if more sensible people came, his monthly expenses wouldn't be a worry.

Seeing this scene, other Money Gang members also relaxed one by one.

"Thank you, Lord He."

Jiang Fan breathed a sigh of relief, sensing joy and satisfaction emanating from He Yuliang, knowing he had made the right move and avoided a disaster.

Fortunately, he wasn't short of money, so such a small amount didn't matter.

Of course, he wasn't afraid of He Yuliang.

He only worried about the Money Gang behind He Yuliang.

If he acted here, conflict with the Money Gang would surely arise.

He might not be able to continue living in Yunze City.

Having found a stable place to live, he certainly didn't want to leave soon.

But if the other side didn't recognize the opportunity and pushed too far, he wouldn't mind sending them off.

Patience also had its limits.

Soon, He Yuliang and his group received the money and quickly left this street.

But the neighbors were all dismayed.

They showed no joy, only deep anger.

"How much tax do these Money Gang bloodsuckers want to collect? They've collected taxes beyond twenty years, yet still want more, clearly robbing us with no way to live."

Someone gritted their teeth, extremely angry.

Especially seeing households unable to pay being dragged away by the Money Gang, it made the feeling of shared despair rise.

Just now Xu De's family met such doom; who knows if it would be their turn tomorrow.

"Can't we report them? Their actions are excessive."

"Heh, report them? They're in cahoots with the government."

"Previously, people have reported them, but just entering the government office they'd be beaten out."

"If only beaten out it would be fine, but even more serious, they'd find an excuse and drag them to the military camp, truly with no recourse."

"Yeah, knowing this earlier, we'd rather open the city gates and let the Red Eyebrow Army in."

"This damned world."

The crowd clenched their fists, filled with rage.

But they were helpless.

Facing the power of martial artists, the strength of ordinary people was too weak.

Any Skin Tempering Realm Martial Artist could massacre them entirely.

This was why noble families remained standing for millennia.

Whoosh!

At this moment, Jiang Fan returned home.

Su Weiwei waited anxiously at home.

She had heard the screams and cries outside earlier.

This felt just like being back in Osmanthus Village under the oppression of the Dragon King Gang.

Originally thought such events would disappear after arriving in Yunze City.

Unexpectedly, they worsened instead.

It could only be said that ravens everywhere are equally dark.

No matter where you live, ordinary people are oppressed without a day of relief.

"Husband."

Su Weiwei was delighted seeing Jiang Fan return.

"Don't worry, it was a trivial matter."

"Those people just wanted money."

Jiang Fan embraced Su Weiwei, sensing her worry, and comforted her.

"I'm sorry, husband."

"The cultivation technique you gave me last time, I still haven't learned it."

"If I had, maybe I'd be able to help you."

Su Weiwei apologized.

She knew the Immortal Cultivation Technique's preciousness well, and spreading it would cause a sensation.

Sadly, her aptitude was too poor, and she still couldn't begin practice.

"Perhaps because of too little training."

"Train with me, and you'll surely master it quickly."

Jiang Fan picked Su Weiwei up by the waist, feeling her enchanting figure, soft and supple, wanting to comfort her through direct action.

"Husband."

Su Weiwei's face blushed, eyes seductive.

Soon, inside the house the bed covers rolled, and cries echoed.