

## High Martial 105

Chapter 105: Do You Really Take Me for a Fool

Having paid the entry fee of one coin, Chen Fan followed the crowd and entered the castle.

In the early morning, Song Family Castle seemed somewhat deserted, but there were still people coming and going, bustling with activity.

A faint smell of meat buns wafted through the air. Just five or six meters ahead, there was a breakfast stall with a few tables.

Chen Fan thought for a moment, walked over, ordered a basket of buns and a bowl of porridge, spending three coins.

The prices were quite high, but fortunately, he was no longer the same as before; three coins were nothing to him now.

Sitting on the stool, with a bun in one hand, he pretended to be in a daze while actually observing the city wall, looking at that person's silhouette.

"What should I do next?"

Another dilemma presented itself before him.

The most straightforward approach was obviously to find that person named Yang Xiaochun and ask him directly.

Judging from the other party's previous behavior, this person didn't seem honest, somewhat cunning. Cunning people were probably not good people.

To deal with such people, kind words wouldn't work; only putting a knife to their throat and drawing some blood would make them cooperate.

Of course, doing so would also present a risk.

What if, what if the other party was actually a decent person? If he really didn't know their identities, lying to his companions was just to avoid trouble.

Then his approach would be inappropriate.

Chen Fan frowned deeply.

In his vision, Yang Xiaochun took out a telescope from his pocket and began observing, while others either stood or looked down at the passing crowd.

After much consideration, he still felt that asking directly would be the most convenient.

He would pretend to be a rogue, intimidating him, asking where the bandits' mounts were taken. He needed to be fierce and terrifying, and then decide the next steps based on the other party's reactions.

He had no other choice; unlike Sister Meng Yu, he had to take things one step at a time.

He sat there for almost an hour, and only because the stall owner was about to close did he have to leave.

Fortunately, there were even more people around now, including some street vendors.

"He wouldn't stand on the wall all day, would he?" Chen Fan's expression changed slightly.

He had to leave by around five in the afternoon, or he would likely be caught by the guard team.

Even worse, if there was no good opportunity today, he would have to come back tomorrow, and if not tomorrow, the day after.

What a waste of precious time!

If he used this time to practice martial arts, he might already have broken through to the Mid Stage of Muscle Refining.

But what other choice did he have?

Chen Fan racked his brain, deep in thought.

Perhaps he could lure the other party over, but who should he find to do it? And with what reason? Besides, he and Yang Xiaochun were strangers, leading him to a secluded place was unrealistic.

He could only hide and see if there was an opportunity at night. If there was, it would be worth the penalty even if he got caught.

With this decision in mind, he moved on, deciding to first find the old man selling cultivation techniques. Though it had only been a day, he wondered if there were any new manuals. It wouldn't hurt to check.

As for buying Blood Rice and weapons, he would leave that for later, on his way back.

Walking through the main street and coming to a small alley, the shouts of vendors filled his ears. He walked straight through and quickly saw the familiar figure.

There, the old man sat on a stool, and whenever someone passed by, he stood up and vigorously hawked his manuals, but most people didn't even glance at him.

Each time this happened, the old man cursed and sat back down, only to stand up again when someone else approached.

And so it repeated, over and over.

One had to admit, the old man had a thick skin.

"Sigh."

The old man sat back down, looked at the handful of secret manuals in front of him, and sighed.

It seemed no one was willing to buy his stuff.

"It's all their fault,"

he thought angrily, ruining his reputation to the point where he would have to find a new spot.

But having a place to stay was not easy nowadays! Those from the small villages outside dreamed of living here.

"Wait!"

His eyes suddenly lit up, remembering there were still good people in this world, like that foolish boy who had been the only one willing to buy all of his manuals.

If he moved, where would he find such a gullible fool again?

"Sigh."

The old man sighed deeply, missing his simple-minded customer already.

"Sir."

Just then, a voice startled him nearly three feet into the air.

"Young man, it's you?"

The old man stared wide-eyed, his lips quivering as he looked at Chen Fan.

"Hehe, it's me."

Chen Fan smiled, glancing at the five secret manuals arrayed on the stall, feeling somewhat disappointed. "Is this all you have?"

"I didn't expect you to come so soon,"

The old man smiled like a flower, "Young brother, don't look at the quantity; each one is a treasure."

"Is that so?"

Chen Fan scanned the titles: One Yang Finger, Nine Palaces Swordsmanship, Seven Evils Palm, Innate Skill, and Celestial Blade Technique.

They weren't the Thirteen Grand Protectors' Cross Training or the Golden Bell Shield he wanted.

His disappointment grew, though it was understandable given how quickly he returned.

He decided to check them out nonetheless; they still sounded impressive. If at least one was real, it would be worth it.

"Sir, like last time, may I take a look? Don't worry, I'll only read halfway."

Chen Fan smiled.

"No problem, young brother. How could I refuse you? But we agreed, only halfway."

The old man rubbed his hands together excitedly.

He hadn't expected Chen Fan to return so soon. If he'd known, he would have prepared more copies.

Then again, if the boy lived nearby, he wouldn't lack customers in the future, would he?

"That boy again?"

"He's back?"

"No way, how can someone be so foolish? One scam wasn't enough?"

Vendor after vendor was speechless.

Some envied the old man, wishing for such easy customers themselves.

"Get lost! What nonsense are you spouting?"

The old man looked displeased, "These are genuine! If you don't recognize quality, stay silent!"

Turning to Chen Fan, he smiled and gestured at the manuals, "Young brother, don't mind them, feel free to look."

Chen Fan crouched down and began leafing through the nearest manual.

"Ah, young brother, you know your stuff! Picking the best one at a glance,"

The old man slapped his thigh, "One Yang Finger is extraordinary. It targets enemy acupoints from a distance, allowing you to attack and retreat instantly. It's a supreme defensive skill!

Obviously, such a skill comes at a higher price, hehe."

Of course, Chen Fan ignored him. If the old man were trustworthy, pigs could fly. He skimmed a few pages, feeling a premonition.

This One Yang Finger seemed fake.

Flipping halfway through, he set it down and reached for the second manual.

"Ah, the Nine Palaces Swordsmanship!"

The old man's voice grew shrill, "Young brother, buying this is a steal. Do you know why?"

Before Chen Fan could respond, the old man continued, "This technique has 81 moves, incorporating both Nine Palaces Body and Palm Techniques, so you get three skills for the price of one. It's meant for you—an average person wouldn't get the chance to buy it."

"Is that so? I should thank you then."

Chen Fan replied dryly, flipping through a quarter of the manual. The skill bar showed nothing.

Clearly, it was fake. The old man's boasting was useless.

After skimming two more pages, Chen Fan set it down and picked up the third manual.

Also fake.

His expression darkened.

Setting it down, he picked up the fourth, flipping halfway. The skill bar remained unchanged.

Obviously fake.

Chen Fan put it down and focused on the last one, Innate Skill.

This manual seemed to describe a cultivation technique for internal True Qi. Though he wasn't at that stage, preparing ahead wasn't bad.

Out of five manuals, four were fake. Surely this one was real?

He looked up at the old man.

The latter, glancing sideways, exclaimed, "Young brother, these four are external, but Innate Skill is internal.

It can heal ailments, regulate energy, even cure severe internal injuries. Essential for anyone!"

"Let me see."

Chen Fan was wary, but he doubted even the old man could make all five fakes.

Then he discovered, indeed, all were fake.

His face darkened.



"Sir, if I bought all five, how much?"

"Ahem."

The old man cleared his throat, "Young brother, you can tell these are rare secrets. Especially the Nine Palaces Swordsmanship, three skills in one. I'll give you a discount, just one hundred coins."

"One hundred coins."

Chen Fan said each word slowly, then let out a cold laugh, "Sir, that's twice what I paid last time."

"Ah."

The old man looked aggrieved, "Young brother, these are much better than last time. Charging you a hundred is a bargain.

If you don't believe me, ask at the Gale Martial Arts Hall how much one fist technique costs. Hundreds! Not including food."

Chen Fan almost laughed out of anger.

He had thought their previous transaction pleasant, expecting more sincerity this time.

Clearly, the old man saw him as an easy mark, doubling the price for all fakes.

Outrageous!

The old man noticed Chen Fan's displeasure and, after hesitating, stomped his foot, "Fine. Since you're a loyal customer, I'll knock off twenty. Eighty coins for all."

Eighty?

You dare ask for eighty?

You're really eighty!

Chen Fan nearly punched him, but refrained.

Firstly, hitting the old man would lead to extortion, not worth it.

Secondly, and more importantly, the old man likely had genuine manuals. He couldn't ruin their relationship and lose a source of affordable stuff.

However, he had to make it clear he wasn't a fool.

But how to convey that?