

## High Martial 106

Chapter 106: Body Refinement, Spirit Secret Manual, I Want Them All!

After a moment of thought, Chen Fan calmly asked, "Sir, are these manuals really as amazing as you say?"

"Young man!"

The old man stared wide-eyed, with a look of disbelief. "You're an old customer. Even if I lied to others, I wouldn't lie to you, right?"

Chen Fan smiled and nodded. "Since you've put it that way, sir, I guess it would be impolite to doubt you."

"Exactly, exactly."

The old man nodded his head like a pecking chicken.

He seemed to see eighty yuan bills waving at him.

To be honest, the money was coming ridiculously easily, too easily.

When he went back later, he planned to write a few more and aim for double digits, perhaps sell for two hundred, no, three hundred to this fool.

Feeling guilty? Yes, a little, but not much.

After finally catching a big fish, wasn't he supposed to hook it thoroughly?

"Sir,"

Chen Fan said unhurriedly, "there's actually something else I haven't told you."

"?"

The old man was startled, feeling a bad premonition. He asked instinctively, "What is it?"

"It's about those ten-odd manuals I bought from you last time."

As soon as the words were out, the old man's right hand trembled involuntarily, and the smile on his face froze.

What's going on? Could it be that this fool found out he bought fakes?

But if he had found out, why did he come back to buy again and looked for so long? Could it be that he came just to mess with me?

Chen Fan remained silent, and the two stared at each other.

Finally, the old man coughed and said, "Young man, we agreed last time, once you buy, no returns or exchanges, and the thirty yuan, I already spent it, you figure it out."

After speaking, he looked at Chen Fan with an old sly demeanor that said there's no money to be given back.

"Sir, when did I ever say I wanted a refund?"

"Then what do you mean?"

The old man was stunned. He realized the boy wasn't as simple as he thought.

But to call him smart, he didn't look the part either.

"The ten odd manuals I bought from you, I showed them to an elder in my village. He said most of them were fake."

Chen Fan said, looking at the old man.

The latter's face changed instantly, avoiding eye contact. "Who, who's this elder of yours? How can he tarnish my reputation for nothing? My manuals are worth every penny."

"That elder of mine said the same thing," Chen Fan nodded. "He said while most are fake, two are genuine though incomplete, but they aren't expensive, it's worth the price."

The old man's lips twitched.

His techniques certainly were incomplete, and the person seemed like a practitioner.

Curiously, he asked, "Which two did your elder mention?"

"Shadowless Swift Blade and Lightweight Water Floating," Chen Fan replied.

"Ahem."

Hearing this, the old man coughed, continuing to deny, "Young man, actually every manual I sell here is real, your elder just identified two."

As he finished, he internally sighed in relief. The elder of this fool seemed only so knowledgeable, finding only two, which boosted his confidence.

"Sir, my elder is an Entry Force master, his eyes should be quite sharp, right?"

The old man shivered.

Entry, Entry Force master?

Even the Fortress Lord of Song Family Castle is only a Ming Jin martial artist. This boy, clearly from a small village, how could he know an Entry Force master?

Such a person could kill him as easily as crushing an ant.

He showed a wary look, staring hard at Chen Fan's eyes, trying to discern if he was bluffing.

But Chen Fan looked calm, with no sign of guilt because he was telling the truth.

However, he was also worried about scaring the old man, so he decided to ease back:

"Sir, I have no other intention bringing this up. That elder said what you sell is indeed worth the price, very reasonable."

"Exactly, exactly."

The old man wiped the sweat from his forehead and gave a thumbs up, "Young man, your elder indeed is understanding and honorable, as he said, what I sell is indeed worth every penny."

He breathed a genuine sigh of relief.

Listening to this fool, no, no, young man, it seemed he wasn't going to cause any trouble, thank goodness.

Otherwise, even hiding in Song Family Castle wouldn't be safe!

Chen Fan's mouth curled up, then he sharply changed the topic, saying, "Actually, buying these five manuals will hardly cost me much, but if none of them are real, then speaking for myself, I might never come back to buy again."

Just enough said.

He believed the old man understood the implication.

"No problem, no problem."

Just when he relaxed the old man's heart leapt again to his throat.

From the sound of it, if none of the five were real, the Entry Force master might personally trouble him.

And losing the only financial source was a headache too.

Embarrassingly, none of the five were actually real...

"Sir, I didn't mean anything by what I just said, don't take it to heart," Chen Fan smiled, "you mentioned these five manuals cost how much again? 80, right?"

As he spoke, he made a gesture to take out money.

"Hey!"

The old man quickly stopped him, smiling awkwardly, "Young man, maybe you should come back next time? These five, these five..."

He stammered, feeling miserable inside.

Had he known, he should have mixed in one or two real ones.

"What's wrong with these five?"

Chen Fan's hand stalled in midair, confused, "Did you write something wrong in those five?"

"Ah yes, yes!"

The old man forgot himself in excitement, insisting, "I wasn't in good shape then, some places need improvement, young man, maybe come back in two days? I'll make sure you're satisfied."

"I see."

Chen Fan inwardly laughed like a pig but outwardly remained composed, eyes showing regret, saying disappointedly, "That's a shame, it was hard to come by, and now this."

"My fault, my fault."

The old man apologized repeatedly, "Rest assured, young man, next time you'll be satisfied."

"Alright then."

Chen Fan sighed, then thoughtfully said, "Sir, do you have any body refining martial arts manuals? Like Thirteen Grand Protectors' Cross Training or Golden Bell Shield?"

I'm thinking, when fighting close with Fierce Beasts, if I could learn one or two body refining martial arts, I wouldn't have to worry about getting injured, right?"

He felt bringing up Zhang Ren was a good plan, successfully implanting some fear in the old man.

So it was time to ask for techniques. Even incomplete ones, he could complete them.

If the price was higher, he could accept it.

"Body refining techniques?"

The old man pondered, nodding, "There are, but young man, I'm afraid you can't endure the hardship."

"Can't endure hardship?"

"Yes."

The old man rarely showed a sincere expression, "Body refining skills, they're indeed quick, but they demand much more sweat than others, and can cause irreversible damage to the body unless you succeed."

Otherwise, when aging, other martial artists just suffer from declining vitality, but you, will be in excruciating pain,"

Had it not been for the Entry Force master behind this guy, he wouldn't have bothered with this useless talk.

"I see."

Chen Fan nodded, "Thanks for the warning, sir, but I'd still like to experience them."

The old man and Chen Fan locked eyes, after a moment, the old man sighed, "Alright, if you really want, I'll get you Thirteen Grand Protectors' Cross Training and Golden Bell Shield, right?"

Chen Fan was immediately delighted.

So the old man had these two techniques?

What was his identity really? Could he actually be a descendant of the Five Mountains Sword Sect as he claimed?

"Cough."

Chen Fan cleared his throat, "Sir, I also wanted to ask if you have any manuals for cultivating Spiritual Power?"

"Cultivating Spirit?"

The old man's mouth slightly opened, seemingly not expecting this question.

"Yes."

Chen Fan nodded, "I think martial artists should not only train their bodies but also cultivate their spirits, sir, don't you think so?"

"Makes sense."

The old man mumbled, "But cultivating spirit is very difficult, requires high perception."

He glanced at Chen Fan.

"?"

Chen Fan frowned, what does he mean by that?



Does he think my perception is low?

The old man really thought so.

Actually, not only did he think Chen Fan couldn't do it, he also believed the Entry Force master couldn't either.

This was not scare-mongering, it was a fact.

Only Awakeners with spiritual power far above normal people could touch the threshold.

Nonetheless, how could he refuse money delivered to him?

"Young man, you want body refining manuals plus those for spiritual power, is that right?"

The old man gave a meaningful smile.

"Yes, sir, if you have them, price is negotiable."

Chen Fan gritted his teeth to show pain in his expenditure.

"Alright, since you're so straightforward, I won't beat around the bush, these three techniques, 100 yuan each, deal?"

"?"

Chen Fan was stunned, then asked, "Incomplete as well?"

If complete, he found this price improbable.

"Cough cough cough."

The old man coughed and looked around, lowering his voice, "Young man, given you know, let's be clear, how can I remember every technique? Of course incomplete.

However, if you think the price is high, we can discuss more, right?"

He looked eagerly at Chen Fan.

Chen Fan showed a struggling expression, difficultly, "Sir, always selling incomplete manuals puts me in a tough spot?"

"Eighty," the old man gritted, "at least 80 yuan each, bring the money next time if you want."

Seeing this, Chen Fan didn't want to continue faking.

After all, three incomplete for two or three hundred yuan, small sum.

"Alright, 80 yuan each," he nodded, "if sir has more good techniques, show them, I'll borrow more money from that elder to buy them all."

"Good, good."

The old man was quite moved.

What a good young man. Even borrowing money to support his stall business.

Incomplete are plenty. Just pricing from ten yuan to eight times higher, huge profit!

"Alright, young man, return in three or four days, guaranteed satisfaction. Remember, bring enough money, no credit."

He reminded lastly.