

## High Martial 107

Chapter 107: Opportunity Knocks

"This trip was definitely worth it."

Chen Fan thought to himself as he left.

Yesterday, he had been sincere, but unfortunately, he still underestimated the old man's cunning. The old man didn't take it seriously at all; instead, he kept digging pits. If he came a few days later, the scene from before would probably repeat itself.

If one out of ten books was real, it would be a revelation of his conscience.

But after the recent operation, if he came back in a few days, he could at least get three secret manuals: [Thirteen Grand Protectors' Cross Training], [Golden Bell Shield], and the manual he desired the most, the one that enhances spiritual power. If there were one or two more other manuals, it would be a big gain.

Of course, all of this was under ideal conditions.

It couldn't be ruled out that the old man, like a dead pig unafraid of boiling water, might show one side publicly and another behind the scenes.

If that was the case, Chen Fan wouldn't know how to solve it. He certainly couldn't force a trade, right?

"I hope he has some brains. This cooperation would benefit everyone."

Chen Fan walked out of the alley and, unknowingly, found himself at the city gate, not far from the ten-meter-high city wall.

The man called Yang Xiaochun was still standing on the city wall, back facing him, lost in thought.

Chen Fan felt a headache coming.

He couldn't possibly wait here all day, could he?

And along the way, there were people everywhere; finding an opportunity to catch the other person alone would not be easy.

Feeling troubled, he found a small stall, spent a couple of yuan, bought a book, and sat by the roadside, pretending to read while secretly watching.

Time passed by, minute by minute.

He didn't know how long it had been when a feeling of hunger emerged from his stomach. When he looked up, it was already noon.

"I better find a place to fill my stomach first. Dad, Uncle Zhang, they must be worried about me."

Chen Fan got up helplessly.

He didn't want to waste time here. He thought that if he spent the entire morning practicing [Basic Archery], leveling up twice wouldn't be a problem.

"Hmm?"

He subconsciously glanced at the city wall, and his expression changed slightly.

The guards standing duty on the city wall had mostly come down to share their meals.

This was normal; after all, people needed to eat.

What surprised him was that Yang Xiaochun waved at the people around him with a smile, took two box lunches, and walked toward Chen Fan alone.

Chen Fan's heart started to race involuntarily.

What was going on? Why didn't he eat with the others? Why was he coming here?

Could it be that the heavens were rewarding his patience and the opportunity had finally arrived?

Yang Xiaochun's approach seemed cheerful, even humming a tune and glancing around as he walked.

Chen Fan quickly lowered his head, pretending to be engrossed in the book. Soon, he felt Yang Xiaochun's gaze sweep over him, and the footsteps grew closer before gradually fading away.

He slowly lifted his head and watched Yang Xiaochun's back.

Once the distance had increased to about ten meters, Chen Fan closed his book and followed.

He crossed the main street, kept heading west, and turned into a small alley with three-to-four-story residential buildings on both sides.

There were stalls here too, but it was far less bustling than the alley he had been to earlier.

"Xiaochun, you're back early today?"

Someone greeted from a stall.

There was no response.

The stall owner looked disgruntled.

This was understandable; those who entered the Guard Team were remarkable and wouldn't concern themselves with ordinary people like them.

It was a casual remark, but it made Chen Fan's brows furrow. Did this mean today was special for him?

Maybe he had taken a half-day leave?

"Young man, want to buy something?"

The stall owner greeted Chen Fan enthusiastically.

Chen Fan waved it off and continued following.

Throughout the way, many people passed by and took a few more glances at him.

After all, residents here might not have spoken with him, but they had certainly seen each other a lot.

Chen Fan, with his face covered and carrying a long spear, seemed unfamiliar.

But no one paid much attention, thinking he might have just moved in or come from another street looking for someone else.

"This is getting difficult."

Chen Fan's expression grew grimmer.

It was becoming increasingly hard to find a good opportunity to act.

At this moment, the man ahead reached a staircase, apparently home.

Chen Fan didn't dare get any closer and squatted to tie his shoes, mimicking scenes from TV dramas and movies, despite this being his first time doing it.

First floor, second floor, third floor.

He watched as Yang Xiaochun reached the third floor, stopped at the second door from the right, knocked twice, and soon entered and closed the door behind him.

"What next?"

Chen Fan looked at the door ten meters away, his brows knotted.

He still hadn't figured out the key issue: did the other party know their identities?

Should he wait here for Yang Xiaochun to come out?

It seemed safe, but the outcome would probably be the same as before: no opportunity to act on the way back, watching the other party return to the city wall.

Should he go after him?

That didn't seem ideal either.

"I guess I'll go take a look. Maybe I'll find something."

After some thought, Chen Fan decided to go towards that door.

As he got closer, various sounds reached his ears, growing clearer with each step.

"Is the soundproofing this bad?"

He muttered internally.

Then an idea flashed in his mind; this might be good news for him?

But he couldn't be too optimistic. If the guy went home, stayed silent, ate, and then slept or just talked about mundane things, it wouldn't help.

He walked up the stairs, the surrounding voices getting louder, including a middle-aged couple arguing about money.

As he reached the second floor and turned to head up to the third, a familiar voice reached his ears.

Chen Fan's body shook.

That was the guy's voice!

He felt a tinge of excitement; he hadn't expected to hear him conversing with someone so soon.

Partly due to the poor soundproofing, partly thanks to his own realm.

He lightened his steps, ears trained and fully concentrating.

The other's voice was much softer than the others, but he could still catch bits and pieces.

He hoped for some crucial information.

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In the living room, several meat dishes were set on the table, steaming and aromatic.

Several men in their twenties and thirties gathered around, each with a shot of white liquor in front of them.

But at that moment, all their attention was on the man who just entered.

"Xiaochun, you're here."

Yang Mu, sitting with his back to the south, with a ruddy face, waved to Yang Xiaochun, "Your Brother Lu and the others have questions for you. You better answer honestly, no lies."

"Brother Yang, what kind of talk is that? We're not interrogating a criminal."

A square-faced man, Lu Yang, laughed.

"Exactly, Xiaochun, don't be nervous," another man said with a wide smile, "we heard it from your brother, just have a few questions for you. Don't overthink it, just tell it as it is."

"That's right."

The other two nodded in agreement.

Yang Xiaochun looked at Yang Mu, who gave a slight nod back.

"Brother Lu,"

Yang Xiaochun smiled earnestly, "ask whatever you want, I'll tell you everything."

"Good!"

Lu Yang glanced at the other three, who looked back at him, making it clear he had the highest status among them.

"Come, Xiaochun, sit."

He pointed to the empty seat next to him, "You said you saw a group of more than thirty bandits, all killed by a single person with a bow and arrow. Is that true?"

In an instant, the other three focused on him, their eyes narrowing to catch any changes in his expression.

"Brother Lu, it's true."

Yang Xiaochun nodded vigorously, "I saw it with my own eyes, no mistake. And this morning, people coming from outside the city found the bandits' bodies and were all talking about who killed them. If you don't believe me, you can ask around; you'll get news soon."

The group nodded.

"Alright, next question: you said those people were from the Chen Family Stronghold. Can you vouch for that?"

Lu Yang's smile faded, making him appear a bit intimidating.

Yang Xiaochun swallowed and nodded, "They were from the Chen Family Stronghold. If you don't believe me, you can ask the people who were there."



"We're asking you, not others."

Lu Yang shook his head, "I'll ask again; are you sure you didn't mistake them?"

"Xiaochun, if you were wrong and we find that the stronghold lacks the mounts you mentioned, it'll be bad."

"Yes, Xiaochun, if you were wrong, say it now, and we'll pretend nothing happened. It's no big deal."

"That's right."

The other three echoed.

Unknowingly, Yang Xiaochun's back was soaked with sweat.

These were all Martial Artists at the Body Tempering Third Layer, while he was only at the Body Tempering First Layer. The pressure was immense.

"Xiaochun,"

Yang Mu's voice sounded,

"Just tell the truth. Brother Lu and the others mean no harm, they just want confirmation."

"Those people,"

Images of Chen Guodong and the others flashed through Yang Xiaochun's mind, "I am absolutely sure; they were from the Chen Family Stronghold."

"Great!"

Lu Yang slapped the table with joy, "That's what I was waiting for."

"Hahaha!"

The other three laughed as well.

Yang Mu nodded contentedly. While he knew his brother would never lie to him, seeing him withstand the pressure and speak consistently only confirmed the truth.

"Xiaochun, don't be nervous. Have a drink to calm your nerves."

The man next to him poured a shot and handed it over with a smile.

Yang Xiaochun wiped his forehead, took the glass, sipped, and then cautiously asked Yang Mu: "Brother, when are we moving? This afternoon?"

Yang Mu nodded gently, "To be precise, tonight."

"Indeed."

Lu Yang squinted, "Xiaochun, you said that guy saw you watching him, so he's definitely on guard. If we go during the day, they could spot us with telescopes, and if that Divine Shooter is there, it'll be tricky."

"Exactly."

The man who gave Yang Xiaochun the drink frowned, "That guy's archery is too accurate. If there's a long-distance shootout, we might not achieve anything with our rifles. It would be different if we had a sniper rifle."

"Sniper rifles are too expensive."

Another man sighed, "Even a bad one costs tens of thousands, and a good one, over a hundred thousand. If we had that kind of money, we'd be hunting Mid-level Fierce Beasts already."

"That's why we strike at night."

Yang Mu smiled smugly, "Even if they have night vision, seeing clearly for only two to three hundred meters is their limit. Two to three hundred meters is just a matter of the gas pedal, and by the time they react, we'll have climbed the walls and started our massacre."

"Exactly."

The others nodded with greedy eyes.

Twenty wildebeests were worth over a hundred thousand!

Even if the Yang brothers took a bigger cut, the four of them would still get over ten thousand each.

Where else could you make that kind of money in one night?

Of course, it had to be done discreetly. If word got out, it would be for nothing, and they would never be able to stay here again.