

High Martial 122

Chapter 122: Negotiating with a Tiger for Its Skin

"The Level 8 Frame consists of 27 distinct moves; each move is unique and has its own training method. It forms the basic training for Level 8 Fist. Even martial artists who wish to learn Level 8 Fist need to start with the Level 8 Frame."

Chen Fan thought to himself, this Level 8 Frame sounds similar to the Tai Chi Form; they're both basic skills?

"Don't underestimate the Level 8 Frame. The core of Level 8 Fist comprises the Six Openings and the Eight Techniques. The Eight Techniques are hidden within the Level 8 Frame."

"As for the Six Openings, they refer to Top, Brace, Carry, Lift, Throw, and Coil—these six fundamental methods form the basis for various movements,

Mastering the Six Openings and Eight Techniques means achieving a slight success in Level 8 Fist. Then, you can practice the Level 8 Spear Skill and also train in a palm technique to enhance the power of Level 8 Fist."

"Train in a palm technique? Enhance the power?"

Chen Fan was listening intently until he reached this point and was taken aback.

This was the first time he had heard of such a thing.

"That's right, the palm technique is called Splitting Palm."

Zhang Ren replied, "Splitting Palm was called Pigua Fist in ancient times, but since it mainly uses palm techniques, it's now known as Splitting Palm.

Level 8 Fist is a close-range striking technique, whereas Splitting Palm excels at mid and long-distance attacks. It can adapt its length, combine the strengths of short and long-range, and merge both firmness and gentleness. Therefore, it's said that when Level 8 Fist is combined with Splitting Palm, even gods and demons fear it."

"Is it really that formidable?"

Chen Fan licked his lips. If combined with Tai Chi Fist, wouldn't it be perfect for both offense and defense?

"Ahem, Uncle Zhang, this Splitting Palm, is it?"

Zhang Ren glanced at him and said, "Since you want to learn Level 8 Fist, it goes without saying that the Splitting Palm will also be taught to you. However, Splitting Palm is just supplementary training; the focus should remain on Level 8 Fist."

Chen Fan nodded repeatedly.

He truly hadn't expected to gain two techniques when he had asked for one, Level 8 Fist.

"As for the Level 8 Spear Skill, it is similar in style to Level 8 Fist—simple yet powerful and explosive..."

Chen Fan listened attentively.

A few minutes later, two new lines of small text appeared on the skill bar.

[Splitting Palm: Completely Ignorant (0%), Unlock Conditions: Basic Palm Technique lv3]

[Level 8 Spear Skill: Completely Ignorant (0%), Unlock Conditions: Level 8 Fist Slight Achievement]

Chen Fan's gaze fell upon Splitting Palm.

For this palm technique, the threshold wasn't as complex as Tai Chi Fist or Level 8 Fist; achieving basic proficiency in the Basic Palm Technique was sufficient.

With this realization, he looked down to find the Basic Fist Technique. Although he hadn't specifically practiced it, the fact that his proficiency in Tai Chi Fist was at perfection should have also boosted his proficiency in the Basic Fist Technique.

He soon found the Basic Fist Technique.

But surprisingly, it was unlocked but not entirely.

[Basic Fist Technique (55%): lv5 (35%), Traits: Power Level 5, Strengthening the Body Level 2]

This line of small text was gray, and below it was another line of small text.

[The Basic Fist Technique is not fully unlocked. Full unlocking will activate the trait effects]

"So, I must practice all the moves of the Basic Fist Technique to obtain attribute points."

Chen Fan was taken aback.

On careful thought, it made sense.

He had never specifically trained in the Basic Fist Technique; Tai Chi Fist did include some moves, but it had more palm and claw techniques.

This had left the Basic Fist Technique in a gray state.

"But it's not a big deal either."

With a shift in his mind, he added some experience points.

Instantly, a warm current surged throughout his body.

The 55% behind the Basic Fist Technique vanished, turning its color from gray to white.

Moreover, there was some growth in strength and physical attributes on his attribute panel.

Next, Chen Fan planned to practice the Level 8 Frame first, as it was the prerequisite for Level 8 Fist. Without this, he couldn't use experience points to enhance his proficiency in Level 8 Fist.

Following that, he would start on the Basic Fist Technique.

As they say, sharpening your axe will not delay your work of chopping wood.

Once he leveled up the Basic Fist Technique, learning any fist technique would become faster.

What Chen Fan didn't expect was that the Level 8 Frame also had a Pile Skill prerequisite.

According to Zhang Ren, the Level 8 Frame heavily relied on Pile Skill. To practice the Infinite Form well, one must first master Tai Chi Form. After mastering Tai Chi Form, one could then practice the Two Forms. Only with the foundation of the Two Forms well-laid could one be eligible to train in the Level 8 Frame.

Clearly, the Two Forms were also a type of basic Pile Skill, derived from Tai Chi Form, making it an advanced Pile Skill.

Fortunately, the Level 8 Frame's requirement for the Two Forms was not high; a Level 1 was enough to unlock it.

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While the people of the Chen Family Stronghold were diligently training in martial arts, the Zhao Family Castle was in complete silence.

In a low, adobe house, Huang Sulan sat with her head down, looking at her feet, saying nothing.

Beside the table was a small man with a pair of bright, piercing eyes, clearly someone not easy to deal with.

The man looked around the house, and the little girl peeking in from the inner room turned pale with fright.

Indifferent, he smiled at the girl, then turned back to the woman,

"Madam Wei, you should know why I'm here, right?"

"N-No, I don't know."

Huang Sulan stammered.

"Stop pretending to be ignorant."

Du Feng smiled, "Madam Wei, you can't be unaware of your husband and brother-in-law's current predicament, right?"

Huang Sulan's expression changed.

Of course, she knew.

Her husband, Wei Tiangong, and brother-in-law, Wei Tianyuan, along with two people from the Chen Family Stronghold, were being ostracized and were in a precarious situation.

In recent days, she had also been sleepless, consumed with worry.

If she could turn back time, she would never have agreed to Wei Tiangong's decision to come here.

The voice beside her sounded again,

"You used to be from Chen Family Stronghold, right?"

Seeing that survival was difficult, you sought refuge with our Zhao Family Castle. Brother Zhao Da was kind-hearted and agreed to take you in. And then? Your husband and his brother still pined for Chen Family Stronghold, even saying in front of Third Brother that they had sent many hunting gains there. Do you think this is acceptable?"

Huang Sulan hurriedly said, "It wasn't much, just a desert rabbit."

"A desert rabbit and you think that's not much?"

Du Feng's eyes widened, "That's dozens of pounds of meat, hmm?"

Huang Sulan was rendered speechless.

"Hmph, we have given them chances. Who knew they would disappoint again and again,

Now, they've been sent to repair walls with the common people. Madam Wei, you wouldn't want your husband to die of exhaustion like the others, would you?"

Hearing this, Huang Sulan's face changed drastically. She quickly pleaded, "Brother Du, please help us say a few good words to Third Brother. Tiangong and the others were wrong and will never do it again.

Brother Du, Tiangong and the others are martial artists. They should be out hunting with Third Brother, repairing walls is a waste of their skills."

"A waste of their skills?"

Du Feng sneered, "They're just two First Layer Body Tempering martial artists who were important in Chen Family Stronghold. Here, they're nothing."

Huang Sulan continued to plead desperately.

Du Feng frowned impatiently, "Enough, stop whining. Are you willing to serve our eldest brother or not? Give a straightforward answer."

Huang Sulan was stunned, seemingly unable to believe what she had heard.

"What, my words are so hard to understand?" Du Feng frowned, "You do have some beauty. Please our eldest brother, and anything you want will be yours, understand?"

Huang Sulan turned pale with fright and quickly shook her head, "This, this can't be. I can't betray Tiangong."

"Not doing this is the real betrayal," Du Feng whispered, "Didn't you say you wanted me to put in a good word for Tiangong and the others with Brother Zhao Da? Why not do it yourself?"

His smile grew more lewd, "Think about it. If you make the eldest brother happy and mention Tiangong and the others to him, they will return.

Then they can go hunting with Third Brother again and get more hunting gains, right? Those would all be thanks to you. Even if Tiangong found out, he would thank you."

"No, no!"

Huang Sulan shook her head vigorously, trembling uncontrollably.

She never expected these people to be so shameless, taking advantage of Tiangong and the others' absence to say this to her.

Looking back, the rumors about Zhao Family Castle were all true!

"What's so wrong with it? Everyone does it. Don't worry, no one will mock you," Du Feng laughed.

Initially, he thought sending his wife to serve Zhao Da was a humiliating act.

Many shared this sentiment and some even fought Zhao Da over it, only to be publicly tortured and executed.

Since then, he changed his mind.

Plus, every time his wife served Zhao Da, she brought back extra meat; he didn't have to hunt and still got these benefits. What was there to be dissatisfied about?

Even the hunting team wasn't exempt from this practice, but it allowed them to get more gains each time.

No matter how much he persuaded, Huang Sulan kept shaking her head.

"Don't make us force you!"

Du Feng lost his patience and slammed the table, "Let me be clear. Our eldest brother's patience is limited. This is your only warning. Prepare yourself.

If you don't comply by tomorrow, don't blame us for being ruthless. Moreover, you can try telling your husband and see what he can do."

With that, he sneered, turned, and walked out, cursing under his breath.

Huang Sulan collapsed as if her soul had been drained.

"Mom."

The little girl ran out and held her mother tightly.

"What should I do? What should I do?"

Huang Sulan broke down in tears.

The threat left by the other party indicated their confidence and disregard for them.

Indeed, they had the power to do so.

"No, I still need to tell Tiangong and the others. Even if we die together, I won't bow to those bastards!"

She gritted her teeth and wiped the tears away.

She knew that negotiating with tigers was akin to drinking poison.