

# God-tier Farm #Chapter 1 - Read God-tier Farm Chapter 1

## *Chapter 1: Mysterious Scroll*

It was a winter afternoon in Three Mountain City of the Southeast Province.

In the Three Mountain Plaza in the southern suburbs.

Amidst the rush of people, a young man with a slightly pale face walked forward steadily.

His name was Xia Ruofei. He was 23 years old that year and was a soldier who had just retired from the military camp.

Xia Ruofei was not tall. He was about 1.75 meters tall, and his figure was thin.

He had short, spiky hair and wore a brown Type 07 winter camouflage uniform. On his feet was a pair of standard black high laced combat boots.

However, there were no military ranks or military insignias on the old camouflage uniform. The combat boots were also badly damaged. The paint on several areas had been worn off, making them look like ugly scars.

Even though Xia Ruofei's clothes were old, they were clean and gave off a refreshing feeling.

But no matter what, his attire made him look out of place among the people in the city. He would even attract curious and contemptuous gazes.

However, Xia Ruofei turned a blind eye to them. His back remained straight, and he walked forward with 75 centimeters per step. He was full of vigor and exuded a strong military aura.

Xia Ruofei held a receipt in his hand, and his pale face was filled with worry.

"Hu Zi, this is all I can do. I even sold the house that my grandfather left behind..." Xia Ruofei muttered softly to himself. "With this money, at least our mother can afford dialysis. As for the kidney transplant, I really can't do

anything about it. Sigh, I hope you can understand. In a few days, the two of us will meet in the underworld. I'll pay my apologies to you then..."

After saying that, Xia Ruofei let out a long sigh, feeling melancholic.

Hu Zi was Xia Ruofei's best comrade and brother in the army. He was shot and sacrificed in a border battle to protect him.

Two years after Hu Zi's death, Xia Ruofei was diagnosed with motor neuron disease, commonly known as Lou Gehrig's disease. The symptoms in the early stages of this disease were mild, and the patient might only feel a little weak, jumpy, and tired. However, it would gradually progress to muscle atrophy and difficulty in swallowing.

Under the current standards of medical treatment, motor neuron disease was considered an incurable disease. He could live for as short as a few months or as long as two to three years. Most patients would die from respiratory failure.

After understanding the situation of this illness, Xia Ruofei resolutely requested to leave the army, unwilling to cause trouble for the organization.

Of course, more importantly, Xia Ruofei was a prideful person deep down. He had always been the backbone of the Lone Wolf assault team. He did not want his comrades to see him struggle to even move his fingers and could only lie on the bed and watch as death devoured him.

After Xia Ruofei retired, he went to Hu Zi's house to visit his old mother. However, he suddenly found out that Hu Zi's mother was suffering from uremia. Hu Zi's meager pension had long been spent, but his condition did not improve at all.

Without hesitation, Xia Ruofei sold the small house left behind by his grandfather at a low price. He had gone to the bank to transfer the 400,000 yuan he had earned from selling the house and his military discharge fee of 80,000 yuan to Hu Zi's mother's account.

But he himself had become penniless.

Now, other than the two months' rent that he had paid in advance, the few hundred dollars in his pocket were Xia Ruofei's entire assets.

After passing by the new banyan road beside the Three Mountain Plaza, the scenery in front of him suddenly changed. The prosperity of the city was left behind. All he could see were low-rise houses with all kinds of electrical wires running around and trees growing messily around. The water drains by the side of the road gave off a stench and all kinds of trash could be seen everywhere.

This was a shantytown in the town. In this new era, it gave off an aged and rotten aura. Fortunately, it was said that this shantytown would be demolished in a year or two.

After Xia Ruofei sold the house, he rented the cheapest single room to stay in.

Xia Ruofei's parents had died early, and his only family member, Grandpa, had also passed away. He was all alone, so it was enough for him to rent a small apartment.

He quickly walked through the streets. He did not even frown at the stench that occasionally entered his nostrils. In his military career, he had experienced more than one hundred times worse environments. This was nothing.

"Let go of me... Help!"

In the distance, a faint voice could be heard. He frowned slightly and walked quickly in the direction of the voice.

Normally, Xia Ruofei was not someone who liked to poke his nose into other people's business. However, the security in the shantytown was very poor. There were all sorts of people around, and the cry for help sounded like that of a young woman. There was a strong sense of panic in her voice. If he did not take actions, something terrible might happen.

He walked quickly through the narrow alley. In front of an abandoned house, Xia Ruofei saw three drunk hooligans surrounding a panicked girl with smiles on their faces.

The girl was wearing a short white down jacket and blue jeans. She had a pair of long and slender legs, and her slightly bloated winter attire could not hide her graceful and tall figure.

She had an exquisite oval face, and her big eyes, which should have been lively, were now filled with fear. Her beautiful hair was also a little messy, and her body involuntarily shivered, making her look even more pitiful.