

High Martial 109

Chapter 109: Do You Have a Method to Train Spiritual Power?

"Having money really makes a difference."

Walking on the road to the grain store, Chen Fan couldn't help but laugh wryly.

Last time he spent less than a thousand, the clerks treated him with utmost respect, but he couldn't even meet the manager.

This time, he spent four to five thousand, even the manager came out, their attitude couldn't be friendlier, trying every way to curry favor.

If he spent over ten thousand, he might even meet the boss behind the scenes.

"However, it seems that the weapons store in Song Family Castle isn't that valuable anymore."

He muttered to himself.

Bows with a draw strength over 500 pounds, none,

High-level armor-piercing arrows, none,

Weapons made of tier-two original alloy, none of them.

If he wanted to buy more powerful weapons, he could only go elsewhere, or to Anshan City.

Before going to the grain store, he bought some daily necessities, like toilet paper and shower gel. They were a bit expensive, but truly inconvenient to be without.

The grain store.

Same as last time, a few burly men stood at the entrance with loaded guns, heads held high, looking very arrogant.

When they saw Chen Fan arrive, they were first stunned, then their eyes showed respect, and they nodded and smiled at Chen Fan.

Even the boss who was reading behind the counter was much more polite, with a welcoming smile.

"What would you like, sir? Food, salt, even MSG, and soy sauce, we have it all here."

Saying this, his gaze fell on the two bows Chen Fan was carrying on his back.

If he wasn't mistaken, those were 500-pound draw strength enhanced bows?

This guy is hardcore!

Chen Fan said in a deep voice, "Ten yuan per pound blood rice, get me a hundred pounds; three yuan per pound blood rice, fifty pounds; salt, MSG, get me some of those too."

It wasn't that he didn't want to buy more, but he was worried he couldn't carry it all back.

With a load around two or three hundred pounds, he could still walk swiftly; with four or five hundred pounds, he wouldn't be able to carry any weapons.

On the way out of the city, many people had their eyes on his cargo.

The boss's eyes instantly lit up.

Sure enough, this guy wasn't short on money.

"Did you come empty-handed?" he asked with a smile. "It's not easy to carry so much. Where do you live? I can have it delivered to you by car."

Chen Fan shook his head. "I'm not from Song Family Castle."

"Not from Song Family Castle?"

The boss was startled, and the people outside looked at Chen Fan with curious eyes too.

Could he be from one of the small strongholds outside?

After a short hesitation, the boss smiled and said,

"Sir, even if you're from an outside stronghold, we can still deliver."

Chen Fan looked at him with some surprise, "Are you sure, boss?"

"Haha, what you've said," the boss smiled, "it's only some gasoline for a round trip, what's the big deal?"

A hundred pounds of ten-yuan-per-pound blood rice meant a thousand yuan.

Plus the salt and other things, about two thousand yuan.

Comparatively, one liter of gasoline was only twenty or thirty yuan, good for running over ten kilometers!

Chen Fan didn't expect that.

Money can indeed make things happen.

"Ahem,"

At this moment, the boss cleared his throat and said, "But I need to say upfront, sir, you'll need to leave your identity information and a security deposit. This is for the safety of our staff and property. Don't worry, the deposit will be returned to you when you come back next time."

"I see."

Chen Fan thought for a moment and understood.

After all, it's pretty safe within Song Family Castle, but outside, who knows.

"Let's do it next time."

He dismissed the idea of exposing his identity for convenience.

"Alright."

Seeing this, the boss smiled and said no more.

Soon, the blood rice and several dozen pounds of salt, MSG, and soy sauce were loaded into a sturdy bag.

"Please come again."

The boss cheerfully watched Chen Fan leave.

"What a strong guy."

One of the guards watched Chen Fan's back and sighed.

"Yeah, with the strength to lift 300 pounds single-handedly, he's probably at the Body Tempering Third Layer, right?"

"Maybe a martial artist in the Muscle Refining Realm. Otherwise, would he dare to come here alone?"

"Exactly, he's clearly not afraid of others targeting him, bold and skillful."

Chen Fan stayed alert, fearing a sneak attack. Although unlikely, what if it happened?

Walking down the street attracted countless glances.

Some were shocked, some were envious, some were jealous, and some had sneaky ideas.

As Chen Fan's gaze passed, people lowered their heads.

Throughout the journey, Chen Fan was on high alert, watching and listening for any disturbance.

After walking one or two kilometers, leaving Song Family Castle far behind, he finally felt relieved and put down his loads, turning around.

A few sneaky figures were following from a distance.

Seeing Chen Fan look back, they were startled, exchanged whispers, and quickly turned away.

Chen Fan snorted. This group had been following him for a while but didn't dare act. They're clearly not bold.

So, he let it slide this time. If they followed again next time, they wouldn't get away so easily.

After a brief rest, he continued carrying his loads.

Stopping occasionally to check the surroundings.

After about half an hour, Chen Family Stronghold finally came into view.

He let out a long breath and quickened his pace.

When he arrived, he found many people already waiting at the entrance.

His father, mother, brother, Uncle Zhang, Gu Ze, Wang Ping, even Meng Yu was there.

All of them looked relieved.

"Dad, what's this?"

Chen Fan said with a laugh, "Didn't I say there wouldn't be any problems?"

"We just heard the bell and rushed over here."

Chen Guodong said sheepishly.

In truth, after Chen Fan left, he had been restless, unable to focus on martial arts practice.

Especially at noon, when Chen Fan hadn't returned, he worried even more.

His wife was anxiously waiting too, glancing around.

"Yes, we just arrived too."

"Brother Fan, you didn't run into any trouble, right?"

Wang Ping and the others quickly asked.

"What trouble could there be in Song Family Castle?"

Chen Fan laughed, waving his hand. "Alright, go back to practice. Next time I go out alone, don't act like this."

Then he glanced at Meng Yu who was standing nearby. She looked down, seemingly remorseful.

Everyone dispersed, Zhang Ren gave him a nod before leaving.

Chen Fan understood, likely the wooden stakes for Basic Step Technique practice were ready. He could start practicing soon.

He would go, but there were other things to handle first.

Back home, Chen Fan set down the loads, unloaded his bow and arrows. He was drenched in sweat from the journey.

"Xiaofan, how did it go? Any news?"

Chen Guodong quickly asked.

"Yes, I found the person."

"!!"

Chen Guodong looked pleasantly surprised, "What happened next? Did he know who we are?"

Yin Fang and Chen Chen, standing by, looked anxiously too.

Chen Fan sighed and nodded, "Not only did he know, but he's also planning to make a move on us soon."

Chen Guodong's eyes widened.

The family's faces darkened.

"Don't worry, Dad."

Chen Fan smiled, "I already know their plan, so it's doomed to fail. Leave it to me."

"Can I do something to help?"

Chen Guodong asked cautiously.

Always having Chen Fan handle everything made him feel bad.

Despite Chen Fan's calm words, only he knew what had really happened.

"Dad, you've done enough. Don't worry, I can handle this alone."

He opened the bag, taking out various seasonings and two big bags of blood rice.

He opened one bag and said, "Dad, Mom, this bag is three-yuan-per-pound blood rice. I'll take thirty pounds, the rest is for you. It's not that I don't want you eating the ten-yuan-per-pound variety, it's just that your constitution isn't up to it yet."

"Xiaofan, what are you saying?"

Yin Fang's eyes welled up with tears, "Mom can just eat ordinary rice. This three-yuan-per-pound stuff, you have it yourself."

"Ahem."

Chen Guodong coughed, "Since Xiaofan insists, let's follow his arrangement. Xiaofan, don't worry, I'll train harder so your efforts won't be in vain."

Chen Fan smiled understandingly.

If his father got his point, that was enough.

He didn't expect much from his father or brother, just that they could protect themselves a bit in this apocalyptic world.

He prepared two bags, each with thirty pounds of the two types of blood rice. The three-yuan variety was for Meng Yu, the ten-yuan variety for Uncle Zhang.

Both were crucial to the stronghold. The stronger they were, the more they could help him share the burden.

He found Meng Yu first.

Seeing Chen Fan, Meng Yu stood there awkwardly, her face full of guilt.

"I'm sorry, Chen Fan, I still couldn't predict what will happen to the stronghold."

She took a neatly folded thousand-yuan bill from her pocket, handing it to Chen Fan, stammering, "Please take the money back. I couldn't help at all."

Chen Fan shook his head slightly, placing the heavy bag on the table. He turned to her and said, "What kind of nonsense are you talking? Money given out doesn't get taken back."

"But, but..."

She bit her lip, not knowing what to say.

"There's no need to blame yourself, the stronghold isn't just yours,"

Chen Fan comforted her, "I told you because I wanted extra assurance. Fortunately, it wasn't a wasted effort today, I know who the person is now."

"Really?"

She lifted her head, her big dark eyes sparkling.

"Yes, the person doesn't know who we are, we were worrying for nothing."

Chen Fan smiled. He wasn't lying to her; he didn't want her to worry.

A man shouldn't let others worry for him.

"That's great."

She was overjoyed.

She had been trying to dream of the future but couldn't. It had been very frustrating.

"Yes, this bag contains blood rice, have you heard of it?"

"Blood rice?"

Her reaction showed she had heard of it, so she quickly shook her head.

"Chen Fan, you have been so kind, I can't take this blood rice, I really can't."

Chen Fan sighed, then said, "Meng Yu, I'm not just doing this for you, it's for the stronghold. If you get stronger, mastering your ability, even if there's danger, everyone can use your power to turn the tide."

She was taken aback, then thought it was reasonable.

But she frowned and said, "I want to use my ability at will, but my Spiritual Power is too weak. The method my sister taught me to train Spiritual Power, I tried many times but can't master it."

"What?"

Chen Fan almost stood up, "You have a way to train Spiritual Power?"