

High Martial 118

Chapter 118: I'll Ask You One Last Time

The atmosphere was eerily silent.

In everyone's mind, the same thought simultaneously arose. Could it be that something had happened to Tian Gong and the others?

No, that can't be.

Chen Guodong quickly dismissed the idea, but his face was as pale as paper.

"Xiaofan," he swallowed hard, his voice trembling, "Did you miss something? Look again carefully?"

"Yes, didn't Tian Gong and the others always go hunting with Third Brother Zhao's group in the past? This time should be no different, right?" Liu Yong licked his lips.

"We even saw them last time."

"Yeah, they must be there."

Others chimed in.

"Gao Yang, did you see them or not?"

"No, no, I didn't see them," Gao Yang said anxiously, "I've checked several times, but Tian Gong and the others really aren't here, they're really not here."

"!"

At that moment, everyone's hearts sank to the bottom.

With Gao Yang's confirmation, it seemed almost certain that Wei Tiangong and his group were not with the team.

This left only two possibilities.

One, Wei Tiangong and the others didn't go out with the Hunting Team and stayed back at Zhao Family Castle.

Or two, they met with misfortune, injured at best... or worse...

Liu Yong and the others didn't dare continue their speculations, but their instincts told them that the second possibility was more likely.

When they met at the Song Family Castle last time, they could tell that Tian Gong and his group were being ostracized. Otherwise, those people wouldn't have been so sarcastic.

Combining this with the usual behavior of the Zhao brothers...

Chen Guodong, his body trembling, looked at Chen Fan and asked with a glimmer of hope, "Xiaofan, are you sure your Uncle Wei and the others aren't with the team?"

Chen Fan slowly shook his head, his face icy cold.

Time seemed to freeze at that moment.

"Guodong, maybe we're overthinking," Gu Jianghai said sympathetically, "Maybe nothing happened to Wei Tiangong and the others, and they're just out with Third Brother Zhao for some reason."

"Yes, Wei Tiangong and the others are martial artists. Even if Third Brother Zhao wanted to be unkind, he'd think about how the other martial artists would react, right?"

"I also think so. It wouldn't make sense for Third Brother Zhao to harm Tian Gong and his group."

The others tried to persuade, but it had little effect.

Chen Guodong, Liu Yong, Gao Yang, and others had grim expressions on their faces; they had been relieved that Third Brother Zhao's group hadn't caught up, avoiding a bloody conflict.

But now, something potentially worse had happened.

"I'll go ask them."

A voice broke the silence.

All eyes turned to the speaker.

"Instead of guessing wildly here, it's better to ask them directly," Chen Fan said, putting down the telescope.

Chen Guodong and the others were startled.

Go ask them?

Would Third Brother Zhao's group really cooperate and honestly reveal the whereabouts of Wei Tiangong and the others?

Of course not.

But as Chen Fan said, there was no point in guessing here.

"Xiaofan, how about we go with you?" Liu Yong shook his rifle.

Other men holding guns echoed him.

Usually, when they encountered Third Brother Zhao's group, they would avoid them, but now, with their former companions' lives uncertain, they all had guns. If they didn't act, they might as well crash into a tofu block and die.

Wang Ping and the others were also extremely nervous, their palms sweaty around their guns.

Uncle Wei had done much good for the stronghold; if something happened to him, what should they do?

Do nothing or face the challenge?

If they chose the former, their conscience would be uneasy; the latter might cost their lives.

"No," Chen Fan shook his head, "I'll just ask them for clarity. I may be back soon. Dad, you should return to the stronghold with the prey first."

As he finished, everyone exchanged glances.

They weren't fools; the last incident was still fresh. This time, how could it be as easy as Chen Fan said?

Liu Yong wanted to say something, but Chen Guodong waved him off.

"Alright, Xiaofan, be safe."

He looked at Chen Fan, reminding him.

Chen Fan's strength was well known. Their intentions were good, but they might be a burden to him.

Since Chen Fan said so, he must have a plan.

They just needed to bring the prey back to the stronghold safely.

"Yes, I'll be careful," Chen Fan nodded, scanning the crowd, "You all be careful on the way back."

With that, he turned and strode towards Third Brother Zhao's group.

He hoped Uncle Wei and the others were safe. If not, all those involved would be killed without mercy!

"Let's head back," Chen Guodong said, sighing.

"Tian Gong and the others should be fine."

"Yes, good people get good endings. How could something happen to them?"

"If only they had left a day or two later..."

Someone said, and the group fell silent again.

Yes, if only they had left a day or two later.

But there were no ifs.

Chen Fan moved fast; it looked like he was walking, but his speed was like a normal person running.

So, in a few minutes, he was in view of the group.

And they saw him too.

"What's going on?"

Cao Shiguang stopped.

"What now?"

Even Third Brother Zhao stopped and looked.

"A kid with a bow is walking towards us. It seems he's coming for us."

"What?"

They all looked amazed.

And were even more surprised when Cao Shiguang added, "That kid seems to be from Chen Guodong's side. I've seen him before."

Third Brother Zhao couldn't resist taking out the telescope.

Through the lens, a sturdy young man approached, his eyes cold, glaring as if he knew he was being watched.

By now, the telescope wasn't needed.

Everyone saw Chen Fan.

"Is someone really walking towards us?"

"What's going on? What's this guy's deal?"

"Does he plan to take us all on alone? Didn't Brother Cao say he's from the Chen Family Stronghold?"

"Looking to die?"

Around twenty to thirty people spoke, gripping their weapons.

It was an instinctive reaction, not that they were really tense.

"Right, Third Brother?"

Cao Shiguang asked, recognizing Chen Fan's face.

"Hmph."

Third Brother Zhao sneered, "He really is coming towards us. This kid is pretty bold."

"What's he want?"

Someone asked.

The distance between them closed, revealing a mere kid.

Most sighed in relief, joking and laughing.

Some frowned, noticing Chen Fan's nearly two-meter-long bow.

Someone muttered:

"Notice the bow? Looks like the one from Song Family Castle's weapon shop, the 500-pound pull bow."

The words triggered recognition.

"Really is!"

"I was just about to say that."

"So, what does he intend with that bow?"

None could understand.

Third Brother Zhao was puzzled. If told the approaching guy could draw a 500-pound bow, he wouldn't believe it.

"Third Brother, I understand!"

A man with a crooked mouth excitedly said, "The Chen Family Stronghold folks, thinking we might trouble them over their mounts, sent this kid with the bow to please you!"

"Hiss..."

Everyone took a deep breath.

It made some sense.

A 500-pound bow worth over two thousand, like a wild adult wildebeest.

If a grown man brought it, they'd be wary; Chen Guodong might have sent a young man for this reason.

Last time they asked Third Brother how to release Wei Tiangong and the rest.

This time, they sent a bow with both a placating and a requesting intent.

Hearing this, Third Brother Zhao's guard relaxed, and he smiled.

Yes, he thought this likely.

But Chen Guodong, thinking a single bow could buy him off? Dreaming!

"Swish..."

Chen Fan reached Third Brother Zhao's group, standing twenty meters apart.

One against nearly thirty.

"Kid, you're from the Chen Family Stronghold?" the crooked mouth man teased, "Did Chen Guodong send you?"

"He's quite sensible, sending gifts."

"But just this much, isn't it too little?"

"Bring all your mounts and guns, then we'll talk."

Everyone chimed in.

Third Brother Zhao looked down his nose at them.

In his eyes, conversing with a kid was humiliating, even Chen Guodong wasn't worthy.

"What nonsense are you spouting?"

Chen Fan's voice chilled, staring at Third Brother Zhao, "Are you Third Brother Zhao? Where are Uncle Wei and the others? What did you do to them?"

The atmosphere froze.

The Zhao Family Castle group stared, not believing their ears.

They couldn't recall what Chen Fan said, only that this kid from the Chen Family Stronghold spoke with unbearable arrogance, daring to talk to Third Brother Zhao that way?

Third Brother Zhao, stunned, then furious, glared at Chen Fan, "Who the hell do you think you are, talking to me like that?"

"I'll ask one last time." Chen Fan's eyes flashed with fury, enunciating each word, "Where are Uncle Wei and the others? Why didn't they come hunting with you?"