

High Martial 119

Chapter 119: Why Did You Provoke Him

The people at Zhao Family Castle were taken aback by Chen Fan's aura, standing there in a daze, recalling the words they'd heard before.

So,

This young kid from Chen Family Stronghold wasn't here to flatter them with a bow?

Quite the opposite, he was here to demand someone?

How dared he?

A group of people exchanged glances.

Even Third Brother Zhao was stunned.

All these years, not even his two elder brothers had used such a tone with him, much less the other villagers.

And this young boy had the audacity to talk to him like that repeatedly?

Who on earth gave him that courage?

"Hey, you brat, do you know who you're talking to?" The man with the crooked mouth was the first to react, shouting, "Right now, immediately, kneel and apologize to Third Brother, or else, not just you, but even your entire Chen Family Stronghold will be wiped off this world!"

"That's right, you stinking kid, how dare you talk to our Third Brother like that, you must have a death wish."

"Why waste words with him? Let's just kill him!"

Although they spoke boldly, no one dared to make a move, at least not until Third Brother Zhao gave the nod.

Chen Fan ignored everything, focusing solely on Third Brother Zhao.

If the other side made the first move, he wouldn't hold back either, though he would leave one or two alive to ask about Uncle Wei's whereabouts.

The tension in the field was palpable, ready to explode at any moment.

Third Brother Zhao, face as dark as water, suddenly burst into laughter, looking at Chen Fan amusingly, "So you came alone, just to find out Wei Tiangong and the others' whereabouts?"

"Correct."

Chen Fan replied coldly.

"Interesting, very interesting."

Third Brother Zhao laughed harder, to the point tears almost came out.

"Kid, should I call you brave or as dumb as a pig?"

His eyes grew colder.

"You want to know Wei Tiangong and the others' whereabouts? Fine, I'll tell you!"

"Third Brother..."

The man with the crooked mouth hesitated.

How could you just tell someone when they ask? Isn't that too humiliating?

Especially since this kid is just a little brat, why even bother?

Third Brother Zhao turned and glanced at him, causing him to shiver and then angrily glare at Chen Fan.

This brat got him scolded, he was definitely going to make him pay later.

Chen Fan's heart raced to his throat.

He heard Third Brother Zhao say slowly, "They are dead."

"?"

The man with the crooked mouth and others were stunned, looking at Third Brother Zhao in disbelief.

Wei Tiangong and the others are dead? That's impossible, they saw them laying bricks this morning!

"!!!"

However, Chen Fan felt like he'd been hit hard by something, his ears ringing.

"What did you say? Say it again?"

Chen Fan's eyes were bloodshot. Despite expecting the worst, hearing it for real ignited uncontrollable rage throughout his body, he roared, "I'll give you one last chance. What's the truth about Uncle Wei and the others?"

As his words fell, a strong sense of crisis arose in the hearts of those opposite.

It seemed as if there wasn't a person standing there, but a mid-level fierce beast on the brink of fury! No, more dangerous than a mid-level fierce beast!

If they didn't tell the truth and truly angered him, they would die!

"Hahaha."

But Third Brother Zhao burst into mocking laughter, "You give me a chance? Even ten chances won't change my answer. Wei Tiangong and the others are dead. I killed them, along with their families. Everyone, I killed them. Oh, how pitiful."

He clicked his tongue, "You can't imagine how pitiful that little girl was when she died by my hand."

Others exchanged glances and then chimed in.

"Right, Wei Tiangong and the others were traitors. Why keep them alive? Waste of food."

"Those worthless ones deserved to die!"

"Kid, didn't you want to know their whereabouts? Now we've told you. What will you do?"

They were fearless.

There were so many of them, and Third Brother Zhao was a body tempering third-layer martial artist. Why fear a kid?

What a joke.

At that moment, Third Brother Zhao gave Chen Fan a sidelong glance, his expression saying, "So what if I told you?"

Chen Fan suppressed his anger, took a deep breath, and said, "So, Wei Tiangong and the others are really dead, killed by you?"

"Exactly."

Third Brother Zhao admitted it outright, "And? What do you want to do? Kill us?"

Others laughed upon hearing this.

Kill them?

More likely, they'd kill this kid.

"Congratulations, you guessed it!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Chen Fan drew six arrows from his quiver, nocking them on the string.

With a burst, six arrows shot out.

Everything happened in a flash, and no one at Zhao Family Castle expected Chen Fan to strike first.

"Thump!"

"Thump!"

At such close range, even a mid-level fierce beast wouldn't withstand these arrows.

Without suspense, the six struck went flying back, their chests showing bowl-sized bloody holes, horrifying to behold!

Two arrows even pierced through two more, still flying hundreds of meters further.

Third Brother Zhao was thrown into the air, desperately looking down at the bloody hole in his chest in disbelief, opening his mouth to speak, but blood sprayed out.

In an instant, his vision blackened, and he lost consciousness completely.

"Third Brother!"

"Third Brother!"

Cries of alarm came belatedly.

But at that moment, Chen Fan drew four more arrows from his quiver, faster than before, his arms moving so quickly they seemed to blur.

Yes, he consumed the power of Qi and blood to activate the Continuous Meteor Arrow skill.

As soon as it activated, he felt his Qi and blood drain significantly. However, his arms felt like they were wound with a spring, their speed doubled.

Almost half a second later, another burst, and four arrows pierced through four men, one even shooting through three in a row!

The air filled with screams, quickly falling silent.

Someone finally reacted, drawing their bows towards Chen Fan.

Twenty meters, less than thirty meters, they could almost hit him with their eyes closed.

"Whizz! Whizz!"

Arrows whistled through the air, flying at Chen Fan.

Chen Fan sneered, entering an aiming state. These arrows, moving at less than 200 meters per second, were pitifully slow.

With just a flash, he dodged them all, then drew three more arrows, nocking them and releasing.

His Qi and blood depleted significantly again.

"Ah!"

Cries arose from those not far away who had just shot at him, clutching their chests and collapsing in agony.

"How can this be? How can this be?"

The man with the crooked mouth was still alive, trembling all over.

This kid was a monster! A monster!

How long had passed? Barely three or four seconds, and most of his men had fallen, even Third Brother Zhao and Brother Cao were killed instantly.

There was no way he could be a match.

Realizing this, he threw down his bow and ran.

Then he heard the roar of the wind from behind, his back chilled, and suddenly he was airborne, immense pain engulfing him.

Realizing the danger, he wasn't the only one to run.

Sadly, they weren't fast enough. They couldn't make it even fifty meters, let alone eight hundred.

After killing the maximum targets with a simultaneous fire, Chen Fan eliminated the rest one by one. Each arrow drained his Qi and blood, though slower than before.

After about ten seconds, only one person remained.

The man had wet himself, sitting on the ground, trembling like a sieve.

Seeing Chen Fan's arrow aimed at him, he raised his hands, shouting for his life, "Don't kill me, don't kill me, they aren't dead! They aren't dead!"

"What did you say?"

Chen Fan's cold face showed a trace of surprise.

Uncle Wei and the others aren't dead?

Really?

The man, snot and tears streaming, said, "Third Brother Zhao, damn it, he lied to you to provoke you. In fact, Wei Tiangong and the others aren't dead at all. They're all fine."

Chen Fan's pupils contracted, then he said coldly, "How do I know you're not lying to save your skin?"

"Brother, I, Old Zheng, wouldn't dare lie to you even if I had the guts of a bear or leopard. If you don't believe me, I can swear, an oath! If there's a single lie in what I said, let me, Zheng Xiong, die a horrible death!"

He looked at Chen Fan pitifully, begging, "Brother, spare me, spare me."

In his mind, he cursed Third Brother Zhao's ancestors eighteen times!

Can't you just talk properly without provoking him? Now look, everyone has to die with you!

He forgot he was one of them.

"They're really not dead?"

Chen Fan felt a glimmer of hope.

"Definitely not dead!"

Zheng Xiong, also hopeful, smiled ingratiatingly, "Third Brother Zhao wanted them out of his sight and sent them to reinforce the wall with the others. If you don't believe me, I can take you there, no, I'll bring them to you."

He quickly corrected himself.

"No need."

Chen Fan drew his bow.

"No! No!"

Zheng Xiong was instantly pierced by an arrow, falling lifelessly.

"To provoke me?"

Chen Fan looked at Third Brother Zhao's chilling corpse in the distance and shook his head.

He felt that even if he didn't come this time, a conflict between their stronghold and Zhao Family Castle would be inevitable.

And Zheng Xiong's words might not be trustworthy either.

After all, when facing death, who wouldn't swear any oath?