

High Martial 120

Chapter 120: Low-Grade Qi Blood Pill?

"I hope that Uncle Wei and the others, as claimed by that person, were sent to expand the wall rather than killed."

Chen Fan looked towards the direction of Zhao Family Castle, murmuring to himself.

Shifting his gaze downwards, he saw the ground covered in severed limbs and remains, with blood pooling into puddles, the heavy stench of blood dispersing in all directions.

It's likely that soon enough, without waiting until nightfall, fierce beasts like the desert wolf would come sniffing the scent.

At this point, it's already too late to say anything.

The moment he killed Third Brother Zhao, it was destined that he would be enemies with Zhao Da, and it would be a relentless struggle until death.

He took a deep breath and walked forward, collecting arrows while checking for any spoils of battle.

To his disappointment, the people from Zhao Family Castle could be described as having nothing. It seems that, let alone ordinary people, even martial artists don't have a high status within Zhao Family Castle.

Arriving in front of Third Brother Zhao, Chen Fan bent down and picked up the telescope from his hand, then reached out to search his clothes pockets.

He found a small white bottle the size of a palm, seemingly made of porcelain, with three small characters written on it.

"Qi Blood Pill?"

Chen Fan read the name, furrowing his brows.

An elixir?

From the name, it seems related to qi and blood. Is it for restoring qi and blood?

Just then, he suddenly felt a wave of weakness hitting him, almost causing him to lose his balance. Not only that, both his arms seemed to have lost all strength, holding the bow in his left arm with great difficulty.

"It's the aftereffect from using the power of qi and blood."

Chen Fan showed a bitter smile on his face.

He had almost forgotten about this.

It appears that using the power of qi and blood to activate the Continuous Meteor Arrow can last for about three minutes.

After three minutes, one enters a weakened state.

No doubt he had underestimated this aftereffect earlier. Now, let alone drawing the bow, even raising the bow is a struggle.

According to Uncle Zhang, martial artists who use the power of qi and blood must rest and carefully nurture for several days, avoiding combat until fully recovered.

If the care is poor or if there is combat during this period, a few times may be manageable, but after three or more instances, the body will inevitably suffer hidden injuries, hindering future breakthroughs.

Chen Fan looked at the bottle in his hand, shaking it, producing a collision sound inside; there were at least five or six Qi Blood Pills.

Now seems like the best time to test the effect of this elixir.

He hesitated for a moment but ultimately decided against it.

The likelihood of this elixir being poisonous is extremely low, and it probably has a good effect, but he wasn't sure of the specifics. It's still best to take it back and ask Uncle Zhang.

More importantly, he didn't need it to recover.

His gaze fell on the attribute panel, clicking the realm breakthrough.

In the next moment, the internal blockage was once again broken, a surge of heat flowed from his heart throughout his body.

The aftereffects from consuming qi and blood almost instantly disappeared, replaced by an unprecedented sense of fullness, filling his entire body.

He had become stronger.

Realm: Mid Stage of Muscle Refining

Level: 9 (0/200)

Constitution: 128.95

Power: 127.08

Agility: 78.58

Spirit: 19.72

Potential Points: 282 (15 points/1 day)

Experience Points: 422

With the breakthrough to the Mid Stage of Muscle Refining, the growth rate of potential points also increased from 10 points per day to 15 points, adding an extra 5 points daily.

A mosquito's leg is still meat, and it's given for free, so Chen Fan had no complaints.

Constitution and power attributes were progressing equally, both nearing 130 points.

The agility attribute also looked much better, reaching close to 80 points. Once the Lightweight Water Floating skill is unlocked, it should soon catch up to the other two attributes.

As for the spirit attribute,

19.72 points.

Just 0.3 points short of reaching the threshold to cultivate the Moon Observation Technique.

"Once I return to the village, I'll use the potential points to enhance the body once more."

Chen Fan's gaze fell on the potential points; now that food was abundant, he could increase by more than 100 potential points a day.

Putting the bottle back in his pocket, Chen Fan continued to search.

Soon, he found a small booklet with four large characters on the cover.

Bright Eyes Skill.

Chen Fan let out a soft sound; the name suggested it was specifically for training the eyes.

He opened the first page and skimmed it, his face breaking into a smile. It indeed matched his guess, a secret manual specifically for eye training.

It didn't conflict with the aiming trait, rather it complemented it, allowing for a one-plus-one-greater-than-two effect.

"I wonder where Third Brother Zhao acquired this martial art and the Qi Blood Pill from. It doesn't seem like Song Family Castle sells them, could it be from Anshan City?"

Chen Fan pondered.

If that was the case, it would be nice; he would have another place to purchase secret manuals and resources.

Putting the secret manual in his pocket, he continued to search.

He found a packet of cigarettes and a lighter; other than that, nothing else.

"Not bad."

Chen Fan consoled himself; he still had a few thousand in cash and a good catch of prey today.

After retrieving the iron arrows scattered around, Chen Fan detected a slight hint of danger in the air.

Clearly, some fierce beasts had already sniffed the scent and were on their way.

Chen Fan took several bows, then hoisted a prey on his shoulder and walked in the direction of the arriving scent.

Those fierce beasts arriving just in time to help destroy the evidence; even if Zhao Da's group came later, they wouldn't guess who did it.

Of course, mere evasion is not a solution; now that he was at the Mid Stage of Body Refining, once he reached the Late Stage of Muscle Refining, or even Entry Force, he would be confident to fight Zhao Da and his group.

Back at the village.

Seeing Chen Fan return safely, everyone breathed a sigh of relief. When they saw him put down the prey and carrying several bows, they vaguely understood what had happened.

They had already mentally prepared themselves.

Given Third Brother Zhao's nature, would he cooperate and reveal Tian Gong and the other's whereabouts? Reason tells otherwise; it's almost impossible.

If those people were gone, they were gone. But, if this news reached Third Brother Zhao's two siblings, they likely wouldn't rest until they sought revenge.

"Xiaofan, any news about Tian Gong and the others?" Chen Guodong asked in a low voice.

Although not worried about leakage in the village, caution is never redundant.

Liu Yong and the others also looked over.

Chen Fan shook his head and didn't elaborate, simply saying, "Only by entering Zhao Family Castle can we find out the status of Uncle Wei and the others."

Everyone was taken aback, exchanging glances.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it." Chen Fan smiled.

Everyone could only smile bitterly.

They had witnessed the strength of martial artists firsthand; Zhao Da seemed even more powerful than Xiaofan, capable of killing an Iron Armor Rhinoceros with a single arrow.

Even with guns, they acknowledged that they weren't a match for an Iron Armor Rhinoceros.

Hopefully, Zhao Family Castle doesn't find out about this incident anytime soon.

After lunch, Chen Fan quickly grabbed the bottle of Qi Blood Pills and went to find Zhang Ren.

"Qi Blood Pills?"

Zhang Ren's face showed a look of surprise as he took the bottle, pouring out a small, glossy red pill about the size of a pinky nail.

"Yes, it's indeed a Qi Blood Pill," he nodded, looking at Chen Fan, "Where did you get this from?"

Chen Fan didn't hide the details, narrating the conflict with Third Brother Zhao and the others.

Zhang Ren furrowed his brows, "Is that what he said?"

"Yes, Uncle Zhang, do you think the chances are high that Uncle Wei and the others are alive?" Chen Fan couldn't help but ask.

"From your description, the last person didn't seem to be lying, and it's true that Zhao Family Castle uses ordinary people to build houses and expand walls, often exhausting them before throwing them out for fierce beasts to feast on."

"That ruthless?"

Chen Fan clenched his fists.

That was bone-deep exploitation.

"Indeed,"

Zhang Ren sighed, "Tian Gong and the others are martial artists; both their physical strength and power are greater than ordinary people. If Zhao Family intentionally marginalized Tian Gong and the others, it's likely they would be forced into such labor."

"If that's the case, it's still not too bad."

Chen Fan breathed a sigh of relief.

At least they were still alive.

"Yes."

Zhang Ren nodded, "Don't worry about Zhao Da finding out and coming here. If he does come, that's exactly what I hope for."

Chen Fan couldn't help but laugh.

He understood Zhang Ren's meaning, but he didn't plan to rely on others, as plans rarely keep up with changes.

"Let's talk about this Qi Blood Pill,"

Zhang Ren placed the pill in his palm, "As the name suggests, it enhances qi and blood, suitable for martial artists. This bottle likely contains low-grade Qi Blood Pills, primarily for martial artists in the Body Tempering Realm."

"Does that mean there's a top-grade?" Chen Fan asked in surprise.

"Of course,"

Zhang Ren replied without hesitation, "Besides low-grade Qi Blood Pills, there are also middle-grade and top-grade Qi Blood Pills. Middle-grade Qi Blood Pills are for martial artists in the Muscle Refining Realm, and top-grade Qi Blood Pills are for Entry Force martial artists, priced at two thousand yuan per pill."

"Two, two thousand!"

Chen Fan gasped, realizing the money he had wouldn't even buy half a pill.

"Yes,"

Zhang Ren showed a bitter smile; even he couldn't afford many monthly at that time.

But truth be told, the top-grade Qi Blood Pills are more effective than high-level fierce beast meat, with fast absorption.

"Uncle Zhang, what about mid-grade and low-grade?" Chen Fan asked curiously.

"Mid-grade is much cheaper, five thousand yuan per pill, and low-grade is even cheaper, only a thousand yuan per pill."

Zhang Ren explained.

"..."

Chen Fan's mouth opened slightly.

With low-grade at a thousand yuan per pill, it's still barely acceptable.

Mid-grade Qi Blood Pills at five thousand per pill meant the equivalent of several low-level fierce beasts for one pill?

This price seems quite high.

Seeing Chen Fan's thoughts, Zhang Ren rare smiled, "For people like us, this price is indeed exorbitant, but for some living in places like Anshan City, it's already a habit, even a necessity."

"Uncle Zhang, why is that?"

Chen Fan asked puzzled.