

High Martial 128

Chapter 128: Killing with Bloodshed, Cutting the Grass to Remove the Roots!

"Here to pick someone up?"

Upon hearing Chen Fan's words, most people looked bewildered.

Pick someone up? Pick up who?

Only Wei Tiangong and a few others exchanged glances, expressions shocked.

Could it be, Chen Fan came here specifically to take them back?

"Kid, you're not one of us, are you?"

Du Feng seemed to realize something, his face changed drastically.

The few people behind him immediately became vigilant.

"No."

Chen Fan shook his head.

Taking advantage of the moment, he quickly scanned the surroundings.

There were a lot of people in front of him, numbering in the hundreds.

But the defensive strength seemed very weak, only a few people were holding weapons, the rest were unarmed elderly, women, and children.

There were also some able-bodied young men.

Almost everyone was emaciated, as if a gust of wind could break them, their eyes vacant, like walking corpses.

It was terrifying yet also made one feel pity.

His brows furrowed tightly.

As expected, as the people in the stronghold said, life for ordinary people in the Zhao Family Castle was miserable.

But the urgent task was to find out what was going on, and where Zhao Da and the others were.

Otherwise, if they left with Uncle Wei immediately and Zhao Da and the others gave chase, it would be very disadvantageous for him.

"You're not?"

Du Feng and the others exchanged looks, a wave of anger rising in their hearts.

"Not one of us from Zhao Family Castle, what are you here for? Get out of here!"

"Damn it, made me worry for nothing."

"If you don't leave, don't blame us for not being polite."

The few people cursed.

They thought that Third Brother Zhao had only brought one person back and the others had all perished.

Now it seemed, they were fine.

Perhaps it wouldn't be long before Third Brother and the others returned.

"By the way, why are your people from the stronghold all standing here? Waiting for someone? Also, where is Zhao Da?"

Chen Fan asked a series of questions.

Du Feng and the others' eyes widened, dumbfounded.

Moments later, they reacted.

"Kid, don't you understand human language? What does it matter to you why they are standing here? I advise you not to meddle!"

Du Feng said viciously.

"That's right, kid, no matter who you are, leave here now!"

"Leave, do you hear?"

The person behind holding a bow nocked an arrow, his face serious.

The young man in front gave off an unpredictable feeling.

If he was weak, the bow he carried on his back was enormous, and he also held a large spear in his hand.

If he was strong, how strong could he be at his age?

Chen Fan frowned.

It seemed, wanting these people to cooperate with him was clearly unrealistic.

But he had been here for a while, and no one had come, suggesting that Zhao Da and the others were indeed not here.

Could it be they went out to find Third Brother Zhao's group?

"Kid, are you leaving or not? I'll count to three, if you don't leave, we will really take action."

The urging voice sounded.

On the observation tower, someone drew their bow, aiming an arrow at Chen Fan.

"Leave?"

Chen Fan smiled slightly, "I haven't picked anyone up yet, how can I leave?"

It seemed Zhao Da and the others were truly not here.

"Kid, you don't want a toast..."

Du Feng's words were cut off by a hurried voice behind him.

"Xiaofan!"

In a flash, everyone's eyes fell on the speaker.

"Xiaofan, you should leave."

Wei Tiangong couldn't hold back, anxiously said, "Guodong sent you, right? Didn't we say last time, we were doing fine here, he doesn't need to worry."

"Yes, Xiaofan, go back."

"We appreciate your kindness."

The others also spoke, their tone filled with both gratitude and sorrow.

Those who came from the Chen Family Stronghold to Zhao Family Castle were just them, if Chen Fan wasn't here to pick them up, who else could he be picking up?

Even if he wasn't here for them, they couldn't just watch Chen Fan risk his life.

"Kid, you're from the Chen Family Stronghold!"

Du Feng exclaimed.

"What, he's from the Chen Family Stronghold?"

The few people holding weapons were stunned.

Chen Fan felt slightly helpless, he didn't intend to reunite with Wei Tiangong and the others so early to avoid any accidents.

But the latter identified him first, out of good intentions.

Given that Zhao Da and the others were not here, there was no problem.

"Uncle Wei,"

He looked over, "Yes, my father and the others sent me, don't worry, I will take you away safely."

"Xiaofan..."

Wei Tiangong and the others were moved to tears.

Both touched and ashamed.

"Xiaofan, you should go,"

Wei Tiangong took a deep breath, "Go back and tell Guodong that we are sorry."

Leave?

Of course, he wanted to leave.

But he observed secretly for a long time and Chen Fan seemed to have come alone.

Not to mention whether Chen Fan could safely take so many people away, even if they did leave, once Zhao Da returned and found out, the Chen Family Stronghold could face extinction!

"Leave? Where would you go!"

Du Feng's face twisted with a fierce expression, he glared at Chen Fan, "Kid, you're from the Chen Family Stronghold?"

Several people behind him sneered.

They had wondered who this kid could be.

So he was from the Chen Family Stronghold, why didn't he say so sooner, they had treated it as a major enemy.

"So, you're unwilling to let them go?"

Chen Fan's eyes narrowed.

He didn't want to kill, but if someone wanted to die, that was a different matter.

"Let them go? This is Zhao Family Castle, easy to enter, hard to leave, don't you know?"

"That's right, kid, you yourself can barely protect yourself, and you want to take others with you? Dream on!"

"Kid, put your weapons down, we might consider letting you live."

Several people spoke one after another, clearly not taking Chen Fan seriously.

After all, the Chen Family Stronghold's strength was limited, the most powerful were just Wei Tiangong and the others.

"No need."

Chen Fan's voice dropped, eyes flashing with killing intent.

He shook his spear, it flashed like lightning, striking several times.

Du Feng and his men hadn't reacted before being sent flying.

Looking at their chests, a bloody hole was already gushing blood.

"Shoot! Shoot!"

The two people on the observation tower urgently pulled their bows.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

Two arrows whizzed through the air.

Chen Fan swung his spear, with two metallic sounds, easily deflecting the arrows, then leapt, and, amidst their horrified gazes, jumped onto the five or six meter high observation tower, impaling both of them.

Two thuds.

The bodies fell from the tower.

The entire process took less than two seconds.

Silence fell.

Everyone was too shocked to speak, standing frozen like stone.

What happened?

A moment ago, the arrogant, domineering Du Feng and his men were killed in the blink of an eye?

Wei Tiangong and the others were equally shocked!

They knew Chen Fan, in their memory, Chen Fan was an ordinary young man, timid in nature, with average skills.

But just now?

They didn't even see how Chen Fan moved, and Du Feng and his men were already dead.

And then?

He blocked the arrows and leapt five or six meters high!

Could it be, Chen Fan was already a martial artist, no, a Muscle Refining Martial Artist?

Chen Fan stood on the observation tower, glancing into the distance, seeing no one in the barren land.

He jumped down from the tower.

Then, everyone present knelt down, kowtowing and pleading.

"Spare us, spare us."

"Don't kill us, please."

Those still standing quickly knelt as well.

In an instant, only Chen Fan and Wei Tiangong's group were left standing.

Chen Fan sighed, "What are you doing? Get up, those people attacked me, I just defended myself, it has nothing to do with you."

Everyone was stunned.

"Get up, everyone, Xiaofan means no harm."

Wei Tiangong quickly said.

"Yes, Du Feng and the others said you heard, if Xiaofan didn't act, he would have been killed."

"Get up, everyone."

Wei Tianyuan and the others also urged.

Finally, the crowd got up hesitantly, their eyes filled with fear, not daring to look directly at Chen Fan.

Chen Fan shook his head, these people were so oppressed by Zhao Da and the others, they were like startled birds, their reaction was understandable.

But now was not the time to think about that.

"Uncle Wei, what's the situation? Where is Zhao Da?"

Wei Tiangong looked complexly at Chen Fan, "Third Brother Zhao went hunting yesterday, hadn't returned by evening, so Zhao Da had everyone wait here. Early this morning, he took Zhao Er and a few others out, they haven't returned yet."

"I see."

Chen Fan nodded.

So, by dumb luck, he had entered the Zhao Family Castle so easily.

He glanced at the emaciated, pale people before him, feeling guilty, as they were implicated because of him.

"Go back and rest, don't wait here."

However, everyone looked at each other, no one dared move.

"Xiaofan, they are afraid that if Zhao Da finds them missing, there'll be trouble."

Wei Tiangong sighed.

His brows furrowed tightly.

While it was satisfying to see Du Feng and the others killed, they were negligible figures, their strongest only at the Body Tempering First Layer.

The real threats were Zhao Da and Zhao Er, one at the Late Stage of Muscle Refining, the other at the Mid Stage of Muscle Refining.

Chen Fan was strong, much stronger than them.

But could he handle two of them alone?

Moreover, by killing, there was no turning back now between the two strongholds.

Unless they killed everyone here, so Zhao Da wouldn't know who did it when he returns.

But they obviously couldn't and wouldn't do that.

"Uncle Wei,"

Chen Fan smiled at Wei Tiangong, "I know what you're worried about, but since I'm here, I'm not leaving soon."

"Xiaofan, you mean?"

Wei Tianyuan stared, wide-eyed.

"Yes, I'm staying here to wait for Zhao Da to return."

Chen Fan said resolutely.

One must see blood when killing, eliminate the roots when cutting grass.

Even if they didn't know he killed Third Brother Zhao, the bodies here and taking Uncle Wei would provoke retaliation.

Knowing this, pretending nothing happened and leaving was not his style.