

High Martial 130

Chapter 130: A Middle-grade Qi Blood Pill?

"Pa!"

A loud bang from behind.

This time, the sound was so close, so loud.

"Whoosh!"

A sharp whistling suddenly arose.

"What!"

Zhao Da's face changed dramatically, suddenly feeling a bone-chilling cold behind him.

"How is this possible?"

He screamed inwardly. He had just used the secret technique of Grass Soaring, consuming a large amount of Qi and blood power to increase his body technique by fifty percent in a short time!

But how could the distance between him and the other person still get closer?

The sound behind him?

He instinctively dodged to the side.

But it was still too late.

The arrow with great kinetic energy pierced through his back and flew out from his chest.

Zhao Da flew into the air, intense pain erupting as if his body was being torn apart.

"Bang." With a loud noise.

His body fell heavily to the ground, and the blood dyed the grass beneath him bright red.

"I can't die, I can't die."

Zhao Da gritted his teeth. Although his organs were shattered by the arrow, the strong life force of a late-stage martial artist in Muscle Refining still allowed him to hold on for a moment.

He crawled away desperately, using both hands and feet.

"Pa!"

Another sound exploded behind him.

Zhao Da's body shivered suddenly, and then he finally went still and silent.

Three arrows had nailed his body to the ground.

"Hoo..."

Chen Fan, three hundred meters away, finally breathed a sigh of relief.

He had to admit, he indeed overlooked one thing, that other martial artists also learned martial arts and had explosive secret techniques.

If his Level 8 Fist hadn't reached perfection and unlocked the Far and Wide Traits, letting this guy escape would have been quite troublesome.

Fortunately, all ended well without danger.

Even so, he cautiously walked up to Zhao Da, ensuring the latter was dead, then pulled out the arrows one by one.

He turned over the body, seeing Zhao Da's eyes wide open, full of unwillingness.

"..."

Chen Fan sighed softly and closed Zhao Da's eyes with his hand.

Even without Uncle Wei and the others, his village and the Zhao Family Castle would have come to this eventually.

This Zhao Da was indeed a character, ruthless and decisive.

Of course, the others living in Zhao Family Castle had a tough life.

"Xiaofan?"

At this moment, a voice came from behind.

It was Wei Tiangong and the others, their faces filled with shock.

Behind them, their relatives and Wei Tianyuan, along with another adult man, were walking towards them.

"Uncle Wei."

Chen Fan turned around, nodded to them, "Zhao Da and Zhao Er are both dead."

Wei Tiangong and the others took a deep breath, their eyes fixed on the body.

That man was someone they looked up to, the difference in strength made them not even dare to speak loudly in his presence.

But that man.

In front of Chen Fan, he could only flee, and even then, he ended up falling under arrows.

The whole fight lasted less than ten seconds.

Was this the Chen Fan they knew?

How long had it been, and he had already grown to this extent?

"Xiaofan, thank you."

Wei Tiangong took a deep breath, his voice trembling.

He could hardly believe what had just happened.

The others also reacted, quickly expressing their gratitude, knowing Chen Fan killed Zhao Da and Zhao Er for them.

In fact, if Chen Fan hadn't come, given their situation in Zhao Family Castle, what would happen next? It certainly wouldn't be optimistic.

"Uncle Wei, we should be the ones thanking you."

Chen Fan shook his head seriously, "If it weren't for your silent contributions all this time, who knows how many people in the village would have died. Come back, Uncle Wei, Dad, Uncle Liu, and everyone else miss you very much."

Wei Tianyuan, with his family, also walked over. Hearing this, everyone was moved to tears.

Their experiences during this period felt like a nightmare, but thankfully, the nightmare was over.

"Xiaofan,"

At this moment, Wei Tianyuan's voice came, he smiled and said, "Now that Zhao Da and his scoundrels are dead, Zhao Family Castle is empty. Why don't we move here?"

"Move here?"

Chen Fan was stunned.

He came here just to bring Wei Tiangong and the others back while eliminating the threat of the Zhao Brothers.

Occupying Zhao Family Castle felt sudden.

"Yes,"

A man chuckled, "To be honest, Zhao Family Castle is much better than our village. It's about six or seven times our village's size, accommodating over 1,000 people."

"Not to mention, there's farmland, surrounded by walls, where crops are grown. We wouldn't need to hunt, we could survive on these crops."

"Really?"

Chen Fan's eyes lit up.

Food in the village was quite sufficient, so farming could be considered.

But farming outside wouldn't work, as fierce beasts would destroy everything overnight.

Rebuilding walls wouldn't be a small project, so having existing walls was ideal.

"But there are too many people."

Someone murmured.

The atmosphere fell silent.

"They are also pitiful people."

Chen Fan sighed, thinking of their faces.

"Yes."

Wei Tiangong nodded, "They farmed for Zhao Da, but he took most of the harvest, leaving them barely enough to survive."

"Big brother, aren't we the same?" Wei Tianyuan smiled bitterly.

"Indeed."

Others nodded.

Chen Fan searched Zhao Da and Zhao Er's bodies but found nothing valuable, which was unusual.

So, Chen Fan decided to search their rooms and inform the people in Zhao Family Castle.

When they saw Zhao Da and Zhao Er's bodies, the lifeless eyes of the Zhao Family Castle residents regained some spark, some even shedding tears of excitement.

Some, overcome with emotion, rushed to the bodies to vent their hatred.

Their relatives had been beaten to death, committed suicide in desperation, or starved to death.

The survivors were only barely living.

Wei Tiangong maintained order.

Chen Fan was led to a grand villa.

Entering the living room, he saw carpets, chandeliers, sofas, soft beds, bedrooms, bathrooms, study rooms, and training rooms.

Curiously, he turned on the wall switch, and to his surprise, the lights worked.

Reasonably so.

He thought, Zhao Family Castle had thousands of people working for the brothers. Setting up a generator wasn't hard.

He entered a bedroom.

Searched through the drawers and cabinets.

Found several thousand yuan, some gold and silver jewelry, and some inappropriate items.

Found a wallet with an ID card.

Chen Fan glanced at it. This room belonged to Zhao San, though the ID named him Zhao Haishan.

He put the ID back and left the room.

Found a second bedroom.

Searched through it.

This time, he found a bottle of Qi Blood Pills, a martial arts secret manual, and over ten thousand yuan.

The martial arts manual was Grass Soaring, similar to Water Floating, a body technique manual.

Flipping through it, Chen Fan understood.

It must be the reason Zhao Da's body technique suddenly increased.

So now, he had two body technique manuals, should catch up with agility attributes soon.

Opened the bottle of Qi Blood Pills.

He was disappointed to find only three pills left, but their quality was higher than his low-grade Qi Blood Pills.

"These should be middle-grade Qi Blood Pills."

Chen Fan muttered, put the pills back.

Pocketed the money, searched the first floor again, opened the kitchen fridge, and found it fully stocked.

While walking north, he found a basement.

Curiously went in, turned on the light, it was bright as day.

The basement was about 100 square meters.

Racks lined up, filled with various supplies.

Toothpaste, toothbrushes, toilet paper, shower gel, and more.

Food like canned pork, beef, fish.

Many crates of alcohol.

Whiskey, beer, wine.

"The Zhao Brothers really knew how to enjoy life."

Chen Fan muttered.

Before his transmigration, he dreamed of building a basement to store all sorts of things, preparing for an apocalypse.

The Zhao Brothers had fulfilled this dream.

Going deeper, he found burlap sacks piled from floor to ceiling, all bulging.

"Could it be?"

Quickly went forward, opened one, full of white rice.

Checked several more, all rice.

The sacks could hold thousands, maybe tens of thousands of pounds of rice!

Why did they hoard so much instead of trading it? Maybe just stored for emergencies?

"Something's not right."

Chen Fan frowned.

These three wouldn't eat the rice.

Suddenly, eyes brightened, went back to a rack, opened a bag, it was blood rice.

Grabbed a handful, smelled it.

It was indeed ten-yuan-per-pound blood rice.

Several thousand pounds.

Worth tens of thousands.

Chen Fan took a deep breath. Compared to the Zhao Brothers, the wealth of bandits he killed was nothing.

"Leave other things, consider giving some out, but all the regular rice should be distributed."

Chen Fan thought.

Partly to win hearts, also because those ordinary people suffered too much.

He locked the door, looked upstairs.

Zhao Er and Zhao San lived on the first floor, so who lived upstairs? What treasures would be in their room?