

High Martial 132

Chapter 132: Are You Doing This on Purpose?

The Chen Family Stronghold was bustling with activity.

Everyone, whether adults, children, or seniors, surrounded Wei Tiangong and his group, listening to them recount their experiences at Zhao Family Castle.

At first, everyone's face was still smiling, but gradually the smiles froze, and their brows furrowed more deeply. When they heard that Wei Tiangong and his group were sent to repair the walls and Huang Sulan was threatened, everyone became furious.

"This Zhao Family Castle is outrageous!"

"It's more than outrageous, it's utterly villainous!"

"Yeah, Tiangong and his team worked so hard for them, yet these beasts even have designs on Sulan. Are they even human?"

"Animals!"

"What happened next?"

Chen Guodong asked hurriedly.

"Later, Third Brother Zhao and his group never returned. It seems their fate is grim. Zhao Da led a group to search for them, and Xiaofan arrived at that time and saved us."

Wei Tiangong looked gratefully at Chen Fan.

"So that's how it was."

Chen Guodong and the others immediately understood everything.

"Xiaofan, you went to Zhao Family Castle without even telling us." Liu Yong said, half-laughing and half-crying.

"Yeah, we all thought you were practicing archery around the stronghold."

Everyone looked at Chen Fan, unsure of what to say.

On the side, Gu Jianghai, Gu Ze, and others who were not familiar with Wei Tiangong and his group also felt deeply moved seeing this scene.

Imagining that if they were in a situation of distress in the future, Chen Fan would surely rescue them the same way he did for Wei Tiangong and his group.

"Hey, I was just afraid of making you happy for nothing."

Chen Fan smiled, then looked at Wei Tiangong and his group and said, "Uncle Wei, you see, everyone really wants you back. Now that you're back, don't leave again."

Wei Tiangong's eyes reddened when he heard this, and he quickly said, "We won't leave, we won't leave. Guodong, last time, it was our fault for abandoning..."

Chen Guodong stopped him from continuing, tears welling up as he said, "What's past is past. From now on, we work together, and in this apocalypse, we live well together."

"Right, work together!"

"Together!"

Everyone said in unison.

Chen Fan looked at the scene, a smile appearing on his face.

Moving forward, with Uncle Wei and his group in the Hunting Team, Chen Fan could let go and venture into the dangerous areas of the wilderness.

Simply hunting low-level fierce beasts was too slow for improvement.

The atmosphere gradually quieted down.

Seeing this, Chen Fan lightly coughed to attract everyone's attention.

"Dad, uncles, I'm thinking, should we relocate to Zhao Family Castle?"

"Move to Zhao Family Castle?"

Chen Guodong and the others were stunned.

"Yes."

Chen Fan recounted his observations in Zhao Family Castle.

Everyone was without exception, moved.

The high and sturdy walls.

The vast internal space where they could farm.

A dedicated martial arts training ground and a warehouse stocked with weapons.

The villa basement still had a large amount of supplies.

Compared to the current Chen Family Stronghold, it fell far short.

"Guodong, why don't we just move there quickly?" Liu Yong couldn't help but say.

"Yes, the key point is being able to grow food there. We can be self-sufficient."

Chen Guodong considered for a moment, then nodded and said, "Alright, we'll prepare after we return and move tomorrow morning."

No reason not to move.

With a truck and over twenty wildebeests in the stronghold now, the difficulty of moving would be much reduced.

Everyone smiled, filled with hope for a better future.

The truck also had a lot of living supplies like towels, soap, shampoo, and canned meat.

Chen Fan distributed these.

He couldn't use all of these on his own.

The martial artists in the stronghold also received some blood rice. Chen Fan had carefully searched the warehouse and found several hundred pounds of blood rice priced at three yuan per pound, seemingly prepared for Third Brother Zhao.

Everyone excitedly took the supplies back to prepare for the relocation tomorrow.

An hour later, in the small house beside the warehouse.

Chen Fan briefly recounted the events to Zhang Ren. Some details were unknown to Wei Tiangong and his group.

After listening, Zhang Ren revealed a look of concern.

"Xiaofan, distributing the ordinary rice from the basement was a good move, but I'm worried that people might be insatiable."

"Uncle Zhang means, someone might keep pushing for more resources?"

"Exactly."

Zhang Ren nodded.

Though they were oppressed by Zhao Da and pitiful, one couldn't rule out some being genuinely malicious internally.

Chen Fan's sincere treatment, in their view, could be seen as exploitable, even some trusted and promoted by Chen Fan could harbor ill intentions.

The most prudent way would be to expel these people and let only Chen Family Stronghold members live inside.

But he knew neither Chen Guodong nor Chen Fan would do this.

"Uncle Zhang, I anticipated this might happen."

Chen Fan said slowly, "That's why I brought Uncle Wei and the others back, to observe over some time and see what happens."

Zhang Ren's eyes lit up.

"You're luring the snake out of its hole?"

"Sort of."

Chen Fan half-laughed.

"If I stayed here or left Uncle Wei's group here, those dishonest ones would continue to hide. The longer they lurk, the greater trouble they will cause in the future. It's better to confront it early, see who shows up and if there are trustworthy ones worth cultivating."

"So I'll quietly return later and see if such occurrences happen in Zhao Family Castle."

Seeing Chen Fan, Zhang Ren nodded silently.

Indeed, to catch a big prey, you must take the risk.

If anyone wants to make trouble, they wouldn't miss this chance. Waiting a day or two would make it harder as Chen Family Stronghold members would have moved in.

"Uncle Zhang, I'll go to Zhao Family Castle, the relocation will depend on you."

Chen Fan said.

Actually, he had another thought unspoken.

He was prepared for possible resource demands from some, and knew exactly the remaining resource amounts.

If those guarding the basement entrance took some, within moderation, he'd turn a blind eye.

Of course, crossing the line would mean having to establish authority.

"Hm, don't worry."

Zhang Ren agreed.

Chen Fan felt relieved; with dad armed and Uncle Zhang overseeing, any relocation risk would be minimal.

"By the way, Uncle Zhang, look at this."

Chen Fan pulled out three small bottles from his pocket.

"Are these Qi Blood Pills?"

"Yes, found in Zhao Da's bedroom. They're similar to low-grade Qi Blood Pill but much more potent. I suspect they might be middle-grade Qi Blood Pills."

"Let me see."

Zhang Ren opened a bottle, poured out the pills.

He glanced, then smelled them, nodding, "Indeed, these pills are middle-grade Qi Blood Pills."

He checked the other two bottles the same way.

All were middle-grade Qi Blood Pills.

Chen Fan smiled and offered a full bottle to Zhang Ren, "Uncle Zhang, for you."

Zhang Ren paused, then shook his head, "I appreciate it, but these middle-grade Qi Blood Pills won't benefit me much, better keep for yourself."

"Not much help is still help, right?"

Chen Fan insisted.

His fast growth in basic martial arts owed much to Zhang Ren, who also taught advanced martial arts.

A master, practically.

"Xiaofan, it's not that I don't want them,"

"Uncle Zhang smiled wryly, "You'll understand the gap between Entry Force Realm and Muscle Refining Realm. Taking middle-grade Qi Blood Pills would be wasted on me."

Chen Fan could only take the pills back.

Maybe someday he could give him top-grade Qi Blood Pill.

Though top-grade Qi Blood Pill would be costly.

"Uncle Zhang, please check this too."

Chen Fan took down a saber from his waist and placed it on the table.

"A saber?"

Zhang Ren was surprised. He slowly picked it up, praised when drawn, "Good saber!"

His fingers flicked the blade lightly, producing a crisp sound. After examining it for a while, he reluctantly sheathed it, "This saber appears to be a tier-two alloy battle saber, worth at least 300,000."

"300,000!"

Chen Fan gasped.

His prior guess was correct.

This saber alone was worth more than all previous gains.

"Yes, with this saber's level, even high-level fierce beasts can be slain easily. But,"

He looked at Chen Fan seriously, "Before reaching Entry Force, avoid using this saber against high-level fierce beasts. Flee if needed."

"I understand."

Chen Fan nodded, smiling.

Next, he shared three secret manuals with Zhang Ren.

The latter showed much interest in the spear technique, but the other two were ordinary.

Leaving Zhang Ren's place, Chen Fan returned home and informed his family of his plan to head to Zhao Family Castle.

Chen Guodong and the others were surprised.

But it addressed their concerns; Chen Fan stabilizing the situation early was ideal.

"Xiaofan, although dad knows it's futile, still must remind you to be cautious." Chen Guodong reminded.

"Yes, Xiaofan, why don't we go with you?" Wei Tiangong suggested.

"No, brother," Wei Tianyuan smiled wryly, "We're not as skilled as Xiaofan, we'll be found out immediately."

Wei Tiangong was at a loss for words.

"Don't worry, dad, I'll be careful."

Chen Fan smiled.