

High Martial 136

Chapter 136: Is this matter just settled like that?

On the walls of Song Family Castle, guards were holding guns. Some were gazing at the endless wilderness, some were overlooking the people going in and out below the walls, and some were leaning against the wall, yawning.

Guarding is a tedious and boring task, even more so for years on end.

"Xiaochun hasn't come for a few days, has he?"

Someone asked, immediately drawing everyone's attention.

"Yeah, it seems like it's been three or four days?"

"More like two or three days?"

"Not sure, but ever since he took a day off, he hasn't shown up. I heard he went out hunting. Could something have happened since he's been gone this long?"

"Wang Xin," someone looked towards a sharp-chinned man in his twenties to the left, "didn't you visit Xiaochun's house? How's it going? Any news?"

Seeing everyone's eyes on him, Wang Xin sighed and said, "I went yesterday. Only his sister-in-law was at home. She said Xiaochun went hunting with his brother and a few others a couple of days ago and hasn't returned since."

The atmosphere fell silent, and disbelief washed over everyone's faces.

Soon, sighs filled the air.

"Ugh, why go hunting anyway? Isn't it better to stay here and guard?"

"Yeah, we may get a meager salary, but we're safe. Unlike those people from the villages, many have perished in the wilderness because of those Fierce Beasts."

"Still too young."

"Still young."

Everyone lamented, and the atmosphere fell silent again.

For them, Yang Xiaochun wasn't the first to do such a thing, nor would he be the last.

Wang Xin's lips curled into a faint smile.

Just then, an exclamation sounded, "Look! Captain Cheng is back!"

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice.

In the distance, a military jeep was approaching.

Wang Xin's eyes lit up with joy.

The jeep quickly arrived and entered a courtyard within the castle, parking before a man in a shirt and dress pants stepped out of the car.

He wore sunglasses, stood about six feet tall, had a buzz cut, and his muscular frame was bulging against his shirt, which seemed ready to burst at any moment.

In his right hand, he held a heavy machine gun.

Seeing this, the guards' eyes were filled with admiration.

"As expected from the Captain, an M8 heavy machine gun, weighing nearly 100 kilograms with the bullets, and he's carrying it single-handedly. We'd need to mount it on a car to use it."

"You think? The Captain is a late-stage Martial Artist of the Muscle Refining stage, with single-hand strength of at least a thousand pounds. Someone like us can barely punch a few people away."

"The Captain went to Thundercloud Martial Arts Hall in Anshan City for rigorous training this time. His strength must have improved, and he might soon reach the Entry Force Realm, don't you think?"

"Definitely. I've heard the master of Gale Martial Arts Hall is almost sixty and just an Entry Force Martial Artist. Our Captain will achieve far more in the future."

While they were talking, a man came over from the other side of the wall and greeted Cheng Lei warmly.

Cheng Lei smiled and nodded occasionally.

After chatting for a while, they separated.

The latter man smiled and watched Cheng Lei leave, then looked up at the wall.

Everyone straightened up immediately, eyes ahead.

This person was Deputy Captain Guan Dexi, a cunning man with questionable morals and competence, though it's said he's from the Anshan City area, and even Captain Cheng Lei treats him very politely.

An ordinary person like them wouldn't dare mess with him.

"I'm going to the restroom."

Wang Xin said, turning back and heading down the stairs.

However, instead of going to the restroom, he entered the courtyard and went further inside to an office. He knocked on the door.

"Captain, are you there?"

He lowered his voice, seemingly afraid someone would hear.

"Come in."

A deep voice responded from inside.

"Click," Wang Xin smiled slyly, opening the door and slipping in, closing it behind him.

"What's the matter?"

Cheng Lei asked without looking up.

He was wiping the heavy machine gun on the table.

"Captain, someone in our team hasn't come to duty for several days. Something must've happened."
Wang Xin's smile faded, replaced by sadness.

Cheng Lei's hand paused, turning to ask, "What's the story?"

"It's a young lad named Yang Xiaochun, in his early twenties. A few days ago, he took half a day off. We didn't think much of it at the time. But he hasn't returned for days. I went to his home and found out he went hunting with his brother and some others that afternoon and hasn't come back since."

Wang Xin's eyes reddened.

"..."

Cheng Lei was taken aback.

In the post-apocalyptic world, death was a common occurrence.

Even guards could be killed by Fierce Beasts during night shifts.

This Yang Xiaochun had courage, not content with a stable life, daring to venture out.

He sighed and said, "Go to Accountant Ding later, withdraw five hundred yuan, and give it to the family, saying it's from me."

"Yes, but Captain, this matter..."

Wang Xin hesitated.

"Is there more to it?"

Cheng Lei sensed something.

"Yes."

Wang Xin looked around.

"It's just the two of us here, speak freely."

Cheng Lei frowned.

"Yes."

Wang Xin began to explain but was interrupted midway.

"You mean the bandits outside the city were wiped out, not a single survivor?"

Cheng Lei's face was filled with disbelief.

"That's what Yang Xiaochun said."

Wang Xin continued, "But Captain, I've not heard any news of bandits outside the city these days. Many people from other places have confirmed this."

"If that's true, it's indeed good news."

Cheng Lei muttered to himself.

Those bandits outside the city weren't the first group but definitely the most troublesome.

He had personally led raids on previous groups, annihilating and chasing away many, but new bandit groups always appeared within two or three months, causing endless trouble.

This group was more cunning, engaging in guerrilla warfare. He even suspected there were spies in the city watching him.

If these bandits were wiped out, it might indeed be a turn of fate.

"Do you know who did it?"

"According to Xiaochun, it was people from Chen Family Stronghold, including a masked Divine Shooter using a bow with a two hundred-pound draw, who wiped out the entire bandit group."

"Chen Family Stronghold?"

Cheng Lei tried to recall. He vaguely remembered a small settlement called Chen Family Stronghold nearby.

A bow with two hundred-pound draw, that would be around Body Tempering Third Layer, right?

"Does Chen Family Stronghold have such a person?"

He found it hard to believe.

With his strength, assisted by firearms, he could achieve it. But using a bow and arrow, that's remarkable.

"That's the information I gathered, and Captain, those bandit horses, around twenty or thirty, were taken by Chen Family Stronghold." Wang Xin emphasized.

This was his real purpose.

Yang Xiaochun and his companions were too foolish, or perhaps too greedy.

Thinking they could take all those horses alone, without considering their strength. This time they didn't return, possibly due to an accident or being attacked by Fierce Beasts, or perhaps they fell at Chen Family Stronghold.

But he sought to learn from their mistake by informing the Captain, believing someone so skilled couldn't surpass the Captain.

However, his plan seemed to deviate from expectations.

"Is that so? I'd like to meet this Divine Shooter."

Cheng Lei's face showed a hint of a smile.

"?"

Wang Xin's mouth opened slightly, quickly saying, "C-Captain, Xiaochun's death might be related to Chen Family Stronghold."

"What do you mean?"

Cheng Lei's eyes flashed with caution.

Wang Xin swallowed, "Xiaochun learned that Chen Family Stronghold took the bandit horses, told his brother Yang Mu, and they gathered a few others, drove out of Song Family Castle that afternoon and didn't return."

"Are you sure?"

Cheng Lei squinted his eyes.

"I'm sure."

Wang Xin nodded repeatedly, "I asked his sister-in-law, and she personally confirmed it."

"So Xiaochun targeted those wildebeest mounts, leading to his demise? The killers are likely from Chen Family Stronghold, possibly the shooter?"

"Absolutely!"

Wang Xin gave a thumbs-up, "Captain, you're so brilliant, you figured it all out instantly."

"Xiaochun and his group deserved it."

Cheng Lei snorted.

He wanted to retract his earlier words but decided against it. Xiaochun's death was justified, yet his family would struggle without their provider.

A mere 500 yuan meant little to him but would greatly help a family who lost their breadwinner.

The air fell silent.

"Anything else?"

Cheng Lei looked puzzledly at Wang Xin.

Wang Xin hesitated internally.

He waited for Cheng Lei's return not to deliver 500 yuan to the woman, who was already his. That sum felt like his own.

He wanted thousands or even tens of thousands of yuan!

Otherwise, he would've reported to the Deputy Captain yesterday.

"Captain,"

Finally, deciding, Wang Xin said reluctantly, "Are we just going to let this go? Xiaochun did make mistakes but didn't deserve death. Chen Family Stronghold's actions disrespect Song Family Castle, Captain!"

He wiped his tears, "Xiaochun was a good lad, we all miss him these days. But now he's dead, I can't help but cry when I think about it."