

High Martial 77

Chapter 77: Perhaps, They Aren't from the Li Family Stronghold?

The boundless wasteland occasionally echoed with the roars of beasts, making the travelers somewhat tense.

"Damn those Fierce Beasts!" someone cursed.

Ten years ago, they still lived peaceful lives, even though they toiled day and night for a living, they could at least sit down and have some beer and good food after a hard day's work.

Now, staying alive itself is a luxury. You never know which will come first – tomorrow or disaster.

"Don't worry, it will be light soon," Chen Guodong smiled and said, "When we reach Song Family Castle, we can trade for some food and salt, and a bit of money so everyone can buy something."

Hearing this, the crowd's faces lit up with joy.

The few from Gu Family Stronghold looked at each other. Could it be that they would get a share too?

"Old Chen..."

Gu Jianghai hesitated to speak.

Chen Guodong waved his hand, indicating there was no need to say more. He had mentioned it to Chen Fan last night, and the latter had no objections, so his old brothers would certainly have no issues either.

This bit of benefit was what the Hunting Team deserved.

Walking at the back, Chen Fan overheard this and curiously asked Gu Ze, "Isn't it true that at Song Family Castle, you can only use gold and silver, or barter? Can you also use money?"

Gu Ze was taken aback at first, then said oddly, "You haven't been to Song Family Castle, have you? Besides gold and silver, and bartering, you can also use currency there. However, the currency from before the mutation can't be used.

The current currency uses yuan as the unit and has denominations of one yuan, two yuan, five yuan, ten yuan, twenty yuan, fifty yuan, a hundred yuan, a thousand yuan, and ten thousand yuan, with ten thousand yuan being the highest."

Chen Fan was dumbfounded by what he heard.

This sounded so familiar?

But it was indeed a new currency unit; the previous unit was the sol.

"To honor the contributions of Awakeners over the past ten years, each denomination features a different Awakeners' portrait on the back. For example, the largest denomination, ten thousand yuan, has the portrait of the Thunder Emperor on the back. The thousand-yuan note has the War Emperor, and so on.

If someone makes a greater contribution than the Thunder Emperor, perhaps there will be a hundred-thousand-yuan note with their portrait on the back."

"I see,"

Chen Fan nodded. It was indeed a good design. He then asked, "What is the purchasing power of one yuan?"

"You can buy a pound of the most ordinary rice,"

Gu Ze held up one finger.

Chen Fan nodded. A pound of the most ordinary Fierce Beast Meat cost three yuan per pound.

"How much does it take to buy a gram of gold?"

"There isn't that much,"

Gu Ze shook his head. "A gold ring can usually trade for only several pounds of rice. A gold bracelet or gold necklace, slightly more, around a dozen or twenty pounds. After all, you can't eat these things. Only when you are at your wit's end will you trade them."

"I see,"

Chen Fan thought it was quite cheap but indeed had no use for it.

It's like in the desert, where a bottle of water can sell for a sky-high price. It depends on the supply and demand.

"By the way, do you have anything in mind to buy when you get some money?" Gu Ze asked curiously.

"I'll see what's good when the time comes," Chen Fan shrugged.

Gu Ze responded with an "oh."

After walking for about half an hour, everyone quieted down, continuing to move forward.

Another hour passed.

"Come on, everyone, just another hour or so and we'll be there,"

Chen Guodong turned around to encourage everyone.

But at that moment, a noise came from behind.

Instinctively, Chen Fan turned his head to look and was stunned.

A vehicle.

A large truck was driving towards them, not too fast but not too slow, catching up in a couple of minutes.

"It's people from Zhao Family Castle,"

Liu Yong recognized immediately.

"Those guys are really wealthy. Every time they go to Song Family Castle, they drive a car."

"Yes, it takes quite a bit of gasoline for a round trip. Several pounds of rice for a liter of gas,"

Gao Yang spoke with both envy and jealousy.

For them, it took a whole half-day to cover the thirty-mile trip, exhausting, and worrying about encounters with Fierce Beasts, though the possibility was low.

But people from Zhao Family Castle reached in ten minutes, traded, and got back in another ten minutes.

"Let's let them pass first,"

Chen Guodong said.

Although people from Zhao Family Castle usually looked down on them and never showed hostility,

it was better to be cautious. What if they saw so many prey and got greedy? Being prepared wouldn't hurt.

Everyone put down their prey and stood aside, watching the truck slowly approach.

About twenty people at the back of the truck looked over too, showing surprise on their faces to varying degrees.

"Which stronghold are they from? Bringing so much prey?"

"It's hard to tell with their faces covered. Seems like Li Family Stronghold? Or Chen Family Stronghold?"

"Chen Family Stronghold doesn't have that many people, right? Seems like Li Family Stronghold."

"These guys struck it lucky, huh?"

People on the truck started discussing.

In the corner, Wei Tiangong and his group exchanged looks.

They initially thought it was Li Family Stronghold, but the more they looked, the more familiar these people appeared, especially the eyes of the person at the front.

It's Chen Guodong!

Which means these are people from Chen Family Stronghold?

Did they bring some of the young men from the village? Yes, counting Wang Ping and Zhao Feng, the numbers matched perfectly.

The Wei Tianyuan brothers simultaneously sighed in relief. It seemed that after they left, things were going well in the village. They had accumulated so much prey for trade, probably disguising themselves to avoid being recognized?

Good.

But their days in Zhao Family Castle were far from what they imagined.

Just then, a voice snapped them out of their thoughts.

"Shall we rob them? Most of Li Family Stronghold's prey is stolen from other strongholds, so if we rob them, it should be fine."

"Yes, they have only about thirteen or fourteen people, and we have over twenty. What's there to be afraid of?"

"Third Brother, what do you think?"

Everyone looked at the middle-aged man with a gloomy face and narrow eyes sitting upfront.

Third Brother Zhao's lips twisted into a slight smirk, "It's not impossible."

"No, that's not right,"

Just as Zhao finished speaking, a voice urgently interrupted.

Over a dozen pairs of eyes turned towards it.

Wei Tianyuan lowered his head and stuttered, "What if they're not from Li Family Stronghold? Wouldn't we be robbing the wrong people?"

"Yes, yes, they might be from another stronghold,"

others chimed in awkwardly.

The man who had riled them up earlier frowned, displeased, "So what if they're not from Li Family Stronghold? If they dare resist, we'll kill them all here."

"Exactly, who cares which stronghold they're from?"

"Rob them first, right, Third Brother Zhao?"

Others looked at Third Brother Zhao, gearing up.

Usually, they didn't rob prey from other strongholds, not because they were kind-hearted, but because they found it not worth their time.

But now it was different, enough to tempt them. Since it was on their way, why not?

Wei Tiangong and his group's hearts pounded. What to do?

If Zhao and Guodong clashed, whose side should they take?