

High Martial 89

Chapter 89: Don't Rush to Leave the City

The bald man raised his head, scrutinized Chen Fan for a moment, and said, "Young man, not bad. You actually ask why, unlike some people who just know what, but not why."

Then, he deliberately glanced at the few people who had previously shouted that it was expensive.

Gao Yang and the others were very embarrassed.

Unexpectedly, they accidentally became the counter-examples. This bald man is really petty. But unfortunately, they had no choice but to bow their heads under the eaves.

"Because those rice have the same effects as Fierce Beast Meat."

Gu Ze spoke up, "After the mutation, many Awakeners with Plant Element Superpowers emerged. One of them could accelerate plant growth. Through various experiments, he found a replacement for wheat and rice plants. The flour and rice obtained tasted almost the same as before the mutation.

Actually, achieving that was already remarkable, but he continued his research and cultivated rice that had effects comparable to Fierce Beast Meat. This kind of rice is slightly red and is called Blood Rice. The deeper the color, the better the effect."

"Is that so?"

Chen Fan realized.

The three yuan per catty and ten yuan per catty rice were the Blood Rice?

Based on the description, could it be watered with the blood of powerful Fierce Beasts?

"You're also quite good, young man."

The bald man nodded in satisfaction and said, "Master Bai Tian is the pride of Yan Country. Without him, who knows how many more would have starved. So, even though his portrait is only on the lowest denomination one yuan note, his contributions are no less significant than those of Thunder Emperor."

Chen Fan took out a one yuan note from his pocket. He saw that the reverse side depicted a crop that looked like a rice field, and a figure bending over to inspect a stalk of crop. The face was unclear because only the back view was left.

"Indeed a respectable person."

He thought silently to himself.

"Young man, do you want to buy Blood Rice?"

The bald man looked at Chen Fan, "The three yuan per catty Blood Rice has effects similar to the lowest level Fierce Beast Meat. The ten yuan per catty one is much better, equivalent to mid-level Fierce Beast Meat. You know the Gale Martial Arts Hall, right? The people there usually buy this."

"..."

Chen Guodong and the others looked at each other, unable to speak.

Even though they knew the Blood Rice had excellent effects, it was just too expensive.

Chen Fan felt the money in his pocket; it was less than ten yuan.

"Xiaofan, you probably don't have much money left, do you?"

Chen Guodong hesitated for a moment, then took out two hundred yuan and said, "If you want to buy it, just go ahead."

He had originally had over fifteen hundred yuan, then after distributing some to everyone, only thirteen hundred was left.

After deducting this two hundred, only eleven hundred would be left.

Salt prices had increased, but the required quantity could not be compromised, so they would have to buy less rice.

However, after these two days of martial training, he understood one fact: the stronghold would ultimately rely on Martial Artists to forge ahead; resources should be prioritized for Martial Artists. The same weight of Fierce Beast Meat could be exchanged for several times the amount of ordinary rice.

The elderly, women, and children could follow and eat meat, but it was better not to allocate them too much. They should primarily consume ordinary rice, while Martial Artists should be treated the opposite way.

The others, seeing this, besides feeling very envious, had no other thoughts.

After all, only by Chen Fan growing stronger would they all live better.

Chen Fan hesitated a bit, but still accepted and said to the bald man behind the counter, "Boss, I'll buy for two hundred yuan."

"Alright!"

The man smiled, squinting his eyes into slits. He took an empty bag from the counter, placed it on the scale to tare it, then brought out a heavy bag and scooped the rice with a palm-sized scoop, one scoop at a time.

The light red Blood Rice glistened as it flowed down like a waterfall.

Chen Fan smelled an aroma, unsure if it was just an illusion.

"Hey, you smelled it, didn't you?"

The man smiled proudly, "This ten-yuan Blood Rice is indeed special; its fragrance can even attract Fierce Beasts. So when you head back, don't open it. Otherwise, if something happens, it's hard to say."

"Can it really do that?"

Everyone looked amazed.

Chen Fan frowned slightly; in that case, it could be used to lure Fierce Beasts and improve hunting success rates?

A total of twenty catties of Blood Rice.

Gu Ze, watching from the side, felt a bit envious. With this, the gap between him and Chen Fan would be even greater.

Though he didn't think that in the future his achievements would be less than Chen Fan's.

"I'll give you some when we get back."

Chen Fan smiled.

Gu Ze, being an Awakener, once he grew stronger, could also help share a lot of his burden. Moreover, doing so would also help Uncle Gu and his people to feel more loyal.

"?"

Gu Ze was taken aback.

"Isn't that inappropriate?"

Gu Jianghai quickly shook his head, "This kind of good stuff, it's better for you to eat it yourself, Xiaofan."

Ten yuan per catty!

He had never dared to think about it before.

"It's okay," Chen Fan smiled lightly, "When Gu Ze has game someday, he can return it to me then."

Gu Jianghai was stunned.

"I'll return it to you soon."

Gu Ze hesitated for a moment and said.

He really couldn't refuse such good stuff.

Besides, he had just joined, and they hadn't even gone hunting together yet.

Gu Jianghai and the others looked at each other and smiled.

Indeed, the people of Chen Family Stronghold really saw them as their own, not just saying it; this was clearly shown from Chen Fan's actions just now.

Chen Guodong and the others then began to buy ordinary rice and salt.

Considering the boss had said the price of salt would get higher, Chen Guodong gritted his teeth and bought a hundred catties of salt, and used the remaining money to buy more than six hundred catties of rice.

The total population of the stronghold was about one hundred and fifty people, and everyone could get four to five catties, which, though a bit little, would be enough for a month along with Fierce Beast Meat.

During the month, they would definitely come back at least once, depending on the abundance of prey.

When they came, they were exhausted, but on the way back, they felt much lighter, both physically and emotionally.

Walking down the street carrying the rice, they received much less attention than before. After all, to outsiders, it was just some bags of rice and miscellaneous items, and there were also quite a number of people, making it harder to target them.

"Finally done with the exchange, time to go back."

Gao Yang said with a smile.

"Yes, on the way here, carrying the game with so many eyes staring at us, I was really afraid they'd all swarm us."

"Would they dare?"

"Exactly, if they dared to rush us, I'd shoot them one by one."

"Hahaha."

Everyone laughed.

Chen Guodong glanced at everyone and looked ahead, laughing, "Alright, it's getting late. We should head back; the people in the stronghold are eagerly waiting for us to return."

As his words fell, everyone's smiles grew brighter.

Yes, it was the family bonds that filled them with the motivation to survive.

They almost used all the money they had to buy things for their families, some even spent several yuan just to buy a few pieces of milk candy.

"Dad, don't rush out."

Chen Fan hurriedly said, "Let me go out and see if there's any danger."

The old man who sold the cultivation technique had specially warned him.

This made him even more uneasy.