

## High Martial 94

Chapter 94: Getting Rich

One person against thirty-two well-equipped bandits, and he wiped them all out.

What kind of terrifying power is this?

He took a deep breath, remembering how he arrogantly wanted to follow Chen Fan earlier, and couldn't help but feel a sigh of relief.

Luckily, I didn't follow him; otherwise, I would only be a burden to him, and we might both have died at the hands of those bandits.

"I feel like he's even stronger than the last time we met."

Gu Ze's face showed a complex expression.

Can I really catch up to this guy?

"Forget it, now's not the time to think about this," he shook his head, dispelling these thoughts from his mind, "I need to get back quickly and gather everyone."

After all, Song Family Castle is not a place to stay for long, the longer we delay, the more likely we are to attract attention from ill-intentioned people.

He put away his telescope and quickly ran back.

Two kilometers away, Chen Fan estimated that it was almost done, so he turned around and looked at the corpses scattered in the distance.

"I guess you could say I'm doing a public service?"

If these bandits were left alive, who knows how many innocent people would die at their hands.

"Huh?"

Suddenly, his eyes brightened.

In the vast wilderness, more than twenty wildebeests were standing together in groups of three to five, some already lowering their heads to graze, as if nothing had happened.

"?"

Chen Fan was momentarily stunned, he thought these wildebeests would scatter after losing their masters.

"Maybe, I can take these guys back?"

This idea popped into his mind.

Once he had these mounts, it would be much more convenient to hunt outside the village or exchange supplies in Song Family Castle.

However, the number of wildebeests is too many, and he doesn't know how to ride them to bring them back.

"That's right, maybe I can lead them all back?"

Chen Fan smiled.

If one person leads one, they can only take away fifteen, but if one person leads two, problem solved, right?

With this thought, he felt more grateful for letting Gu Ze and others join the village, as more people meant more strength.

"By the way, while there's no one around, I should quickly loot these bandits' belongings. Dad and the others should be here soon."

He made up his mind and walked toward the bald man.

The one with the most stuff should be this guy.

The corpse's eyes were wide open, face full of pain.

Chen Fan sighed softly, walked up, squatted down, and first opened the left pocket. A palm-sized wallet rolled onto the grass.

Chen Fan's breath quickened, he picked up the wallet, and felt its weight. Opening it, he found a thick stack of cash, mostly hundred-yuan bills mixed with some fifty and ten-yuan bills.

There were even some thousand-yuan bills!

"One thousand, two thousand, three thousand..."

He quickly counted and confirmed that there were over thirteen thousand yuan!

How much is that?

The bow he wanted to buy with a 500-pound draw weight now can be easily purchased.

The alloy gunhead he wanted to buy? The more than one-meter-long alloy battle saber? No problem!

Even if it's all converted into blood rice at ten yuan per jin, he could buy over thirteen hundred jin!

"Robbing really brings quick money, huh?"

Chen Fan mused to himself.

Maybe, this is just what's left after these bandits squandered their wealth.

Aside from the money, there was also a photo of a family of three in the wallet: a man, a woman, and a daughter. The daughter looked five or six years old, with an innocent smile on her face.

The man looked exactly like this corpse on the ground, but in the photo, he still had hair.

Probably went through something bad.

Chen Fan thought, taking the photo out of the wallet and placing it into the man's hand.

Then he put the wallet in his pocket and walked to the other side of the man.

Opening the other pocket, a pack of cigarettes, a lighter, and a small notebook with a ballpoint pen clipped to the cover rolled out.

Chen Fan picked up the lighter and cigarettes. He didn't smoke; smoking is harmful to health, but he could sell them. A pack of cigarettes could exchange for twenty to thirty jin of regular rice.

Then, curiosity got the better of him, and he opened the notebook. Half of it was filled with densely packed small writing, with dates at the top of each page.

"This guy keeps a diary?"

Chen Fan had a curious expression. Who writes a diary nowadays?

But maybe, this diary contains information he doesn't know, like which villages or factions are around.

After all, the man was a bandit and rode a horse.

With his speed, even going a hundred li to Anshan City would only take two or three hours. Why not an hour? Because one hundred kilometers per hour is about the fastest a wildebeest can go, and it can't maintain that speed for long.

He put the notebook in his pocket too, planning to read it later when he had more time.

"I remember earlier, he had a telescope in his hand?"

Chen Fan thought for a moment, avoiding the bloodstains and feeling the pockets of the man's jacket. Sure enough, he felt something hard.

Opening it, there was indeed a telescope, and some loose change, including one-yuan, two-yuan, and five-yuan bills, totaling about ten yuan.

Even the meat from a mosquito's leg is still meat, so Chen Fan pocketed it as well.

"Strange, this guy doesn't have a martial arts secret manual on him?"

Chen Fan frowned slightly.

After searching again with no luck, he accepted the reality.

At least getting over ten thousand yuan was a pleasant surprise.

He stood up and moved to the other two corpses nearby.

After some searching, they had much less money than their boss, totaling only a few hundred yuan together.

But there were a lot of small items.

A pack and a half of cigarettes, a few lighters, a small knife, a little bottle of seasoning. When Chen Fan opened it, it turned out to be cumin?

He couldn't help but wonder if these people were always cooking in the wild.

Further searches confirmed his thoughts.

MSG, salt, sugar, and even some honey, showing these people knew how to enjoy life.

The variety of items was overwhelmingly surprising. Chen Fan's hands began to get full, so he took off one of the men's jackets, tied it into a bundle, and put all the looted items inside.

Of course, he didn't forget to pry the weapons from his hands. These were worth money too.

However, there was bad news too.

From a distance, a few people were looking over.

It wasn't clear what was happening, so they stayed put for now, but the group of wildebeests and the corpses on the ground were pushing their nerves.

"I can't continue this."

Chen Fan narrowed his eyes.

There were still a few bodies he hadn't had time to search, but they were farther away. He worried that if he went over, those people might have their eyes on the wildebeests.

That would not do.

Those are his things!

So, he decisively abandoned the search, placing the looted goods and various weapons around the wildebeests, and held a bow and arrow, staring at the people looking over.

If they approached, he would warn them once. If they didn't listen, he'd have to kill them.

The people opposite were still hesitating.

Just then, silhouettes appeared in the distance, quickly approaching.

Chen Fan's heart tightened but relaxed upon seeing that it was Gu Ze and the others finally arriving.

From a distance, Chen Guodong saw that Chen Fan was safe and sound, and felt a weight lift off his shoulders.

Earlier when Gu Ze mentioned that Chen Fan was single-handedly fighting a group of bandits, he was so scared his face turned pale. Thirty people! Could Xiaofan handle them?

Despite Gu Ze repeatedly assuring him, he was still worried, rushing all the way, fearing something might have gone wrong if they arrived late.

Fortunately, it was all a false alarm.

The distant onlookers, seeing this, left reluctantly and helplessly.

"Xiaofan, are you hurt?"

Chen Guodong rushed over and asked anxiously.

"Dad, what could happen to me? I'm perfectly fine, see?"

Chen Fan smiled lightly.

"Really not hurt?"

Chen Guodong was still not at ease, looking him over for a while before believing him.

"Xiaofan, you're really brave and skilled to fight a group of people alone." Liu Yong, rarely without a smile on his face, said with a complex expression.

"Yes, it was too dangerous."

"Luckily, you're safe."

"But, we are too weak to help much."

Everyone spoke one after another, feeling happy for Chen Fan but also ashamed inside.



Gu Ze soon recounted what happened. At that time, the bandits were all looking through telescopes at the exit; no one knew who their real target was.

If it were someone else, they could have safely returned to the village, but if it were them, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

According to Gu Ze, in that situation, anyone would have been a burden to Chen Fan because they couldn't keep up with the wildebeests.

"How could that be?"

Chen Fan smiled nonchalantly, "I did it because I was confident, and the facts proved it was a close call, so don't worry, uncles."

Speaking of which, he also took the risk.

With a few more days, his power would only grow, dealing with these bandits would have been easier.

But first, more people in the village meant a greater need for food and salt, and hunting would spoil quickly. Secondly, he wanted to verify what Meng Yu said was true.

"Sigh."

Everyone nodded, not knowing what else to say.

"Alright, don't worry about that. Instead, these bandits' wildebeests - I think we could each lead two back to the village. Any better suggestions?"

Chen Fan suggested, looking at the twenty-plus wildebeests around.

The crowd looked around and instantly their breaths quickened.

They had actually noticed them earlier but were too concerned about Chen Fan's safety. Only now did they realize that they might have hit the jackpot!

Everyone knew that wild wildebeests are hard to capture and hard to tame, almost unwilling to let people ride them. So, capturing wild wildebeests as mounts was nearly impossible.

Therefore, these mounts were probably raised from young, gentle in nature, and fit for riding. This made their value three to four times higher!

An average grown wildebeest is worth one to two thousand yuan at five yuan per jin. These grown mounts, at least five to six thousand yuan each.

This means the twenty-plus in front are worth more than tens of thousands!

What an astonishing number!