

High Martial 97

Chapter 97: Like a Tiger Growing Wings

"Hmm, take your pick."

Chen Fan emphasized his tone to guarantee.

Meng Yu then extended her hand, hesitated for a long time, and finally selected a mirror and a small can of candy.

"Alright, I've finished."

She looked at Chen Fan and whispered.

Chen Fan shook his head helplessly and began taking things out one by one, placing them on the table.

"Alright, alright, enough, Chen Fan, it's really enough."

Seeing Chen Fan had taken nearly ten items already and wasn't stopping, Meng Yu said in panic, "I really don't need this much, you should distribute these to others."

"It's okay."

After taking out a few more items, Chen Fan finally stopped.

"This... this is too much."

Seeing more than ten items on the table, Meng Yu was at a loss, her face flushed.

"And there's this."

Chen Fan took a bar of soap from his pocket, "For you."

"What is this?"

Meng Yu's eyes lit up, she said happily yet shyly, "Is this really for me? But I've already taken too much."

"This is nothing."

Chen Fan couldn't help but laugh, "This time, we averted danger thanks to your warning, and gained a lot. Next time we exchange supplies, whatever you want, just tell me, and I'll buy it for you."

"Ah? No, no need, these items are already very valuable, I can't let you spend more."

Meng Yu quickly shook her head.

Chen Fan went out hunting, it was both dangerous and exhausting, and he finally managed to hunt some prey and exchanged them for money.

These were really hard-earned money.

Chen Fan smiled and took out a thick stack of cash from his wallet, placing it on the table.

Meng Yu was stunned all of a sudden.

"This...what is this?"

She looked at the money on the table, like being struck by lightning, stood still.

"Taken from the bandits."

Chen Fan took out a red bill with a denomination of one thousand yuan and placed it in front of her.

"Next time you go out, whatever you want to buy, just take this money and find me."

"No, it's too much."

Meng Yu was frightened and waved her hands repeatedly.

That's one thousand yuan!

No matter how expensive things are, one thousand yuan could buy quite a lot of living supplies.

"This is yours, take it, I won't take back any money once I give it out."

Chen Fan said, putting the rest of the money back into his wallet and keeping it safe.

This time, without Meng Yu's warning, they might have faced certain death under the bandits' knives.

So, giving one thousand yuan was reasonable.

"But..."

Meng Yu looked distressed, still not willing to accept it.

"Actually, aside from thanking you, I also came for a favor."

Chen Fan hesitated for a moment but still spoke.

The person on the Song Family Castle wall was like a thorn, stuck in his heart, unable to get rid of.

If he were alone, he wouldn't care. If danger was possible and hard to eliminate, the best strategy would be to escape. But since he wasn't alone, he had to ask Meng Yu to predict the situation.

"Alright, speak."

Unexpectedly, Meng Yu agreed instantly.

"It's like this..."

Chen Fan roughly described the situation. Uncle Liu and others had talked about this at the entrance of the stronghold, so he focused on being followed.

After hearing, Meng Yu immediately realized the seriousness of the matter.

"Perhaps I overthought, the return was smooth without pursuers, but I always felt uneasy, feeling that the matter wouldn't be this simple."

Chen Fan looked at Meng Yu, smiled bitterly, "I know you can't actively predict the future, but I think if I tell you, it might leave an impression, and you might dream about it later."

"I'll try."

Meng Yu nodded, apologetically, "But I might not dream about it, because I've tried this method before, the dreams were still random, even my sister didn't know why."

"It's okay,"

Chen Fan smiled, "Just want you to have an impression, I'll keep cultivating, with enough strength, even if that person comes, we won't be afraid."

"I believe in you."

Meng Yu nodded heavily.

"Alright, we'll stop here, take the money, write down what you want, and I'll get it for you."

Chen Fan repacked the bundle and stood up, "I'll leave now."

Meng Yu walked him to the door, watched Chen Fan leave.

Her eyebrows tightly knotted, very distressed.

These days, the food supply had improved a lot, she also tried meditating as her sister instructed, focusing to enhance spiritual power.

But there was no progress at all.

Her spiritual power was too weak to even reach the threshold for predicting the future.

"I wonder how my sister is doing now, can I see her again?"

She thought, sadness welled up, and she couldn't help but cry.

...

For some reason, Chen Fan felt the haze in his heart dissipate a lot.

"Is it because of sharing?"

He remembered an inspirational quote he read.

If you tell a friend about your happiness, you'll have double the happiness; if you share your sorrow with a friend, it will be halved.

"Forget it, don't overthink, better go find Uncle Zhang."

He had a lot to discuss with him.

There weren't many people in front of the warehouse, obviously, they were queueing to receive supplies.

Luckily, Zhang Ren was there, practicing archery.

"Uncle Zhang."

Chen Fan walked over and greeted.

Zhang Ren released the drawn bow, looked at Chen Fan, speaking with concern.

"You came? This time, it was quite dangerous, right?"

"Actually, it was okay."

Chen Fan smiled, looking around, "Uncle Zhang, got time? I brought you some gifts."

"Gifts?"

Zhang Ren was stunned. They went to the house by the warehouse.

Looking at the variety of small items on the table, Zhang Ren showed a hint of surprise, "All for me?"

"Sort of."

Chen Fan coughed lightly, "But better leave a couple for Wang Ping and others."

Zhang Ren nodded, picked some items.

"That's enough."

"Uncle Zhang, I brought you something else."

Chen Fan said, taking out a manual razor.

Zhang Ren's eyes lit up, then he coughed twice, "You thoughtful boy, alright, I'll accept it."

Saying that, he discreetly put away the razor and asked:

"On the way back, did you attract any attention?"

Chen Fan was stunned, then told the matter discussed with Meng Yu.

The saying goes, three cobblers are better than one Zhuge Liang, more people to discuss might find a solution.

Zhang Ren's face became serious.

"Was it discovered by a Song Family Castle guard?"

"Yes."

Chen Fan sighed, "I don't know when he noticed me, but at that time, giving up those wildebeests was too hard for me."

Zhang Ren nodded, the wildebeests' assistance to the stronghold was immense, or any stronghold for that matter.

"I think you don't have to worry too much."

He comforted, "Although the guard saw it, he didn't follow us, right? As long as we stay cautious and low-key, nothing should happen."

Chen Fan shook his head and explained running into Third Brother Zhao and being recognized entering the castle.

"Almost everyone's attention was on us then, I'm worried he might have heard."

Zhang Ren's face turned grim.

Indeed, this was a possible scenario.

Since ancient times, wealth has always been tempting. Even in prosperous times, sudden wealth attracts envy, let alone in this apocalypse where hearts are unpredictable.

"Uncle Zhang, on my way back, I was always worried about pursuers, but there weren't any."

Chen Fan's face darkened, "However, if he knew our real identities, it would make sense."

The atmosphere in the room turned oppressive.

Undoubtedly, this was the worst-case scenario.

"I'm thinking, should we relocate everyone to the former Gu Family Stronghold?"

Chen Fan smiled bitterly.

This would indeed be troublesome, but it was the safest option.

How long could it stay hidden is uncertain.

"Probably not possible."

Zhang Ren thought and shook his head, "Gu Family Stronghold is small, accommodating 60-70 people is its limit. Now, with around 160-170 people combined, it can't fit. Don't forget, there are over 20 wildebeests, where to hide them?"

Chen Fan frowned.

"I know you're worried that soon, a dozen armed Song Family guards might come, but have you thought complex terrain is our martial artists' stage?"

"In open fields, no matter how strong, facing dozens of guns, we must retreat. One bullet hit and we're in trouble, but in the stronghold, we can use familiar terrain to be elusive."

Zhang Ren's eyes gleamed.

Chen Fan instantly understood.

Indeed, urban warfare is the most difficult and brutal.

Their advantage lies in personal physical strength, though, some guards might also be martial artists, complicating things.

Then, Zhang Ren's steady voice came again.

"These days, my strength nearly recovered. Any non-Entry Force martial artist dares enter, they will die."

"!"

Chen Fan's eyes widened.

"Don't worry about others, every house has beast-proof tunnels. If many armed guards come, civilians will hide in tunnels. This stronghold will be our battlefield."

Zhang Ren's eyes flashed.

He was a Dark Power expert after all, even with a limp, short-distance running was fine.

Within tens of meters, even armed Body Tempering Third Layer guards, he could easily kill with hidden weapons.

Chen Fan was thrilled.

Imagine a hidden Entry Force martial artist attacking, unseen and unstoppable, even he couldn't defend.

"Uncle Zhang..."

Zhang Ren waved, "No need for thanks, I'm part of Chen Family Stronghold, this is my duty. You brought wildebeests, after mastering archery, I'll join you hunting."

Chen Fan smiled wider, speechless.