

## 48 Hours 1445

### Chapter 1445: A Hunting Party 2 (Thanks To President Qian Huan)

The wind blew through the leaves, making a rustling sound.

An elk pricked up its ears vigilantly, but it didn't hear anything other than the sound of the leaves. Then it tried hard to move its nose twice, but again, it didn't smell anything. Only then did it calm down again, the elk lowered its head again, ready to continue eating the grass.

But just as it lowered its head, the sound of gunfire suddenly rang out! Then, the poor elk died before it could figure out what had happened.

Zhang Heng walked up, half-squatted on the ground, and untied the black ribbon on the Elk's antlers.

Fortunately, he had encountered a rabbit with a red ribbon and an elk with a black ribbon.

Zhang Heng did not choose to shoot immediately because no matter who he shot at, the other party would run away when they heard the gunshot. Therefore, Zhang Heng decided to take a risk. He took out the dagger on his waist and used his assassin's stealth ability, he moved to the side of the rabbit.

The reason why he chose the rabbit first was very simple. It had higher points than the elk. If Zhang Heng's plan failed, he could change the gun midway even if he failed to kill the rabbit with the dagger, at least he could get these 5 points.

However, the result was much smoother than Zhang Heng had expected. He chose to approach from the downwind. The Wild Rabbit did not realize that danger had arrived and was still digging the hole in peace. However, the next moment, a flash of light appeared, the wild rabbit did not even feel the pain before it moved its head.

It was probably at that moment that the elk on the other side seemed to have noticed something and raised its head.

However, it looked around, but it could not see Zhang Heng. In the end, it fell under the hunting rifle and followed in the footsteps of the hare.

After removing the ribbons on the elk's antlers, Zhang Heng counted his harvest. It had only been half an hour since the start of the hunting game, and he already had two red ribbons and three black ribbons in his hands, he had accumulated a total of 16 points, and his efficiency was astonishing.

However, Zhang Heng was not complacent. He knew that as long as Simon's Luck was not too bad, his harvest should be about the same as his, or perhaps even more than his.

Therefore, Zhang Heng did not stop to rest. He continued to head deeper into the forest. He decided to follow the stream in the forest, because the area close to the water source was usually the area where animals loved to move, the probability of running into prey was also higher in this area.

Although the area of the forest was not too big, the number of the 33 prey was much smaller. Moreover, the wild animals were not stationary targets. They would run around and dig holes, they would hide in unknown places. Some unlucky ones would even be eaten by other wild animals.

After all, it had been ten hours since they had been released into the forest. No one knew what had happened to them during those ten hours.

Therefore, in the next twenty minutes, even though Zhang Heng had encountered a lot of animals, there was not a single one wearing a scarf.

However, Zhang Heng was not in a hurry. He was still very calm. He continued to move forward according to the plan until he met his opponent by the stream.

It seemed that Simon had chosen the same strategy as him. Furthermore, the distance between point A and point B was not too far, so the two of them met each other an hour after the start of the competition.

Zhang Heng and Simon did not cross the river. Even though the stream had just reached their ankles, the two of them did not forget that they were still in the middle of a hunt. Furthermore, they were each other's opponents. If they were to gather together, what would happen if they managed to catch their prey?

Therefore, Simon only nodded at Zhang Heng as a form of greeting. Zhang Heng waved the shotgun in his hand and asked in his newly learned Finnish, "How's The Harvest?"

"One red ribbon, two black ribbons, and one... colorful ribbon," Simon said. She did not ask about Zhang Heng's harvest because the latter had tied all the scarves on his left arm.

"Colored ribbon, looks like you're really lucky."

"If I find another colored ribbon, you'll most likely lose," Simon reminded.

Zhang Heng had already thought of this. After all, there were only three colored ribbons, but each one was worth 20 points. As long as he got two of them, he wouldn't be far from victory, this was because with their hunting and shooting abilities, the difference in the final number of prey wouldn't be too big. The 20 points from the colorful ribbons would be difficult to make up for.

However, Zhang Heng still said, "Don't be too happy yet. The competition has just begun."

"Okay." Perhaps it was a habit he had formed previously, but even though he no longer had a language barrier, Simon still kept his words to himself.

The two of them exchanged a few words by the water's edge before splitting up to search for their prey.

After a while, Zhang Heng's keen observation skills came into play again. He found an owl wearing a silk scarf from the tree hole.

To be fair, when the servants were selecting their prey, neither Zhang Heng nor Simon were present, so Zhang Heng did not expect them to choose a bird, fortunately, owls usually slept in the tree holes during the day. Otherwise, if they were like other birds, Zhang Heng wouldn't know if he could find the ribbon.

This time, Zhang Heng didn't even kill the owl. Instead, he grabbed it and removed the colorful ribbon from its claws. This way, he earned 20 points, he stood in front of the same starting line as Simon.

However, Zhang Heng didn't continue moving forward. Instead, he raised his gun and killed a pheasant that didn't have a ribbon on its body. He had just finished his breakfast, therefore, this shot wasn't to give him more food. However, after Zhang Heng killed the pheasant, he did use a knife to cut open its stomach.

Then, he found a straw rope and tied the pheasant's feet to the tree branch. After that, Zhang Heng continued forward.

Zhang Heng had already realized that relying solely on his legs to move around to find prey was too much of a stroke of luck. If he had been in the same situation as before, it was possible that he wouldn't even encounter a single prey for half an hour, therefore, he decided to make two preparations. He spent some time here to create a simple bait to see if he could lure the nearby carnivores into taking the bait.

He continued to explore the surrounding area. However, just as Zhang Heng finished setting up the trap, he heard the sound of gunfire coming from afar. It was likely that Simon had made another harvest, so Zhang Heng also quickened his pace.

The silver stream passed through the forest, shimmering under the sunlight. Two of the best hunters were also engaged in a battle between the two sides of the stream.