

Walker 1385

1385 A Domineering Bow

The sudden appearance of the bow was out of anyone's expectations.

Lin Mu didn't know why it had jumped out like this and neither did he know why it was able to knock away the two swords as if they were straws.

"What's up with the bow?" Lin Mu was confused.

~CLANG~

~DENG~

The two sword tried to return to Lin Mu's side but were knocked away by the bow again. It was as if the bow didn't want any other weapon coming near Lin Mu.

The bow in question was a long bow that seemed to be made out of several different materials. Its body was composed of both metal and wood, with the wood seemingly wrapping around a metal core.

Then on its extreme ends there seemed to be pointed feathers attached. These feathers didn't seem to belong to any beast and were refined from some unknown material.

As for the bowstring itself, it seemed to be made out of twisted beast tendons.

Overall, the bow looked imposing and was close to two meters wide. It was definitely one of the larger bows that Lin Mu had seen. Not to mention the aura coming from it was also unique.

'Its a mix of Beast... Metal... and... Wind?' Lin Mu could faintly sense Dao Traces from the bow as well. "It has three Dao Traces within it? A weapon with three Dao compatibility?"

Even finding a weapon with two Dao compatibility was often rare not to mention one with three. The bow seemed to be even more special due to the fact that it had two elemental Daos as well as the Beast Dao contained within it.

"What bow is this? I don't think the Haima tribe had it before..." Elder Niji questioned.

"This bow is indeed not from the Haima tribe." Lanbao nodded her head.

"It's not?" Lin Mu asked in surprise.

"Yes its not. Originally there used to be another bow that was placed here by Ancestor Muxuan, but a few thousand years after the Haima tribe had disappeared, this bow drifted here with the currents.

I collected it a few years after I was born and placed it here. But I didn't know that as soon as I would bring it here, the bow would destroy the original bow placed by Ancestor Muxuan.

It was very domineering and forcefully took a place in the Immortal Weapon Nurturing case." Lanbao explained.

Hearing about this, Elder Niji was stunned. He knew that all the weapons placed by Ancestor Muxuan were precious and getting one destroyed was very bad. Still, for a high grade immortal weapon to be destroyed a lot of force would be needed.

“How did the original bow break so easily?” Elder Niji questioned in doubt.

“It was simply helpless. This bow came with a naturally high sentience and destroyed the bow before consuming its core energies.” Lanbao answered. “I reckoned since the original had already been destroyed there was nothing I could do. Plus this bow took its place, so overall there was no loss.” She added.

“Hmm... since it could destroy the original bow this one is certainly stronger.” Lin Mu agreed. “But I still don’t know why it is acting like this...”

“Hold it, listen to what it says.” Xukong suggested.

“Alright, let’s see then.” Lin Mu extended his hand and opened his palm.

~THUD~

The bow rushed into his hand and its bowstring hummed in response.

~HUM~

As if a zither was being played, the bowstring vibrated lightly making a pleasant sound. At the same time, Lin Mu felt a communication attempt from the bow too.

‘Let’s see what you want to speak...’ Lin Mu allowed the bow access to his mind and soon found a bunch of memories appearing in his vision.

The first memory was that of a small bow that looked to be rather crude. It was carved out of a single log of wood and its bowstring was made from twisted vines. Overall, it didn’t look to be a bow that could be used for anything particular.

But then a few seconds later, he saw the crude looking bow being held by a child that looked to be seven years old. The child was happy receiving the bow and played with it all day.

Then in the blink of an eye, the child grew up into a mature man. The crude looking bow was abandoned due to being a toy and didn’t see its owner for a long time.

An unknown amount of time later, the owner of the bow returned, broken and battered. His body was bloodied while one of his arms was missing. With his weak breath, he held onto the crude bow until he took his final breath.

His blood stained the crude bow while his soul passed away. The crude bow laid clutched in the dead man’s hands for hundreds of years before finally, it cracked!

But from the crack appeared a tender sapling. It took root and covered the remains of the bow’s owner. It continued to grow until it reached a height of one hundred meters.

This tree stood unyielding for a long time, until finally a cultivator came and chopped it. He took the core of it to make another bow, but this bow was built for the hunt.

This time around though, the bow didn't stay in the ownership of a single person. It kept on changing owners for many years before finally it was broken again.

The broken bow was taken as spoils by a barbarian cultivator. Not following the normal paths, the barbarian cultivator repaired the bow using raw beast materials.

He used beast bones to split the bow while using beast bull tendons as the bowstring.

Unfortunately the barbarian didn't get to use the bow for long either as he perished in a battle, and his opponent got the bow. This time the owner was an immortal. He saw some unknown potential in the patched up bow and reforged it!

After reforging it, a metal core formed its skeleton while wood wrapped it.