

## Genius 1011

### Chapter 1011: A Lifesaving Needle\_2

Not only this, but Qin Fang also lifted the blanket stitched together from Yong Beast Hide and grabbed the old man's wrist that was gradually becoming cold.

"What are you doing?"

Everyone was baffled by Qin Fang's move, none understood what he was attempting to do, just silently watching him, only Sang Duo, the old man's son, suddenly let out a great shout, roaring as he drew the Miao Knife he carried and charged towards Qin Fang with a slashing motion.

The mountain people might be somewhat uncivilized and not well-versed in many formalities, but filial piety was universal; since the mother had passed away, it meant 'the dead should be respected as supreme,' and no one was permitted to touch her so easily again, lest it be a desecration of the deceased...

He was unaware of Qin Fang's identity; the situation had been too urgent before and Auntie Song had no chance to explain in detail. Now that this had occurred, he certainly wasn't going to be courteous to Qin Fang.

Clang~~

However, Sang Duo had just taken a step when a figure flickered beside him, followed immediately by the clear sound of something falling; his Miao Knife had hit the ground.

As for Sang Duo himself, he was clutching his wrist, looking astonished at Song Qingshan who had positioned himself in front.

Although he knew that this young man was trying to stop him to protect Qin Fang, he was still amazed by the youth's strength.

Despite his old age, as the former number one warrior of the Nayi Tribe, his strength was considerable. Even now, the wild animals he hunted were among the most numerous in the tribe.

But he, who could easily fight wild animals, felt utterly powerless against this young man, which truly horrified him.

"Auntie, the elder... hasn't passed away yet..."

At this moment, Qin Fang finally spoke up on his side.

Yet, as soon as he did, he nearly scared everyone to death...

"Not dead?"

Sang Duo was immediately stunned, turning to look at his wife, from whom he originally received the news.

"Is mother really not dead? She's no longer breathing..."

Sang Duo's wife was also surprised; she had verified it carefully before confirming this fact. She had learned a bit of basic medical arts following the witch doctor, otherwise, she wouldn't have been so assured.

"Xiao Qin, what exactly is going on?"

Auntie Song had finally regained some composure and immediately asked with great urgency.

Although her sister-in-law's medical arts were only half-baked, determining whether a person was dead or alive was still within her capabilities. From their perspective, the elder had no breath, no heartbeat, and her body was gradually getting colder.

With the situation looking like this, it was quite difficult for them to accept that the elder was still alive.

It wasn't that they wished for the elder to truly be dead, but rather they didn't want her body desecrated after her passing.

Although Auntie Song had lived outside the mountain for more than twenty years, many of the old mountain ideas still prevailed, particularly the utmost importance placed upon the deceased's body.

"Auntie, I've learned a bit of medical arts, I can't be wrong..."

Qin Fang had no choice but to explain in such manner, to be precise, what he had learned was acupuncture techniques, and his knowledge of the medical arts was indeed very limited.

However, this didn't prevent him from making a judgment on the elder's condition, because he possessed the heaven-defying special skill called Scouting Skill.

To Qin Fang, the difference between the living and the dead was very clear.

A dead person has lost their life force, so the Life Points data representing them would have completely disappeared, becoming an inanimate object; Qin Fang could even freely place the corpse inside his Props Box.

The living still possess the breath of life, and Qin Fang could see their Life Points, yet the elderly man before him still retained Life Points, albeit extremely weak now, on the verge of complete extinction.

"Mom, Qin Fang studied medicine in Ninghai under Professor Ma, who is a renowned doctor in the country..."

However, regarding Qin Fang's explanation, Auntie Song was still somewhat puzzled and was about to ask again when Wen Yan tugged at her own mother and said.

Elder Ma, a Medical Grandmaster, had a significant reputation. Although Wen Yan was not in the medical field, she had taken related elective courses, and her teacher, who could be considered a disciple of Elder Ma, had mentioned Elder Ma's name.

Having spent time with Tang Feifei and Xiao Muxue, Wen Yan was aware of many things about Qin Fang, including his possession of the Acupuncture Secret Technique—though they all believed it was passed down from Medical Grandmaster Elder Ma.

"Really? Xiao Qin, can you really cure my mother?"

Although uncertain about who Professor Ma was, seeing the confidence in her daughter's words, coupled with concern for her mother, she immediately asked with great anxiety.

Sang Duo and his wife also dared not say anything at this point and were also looking at Qin Fang very nervously.

"I just examined the elderly woman's body, and a complete cure is nearly impossible. She is of old age, with all bodily functions having deteriorated. All I can do now is to first wake her and then slowly recuperate her health..."

As Qin Fang helplessly spoke, he flicked his wrist and several silver needles appeared in his hands. With a shake of his arm, the old woman sat up abruptly.

Qin Fang's hands moved rapidly, and his entire being shifted with haste; in the blink of an eye, the old woman's frail body was pierced with no fewer than twenty or thirty silver needles.

Everyone was astonished by Qin Fang's technique, and no one thought about where all these silver needles had come from...

Everyone held their breath, and even Song Qingshan, who was unrelated to the matter, was no exception; all eagerly awaited the arrival of a miracle, their eyes fixed on the silver needles.

Once the silver needles were in place, Qin Fang could clearly see the old woman's Life Points slowly recovering. Although it was only a tiny bit, it was still far better than a moment ago, when they were nearly extinguished.

"Ah ha..."

Accompanied by a roar from Qin Fang, who had fully mobilized his body's power, his hands seemed to transform into countless palms, continuously moving and twisting upon each silver needle...

His speed was incredibly fast, and the rhythm incredibly forceful. If the silver needles could make a sound, this rhythm would undoubtedly be even more fearsome than a commanding drumbeat.

Qin Fang's speed grew faster and faster, nearly surpassing the limit that human eyes could handle.

Those watching Qin Fang felt their eyes sting, yet dared not miss a single detail; they all awaited the miracle.

Qin Fang's needle technique was in motion, his powerful True Qi rapidly depleting, sweat beads forming on his forehead.

"One Needle Revival!"

Finally, with a loud shout from Qin Fang, he suddenly slapped the Baihui Acupoint on the old woman's head. The dozens of silver needles embedded in her body seemed compressed by a powerful force and instantly shot out, creating a crisp tinkling sound as they struck the ground and walls—Qin Fang himself quickly dodged out of the way.

Sang Duo had been watching Qin Fang's actions intently, his eyes fixed on his mother's body, but when he saw Qin Fang strike his mother's head like that, he was almost instinctively enraged.

Yet before he could burst into anger, his eyes widened in shock.

"She moved! She moved... My mother's hand moved!"

Sang Duo had been paying close attention, not willing to miss a single detail. Now that Qin Fang had completed his task, his anticipation was heightened, and finally, he saw his mother's fingers twitch ever so slightly—a minute movement.

Such a subtle change, however, was captured by him, and he shouted excitedly, almost as if he had won the ultimate prize or like a gambler hitting the jackpot... nearly driven to madness with ecstasy.

Chapter 1012: Tribal Conflict?

"This... this... really..."

But Sang Duo, overwhelmed with excitement, rushed to the elderly man, supporting the frail-looking old man while tears streamed uncontrollably from his eyes.

Auntie Song, Uncle Wen, and the others were all dumbstruck, experiencing a drastic swing from deep sorrow to immense joy in just a few short minutes, leaving them unable to quickly accept what had happened, standing there stuttering, seemingly clueless about what to do next.

"Mother..."

Finally, Auntie Song snapped out of it and let out a cry of astonishment, rushing towards the elderly man, with Uncle Wen hurriedly following.

Wen Yan hesitated only for a moment before quickly joining them, in a scene that gathered the family together, especially after just experiencing a moment that felt like a farewell to life.

Qin Fang naturally stepped aside, his body swaying slightly, and was stabilized by Song Qingshan, preventing him from falling.



"Take a rest, you've overexerted your True Qi..."

As a fellow martial artist, although Song Qingshan didn't understand The Nine Revival Needles, it was clear from the recent upheaval of True Qi that Qin Fang had given his all.

The elderly man's bodily functions had almost completely deteriorated, analogous to a lamp running out of oil, essentially in a dying state. It seemed there was something unfinished in his heart, which kept him hanging on in a pseudo-death state.

Qin Fang used his powerful True Qi as a guide to disperse this lingering breath, also managing to bring the elderly man temporarily back, although living to an old age was definitely not possible. If properly taken care of, perhaps he could live a bit longer...

Maybe a few days, maybe a few months... definitely not more than a year!

After all, although Qin Fang's True Qi possessed a strong life-sustaining essence, it could only briefly prolong life; ultimately, when the essence dissipates completely, the elderly man would still pass away.

There was only this one chance to extend his life; even if Qin Fang's cultivation became significantly profound, it wouldn't replicate this miraculous effect again.

"I'm fine..."

Qin Fang smiled, somewhat pale but not so weak that he couldn't stand. By secretly taking a few baozi, his physical strength was restored to optimal condition, but the depleted True Qi still required some time to fully recover.

"Xiao Qin, come over here..."

Just after Qin Fang had rested for a bit and his complexion somewhat recovered, he heard Auntie Song calling him from the other side, and several people were looking at him.

Just now, their family was emotionally celebrating the elderly man's resurrection, hugging and shedding tears for quite a while. Even Wen Yan, who had never met her grandmother, also went through the emotional pain with her mother.

However, the resurrection of the elderly man was indeed a cause for immense joy, and the family was very happy. The elderly man was delighted to see his granddaughter whom he hadn't met for over twenty years and naturally did not forget Qin Fang, the prospective grandson-in-law.

"Mother, this is Xiao Qin, Xiao Yan's boyfriend... He was the one who saved you just now; otherwise, we all..."

Auntie Song, while introducing Qin Fang to the elderly woman, couldn't help but tear up, recalling how they previously thought the elderly woman had passed away.

"Grandma..."

Qin Fang approached with a smile on his face, respectfully addressing her. Since the elderly woman was Wen Yan's grandmother and he shared that relationship with Wen Yan, such a greeting was appropriate.

"Ah... good child!"

The elderly woman momentarily out of danger, although still feeble like after a severe illness, showed a smile upon seeing Qin Fang and happily responded.

"Grandma, your body has just recovered a bit; you need to take good care of yourself and rest more..."

Although Qin Fang was only a semi-competent doctor, he still reminded her of the necessities, as how long the elderly woman could last ultimately depended on how well she was cared for.

And she should also avoid getting too emotional, as it wasn't good for her frail condition.

"Yes, yes, yes... Mother, you should lie down and rest more!"

Auntie Song also quickly urged, deeply impacted by the earlier sorrow and having neglected some usually important considerations.

"Sang Duo, Yima, please take good care of Xiao Yan and Xiao Qin, and their friends..."

The elderly woman did not refuse but nodded gently and gave simple instructions, as her physical condition remained weak and required a lot of rest, especially after just seeing her daughter, son-in-law, and Wen Yan, her granddaughter that she hadn't seen for twenty years, which almost overwhelmed her emotionally once again.

She really hasn't had proper time to spend with her child, and naturally, she didn't want to pass away so soon. Although she herself knew that she didn't have much time left, she also understood that more rest could help her persist a bit longer.

"Sorry..."

When everyone walked out of the house, only leaving Sang Duo's wife taking care of the elderly woman resting, it was just upon stepping out of the house that Sang Duo, who was several years older than Qin Fang, suddenly knelt in front of Qin Fang to apologize.

"Uh... this, I can't accept this!"

Qin Fang was slightly startled, not expecting Sang Duo to suddenly make such a move, which greatly surprised him, and then he awkwardly tried to help the man up.

"Elder brother, what are you doing? Get up, get up... Xiao Qin and all of us are family, how can you do this?"

Auntie Song and Uncle Wen also immediately came over and helped Sang Duo up, saying so as they did.

Sang Duo was apologizing for having been violent towards Qin Fang before, but under those circumstances, it was not reasonable to blame Sang Duo, at least Qin Fang didn't think Sang Duo had done anything wrong at that moment.

If anyone dared to treat his mother improperly, Qin Fang would definitely be the first to step up and deal with that person, and if the situation was severe, Qin Fang wouldn't mind annihilating that person directly.

This is the duty of filial piety!

Although Sang Duo was a bit of a barbaric native from the mountains, he placed a great emphasis on filial piety, much more than some self-proclaimed morally superior, high-quality elite people.

Not long ago, Qin Fang had heard of a corrupt official who feasted lavishly while his aging mother starved to death...

If Qin Fang had encountered such a person, he wouldn't wait for the corrupt official's crimes to be exposed but would have directly caused his destruction.

"Uncle, just like Xiao Yan calls you uncle, we're all family. I was indeed a bit rash earlier, and I should have explained things clearly to you. Since we both made mistakes, and now that grandmother has woken up, how about we consider this even?"

Qin Fang helped Sang Duo up, speaking with evident remorse, not wanting Sang Duo to harbor any grudge.

"Yes, let's consider this even, even..."

Auntie Song acted as the peacemaker, and thus the matter was resolved, and the family atmosphere became calm and harmonious.

"Sang Duo, something has happened, something has happened... People from the Gelan Tribe have attacked!"

Just then, as Sang Duo was preparing some food and drink for Qin Fang and others, he suddenly saw someone rushing over, shouting loudly.

However, they spoke in a native language, which Qin Fang and others didn't understand.

"Yima, you all stay here, I'll go check it out..."

Sang Duo was also one of the brave warriors of the Nayi Tribe and a renowned hunter, and with his age, he was a respected elder when conflicts occurred between tribes.

"Gelan Tribe? Why have they attacked?"

It was Auntie Song who was startled; as a local, she understood the native language and wondered why the Gelan Tribe attacked, especially since their Young Tribe Leader had recently carried their sedan chair all the way.

"Gelan Tribe? Auntie, it's Zhuo Da's tribe, right? Then let's go check it out together..."

Qin Fang was initially unaware, but hearing Auntie Song's words, he too felt a stir in his heart. Zhuo Da and their people had just escorted them, and probably hadn't even left when the Gelan Tribe's people attacked.

"Let's go check it out together..."

Auntie Song was also curious, but knowing Qin Fang's strength and having Song Qingshan, an impervious bodyguard, by his side, there wouldn't be any danger.

Moreover, if a conflict erupted between two tribes, Qin Fang and Song Qingshan would definitely support their Nayi Tribe, giving them an advantage.

Thus, the group headed towards the front of the tribe, seeing from afar many people blocking the entrance of the village, men all armed with bows and arrows or Miao knives, all ready for battle...

And about fifty meters across from them stood another group of over a hundred hill people, all also armed, with bows and arrows aimed at the village, looking as if they might start fighting at any moment.

"Stop, stop..."

When Qin Fang and his group arrived, they saw Zhuo Da and others coming out of the village, walking and loudly calling out to prevent the onset of a fierce battle.

Song Qingshan's identity was special; recognized by Zhuo Da's people and the Luo Sang Tribe as a divine messenger, even the members of the Nayi Tribe who had heard about last night's events viewed him with a much-feared awe.

Seeing Qin Fang and others approaching, they voluntarily cleared a path, even making it much easier for them to pass than Zhuo Da and his group.

Zhuo Da belonged to the Gelan Tribe, and with the impending threat of war between the two major tribes, although the Nayi Tribe's people heard Zhuo Da trying hard to stop it, they were still eagerly watching, seemingly planning to keep Zhuo Da and his group here, which essentially meant taking several prisoners.

Chapter 1013: The Girl Who Plays with a Whip

Perhaps it was with such thoughts that the people of Nayi Tribe intentionally, to some extent, hindered Zhuoma and the others' progress. They ended up arriving at the front of the village even later than Qin Fang and his group.



"Let them through..."

It was at this moment that Sang Duo demonstrated his authority. With a loud shout from him, the clansmen of the Nayi Tribe hesitated before stepping aside, allowing Zhuoma and the others to leave the village.

However, the clansmen still held their bows and Miao knives at the ready, as if at any sign of conflict, they would be prepared to slaughter these people on the spot.

"Brother!"

As Zhuoma walked out of the village with difficulty and saw Qin Fang and his group, before he could even greet them, he heard a clear and pleasant voice like that of a lark coming from the opposite side.

Immediately, he saw a Miao Village girl who looked very pretty and wild in a leather skirt, riding a small pony, breaking through the crowd and walking forward.

"Zhuoma!"

Seeing the girl, Zhuoma's face instantly showed a burst of surprise and he eagerly responded. However, his expression quickly darkened.

"Zhuoma, why aren't you staying in the village? Why have you led so many people here? Do you actually want to start a war between the two sides?"

As the Young Tribe Leader of Gelan Tribe, the strongest warrior of the tribe, and the future Tribe Leader Heir, Zhuoma naturally had to consider his clansmen.

Peace is not only the main theme in the world beyond the mountains; here, everyone also hopes for its continuance—even though there are often conflicts between the tribes over food, land, game, and water sources, which have even erupted into several large-scale conflicts.

Each conflict resulted in injuries, disabilities, and even deaths. Yet the resources gained were extremely limited, arguably not worth the loss, leading to long-term hostility between the two big tribes.

"I heard you were kidnapped by the Nayi Tribe's people, I came here to rescue you..."

The Miao Village girl slowly approached on her little pony. Although she lived in the mountains for a long time, her skin was still quite fair and delicate. Wearing a leather skirt, she exposed her tender arms and calves with silver bracelets and anklets as accessories...

What astonished Qin Fang, an outsider from beyond the mountains, was that not only was the girl very beautiful, but she also carried a long leather whip in her hand...

When Qin Fang first met Chu Qianqian, he felt that she had a bit of a queenly air, but compared to this Miao Village girl in front of him, it was not on the same level at all.

Zhuoma is the daughter of the Gelan Tribe Chief, equivalent to a little princess. The status of girls in the tribe is not high, but Zhuoma is obviously an exception. Watching her riding the pony and coming forward, the surrounding clanspeople automatically parted to make way, all looking at her with a gaze of reverence.

If one had to use a word to describe the gaze of these tribespeople, it would certainly be—the gaze of a servant.

"Who told you I was kidnapped? That's nonsense."

Zhuoma was utterly frustrated with this reason. He had come to the Nayi Tribe quite happily, with no coercion whatsoever. He just didn't expect this story to reach his sister Zhuoma and completely change...

Of course, hearing her reason, he believed that Zhuoma hadn't lied to him. In the eyes of these young warriors of the tribe, Zhuoma's status was even higher than his as the Young Tribe Leader.

Besides these young warriors wanting to show off their efforts in hopes of earning Zhuoma's favor and winning the beauty's heart, another reason was that Zhuoma's strength was much greater than Zhuoma's.

In name, he was Gelan Tribe's number one warrior, but everyone in the Gelan Tribe knew that the true number one warrior was actually Miss Zhuoma right in front of them.

With strength comes greater speaking rights. When Zhuoma gave the order, she immediately organized a group of over a hundred people and rushed over, ready to rescue Zhuoma.

The whole situation had escalated to this point, and the insiders like Qin Fang's group were caught between laughter and tears. It turned out to be related to them after all.

Initially, Qin Fang had coerced Zhuoma into serving as a Sedan Chair Bearer. At that time, Zhuoma and his people were very unwilling, and probably the news had reached Gelan Tribe like this.

However, what happened later changed Zhuoma and his men's minds, and they voluntarily continued to serve as Sedan Chair Bearers for Qin Fang's group in their journey to the Nayi Tribe.

These events were known to Qin Fang and his people, as well as to Zhuoma and his men, but the Gelan Tribe was unaware. Coupled with the fact that Zhuoma and his group did not return to the tribe overnight, the issue had escalated...

"Zhuoma, you go explain to your sister... Uncle, this is a misunderstanding, ask the people of the tribe to disperse!"

Clearly, this was just a misunderstanding, so there was no need for conflict. Qin Fang told Zhuoma to go and persuade the Gelan Tribe's people while also asking Sang Duo to calm the people of the Nayi Tribe.

Zhuoma naturally went to persuade his sister and the tribespeople, and Sang Duo also reassured the other villagers and older mountain inhabitants, calming the rest of the tribe.

No one wished for a war between the two tribes to erupt, as injury and bloodshed were not what they wanted to see, let alone starting a fight over a misunderstanding.

The tense atmosphere on both sides quickly subsided, and they lowered their bows and arrows one after another. The Miao knives were sheathed as well, and it seemed that the matter had been resolved peacefully.

"Uncle, Auntie, it looks like there's nothing for us to do here, let's go back..."

Seeing the situation resolved, Qin Fang felt assured. He didn't want his minor actions to lead to injuries or deaths; that would be a sin.

With Zhuo Ma and Sang Duo handling the situation on their end, it was natural that they, as outsiders, should not interfere and thus planned to leave.

"Hey, you... Stop right there?"

However, just as Qin Fang was about to turn around, he heard the Miao Village girl behind him suddenly speak up again, and it seemed to be directed at their group.

Everyone was startled and they stopped in their tracks, only to see the Miao Village girl Zhuoma riding a pony, wielding a whip as she charged towards them.

Qin Fang and Song Qingshan both slightly moved, shielding Auntie Song and Uncle Wen behind them. As they say, swords and knives are blind – the two of them could take care of themselves for sure, but these two were ordinary people. If a real fight broke out, any injury would be inappropriate.

"It's not you, move aside..."

Yet, this Miao Village girl Zhuoma did not start a fight immediately. She stopped about five or six meters away from Qin Fang and his group. She pointed her whip first at Song Qingshan and finally at Qin Fang, indicating she was here for Qin Fang.

"I'm looking for you..."

Song Qingshan looked unconcerned, stepped back, and jokingly teased Qin Fang.

"I say, miss, it seems we don't know each other. What do you want with me?"

Qin Fang touched his nose, somewhat confused as to why the Miao Village girl was looking for him.

"This little lady is quite interesting..."

However, he couldn't help but inwardly remark that other villagers, upon hearing that Song Qingshan was a divine messenger, were all terrified and dared not disturb him in the slightest. But this girl seemed to care none for that, showing no fear or reverence at all.

What surprised Qin Fang was that this Miao Village girl was not very old, about sixteen or seventeen, but she was much stronger than her brother Zhuo Ma – she had actually reached Level 4...

Most importantly, she had cultivated Inner Breath, making her a fellow martial artist like Qin Fang and Song Qingshan from the Martial World. One could say this girl was the strongest expert Qin Fang and his group had encountered since entering the mountains, even surpassing the witch doctor Master Geda, who was only at Level 3...

"Are you the one who forced my brother to carry your sedan chair?"

While Qin Fang was wondering what the girl wanted, Zhuoma, the Miao Village girl, spoke up. Her voice was pleasant to listen to, but at this moment, it carried anger, and her fair face immediately flushed with a rosy hue.

Of course, this was not a flush of shyness, but a fiery blush caused by anger...

Great, she had come to exact vengeance!

"Miss, I think you might be mistaken here. Your brother carried our sedan chair willingly. I never forced him... If you don't believe it, feel free to ask him carefully!"

Qin Fang remained composed, speaking indifferently.

To tell the truth, he had indeed considered using some unconventional methods at the time, but the simple villagers suddenly provided a more reasonable explanation, so Qin Fang had no need for those methods...

In that case, Qin Fang had not really forced anyone – at most, he just suggested it!

"Humph... Cut the nonsense; all you outsiders are bad news. Today I'll teach you a lesson..."

However, it seemed as if Zhuoma, the Miao Village girl, had no interest in hearing Qin Fang's explanation. She was probably here for revenge, ignoring what Qin Fang said. She flicked her whip lightly, making a crisp crackling sound, and then the whip lashed out quickly towards Qin Fang like a Viper striking, with stunning speed like lightning, creating fearsome black shadows.

"Look after Uncle and Auntie..."

Qin Fang's gaze slightly sharpened, and with slight movement, he went directly towards the lashing whip, leaving only this brief message to Song Qingshan.

Song Qingshan was somewhat surprised that this whip-wielding Miao Village girl was so assertive, but he wasn't overly worried for Qin Fang. Although the girl was skilled, the gap between them was still too substantial...



If Qin Fang struggled under these circumstances, Song Qingshan thought he would really need to look down on Qin Fang a bit.

#### Chapter 1014: Spanking

The whip skills of Zhuoma from Miao Village are quite impressive indeed. She has clearly put in great effort into mastering it, and coupled with her Level 4 strength, it is not surprising that she can overpower many men in the village.

The black whip shadows were heavy, looking as if countless whip shadows had locked down all the surrounding space, seemingly sealing off all of Qin Fang's escape routes.

When the people from Gelan Tribe saw Zhuoma make her move, they immediately shouted in support, cheering for Zhuoma and using various dialects to scorn Qin Fang.

Almost everyone was waiting for the moment when their goddess, Zhuoma, would knock down Qin Fang and then mercilessly whip him.

The only exceptions were a few individuals, like Zhuoda, who was wearing a bitter expression as he looked at his sister and then at Song Qingshan, whom he revered as a divine messenger.

He had noticed that Song Qingshan's expression was very calm, showing no concern whatsoever, and he did not seem inclined to intervene...

Zhuoma's strength was clear to Zhuoda, but thinking of Song Qingshan's imperviousness to blades and guns, and his feat of bear-slaying with his bare hands, Zhuoda felt utterly powerless to resist.

However, on their journey here, Zhuoda had seen the relationship between Song Qingshan and Qin Fang, which appeared very equal, and if anything, Song Qingshan seemed slightly lower in status than Qin Fang.

As for Qin Fang's actual strength, Zhuoda really had no idea; he hadn't seen Qin Fang in action himself but had seen him save a child from a swiftly moving leopard, and the speed at which he then departed was arguably faster than horseback...

The more he thought about it, the more worried Zhuoda became for his sister, fearing she might get hurt or be at a disadvantage...

Snap, snap, snap~~

The black long whip moved swiftly through the air, occasionally producing such crisp sounds, while Qin Fang's figure swiftly maneuvered through the whip shadows.

It looked like the figures and whip shadows were continuously overlapping, yet none struck Qin Fang...

Initially, Auntie Song and Uncle Wen were worried that Qin Fang might be at a disadvantage and were about to have Song Qingshan step in to rescue him; the whip, made of well-tanned cowhide and python skin, was extremely solid and heavy—if it hit someone, it would undoubtedly cause severe injuries.

Being hit by it was immensely painful and would leave deep scars, and a strike to the face could disfigure someone.

However, while they were full of worry, Qin Fang seemed to be handling it with ease, moving constantly yet never getting touched once.

Zhuoma's face showed clear surprise, obviously shocked by Qin Fang's strength. Since mastering her whip skills, few had been able to dodge them as comfortably and effortlessly as he did...

Qin Fang's steps, in fact, were not very brisk; almost every time, he moved just a tiny bit right before the whip reached him.

But it was precisely these tiny movements that made it so Zhuoma's whip couldn't hit him.

"Hmph, let's see how long you can keep this up..."

Zhuoma was becoming infuriated; the more she failed to hit Qin Fang, the more anxious she became, her actions speeding up and her rhythm gradually becoming disrupted.

As her rhythm fell apart, her moves became disorderly, turning into a flurry of chaotic strikes...

It's said that wild punches can kill a master, but against a true expert, fighting like this is akin to someone using Tortoise Fist against a proficient combat sport athlete—it's sure to end very badly.

The situation was gradually evolving in this direction...

Zhuoma's rhythm was disrupted, her breathing uneven, and the trajectories of her whip became increasingly chaotic, slowing down. Qin Fang seemed even more at ease.

To those tribe members unfamiliar with martial arts, they might not see much, but anyone trained could tell what was happening.

As for Song Qingshan, there was never any worry from him at all.

Uncle Wen had also practiced martial arts; although he wouldn't last long in a match and would quickly be hit, he could still see that Qin Fang was starting to gain the upper hand now.

Zhuoda, Zhuoma's brother, had practiced some routines and moves too. Seeing his usually domineering and assertive sister being pushed to this state, he already knew that her defeat was likely assured.

Indeed—

"Let go..."

All eyes focused on Qin Fang as he called out softly, only to hear Zhuoma cry out in surprise, followed by the sight of her whip suddenly soaring into the air.

No, it was snatched by Qin Fang, who directly pulled the whip's tip away...

"Whoosh~~"

The outcome came so unexpectedly fast that many were caught off guard, never even considering that this could be the result.

Throughout the fight, Zhuoma's whip work had been mesmerizing, producing constant cracking sounds, forcing Qin Fang to dodge incessantly just to barely manage.

But unexpectedly, just when it looked like Qin Fang couldn't hold on any longer, he directly seized Zhuoma's whip—the fruits of victory suddenly snatched away.

"Miss, you've lost..."

With a flick of his wrist, the long whip had naturally come into his hands, and he said with a smile.

Zhuoma's whip skills were indeed quite good; at the start, they even made Qin Fang break out in a cold sweat several times, nearly hitting him.

It was just that Zhuoma's strength was limited, and her speed was a tad slow. Had she been a Level 5 Expert, it would have been a close call for Qin Fang, and if she had been a Master Level Fighter, it's likely Qin Fang would have been whipped severely...

This set of whip techniques was clearly a highly sophisticated skill, so exquisite that even Qin Fang couldn't help but be impressed, possibly originating from a prestigious sect.

He could have taken Zhuoma's long whip and ended the fight earlier, but seeing the elegance of the techniques, he couldn't resist engaging longer. Qin Fang patiently entangled with Zhuoma until he gradually mastered her whip techniques, then resolved the fight directly.

"You... give it back!"

The little girl, seeing her whip taken away just like that, suddenly showed deep dismay on her fair little face, and tears welled up in her eyes.

She had realized early on that she was no match for Qin Fang, but since Qin Fang hadn't counterattacked, she tried to seize the opportunity to turn the tables, even if it meant regaining a bit of dignity in losing.

But in the end, she couldn't salvage her dignity; not only did she lose the contest, but her beloved whip was also taken by this detestable outsider.

The little girl Zhuoma, who had seldom faced such grievances, immediately felt heartbroken. She was indignant and wanted her whip back while also feeling a strong urge to cry.

"Uh..."

Seeing this reaction from little Zhuoma, Qin Fang looked helpless, not expecting her to be so thin-skinned—to cry immediately upon losing—

"Never mind, she's still a little girl, why should I stoop to her level?"

Qin Fang had always disliked seeing women cry, let alone such a young girl. Wanting to avoid any trouble, he immediately shook his arm, throwing the whip back to Zhuoma...

"Here, take it back!"

To Qin Fang, the whip was of no use, and since he had won this round, the matter could naturally be settled.

Seeing her whip returned, Zhuoma's tearful expression immediately changed. With a slight movement, she quickly retrieved the whip back into her hands.

Chapter 1015: You Just Wait...

Zhuoma, though a princess within her tribe and possessing strength that made many men ashamed, naturally had a very dominant personality.

The more dominant she was, the more pronounced her queenly demeanor became over time...

Being used to playing the queen, suddenly being pinned down and spanked... She was utterly dumbfounded and absolutely unable to accept this reality.

"You...you...let me go...let me go...I'm going to kill you...kill you..."

But soon, Zhuoma snapped out of it, realizing who the person spanking her was, and she became extremely agitated. Her body started to twist violently, trying to escape from Qin Fang's control.

Slap slap slap~~

However, Qin Fang's strength was so great, as long as he didn't let go, little Zhuoma couldn't think of escaping. And this little girl didn't seem to have any intention of repenting, so Qin Fang conveniently gave her a few more slaps.

"Want to kill me? Just try to make a move..."

While smacking that enticing little pert buttocks, Qin Fang spoke with a smirk.



"You...sob sob sob..."

Zhuoma's little bottom hurt intensely from Qin Fang's slaps. Though she wanted to remain tough, her little bottom couldn't bear it.

Struggling was futile, so she simply gave up, only able to cry tearfully and heartbrokenly...

"Eh..."

Seeing the girl really crying, tears flowing, clearly not pretending, Qin Fang's raised hand couldn't fall anymore.

The Zhuoma before him was just a sixteen or seventeen-year-old girl, after all. Although Qin Fang wasn't much older, he had been exposed to much more and had matured mentally, clearly not considering himself as Zhuoma's peer.

Now causing such a scene, everyone was looking at him with strange gazes, and a hint of embarrassment couldn't help but appear on Qin Fang's face.

"Are you still going to hit me or not?"

Seeing the girl crying, basically admitting defeat, Qin Fang then asked.

"Not hitting, not hitting anymore..."

After suffering a loss, the girl didn't dare to confront Qin Fang anymore. Although she despised Qin Fang in her heart, her words had to be submissive.

Revenge would be a matter for the future; at least she needed to get past the immediate situation.

"You know your place..."

Since little Zhuoma had already submitted, Qin Fang didn't need to keep her there anymore. Besides, he noticed that the clansmen of the Gelan Tribe were already extremely stirred up.

If it weren't for Zhuoda keeping them in check, they would have probably charged over brandishing their knives by now... Even so, their eyes were filled with anger, each looking as if they wished to tear Qin Fang into pieces.

With a shake of his arm, the little girl was immediately flung into the air...

"Ahh~~"

Along with the girl's abrupt scream, Zhuoma was seen flying in the air, then landing precisely on the back of her little pony she had ridden here.

"Ouch..."

But alas, sitting down was a mistake, and as she landed on her little pert buttocks, the intense pain prompted Zhuoma to let out a pained cry.

"You...you just wait..."

Now, young maiden Zhuoma didn't dare to pick a fight with Qin Fang. She could only bite her silver teeth and threaten him before swiftly riding away on her little pony.

"Zhuoma, Zhuoma..."

Seeing his sister Zhuoma leaving in a huff, her eyes filled with tears, Zhuoda, a bit worried, immediately called out and chased after her. Of course, before leaving, he courteously bid farewell to Song Qingshan.

As for Qin Fang, he concluded with a cold snort...

If he didn't know that he was not a match and fighting would only bring humiliation upon himself, he would have truly liked to fight Qin Fang for three hundred rounds to avenge his sister's humiliation.

Zhuoda and Zhuoma had left, and naturally, the people of the Gelan Tribe wouldn't stay any longer either. No one wanted to trigger a war between the two tribes. Now that the situation had calmed down and the little princess had left, they all quickly departed, and everything returned to the calm it was before.

Watching Zhuoma and Zhuoda, the brother and sister pair, disappearing into the distance, Qin Fang let out a helpless wry smile but didn't take it to heart too much.

The little girl was only unwilling to admit defeat, the harsh words she said weren't to be taken seriously, and moreover, Qin Fang wasn't originally from the mountains. After settling the matters here, he would leave this place.

"Sorry for making you worry..."

Although the situation had calmed down, facing Uncle Wen and his wife, who looked somewhat peculiar, Qin Fang realized his actions might have been too rash.

After all, he was the prospective son-in-law of the Wen Family, yet he caused such a scene with that little girl. Even though spanking Zhuoma was to stop her unruliness, it inevitably seemed too intimate, and his prospective parents-in-law might inevitably have some thoughts...

"It's alright as long as no one is injured, let's head back..."

Uncle Wen didn't speak, but his expression was clearly not good. However, Auntie Song's demeanor remained unchanged, still smiling as if she didn't care about the incident just now.

The situation was truly dangerous just now, and Zhuoma's whip was formidable too. If one was struck, the damage would be severe, skin torn and flesh exposed, and the couple were very worried.

Qin Fang had just resolved a crisis, but then he behaved in such a way, it was indeed hard for them to accept for a moment...

This was also because Wen Yan hadn't come along. They could only keep their thoughts to themselves, and moreover, Qin Fang had just saved an old man's life, so they didn't want to be overly critical.

"Well done!"

The Wen Family Couple didn't dwell on the incident, but when Qin Fang walked over, Song Qingshan suddenly threw out this remark, almost making Qin Fang want to destroy him —

Of course, provided he could actually do it!

Everything settled down, and Qin Fang and others returned to Sang Duo's home. Wen Yan had been waiting here for the news, and seeing Qin Fang and the others return safely, she was relieved.

The thought of tribal warfare was terrifying. She grew up outside the mountains, like a flower in a greenhouse, having rarely seen bloodshed, let alone fighting and killing...

Although Uncle Wen seemed to have a poor complexion, he didn't say anything to Wen Yan. On the other hand, Auntie Song pulled Wen Yan aside for a private conversation.

It wasn't Qin Fang's place to get involved in women's talk. He guessed Auntie Song must be talking about the incident just now, but he wasn't worried about Wen Yan having any thoughts about it.

Wen Yan knew quite a lot about Qin Fang, including the numerous women around him. She herself had joined later in the game, so she wouldn't be too concerned about these things.

Having guests over, along with his old mother's significant recovery and extended life, Sang Duo was naturally very happy and immediately prepared to treat Qin Fang and the others well.

"I'll go into the mountains and hunt some game to prepare some dishes to accompany the drinks..."

Mountain people live off the land. There isn't much grains in the mountains, but there is an abundance of wild game in comparison.

The men in the mountains are born hunters. Hunting is one of their essential survival skills. Equipped with bows, arrows, traps, and snares, they could go out and hunt small game or birds.

Such game is quite rare outside the mountains, absolutely natural and pollution-free, much stronger than what some merchants brag about.

With such a great occasion in the family, Sang Duo was very glad. Given the simplicity of mountain life and the relatively poor diet, he immediately decided to hunt, to replenish the food supply.

"Big brother, I'll go with you..."

Uncle Wen was rather bored, and hunting seemed like a good idea, so he immediately agreed.

"Uncle, I'll go too!"

Qin Fang also said with a smile. Truth be told, although he had spent a few days in the mountains, most of his time was spent gathering wild fruits or encountering dead rabbits. He had never really tried hunting like a real mountain hunter.

Rarely venturing into the mountains, Qin Fang naturally didn't want to miss such an opportunity...

"Alright then..."

Regarding Uncle Wen and his brother-in-law, Sang Duo didn't have much to say, as they had interacted before and understood each other well.

As for Qin Fang, if it had been before this incident, Sang Duo definitely wouldn't have agreed to take Qin Fang with him, as the mountains were much more complicated than outside, and a novice who knew nothing was easily susceptible to danger.

But now it was different. Qin Fang had effortlessly dodged Zhuoma's nearly unavoidable whip, astonishing these ordinary people who knew nothing of martial arts.

If the Nayi Tribe was still skeptical about what Song Qingshan did, they certainly had a significant amount of respect for Qin Fang now.

Although Qin Fang might not have any hunting experience, he had great strength and was incredibly adept at sensing danger. Someone like him was a born hunter, and potentially the best kind. If trained and honed carefully, he could undoubtedly become the finest warrior in the tribe.

"Qin Shou Brother, what about you?"

Seeing Sang Duo agree, now only Song Qingshan was left, so Qin Fang casually inquired.

"I'm not going..."

Song Qingshan didn't show much interest. Having grown up at the Flying Eagle Sect deep in the mountains, he had plenty of hunting experience and lacked the novelty, so naturally, he wasn't interested.



Besides, it was Wen Yan's first time into the mountains, and with Qin Fang not around, it was better to have someone look after her, which could also prevent some unnecessary troubles.

#### Chapter 1016: The Shocking Arrow

Song Qingshan stayed by Qin Fang's side, and he had his own motives and style of doing things. He wasn't the type who was all muscle and no brains. Although he didn't talk much, he saw many things very clearly.

Plus, he wasn't really interested in this hunting trip, so he stayed back to look after things here, while Qin Fang went hunting in the mountains with Sang Duo and Uncle Wen, the three of them together.

Deep in the mountains, the forest was lush.

This area was located in the south where seasons weren't very distinct. At least at this time, while the northern lands were already covered in ice and snow, the mountains here were still relatively warm, with many people wearing only light clothes.

The walking trails in the mountains had been blazed step by step by people. The locals generally used these routes when moving around, and the large ferocious beasts would usually avoid them.

To hunt and catch wild animals, such paths obviously weren't wise choices. Only in the more remote and sparsely populated corners of the forest would the best hunting spots be found.

Qin Fang and the others each carried bows and arrows and had sharp Miao Knives at their waists. This was the standard equipment for mountain people—the bow and arrow for hunting game, and the Miao Knife for self-protection.

Outsiders who came to hunt in the mountains typically brought guns. Although firearms were regulated weapons in Dragon Country, there were always people who could get their hands on them, not to mention those with connections to the military.

However, such mountains were quite backward and the local customs were somewhat fierce and barbaric. Even tourists who loved to travel wouldn't want to come to such a place, let alone those who hunted for entertainment.

The mountain dwellers had no firearms, and many of them didn't even know what a gun was. Only bows and arrows and Miao Knives were their weapons.

Qin Fang and Uncle Wen had no choice but to equip themselves with the same weapons as Sang Duo and enter the mountain...

"Xiao Qin, can you use a bow and arrow? Do you need to practice first?"

The camaraderie among men can sometimes be quite strange. Uncle Wen had been a bit angry with Qin Fang's actions before, but now he was all smiles again. Seeing Qin Fang fiddle with the bow and arrow, he immediately expressed his concern.

"I played with them when I was a kid, but not like these bows and arrows..."

Qin Fang smiled. The bows back then were a form of entertainment with negligible lethality, and even aiming at a target was a big issue, not at all on the same level as the bows in front of him now.

The bowstrings were made from highly flexible cowhide tendons, possessing great elasticity. When released, the power was substantial. The arrow shafts they used even had iron tips, which added a lot to their lethality...

It's no wonder they could kill wild animals, and of course, they could kill people too. At the right distance, the power of these bows and arrows might not be much weaker than bullets.

"Better practice, this bow and arrow thing – if you're not familiar with it, it's easy to run into problems, and not just with hunting... you might even accidentally hurt someone..."

Uncle Wen chuckled. His childhood bows were children's toys, and he had played with them, but compared to what he was holding now, they were completely different things.

The first time he used such a bow to hunt, he faced quite a loss, starting with not being able to pull the bowstring, which was quite embarrassing.

He wasn't worried about Qin Fang's strength; Qin Fang had revealed considerable skill during his fight with Zhuoma, and his power was definitely tremendous.

But using a bow and arrow was not just about having great strength; being strong could at most make the arrows fly farther, but the key was accuracy...

If you aim at the game, and your aim is true, you can kill the prey with one shot, or at the very least injure it so that it can be captured.

But if your aim isn't true, missing the game is one thing; an off-direction shot might accidentally wound a companion... and with Qin Fang's great strength and formidable arrow firepower, hitting someone would be no joking matter.

"Then I'll give it a try..."

Qin Fang clearly understood Uncle Wen meant well and nodded in agreement immediately. He then took down the bow and arrow and started to draw the bow...

His posture wasn't particularly standard, but when he drew the bowstring into a full moon, even Sang Duo, one of the best hunters of the Nayi Tribe, couldn't help but be amazed.

Before entering the mountains, they each had to choose bows and arrows that suited them. Sang Duo naturally chose the bow he was accustomed to, and Uncle Wen, having limited strength, chose a relatively lighter bow. As for Qin Fang, he chose one that they hadn't paid attention to...

But now, looking at it, this was a Chestnut Wood and Ox Horn Bow, considered the best among the mountain bows, and naturally, only the especially strong hunters could handle it.

Most people didn't have the strength to draw the bow, let alone shoot arrows...

Just like when Sang Duo was young, he was also one of the top hunters in the Nayi Tribe, quite impressive with the bow and arrow. However, even he could barely draw a chestnut wood and ox horn bow, and it was still somewhat of a struggle for him to handle it normally... Now that he is older, it's even less feasible.

But unexpectedly, not only could Qin Fang draw such a sturdy chestnut wood and ox horn bow, he even pulled it into a full draw, leaving Sang Duo with his jaw dropped in astonishment, unsure of what kind of exclamation would be appropriate.

Whoosh~~

With the bow fully drawn and an arrow on the string, Qin Fang's eyes flashed with an unusual color, and he slightly adjusted the angle of the bow and arrow. The arrow immediately shot out from his hand with a whoosh.

The arrow was incredibly fast, so fast that the human eye could hardly catch its flight trajectory, such was the power behind the shot that once released, it struck as swiftly as a thunderbolt.

A rabbit?

Of course, while Sang Duo and Uncle Wen couldn't fully track the flight path of the arrow, they had no problem spotting Qin Fang's target. They immediately noticed a slowly moving grey creature in the bushes about thirty meters away, resembling a rabbit.

The fierce wind howled as the long arrow swiftly flew toward its prey. Sensing the incoming threat, the creature instinctively lifted its head, looking towards Qin Fang and the others, and immediately became aware of their presence.

Naturally, Qin Fang and the others could clearly see the prey too—it indeed was a grey rabbit. However...

Thud~~

Before the rabbit could react, the arrow shot by Qin Fang had already pierced through its body, and with the momentum of a thunderous force, it flung the rabbit into the air. After gliding for at least a meter or two, the arrow sank halfway into the trunk of a tree with a thud...

Buzz~~

The rabbit's body was bleeding, yet it was skewered on the arrow, legs off the ground, unable to escape, only able to struggle weakly.

But it seemed like the arrow still had energy to spare, trembling incessantly... emitting a buzzing sound.

This illustrated the immense power behind that one arrow.

Uncle Wen was dumbfounded. He had seen freaks before, but had never seen someone as freakish as Qin Fang, who shot an arrow to such an extent that even professional athletes might not be able to achieve that level.

Sang Duo wasn't much better than Uncle Wen, his mouth wide open in shock, clueless...

In fact, the reason he brought Qin Fang here was mostly to let Qin Fang have some fun and see the world while also showing off his own skills as the once-best hunter of the Nayi Tribe. He didn't actually expect Qin Fang to accomplish anything.

Uncle Wen was his brother-in-law, having hunted with him numerous times, a seasoned hand in his own right. Though not necessarily incredibly helpful, at least he wouldn't cause any trouble.

As for Qin Fang, he was just brought along to watch the excitement...

Of course, if conditions allowed, he wouldn't mind Qin Fang picking up a bow and arrow to shoot around; after all, what the mountain folks weren't short of were bows and arrows, and losing some wasn't a big deal.

But the reality wasn't as he had imagined; before he had a chance to show off, Qin Fang casually stunned him with a single shot.

Gulp~~

Uncle Wen couldn't help but swallow his saliva, then asked somewhat curiously, "Xiao Qin, have you practiced this before?"

Because the way Qin Fang handled the bow, it didn't seem like someone who had never touched a bow and arrow before. It seemed even more powerful than a seasoned hunter.

He had gone hunting with his uncle-in-law, Sang Duo, many times and had never seen Sang Duo reach such a level. Sang Duo had been in close contact with bows and arrows almost every day in the mountains, whereas Qin Fang lived in the big city and hardly ever had the chance to handle a bow and arrow, hence the question...

"Heh, I really haven't practiced... if you don't count playing around with them as a kid!"

Qin Fang chuckled somewhat sheepishly, for this was truly his first time playing with a bow and arrow. The play bows and arrows of his childhood were negligible; he couldn't even find the right direction and never hit any targets, though he did manage to shoot a companion in the butt once or twice...

"Really haven't practiced?"

Uncle Wen obviously didn't believe him, and Sang Duo was also skeptical.



To say that a newcomer could achieve such results on their first try shooting an arrow was beyond belief for them. If shooting an arrow were that simple, wouldn't every mountain dweller become a sharpshooter?

Especially since Sang Duo had been playing with bows and arrows for almost an entire lifetime, starting from the age of five or six, and now after forty or fifty years of practice, his skills should have only deepened. Yet Sang Duo admitted that he definitely couldn't reach such a level...

Chapter 1017

"I really am a first-timer..."

Qin Fang's face showed helplessness, but he still repeated it very seriously.

He truly was using such a powerful bow that could kill, for the first time. He had never played with it before, not even touched it.

However, to achieve such a hit with an arrow, it wasn't completely by fluke...

Besides, Sang Duo was an old hunter for many years; whether this arrow was skillfully shot or was a blind cat stumbling upon a dead Mouse, how could he not tell?

That angle and control of strength were absolutely what only a first-class archer could muster; a novice, no matter how talented, couldn't do it, not even a genius.

"It might be because I've had practice with guns..."

Knowing his own excuse was too feeble, Qin Fang found a relatively more reliable reason, "When I was in the Ninghai Military District, they really hoped I would become a sniper..."

It wasn't Qin boasting; it was entirely the truth. Qin was the strongest sniper—his state and touch were never issues, always performing very stably, the kind that would absolutely not fail.

"So it's like that, no wonder..."

And really, Qin Fang's reason was somewhat credible. Upon hearing it, Uncle Wen found it quite believable. The reason why snipers are formidable is precisely due to their precision shooting... simply shooting wherever you aim is but the most basic requirement.

If Qin's gunmanship could reach a sniper's level, then it isn't strange at all for his shot to be so accurate—even though Uncle Wen also understood that bows and sniper rifles are two completely different weapons and not really comparable.

If someone with precise gunmanship could achieve the same precision with archery, then the national team wouldn't need to set up separate gun and archery teams...

Regardless, Qin's gunmanship reason was much more plausible than the previous rookie excuse, so he simply explained it to Sang Duo.

Sang Duo didn't know much about guns but had an inkling since his brother-in-law Uncle Wen was a policeman who always carried a gun when entering the mountains; he had also witnessed the gun's power.

Although still somewhat skeptical, he was much more relaxed than before.

"Xiao Qin, since your archery is so good, today we're all counting on you... We must return fully loaded!"

Uncle Wen wasn't one to make a fuss. Although he had unintentionally become the shortest leg among the three, thinking that Qin, the best archer, was to be his son-in-law, made his heart much happier.

If Qin could hunt more prey today than his brother-in-law Sang Duo, then his status as father-in-law-to-be would be basking in reflected glory, which was much better than ending in tragedy every time he went hunting with his brother-in-law.

"Don't worry, leave it to me..."

Qin could also sense Uncle Wen's hard-pressed mood, guessing the reason he was willing to take Qin hunting was to find someone to bring up the rear.

Instead, the expected bottom dweller shot straight up to the top, which left him quite frustrated...

Sang Duo, on the other hand, didn't mind much. Mountain folk are like this; if you've got Skill, people will respect you a lot, and age can be set aside for a while.

Just like in the Gelan Tribe, a girl like Zhuoma, even if she's the chieftain's daughter, wouldn't be stronger than an average family's daughter, but Zhuoma possesses Strength greater than men, hence her status is utterly different.

If it weren't for the tribe's rule that the chieftain must be succeeded by a man, perhaps more people in the Gelan Tribe would be willing to have Zhuoma inherit the chieftain position.

Qin's situation was similar to Zhuoma's; age and everything else was trivial compared to his archery Skill, which even Sang Duo admired greatly.

With such Strength, their hunting trip this time would definitely not end in a terrible loss; perhaps they really could return fully loaded...

"Let's go!"

After dealing with the dead rabbit, the three set out on their journey, continuing deeper into the mountains, and kept searching for the traces of prey.

Sang Duo truly was an old hunter of many years, whose hunting experience was incomparable to a greenhorn like Qin, who only relied on his exceptional eyesight to hunt. But Sang Duo could find clues to the prey through subtle signs...

Such as identifying the prey, their travel routes, how large their size is, and any special habits, and so on...

These were all things that could be analyzed from simple traces!

Qin was like a studious child, following Sang Duo, asking questions here and there, firmly memorizing these rare experiences, while also paying attention to the surroundings, checking for any hidden prey.

Sang Duo didn't mind Qin's eagerness to learn, seemingly quite appreciative, always answering with great enthusiasm and seriousness whenever Qin inquired.

As an old hunter like Sang Duo, apart from hunting for himself, he also had the responsibility of teaching the tribe's youth these essential survival Skills; the tribe's continuance depended on good mastery...

Chapter 1018

Every life is precious. To survive and to thrive, one must firmly grasp these skills...

In this great mountain, there are quite a number of prey, but they are also highly alert, basically at the slightest rustle of the wind or grass, they would immediately flee.

Therefore, to hunt these prey, one must be extremely serious. Relying on blind luck like a blind cat stumbling upon a dead mouse will surely end in tragedy.

Whoosh~~

Suddenly, Sang Duo's gaze flickered, and he rapidly drew his bow and released an arrow, the sharp long arrow instantly transformed into a black comet swiftly soaring forth.

Thud~~

After just a few seconds, one could see that in a corner of a nearby tree, an inconspicuous little thing was hit by the arrow.

After struggling for a couple of moments, it immediately fell to the ground motionless...

"Ho, it's a deer..."

Uncle Wen immediately stepped forward quickly, picked up the prey, and smiled, "Although it's a bit small, it's enough for a meal..."

This deer was somewhat small, but obviously bigger than the rabbit Qin Fang had hunted before, quite plump, and deer meat is also quite good.

"Shush~~"

However, at this time, Qin Fang suddenly put his finger to his lips and hushed, then he rapidly moved his feet, his entire figure like a gust of wind, quickly chasing into the forest, as if he had spotted another prey.

Uncle Wen was momentarily stunned, but he did not continue to speak. Sang Duo also refrained from talking and quickly followed in Qin Fang's footsteps.

Qin Fang's speed was extremely fast, Sang Duo and the others could barely keep up, if Qin Fang continued to sprint at this speed, he would likely leave them behind.

Just as Sang Duo and the others were preparing to yell at Qin Fang to give up for a moment, they saw Qin Fang's figure, like a large bird, suddenly leaping towards the nearby tree, continuously stepping up as he rose rapidly, leveraging the rebounding force with agility...

At the same time, he also drew an arrow and quickly placed it on the bowstring, then drew the bow fully, whoosh, the arrow immediately became a black shadow, carrying an unstoppable gale as it shot forward.

The speed of that arrow was quite fast, even faster than the one Qin Fang had shot before, and the arrow nearly passed through a very small angle between the tree branches... a slight error, and it might have stuck directly into the branch.

But the arrow successfully passed over this hurdle, leapt over that tree, and then after traveling about fifty meters, it quickly dove to the ground.

Thud~~~

Only the sound of an arrow penetrating a body was heard, the arrow Qin Fang shot buried itself in the ground, buzzing.

"Aiyao~~~"

But at the same time, a somewhat strange cry was heard, sounding like a dog, more precisely, a painful groan... unfortunately, the unlucky beast was struck by the arrow.

And moreover, the sound of groaning lasted only for a few moments before completely dying out, it seemed like the prey had been fatally shot.

And in fact, this was indeed the case; it was also a deer, only much larger than the one Sang Duo had just hunted.

It was initially not far from the deer killed by Sang Duo, likely from the same family. Sensing danger, this deer ran away with its legs.

Sang Duo and the others did not notice, but Qin Fang caught such a subtle disturbance, and he immediately chased after it, sealing its fate with an arrow.

"Hiss~~~"



Although they knew Qin Fang had hit the prey, when Sang Duo and Uncle Wen saw the state of the dead deer, they still felt somewhat horrified.

The arrow had pierced directly through the skull of the deer, nailing the unfortunate creature straight to the ground, instantly killing the deer, unlike the one Sang Duo had killed which was still grievously injured and not yet dead...

The head of the deer is pretty tough, but Qin Fang's arrow pierced straight through its skull and even out the other side, nailing the deer dead in its tracks. This show of strength left Sang Duo and Uncle Wen once again utterly amazed... much more impressive than just nailing it simply to the trunk of a tree.

"This one's really fat, good job, Xiao Qin..."

Seeing his prospective son-in-law Qin Fang catch yet another plump prey, Uncle Wen felt a sense of pride shine on his face, smiling and offering his praise.

Qin Fang just smiled, not taking it too seriously. It was just a small feat to him, nothing worthy of particular mention.

"It's not like you got it..."

Sang Duo, who didn't talk much, seemed a bit discontent with his brother-in-law's attitude and immediately retorted in a soft voice, leaving Uncle Wen feeling dejected and falling silent.

The group packed up their catch and continued to move forward...

"Watch me!!"

Seeing his prospective son-in-law Qin Fang and brother-in-law Sang Duo both with considerable hauls, and himself without much to show for it other than collecting the spoils at the back, Uncle Wen felt quite down and out.

Just then, he noticed a dark shape wriggling not far away, which Qin Fang and Sang Duo hadn't spotted. Uncle Wen suddenly bellowed and instantly drew his bow and let an arrow fly.

Whiz~~

The arrow shot out from the bowstring at an impressive speed.

Uncle Wen felt incredibly satisfied and comfortable as he released the arrow, as if he had vaguely grasped the essence of archery.

Even before the arrow was fully released, he had a premonition that it would surely hit the target...

"Ow ow ow~~"

Sure enough, Uncle Wen's feeling was spot on, and the arrow did indeed hit the target, which let out a series of roars in response.

Immediately after, they saw a somewhat darkened big fellow gradually emerging from the bushes, which completely dumbfounded Uncle Wen...

It's not that Uncle Wen was shocked that his arrow didn't kill the prey—his bow wasn't very strong, so a one-shot kill wasn't easy.

"A wild boar?"

What really shocked and stunned Uncle Wen was that the animal he had attempted to shoot wasn't an ordinary small creature, but actually a quite strong and fat wild boar...

And the spot where his all-too-accurate arrow had hit—was none other than the wild boar's anus! At that moment, the arrow was still sticking out, as if it had grown an extra tail...

Wild boars are tough-skinned and meaty all over, but the anus, just like that of other wild beasts, is very soft and can be considered one of their weak points...

Uncle Wen had fortuitously shot the boar in its weak spot, but alas, the power was too weak to inflict sufficient damage, instead fully enraging the wild boar.

"Oww oww oww~~~"

Wild boars are one of the larger fierce animals, not quite on par with the kings of the forest like lions and tigers, but when they go berserk, even lions and tigers are wary of them.

And now, because of Uncle Wen's accidental anus-piercing arrow, not only did he fail to kill the wild boar, he also completely unleashed its ferocity...

Looking at the boar's blood-like red eyes, the deep roar, and its two sharp tusks that looked quite terrifying, it had now totally set its sights on this human who had hurt its anus and made it bleed...

"Why is my luck so bad..."

Uncle Wen felt like a coffee table, with a great opportunity placed right before him. He had seized the chance and even overperformed in an extraordinary state, successfully hitting his target...

But, not only did he fail to kill the prey, he'd now angered such a fierce and violent wild boar, and set it off!

Chapter 1019: Duel with a Wild Boar

"Oink oink oink~~~"

The wild boar, whose backside had been blown open, was now at the brink of eruption. Its pair of blood-red eyes were fixated on Uncle Wen, and combined with the boar's massive physique, exuded a powerful sense of terror and deterrence.

Faced with such a threat, Uncle Wen did not dare to hesitate any longer. He immediately pulled out the handgun he carried with him and aimed it at the opposite, thick-skinned big wild boar.

However, the hide of the boar was too thick, and the one in front of them was even more fat and greasy. Uncle Wen feared that even bullets might not be able to injure it, hence even with a gun in hand, he still didn't feel very secure.

Qin Fang and Sang Duo had also noticed the presence of this big wild boar by now. It was hard not to... Such a large boar staring at them, even the most sluggish person could sense its intense hostility.

Qin Fang frowned. Although he was aware that there were many such large wild beasts in the mountains, he had not expected to encounter one so quickly. Seeing the boar, with an arrow still sticking out of its butt, it was clear that the possibility of a peaceful outcome was bleak.

Sang Duo also furrowed his brow, raising his bow and arrow with a very stern look, evidently treating the wild boar as a formidable enemy to be taken seriously.

"Uncle, Uncle in-law, retreat..."

In the face of this situation, Qin Fang certainly would not back down. He immediately called out to Uncle Wen and Sang Duo, then took aim with his bow and arrow at the boar, allowing Uncle Wen to retreat back to his side, leisurely.

Uncle Wen naturally wouldn't refuse. Given the circumstances, they could only follow Qin Fang's command. Among the three of them, he was the weakest, while the strongest was naturally the vibrant young Qin Fang, who not only was proficient with archery but also surpassed the two elder men significantly in martial arts and strength.

If they wanted to get out of this situation unscathed, they had to rely on Qin Fang. Alone or two against one, these two aged men stood no chance against such a large wild boar.

Uncle Wen didn't panic, instead, he carefully kept an eye on the wild boar while cautiously retreating to Qin Fang's side. If he had been as faint-hearted as some people, he would have likely started running and escaping in disorder, which would have led to a violent attack from the big wild boar.

As it stood, the wild boar had slightly shifted its hooves a few times but ultimately did not launch an attack, allowing Uncle Wen to retreat successfully behind Qin Fang.

"Give me all the arrows; I'll draw this big guy's attention, then you two retreat..."

Simply standing off like this was definitely not a long-term strategy. They had been out for a while now, and if they continued to delay and night fell, the situation would become quite dire. Even Qin Fang's presence might not ensure safety for both men.

The only way was to divert the boar's wrath away from Uncle Wen and onto Qin Fang, who with his skills and speed could definitely shake off the boar.

"Okay..."

Neither Uncle Wen nor Sang Duo refused. They promptly handed over all their arrows to Qin Fang. They themselves would only use the Miao Knives for self-defense. With their strength, unless they could strike a vital spot on the wild boar, it would be difficult to injure it.

Instead of keeping many arrows that wouldn't be very useful, it would be better to give them to Qin Fang. With Qin Fang's formidable strength, it might be possible to break through the defensive hide of the big wild boar. At least more likely than them. Even if the boar got shot or beaten, it would help to draw its anger away.

Arrows were necessary consumables in the mountains, but hunters would not carry too many, just enough to last, since the arrows could be reused.

Moreover, carrying too many would greatly affect their mobility, which is not good for hunting. But it seemed that Qin Fang would not have the chance to recover his arrows now, and he would need to lure the boar far enough away with the arrows he had, which might not be enough...

Whoosh~~

Having received the arrows, Qin Fang didn't say much more to Uncle Wen or Sang Duo. They naturally understood what to do next. Qin Fang swiftly notched an arrow to his bow, drew it full, and then

unleashed it with a burst of power. A thrumming sound echoed as the bowstring vibrated, and the long arrow turned into a meteor, hurtling towards the wild boar at high speed.

It was so fast that it was nearly impossible to track with the naked eye.

However, the wild boar was clearly no ordinary beast. It seemed to sense the incoming threat and managed to twist its seemingly clumsy body with great agility. The arrow almost grazed its belly before hitting the ground.

With a thud, the arrow buried halfway into the earth, its tail still buzzing and trembling...

"Aoao~~"

However, Qin Fang's arrow clearly made the already enraged wild boar completely explode. It let out such a roar, its blood-red eyes even more captivating. Its feet suddenly powered up, and it charged towards Qin Fang, while the arrow in its buttocks flailed in the air, looking particularly bizarre.

As for its real target, it was not Qin Fang but still Uncle Wen, who shot its backside earlier. Only because Uncle Wen stood behind Qin Fang did the boar charge in Qin Fang's direction.

Such a huge wild boar was a tyrant in these mountains, an existence even lions and tigers would not dare to provoke lightly. Once enraged, they are incomparable to ordinary beasts.



Ordinary beasts could be subdued by hunters with various methods, but when facing such large and tough creatures, most hunters would keep their distance, usually doing their best to avoid confrontation.

Swoosh~~

However, Qin Fang wasn't in a hurry and calmly drew his bow to shoot another arrow. The arrow flew straight and true, and though he aimed precisely, the boar was no easy prey; its bulky body remained agile enough to dodge with a slight pause in its movement.

The two were only a distance of a dozen or twenty meters apart. Once the wild boar charged, it could cover such a short distance in the blink of an eye, and Qin Fang and his companions immediately entered its attack range.

Swoosh swoosh swoosh~~

With the distance closing, the lethality of the arrows significantly diminished; only close combat weapons could counter such a large boar now. Sang Duo and Uncle Wen couldn't help feeling a surge of tension, knowing the tough hide of the boar wasn't easy to deal with.

But Qin Fang seemed unphased, astonishingly drawing three arrows at once and nocking them all on the bowstring, then simultaneously loosing them. The three arrows formed a "品" character as they flew towards the boar.

Now the boar was only about seven or eight meters away from Qin Fang, a fairly close distance for three arrows, reducing its chances of dodging significantly, not to mention that this setup was specially prepared for it.

Bang bang bang~~

As expected, the boar tried to dodge, but the distance was just too short, and with Qin Fang shooting three arrows at once, the boar found it impossible to avoid all of them with its limited intelligence. A moment's hesitation... and it missed the best chance to dodge, with all three arrows striking it.

"Aooao~~"

The force behind Qin Fang's arrows was immense, and the three arrows, infused with a bit of True Qi, had a terrifyingly lethal effect. Striking the target simultaneously, even the tough-skinned boar let out miserable shrieks, as if it had been shot in the backside once again...

The hit caused the already agitated boar to become even more furious. Its already blood-red eyes turned a deeper shade of crimson, making it look even more ferocious and eerie.

Initially focused on Uncle Wen, its primary hatred was towards him, but now, having been hit by Qin Fang, its rage shifted onto him. It was already charging in a straight line, but now it attacked Qin Fang in a frenzy.

"You guys run..."

Seeing that he had successfully drawn its aggro, Qin Fang swiftly moved to the side, dashing away and diverting the boar's attention from Uncle Wen and Sang Duo to himself. He also didn't forget to alert the two who were nearly paralyzed by shock.

But Qin Fang didn't have much time to linger; the same moment he yelled, he had already darted into the nearby woods, with the furious boar chasing after him as if determined to kill Qin Fang, completely ignoring the others as it plunged into the forest.

"Let's go..."

With the boar gone, Sang Duo and Uncle Wen glanced briefly at the forest, now void of any human silhouette. Gritting their teeth, they quickly moved away in the opposite direction.

They could no longer be of any help; their fastest way to support Qin Fang was to reach safety as soon as possible...

Meanwhile, Qin Fang was not in as much danger as Uncle Wen and the others thought. Though he was not as free in the forest as in open ground, the large boar couldn't reach its full speed in the dense woods, and Qin Fang conjectured the creature would probably knock itself dead against a tree without his interference...

Qin Fang ran effortlessly while continuously using his bow to attack the boar, firmly holding its attention...

Chapter 1020 Kill

Qin Fang was leading the boar deeper into the mountains while also calculating the depth of his entrance into the mountains. After all, the area of this mountain was too vast. If he continued moving forward aimlessly, he might end up getting completely lost in the woods like last time.

This was certainly not something Qin Fang wanted to see. He had to constantly be aware of his direction in order to safely return to the Nayi Tribe after handling this boar.

After running continuously for about two or three miles, the boar was tightly following him. It seemed like it was about to catch up to Qin Fang every time, but Qin Fang would suddenly burst into a faster pace and instantly increase the distance...

This boar wasn't very intelligent, clearly not understanding that Qin Fang was intentionally teasing it. It was infuriated, blindly chasing after him while emitting angry roars. Its sharp tusks were continuously swinging, bringing about a chilling gleam that made one's heart palpitate.

"Almost there..."

Just as the distance was completely widened, even if he retreated, the boar wouldn't be able to chase after Uncle Wen and the others. Qin Fang had achieved his purpose and had somewhat made up his mind.

But would Qin Fang retreat?

Obviously not!

Although this boar was quite formidable and tough, it was only a Level 4 Fierce Beast, similar in rank to the Leopard he encountered before.

Unlike the Leopard, which primarily relied on agility and had extremely sharp claws and incredible speed but relatively less strength, Qin Fang had managed to overpower the Leopard by relying on his absolute strength advantage.

However, this boar was different; its speed wasn't considered superior, but its strength was tremendous. Combined with its speed, the impact was terrifying. If it hit someone, even without those sharp tusks making contact, the victim could still be inflicted with severe internal injuries.

Moreover, the boar also had sharp tusks, which could easily pierce through a human body...

Even with Qin Fang having the Celestial Silkworm Golden Armor as body protection, it wasn't necessarily enough to withstand the sharp tusks under such powerful impact!

Still, this wasn't nearly enough to make Qin Fang give up. This boar was astonishingly strong and bulky. If he could hunt it and take it back, it would be enough to feed them for a long time.

The food conditions in the mountain were relatively poor; though Sang Duo was one of the top hunters in the tribe, he could only hunt smaller animals like roe deer, and even then, not every day yielded such results...

Now, with the elderly lady just recovering from a serious illness, it was crucial to nourish her body. Eating more was good, and since vegetables were impossible to find in the mountains, relying on this relatively premium boar meat was the only choice.

Once decided, Qin Fang suddenly turned around and stopped, putting away the arrows temporarily into the Props Box, and a black Military Spike appeared in his hand.

Ranged attacks were ineffective, so Qin Fang switched to close-quarters combat... Although the boar was tough, its anus was considerably tenderer.

Even the minimal strength of Uncle Wen was enough to shoot an arrow into its anus. If Qin Fang were to do it, it would certainly be a shot through the heart.

The boar was injured, fiercely guarding its anus. Regardless of how Qin Fang maneuvered, he just couldn't find another opportunity to strike there.

However, this close combat provided Qin Fang with a decent chance of success.

"Roar roar roar~~"

Seeing Qin Fang standing still, the boar didn't understand his intentions and thought that Qin Fang couldn't run anymore. It immediately let out a deep explosive roar, then suddenly its legs burst forth, and its robust body charged towards Qin Fang like a small tank.

That gigantic body and several hundred pounds of weight, along with full-force charge, were likely comparable to being hit by a car moving at seventy miles per hour.

"Bring it on..."

Yet, Qin Fang was calm and even couldn't help but shout, his body tense like a soccer goalkeeper facing a penalty kick, fully focused.

Whoosh~~

The physically massive boar viciously pounced forward, its eyes filled with ruthlessness and ferocity, which was quite terrifying to behold.

The surrounding air even brought a whistling wind sound, adding a sense of tension as if even the wind and grass were enemies.

Qin Fang's pupils slightly contracted. Initially, his body was tensed to the max but suddenly relaxed, and he transformed into a black shadow, miraculously disappearing right in front of the boar...

The boar continued with its charging posture, but Qin Fang's sudden mysterious disappearance left it utterly astonished. Being a creature with little intelligence, it was completely baffled about what had just happened.

Almost instinctively, it wanted to stop, to recoil, but the huge body momentum didn't provide such an opportunity, forcing it to keep charging forward.