

High Martial 100

Chapter 100: Traits, Fierce Assault

"Wow, it smells so good!"

Chen Chen's mouth was salivating as he looked at the cooked beast meat on the table.

Yin Fang couldn't help but chuckle, "I added a lot of seasoning, how could it not smell good?"

As she spoke, she swallowed her own saliva too.

She had almost forgotten what other seasonings tasted like after so many years.

"Dad, Mom, sit down and eat."

Chen Fan said with a smile.

"Coming right away."

Yin Fang walked into the kitchen, and not long after, she brought out a bowl of steaming, fragrant rice.

Instantly, the aroma of the food on the table was overshadowed.

Chen Chen sniffed hard, his eyes fixed on the bowl of rice in his mother's hand, "Mom, this rice smells amazing! Hey, why is this rice a different color from the ones on the table?"

"This is Blood Rice, bought specially by your brother, of course it's different."

Chen Guodong said with a smile.

"Oh oh."

Chen Chen nodded, then licked his lips, "Mom, can I have a taste?"

Yin Fang was first stunned, then showed a look of difficulty.

She had heard from Chen Guodong that this rice was very special, its nutrition equivalent to mid-level fierce beast meat, and therefore it was very expensive, ten yuan per pound!

When she heard this, she thought she heard it wrong and confirmed twice.

So, when she washed the rice, she didn't even throw away the washing water but kept it for soup.

As for this Blood Rice, naturally, only Xiaofan was qualified to enjoy it in the whole family.

Chen Chen... it's really not about being biased.

"Good boy, Chen'er."

Chen Guodong's voice sounded, "This rice..."

Before he could finish, Chen Fan smiled and said, "Mom, since my little brother wants to have a taste, give him some."

"But."

Yin Fang felt warmth in her heart but was even more reluctant.

"Xiaofan,"

Chen Guodong said too, "This Blood Rice is very precious, you should keep it for yourself, your little brother can just eat normal rice."

"Yes, brother, I'll just eat this bowl of rice."

Chen Chen could tell something from his parents' expressions and hurriedly held up his bowl of white rice with a smile.

Chen Fan smiled and patted his head, "It's okay, it's just a bit of Blood Rice? It's nothing, Mom, get another bowl, give him some."

This rice is highly nutritious but not suitable for ordinary people, as they can't absorb it well and might have adverse reactions, wasting such good stuff.

So, he planned to buy some three yuan per pound Blood Rice for his family the next time he visits Song Family Castle.

If Dad could enter the Muscle Refining Realm in the future, he could have this ten yuan per pound Blood Rice then.

"Alright."

Yin Fang hurriedly turned around and entered the room, bringing out an empty bowl.

"Xiaofan..."

On the other side, Chen Guodong hesitated to speak.

Chen Fan waved his hand and said with a smile, "Dad, I'll eat more beast meat."

Chen Guodong was moved to the point where he didn't know what to say.

"Remember your brother's kindness."

Yin Fang gave half a bowl of Blood Rice to Chen Chen, speaking earnestly.

"Yes!"

Chen Chen nodded continuously, turned around, and said, "Brother, thank you."

Chen Fan couldn't help but laugh.

In his view, wasn't this exactly what family should do for each other?

Taking the half bowl of Blood Rice from his mother, Chen Fan took a mouthful with chopsticks, chewed lightly, immediately feeling a sweet taste rising, the more he chewed, the more flavorful it got, even after swallowing, the taste lingered.

"Mm! So delicious!"

Chen Chen exclaimed.

"Really?"

Yin Fang smiled beside him.

"Yes, Mom, you should try it too."

"No, you just eat it."

"Try it."

Chen Chen said, handing the bowl over.

Yin Fang couldn't refuse, took a small bite, and immediately opened her eyes wide. This was too delicious! In comparison, the normal rice in front of her tasted like nothing.

"Dad, you should try it too."

Chen Guodong hesitated, but eventually took a bite.

Watching this scene, Chen Fan's face also showed a smile.

Soon, he gobbled up most of the Blood Rice, looked at the potential points, and saw it increased by almost five points.

A bowl of rice is about half a pound, one pound of Blood Rice can cook almost two pounds of rice, which means one pound can provide over twenty potential points?

"Not bad."

He thought to himself.

Even Desert Wolf meat, one pound can only give less than ten potential points.

He then ravenously ate almost one pound of rice and five or six pounds of beast meat, feeling just about seventy percent full.

After this meal, his potential points grew by almost fifty points, probably after two or three more meals, he could gather enough for the next enhancement.

After the feast, only Chen Fan and Chen Guodong were left at the table.

"Dad, there's something I didn't get a chance to tell you on the way back."

"Yes, go ahead."

Chen Guodong said hurriedly.

"It's like this..."

Chen Fan recounted what he had discussed with Zhang Ren before, adding their conclusions.

Chen Guodong's face turned pale instantly.

He had been too happy to think straight, focusing only on the convenience that those mounts would bring for hunting outside the village in the future, not considering other consequences...

"Dad, no need to worry too much, if anyone comes, there's me and Uncle Zhang, but Dad, please inform everyone, in case anything unexpected happens, they should be mentally prepared and hide in the tunnels immediately."

Chen Fan advised.

"Yes, I'll inform them."

Chen Guodong nodded solemnly.

"Xiaofan, should we stay inside these few days? If they really know our identities, they'll likely attack the village in the next two or three days?"

"Exactly."

Chen Fan took a deep breath, "Anyway, food is sufficient in the village now, everyone can use this time to practice martial arts and horse riding. Once this matter settles, we can go out hunting again."

"Yes."

Chen Guodong agreed deeply.

It's like sharpening the axe before chopping wood.

Only hoping they don't know their identities...

After a brief rest, Chen Fan headed to the warehouse.

Not just him, all the young men in the village came too. Although today was thrilling and safe, the consequences without Chen Fan accompanying them would have been unimaginable, so everyone was extra diligent, not daring to slack off.

Gu Ze was practicing archery alone in the corner, not even noticing Chen Fan's arrival.

Chen Fan naturally didn't disturb him, exchanged a glance with Zhang Ren, and they both walked toward the warehouse.

As agreed, he brought along the martial arts secret manuals he bought.

Zhang Ren nodded, then looked at the rows of shelves to the east, saying:

"You want to learn saber techniques, right? First, pick a saber that feels good."

The shelves were lined with different sabers - palm-sized flying knives, forearm-length ones, nearly one meter long ones, and even close to two-meter-long horse-cutting sabers.

Chen Fan walked over and weighed them, ultimately picking a saber around thirty pounds, over one meter long.

"This kid's strength seems to have grown again."

Zhang Ren thought.

He also picked a long saber and led Chen Fan outside.

"Saber techniques are easier than spear techniques, and since you have a background in fist techniques, learning it won't be hard. However, my saber skills are only average, I might not be able to teach you much, so just be mentally prepared."

"Uncle Zhang, you're being too modest."

Chen Fan chuckled, ready to shower some compliments, but Zhang Ren shook his hand and said, "I'm not being modest. Even with sabers, there are long weapons and short weapons. Short weapons also include single sabers and double sabers.

Each type of saber requires different techniques, I can only teach you single saber techniques."

"It's fine, single saber is good enough."

Chen Fan said.

He mastered spear techniques, so there's no need to learn long saber techniques.

Learning short saber techniques would be useful in case of an enemy invasion in narrow alleys.

Of course, he didn't intend to learn Zhang Ren's hidden weapons techniques.

Experience and energy are limited.

"Yes."

Seeing Chen Fan ready, Zhang Ren slowly said, "Single saber, as the name suggests, one hand holds the saber, the other hand assists, basic moves include slashing, chopping, thrusting, lifting, slicing, blocking, intercepting, and picking. I will demonstrate each for you."

Chen Fan nodded.

It turned out that the basic moves of saber techniques were indeed simpler than spear techniques. Spear techniques required guarding the midline, which was hard for beginners to remember.

Saber techniques relied on the weight of the saber; Chen Fan found each move increased his skill level rapidly.

0.3%, 0.7%, 0.9%, 1.2%...

This made Chen Fan very happy.

Originally, he planned to use one or two experience points to level up to Level 1, but now, it seemed unnecessary.

Save where possible.

Zhang Ren wasn't surprised seeing Chen Fan's decent practice from the start.

It's said one month for sticks, one year for sabers, and a lifetime for spears; sticks are fundamental to all weapons, can be mastered in less than a month.

Learning the use of sabers takes a year.

Spears are the hardest, a lifetime of study doesn't guarantee mastery.

Of course, many also prefer using swords. Sword techniques are harder than sabers, yet easier than spears.

"You practice first, come to me if you have any questions."

"Yes, Uncle Zhang, go ahead."

Chen Fan nodded, feeling energetic.

He took his time, ensuring each move was accurate and complete, taking about three seconds each. Luckily, each move's skill level also increased gradually.

Initially only 0.3%, now 0.4%, sometimes even 0.5%.

In one minute, the skill level of [Basic Saber Technique] increased by 8%.

Of course, it's a thirty-pound saber, most people would struggle with one swing, so after two or three minutes of practice, he rested for a while.

After about half an hour, a faint warmth rose, like a small stone dropped into a lake, creating a ripple briefly before vanishing.

"Basic Saber Technique leveled up?"

Chen Fan's eyes lit up, looking at the attribute panel.

[Basic Saber Technique: lv1 (0.1%), Traits: Powerful Level 1, Fierce Assault Level 1]

[Fierce Assault: Skill increases saber speed by thirty percent per level]

"Increasing saber speed, not bad."

Chen Fan smiled.

In martial arts, only speed is unbeatable, isn't it?

Besides, there's also the familiar Powerful trait.

"Then let's continue."

A lot of memories surfaced, and he gripped the saber, thrusting forward.

Skill level increased by 0.2%.

Chen Fan checked the skill level. It's acceptable; he can level up one or two more levels, if it becomes hard to improve, he'll spar with Uncle Zhang.

[Basic Saber Technique] level increased, sparring would improve skill level significantly.

"Basic Saber Technique needs Level 5 to supplement Shadowless Swift Blade, still four levels to go, keep it up!"