

High Martial 11

Chapter 11 Shooting Moving Targets

By nearly nine o'clock in the morning, a flash of inspiration hit Chen Fan's mind, and a warm current surged throughout his body. Although it wasn't the same heat as during body strengthening, it still alleviated much of his previous fatigue.

He could feel that his constitution and power had both gotten stronger.

"Finally advanced to Level 2."

Chen Fan breathed a sigh of relief and looked at the skills section in his mind.

Realm: None

Level: 3 (0/4)

Constitution: 11.78

Power: 10.57

[Basic Archery: lv2 (0%), Traits: Strengthening the Body Level 2, Superhuman Arm Strength Level 2, Slow Fire Level 2]

It was clear at a glance that his physical strength attributes had both increased slightly.

Especially the physical attribute, which was close to 12 points.

The Level 2 Slow Fire trait also meant that his hit rate was as high as 60%.

"I wonder how much skill level will increase with one arrow now?"

With this thought in mind, he couldn't wait to draw the bow and set the arrow. This time, pulling the bowstring all the way back was much easier.

"Whoosh!"

The arrow pierced the air and hit the bullseye.

Very accurate.

"Level 2 Basic Archery indeed makes a huge difference," Chen Fan recalled that during the shot, his mind was focused, and his spirit was entirely concentrated. The key was, once he started to draw the bow, he automatically entered this state.

The next moment, a wry smile appeared on his face.

[Basic Archery lv2 (0.4%)]

When it was at Level 1, hitting the bullseye with an arrow increased the skill level by about 1.2%. Now, it's only one-third of that.

"So, to level up Basic Archery to Level 3, I'll need to hit the bullseye 250 times."

"With my current constitution and strength improvements, I think I can finish one arrow in 2 minutes, which would be 30 shots in an hour, more than enough in 10 hours."

A smile appeared on his face, once again filled with motivation.

As time passed, by noon, Chen Fan went back for lunch. The woman, feeling sorry for his hard training, added a few pieces of meat to his bowl.

The potential points had also risen to 0.3. Although it was less than one-tenth of the next level's 4 experience points, Chen Fan felt grateful.

After lunch, he couldn't wait to return to the open space in front of the warehouse to continue practicing archery.

It seemed that a few young men were inspired, arriving shortly after and looking at Chen Fan with a hint of respect in their eyes.

They didn't quite believe the lame man's words that the young man was still practicing archery here at night, but after seeing this the whole morning and yesterday, they hadn't seen Chen Fan slacking off.

Additionally, with the Wei Brothers gone, the village would find it increasingly difficult going forward.

If they found another opportunity to slack off, they couldn't get over their own consciences.

An hour later, the lame man sat on the ground, massaging Chen Fan's arm, speaking with a complicated tone, "Kid, you really have some talent."

He could clearly see that out of ten arrows, Chen Fan could hit the bullseye with at least six or seven. If he talked about this, no one would believe this kid was a beginner.

Chen Fan chuckled.

Undeniably, it was mainly the system's credit, but he worked hard too.

"But if you continue practicing like this, it probably won't be very effective."

At this moment, the lame man changed the subject.

Chen Fan's body trembled, his pupils dilated subconsciously, and he hurriedly asked, "What does Uncle Zhang mean?"

The lame man raised his head and looked at him, "I see you have a high accuracy rate with your current archery. This is a good thing, but have you considered that these are all stationary targets? Wild fierce beasts aren't stupid. Unless you don't let them spot you, otherwise, with their speed..."

He didn't need to continue; the implication was clear.

A spark went off in Chen Fan's brain.

He had been focused on the skill level progress bar, filled with motivation but trapped within it, failing to see the bigger picture.

"Uncle Zhang, you mean I should practice shooting moving targets?"

"Exactly."

The lame man showed a look of 'You can be taught,' "Although my archery skills are mediocre, the answer to this is obvious to anyone. Your progress is astonishing and commendable, but it's not enough."

"I understand."

Chen Fan took a deep breath and then asked, "So, how do we get moving targets?"

"..."

The lame man felt like he had dug a hole for himself. After a two or three-second pause, he still gave an answer, "I'll help you."

Soon, a few young men saw this scene.

The lame man stood to the side and threw a target into the air. Chen Fan aimed at the target moving in a parabolic trajectory and shot an arrow.

Regrettably, he missed.

"Don't rush, take it slowly."

The lame man said, "This time, I'll slow down a bit. Focus your spirit!"

After speaking, he threw the target again.

Chen Fan squinted his eyes, predicted the target's trajectory, and shot again.

"Whoosh!"

He hit the edge of the target. The target shook and flew backward before falling to the ground.

Chen Fan exhaled and eagerly looked at the attribute panel.

[Basic Archery lv2 (25%)]

"!"

He was both surprised and delighted. It had been 23% before, meaning just this one arrow had increased the progress by 2%?

And this was only hitting the edge.

If he could hit the bullseye, wouldn't it be more than 4%? Even if it wasn't the bullseye, just the edge still provided a 2% increase, making the efficiency five times higher than hitting stationary targets. It was a big gain!

"What are you thinking? Focus and continue!"

The lame man's stern voice sounded.

"Yes, Uncle Zhang!"

Chen Fan looked at him gratefully.

At this rate, leveling Basic Archery to lv3 wouldn't be a problem, and with a bit more effort, lv4 would be right in front of him!

Honestly, Uncle Zhang was a great person.

An hour later, Uncle Zhang finally couldn't hold on anymore. His right arm felt like it weighed a thousand pounds, and he couldn't lift it. He wanted to say they should take a break, but seeing the determination in Chen Fan's eyes, he changed his mind.

"I'll switch to my left hand next. The control might not be as good as before, so be prepared."

Chen Fan snapped out of his excitement over the rapid skill level increase and apologetically said, "Uncle Zhang, maybe we should rest for a bit first? We can resume practice after resting."

"Continue practicing when I say so. Where did all this nonsense come from?"

He frowned in displeasure.

He thought to himself, "I, a grown man, can't lose to a young kid like you, right?"

So, throwing targets and shooting arrows continued for almost an hour, and the lame man finally couldn't hold on anymore.

"Uncle Zhang, let's rest for a bit."

Chen Fan felt bad and suggested.

In about two hours, he had hit the target around twelve times. Although none hit the bullseye, the progress bar had already exceeded 50%.

His physical strength wasn't too exhausted.

The lame man seemed to notice this and asked, "You can still continue?"

"Uh..."

Chen Fan hesitated.

"You, come over here!"

The lame man called out to a young man who was watching from a distance. "You've had a break and been watching here for a while. Fine, I'll give you a chance. Come and take over."

The young man wanted to cry but had no tears. "I just sat down and looked for a couple of seconds, okay?"