

High Martial 112

Chapter 112: Someone Ahead!

Compared to practicing Basic Step Technique, practicing Basic Body Technique is more tiresome and dangerous.

You need to continuously jump from one wooden stake to another nearby, and the farther the distance, the more jumps you make, and the shorter the time interval, the more skill level you gain.

Several times, Chen Fan accidentally fell off the stakes, but luckily, apart from some embarrassment, he was fine.

Of course, his practice movements might look a bit funny to outsiders, especially when he fell off the stakes.

But when Zhang Ren came over and told everyone that they would all have to practice this in the future, the smiles on their faces shifted to Chen Fan.

Zhang Ren turned around, looked at the scene with some surprise, then showed an imperceptible sense of loss, shook his head, and left.

Chen Fan took note of this.

He wondered if the current medical conditions could cure Uncle Zhang's disability? Even if they could, the necessary equipment would probably only be available in Anshan City.

However, Uncle Zhang shouldn't go there.

He sighed and focused his attention, continuing to practice the body technique.

A few minutes later, a feeling of nimbleness rose from the soles of his feet.

Chen Fan was happy, thinking it was his Basic Body Technique improving. But upon checking, it turned out to be Basic Step Technique.

[Basic Step Technique: Level 7 (0%), Traits: Swift Level 7, Stable Level 4, Fluctuating Level 1]

This surprised him a bit but felt good nonetheless.

Because as the Basic Body Technique improved, the skill level of Basic Step Technique also increased, which means practicing one can enhance both. Why not?

Moreover, Basic Step Technique unlocked a new trait.

He checked,

[Fluctuating Level 1: Each skill level increases dodge chance by 30%]

"It actually enhances the dodge effect."

Chen Fan was overjoyed.

With this, his odds against an armed martial artist would undoubtedly be higher.

The Basic Body Technique hadn't reached Level 1 yet to unlock [Lightweight Water Floating], which requires Level 3.

Presumably, during this process, the Basic Step Technique could still increase by 2 levels, achieving a 90% dodge rate at Level 3 of Fluctuating.

At that level, an average person definitely wouldn't be able to hit him with a gun. But that's just his assumption, the real effectiveness still depends on actual combat.

"Keep going."

Chen Fan continued jumping on the stakes.

About ten minutes later, a sensation of nimbleness surged through his entire body, making him feel much lighter, significantly stronger than the previous level of Basic Step Technique.

It felt somewhat familiar too.

He quickly checked the skill bar.

[Basic Body Technique: Level 1 (0%), Traits: Light Spirit Level 1]

"So it was you."

Chen Fan laughed helplessly.

No wonder he felt familiar; it turned out to be one of the traits of Tai Chi Fist. Each level increases agility by 3 points.

"Basic Step Technique has improved by 4 levels, plus 1 level of Basic Body Technique; his agility attribute has increased by 7 points."

Chen Fan was extremely happy. If he added two more levels later, a 13-point increase in agility attributes would be very quick indeed.

Time passed minute by minute; he got so immersed in practice that he didn't notice the sky getting darker.

"Chen Fan."

A voice rang out.

"Uncle Zhang?"

Chen Fan paused, turned around, and at some point, Zhang Ren had come over.

"It's almost time."

Zhang Ren reminded gravely.

Chen Fan took a deep breath, looking at the skill bar showing less than ten percent toward Level 3 of Basic Body Technique.

Just a little more, just a little more to meet the completion requirement.

Fortunately, the Basic Step Technique had reached Level 9, hitting his expectations.

Right now, the enemies were about to arrive; he would improve the skill later.

...

Ten miles outside Song Family Castle, a wilderness, a jeep was parked.

The car was full of people, holding various guns, rifles, submachine guns, light machine guns, all fitted with silencers on the muzzle.

The sky outside grew darker, and in the distance, faint beast roars could be heard.

"Brother, is it time to move out?"

Yang Xiaochun, sitting in the back seat, asked nervously.

If they stayed here any longer, the smell would attract fierce beasts soon enough, the longer they stay, the stronger the beasts attracted.

"Wait a bit more."

Lu Yang, in the passenger seat, squinted and said, "moving now might still get discovered."

"Okay."

Yang Mu, in the driver's seat, nodded.

The opportunity only comes once; a mistake this time makes it hard to succeed next time.

Another half-hour passed.

The distant beast roars seemed to get closer, as if surrounding them from all directions.

In the car, not just Yang Xiaochun, even the others started feeling anxious.

Luckily, at this moment, the car moved forward slightly, then drove forward.

"Phew..."

Several people breathed a collective sigh of relief.

"Ha ha ha," someone laughed, "even if the people inside the stronghold are on guard, they won't expect us to take advantage of the night to launch a sudden attack."

"Indeed, we took a big risk this time, it's all or nothing."

"Don't talk nonsense, we'll surely succeed."

Yang Xiaochun's face gradually showed a smile.

As agreed, he and his brother could get half of the money this time. With so much money, he wouldn't have to guard the city wall anymore, he could train in martial arts with his brother.

Lu Yang, in the passenger seat, checked ahead with a night vision scope.

Even though he was at Body Tempering Third Layer, he could see only up to a hundred meters at night.

"How's it looking? Can you see Chen Family Stronghold's walls?"

Yang Mu asked while holding the steering wheel.

"Not yet."

Lu Yang shook his head, "probably need to drive another one or two kilometers."

"Okay, as long as the direction is right."

Yang Mu said. The car's direction was aimed at Chen Family Stronghold, just keep driving this way, they would surely see it.

Yang Xiaochun nervously gripped the gun handle.

Even though he'd seen many dead bodies and shot targets, he had never killed someone before.

Thinking about it made his body tremble uncontrollably.

"Nervous?"

The man beside him patted his shoulder, laughed: "If you can't, just wait in the car. We'll be done in a few minutes."

"Waiting in the car isn't feasible. Better to go in with us. Those people don't have guns; just be a bit careful."

"No, I'm fine."

Yang Xiaochun puffed up his chest, was about to speak when he heard Lu Yang in the passenger seat exclaim.

"Someone!"

"What!"

Yang Mu slammed the brakes, staring at Lu Yang in shock.

Everyone inside the car jolted forward.

No one blamed Yang Mu; they all looked nervously towards the front.

How could there be someone?

It was night, a time for fierce beasts.

Someone was about to ask what was happening when Lu Yang shouted and dashed out of the car.

"Get out!"

Almost as soon as he shouted, a loud bang was heard, followed by a whoosh.

A meter-long arrow shot through the front windshield, shattering it, pierced Yang Mu's chest, pinning him to his seat.

Yang Mu couldn't even scream before losing all motion.

The arrow didn't stop, pinning another person's thigh, making them scream heart-rendingly, echoing through the quiet wilderness.

Everything happened too fast; even now, the others hadn't realized what had transpired.

"Get out!"

Lu Yang, who had escaped, shouted with a hint of fear, "It's that guy! He's here!"

He fired his submachine gun, spraying bullets towards a point ahead.

meters, right in the K8 submachine gun's range, 30-round magazine, 90 rounds per second, essentially emptying the magazine instantly.

Moreover, muzzle velocity at 380 meters per second, meaning mere half a second at this distance.

But he froze next moment, seeing through night vision the person disappearing the instant he fired.

Next, another arrow whistled through.

A sharp arrow pierced through his chest, leaving a fist-sized horrifying hole.

The powerful momentum sent him flying tens of meters before crashing to the ground.

"Ah!"

Finally, screams erupted in the car.

Two people scrambled out, knowing staying inside meant death.

"Save me! Save me!"

The one pinned in the thigh cried, looking at his bleeding leg.

He didn't want to die, really didn't want to die!

Yang Xiaochun was terrified, sitting dumbly in the seat, eyes vacant.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

Two more arrows flew, pinning the two runners to the ground before they even fired.

Or rather, they didn't even know who attacked them, or why.

"Help! Help me! Somebody help me!"

Watching his comrades fall, the thigh-wounded tried pulling the arrow, but the slightest move made him scream.

Next moment, an arrow sliced through night, out of the car, piercing his chest, ending his cries.

Air filled with a thick smell of blood.

A figure emerged, holding a bow in the left hand and an arrow in the right.

"I knew there should be one more."

Chen Fan muttered, seeing Yang Xiaochun.

His constitution was near 100, coupled with aiming skill, he could see up to 200 meters at night.

The attack followed sound of car wheels crushing grass, then car's outline in sight.

The moment firing started, he saw the muzzle flash, reflexively dodging instantly.

"Don't, don't kill me!"

Yang Xiaochun finally reacted, begging, "Don't kill me, I'll give you anything, just don't kill me."

He vaguely understood it was Chen Family's Divine Shooter!

It must be him!

No time to think why he was here, only survival mattered!

Bow string sounded.

Next moment, silence.

His chest bled profusely, the arrow piercing through the steel plate behind, leaving a hole.

"If you knew it would end like this, why do it?"

Chen Fan muttered.

He had no interest in approaching and talking. If something went wrong, it'd be embarrassing.

With beasts' roars close, blood smell would soon attract countless fierce beasts.

Time was short; he needed to hurry and collect spoils, especially the guns, the iron arrows could wait until tomorrow.

As for the car, hopefully, those beasts won't damage it too much.

Exhaling, the wildebeest-induced crisis seemed resolved. Finally, he could breathe easier.