

High Martial 116

Chapter 116: Why Do They Have Wildebeest Mounts?

At this moment, everyone widened their eyes and opened their mouths, as if they had seen something extremely inconceivable.

Under everyone's gaze,

Chen Fan almost instantly, pulled the bowstring to its full extent.

Accompanied by a sound like an explosion, five iron arrows emitted a piercing screech and flew towards five antelopes with astonishing speed.

At the moment the bowstring sounded, a dozen antelopes simultaneously kicked their hind legs and fled backwards.

But the arrows were too fast, flying at nearly six to seven hundred meters per second.

In almost the blink of an eye, five antelopes were hit by the arrows and fell to the ground, some hit in the head, some in the body, and some in the legs.

It wasn't over yet; Chen Fan swiftly took out three more arrows from the quiver, drew the bow, and as soon as the bowstring was released, three arrows shot out explosively.

Seven or eight hundred meters away, three more antelopes fell to the ground.

Less than ten survived, quickly ran off to eight or nine hundred meters, then a kilometer, two kilometers, until they became small black dots and disappeared.

Chen Fan flexed his wrist.

Although he could now shoot six arrows at once, it didn't mean that all six would hit.

You need the opportunity and the right angles.

Just like the second time, he only shot three arrows because the best angle could hit three simultaneously.

To those around, this scene happened too quickly; even now, they hadn't fully reacted.

Especially Gu Ze, his jaw nearly dropped to the ground.

What, what kind of archery is this?

How come he'd never seen Chen Fan perform it?

Could it be the result of solo cultivation last night?

Wang Ping, Zhao Feng, and a few others who had just joined the Hunting Team, were even more flabbergasted.

Despite the rich prey from their past hunts, especially the recent one, returning fully loaded.

They knew hunting wasn't easy or simple; one mistake would result in a wasted effort.

But the result?

On their first outing with the team, they saw Chen Fan take down five prey with his first shot, and three more with his second.

From start to finish, it barely took two or three breaths for eight prey.

Just started and it's over?

Chen Guodong, Liu Yong, and others were even more shocked than these youngsters.

Because they'd experienced it firsthand; the last time hunting antelopes, everyone was extremely cautious, with their hearts in their throats, afraid of letting the antelopes discover their true intentions.

The time spent was at least an hour.

But this time, two seconds?

"Why are you all standing around?" Chen Fan looked at everyone and smiled. "Let's send the prey back first, then come out for more hunting."

This relaxed hunt was beyond his expectations but also understandable.

On one hand, the team had three telescopes, significantly increasing the chances of spotting prey; on the other hand, his archery had greatly improved.

The second reason was most important; without the simultaneous fire trait, even with a five-hundred-pound draw weight bow, he'd only kill two or three.

Six antelopes, approximately thirty experience points.

Quite little.

Hence, he planned to continue hunting.

Everyone moved like puppets, leading the wildebeest, the atmosphere eerie and quietly tense.

After a while, scattered voices sounded.

"My gosh, Xiaofan's archery has gotten amazing, hasn't it?"

"Yes, shooting these antelopes from four or five hundred meters away, they probably didn't even react before falling."

"Eight, a full eight!"

"One got hit in the leg and is still alive."

"Dead or alive, just take them all back."

Everyone chimed in.

"Brother Fan, you are incredible," Wang Ping complimented with a smile.

"Yeah, Brother Fan, what kind of archery is this? We've never seen you use it before."

Gu Ze perked up his ears at the words.

Chen Fan smiled. "It's just basic archery. Practice more and you'll learn."

"Basic archery?"

"Basic archery is that powerful?"

Disbelief was written all over their faces, but they knew Chen Fan wouldn't lie to them.

So, it really was basic archery?

The group tied up the prey on the wildebeest, and with the animals dragging them, headed back. This smooth hunt exceeded everyone's expectations, and the return journey was filled with laughter.

It felt less like post-apocalyptic survival and more like an outing.

When the bell sounded in the village, everyone looked blankly towards the entrance.

The bell? The Hunting Team is back?

How could that be? They had just set out. It had only been about an hour.

Could it be that there was an accident?

Many faces changed, and they hurried to the village gate.

Even Zhang Ren, feeling uneasy, limped over.

The result was shocking to everyone.

Eight, a full eight antelopes lay on the ground, one seemingly alive but barely.

"Everyone, process these prey, and let's head out for more hunting," Chen Guodong said to the still stunned group.

"Okay, okay."

Several stammering voices answered.

After the Hunting Team disappeared from view, the villagers snapped out of their daze.

"Oh my, am I dreaming? Someone pinch me."

"Shouldn't be a dream, right? Look, the sixth antelope is still moving."

"Then, what's going on? Guodong and the others just went out, and now they're back with enough prey for half a month's food."

"Yes, did they luck out and encounter prey immediately?"

"Luck? Luck wouldn't bring back so much prey. This is nine-tenths Xiaofan's skill. Didn't you notice his bow?"

"Right, I saw it too. The one he took out a few days ago, bigger with a longer range, probably why he got so much prey."

"Stop standing around, process the prey? Maybe they'll bring back more soon," someone said.

Everyone stepped forward to help, faces brimming with smiles.

The Hunting Team bringing more prey, really?

In the wilderness.

The group wandered aimlessly, with two or three constantly observing with telescopes.

Soon, someone spotted prey.

Two adult Wild Bulls, weighing around five hundred pounds, among the stronger low-level Fierce Beasts.

The group quickly approached.

The two Wild Bulls, relying on their large size and arm-length horns, didn't regard the distant humans much, still leisurely grazing.

Or they thought they could leave in time once the humans got closer.

However, six or seven hundred meters away, Chen Fan drew his bow and released an explosive shot, immediately killing the two Wild Bulls.

Everyone gave thumbs-ups, then hurriedly ran over with their horses.

In less than half an hour, the village gate's empty ground saw two more Wild Bulls and some smaller prey like Desert Rabbits.

Then, the Hunting Team set out again.

At this moment, whether those in the Hunting Team or the villagers, smiles never left their faces.

Except for Gu Ze, feeling a bit down.

Prey was plentiful, a good thing, but from start to finish, he hadn't had an opportunity to shoot.

He had switched to a bow with a hundred-pound draw weight, planning to show off, but Chen Fan gave him no chance.

"You young ones," Liu Yong advised Wang Ping's group, "don't assume hunting is easy. It's because Xiaofan is here, understand?"

Wang Ping's group quickly put away their smiles and nodded solemnly.

Yes, Chen Fan made hunting seem effortless, but it depended on his ability to draw a five-hundred-pound bow and exceptional archery.

Achieving either was difficult.

Spotting prey and having it flee before reaching is the norm in hunting.

Unknowingly, several hours passed, nearing noon.

One or two kilometers away, a Hunting Team of twenty to thirty people also moved through the wilderness.

Their prey included two antelopes and several Desert Rabbits.

The two leaders observed through telescopes.

"Hmm?"

One of them exclaimed, seemingly seeing something.

"Brother Cao, found prey?"

"What is it? Wild Bull? Antelope? Something else?"

The others asked eagerly with flattering smiles.

"Not any of those, I see Chen Guodong's group," replied Cao Shiguang, his tone odd, suggesting he'd seen something unusual.

"Chen Guodong's group?"

Third Brother Zhao, also using a telescope, looked in the same direction.

Upon seeing, he exclaimed in disbelief.

"Third Brother Zhao, what's wrong?"

"Third Brother, what did you see?"

"Third Brother, it's really Chen Guodong's group?"

The others were anxious. Although the fort had many telescopes, Zhao and his trusted few used them sparingly.

Only Cao Shiguang spoke: "Chen Guodong's group has a lot of prey. Looks like they have many wildebeest, no, those wildebeest are their mounts?"

"Mounts? They have wildebeest mounts?"

Everyone's eyes widened.

Really?

They had no mounts; why did Chen Guodong's group have them?