

High Martial 13

Chapter 13 Li Family Stronghold, Too Dominant

The man with a limp was stunned for a moment, then looked at him with a surprised expression, "You mean you want to use that sixty-pound bow?"

After speaking, a perplexed look appeared on his face.

If his memory wasn't faulty, didn't this kid try yesterday? He spent half a day trying and still couldn't pull it open.

Chen Fan nodded and said seriously, "Uncle Zhang, after practicing these past two days, I think I might be able to pull that bow now."

Two days ago, his strength attribute was less than 8 points, barely able to pull a forty-pound bow. Now, two days later, his strength attribute was close to 12 points, pulling an eighty-pound bow probably wouldn't be a problem.

But that would be too shocking, and if he really used an eighty-pound bow, he would probably be exhausted after a few pulls. Sixty pounds, just right.

The man with a limp was skeptical but still nodded and said, "Follow me then."

Chen Fan smiled and followed him.

"He wants to use a sixty-pound bow?"

The conversation reached Wang Ping and the others' ears, causing a buzz of discussion.

"Sixty pounds, the difficulty increases by half, can Chen Fan really do it?"

"Zhao Feng, didn't you pull a sixty-pound bow before? How does it feel?" Their gazes fell on a tall figure.

Zhao Feng's voice was bitter, "The first few times were okay, but later, I had to rest for more than ten minutes to pull it once, and then more than half an hour..."

"It was too difficult." He shook his head.

"Since Brother Fan said so, he must be confident, right?" Wang Ping said.

"Should be."

"Hope he can do it. I heard that with a sixty-pound bow, even against some not-too-strong mid-level fierce beasts, he can kill them."

Hopeful expressions appeared in their eyes.

In the warehouse, Chen Fan took down the sixty-pound bow, holding the bow body, it was heavy, and the bowstring was thicker, giving the first impression of being challenging.

"Give it a try."

The man with a limp glanced at him, internally not expecting much, simply thinking this kid was getting overconfident and needed reality to give him a slap in the face.

"Yes."

Chen Fan was a bit excited, picking up an arrow, placing it on the string, holding the bow body with his left hand, raising it in front, and pinching the bowstring with his fingers on the right hand, pulling slowly.

The man with a limp went from indifferent to a shocking tremor in his body, finally opening his mouth wide, showing a look of shock.

Pull, pulled open? This kid, really pulled it open?

Was he dreaming?

"Feels pretty good."

Chen Fan smiled, released his fingers, and the arrow shot out.

"Uncle Zhang, I'll take this bow."

He raised his head, looking at the man with a limp.

"Ahem."

The man with a limp showed an awkward expression, "As long as you can pull it, this bow's killing power is about fifty meters, similar to the thirty meters of the previous bow, and if it's thirty meters, the power is stronger, it should be enough to kill an average low-level fierce beast."

"Fifty meters?"

Chen Fan nodded, but to ensure the effect, this distance was still a bit far.

He raised his head, his gaze falling on the remaining bows, especially the last one, a three hundred-pound bow, wondering when he could pull it open?

But he believed, that day wouldn't be too far away.

"This kid."

The man with a limp took in all his actions.

"Quite ambitious, but judging by his performance these past two days, maybe he truly has a chance?"

Hanging the forty-pound bow back on the wall, the two walked out of the warehouse, one after the other.

"Are you ready?"

The man with a limp stood at the usual spot, looking at Chen Fan.

Chen Fan nodded, instinctively licking his lips, he also wanted to see if switching to a longbow that required more strength would increase his skill proficiency.

As the target was thrown into the air, that familiar feeling surged in his heart again.

"Shoo!"

The sound of breaking the air rang out, the arrow shot into the bullseye, pushing the target back several meters in the air before it slowly fell to the ground.

"Good kid."

The man with a limp watched, amazed.

This shot, if it hit a person, would be fatal; even some armored mid-level fierce beasts could be pierced, causing a wound.

Chen Fan quickly looked at the system panel, his smile growing wider.

[Basic Archery: LV 3 (4%)]

Which meant, the shot just now directly increased his skill proficiency by 3%!

Given this, the possibility of upgrading [Basic Archery] from LV 3 to LV 4 before departure tomorrow became greater.

For a moment, he considered using the eighty-pound longbow but canceled the thought considering sustainable development principles.

The following process naturally repeated.

The man with a limp got tired, Wang Ping replaced him, then Zhao Feng took over when Wang Ping got tired, and as Zhao Feng also got tired, the sky darkened. In the distance, the entrance of the stronghold stirred, but shortly after, the commotion subsided, and people in the stronghold walked back in groups.

Evidently, today, the Hunting Team didn't catch any prey.

On the ground, their mood turned heavy.

This was just one day; it didn't matter much. But if there were no prey in the coming days...

The few exchanged glances, not daring to think further, but they knew that the possibility was high.

"Alright, it's getting late, you few should go back." The man with a limp said, then looked at Chen Fan and asked, "Continuing tonight?"

"Continuing."

Chen Fan nodded without hesitation.

Hitting a moving target at night was much harder than during the day, but there was no other option.

The man with a limp nodded, indicating he understood.

Wang Ping and the others looked at each other.

"Let's come tonight too?" Zhao Feng spoke first.

"Yes, we'll come to practice our skills and help Chen Fan too."

Chen Fan felt a surge of emotion, he didn't refuse but gratefully said, "Thanks for your hard work."

They smiled, some of them already planning whether to go out with the Hunting Team.

After briefly parting, Chen Fan walked home, smelling the aroma of meat from afar, accompanied by his mother's complaints.

"Those people from Li Family Stronghold are unreasonable, why did they take away the prey that fell into our trap without leaving us a piece of meat?"

"They're too overbearing! Who does that?"

"They're just bullying us because we have fewer people. When the Wei Brothers were around, we didn't see them being so overbearing!"

"Alright, it's already happened, saying more won't help." Chen Guodong's low voice sounded, his tone very powerless.