

High Martial 15

Chapter 15: Tomorrow, I Can Go Out Of The Village With You Guys, Right?

At this moment, Chen Fan was already standing fifty meters away from the target. He reached back with his right hand and took out an arrow from the quiver on his back, placing it on the bowstring.

"What?"

Chen Guodong exclaimed in his heart, his eyes widened; was he really going to hit the target from such a distance?

Before he could think more, a "whoosh" was heard. A flash of light flickered on the black arrowhead, vanishing in an instant. The target in the distance trembled violently. An arrow, without deviating, was lodged in the center of the target. A dull thud reached everyone's ears from afar.

"!"

In an instant, Chen Guodong's eyes seemed to pop out. Hitting the bullseye from fifty meters away? Was he dreaming?

The woman beside him was also filled with disbelief.

Chen Fan acted as if nothing had happened, calmly reaching out his right hand to take out the second arrow from the quiver, placing it on the bowstring.

"Whoosh!"

The sound of breaking through the air was incredibly clear in the silent night.

"Thud!"

The second arrow also hit the bullseye, sticking closely to the first one.

Chen Guodong's mouth opened wide, his jaw almost hitting the ground.

Once could be considered luck, but what about twice? And he seemed to want to continue?

Chen Fan still remained silent, his expression as calm as water. He took out the third arrow, pulled the bowstring fully, and released quickly.

"Thud!"

Third hit.

Immediately followed by the fourth and fifth arrows.

Chen Guodong and his wife unconsciously broke into a sweat. They had gone from disbelief at the beginning, to stunned amazement in the middle, and now, finally, feeling somewhat numb?

Meanwhile, Wang Ping and others had arrived. Seeing this scene, they stood there in shock, speechless. Despite guessing Chen Fan's archery must be good, they hadn't expected it to be this good?

It was practically a hundred percent accuracy.

The lame man standing beside them twitched his mouth twice. Was this kid showing off in front of his family? Damn, he managed to do it.

Chen Fan then turned around, a faint smile on his face. "Dad, tomorrow, I should be able to go hunting with you, right?"

With these words, the surrounding fell silent again. Everyone, including the lame man, showed signs of surprise.

Chen Guodong smiled bitterly. At times like this, what could he say? Even though Chen Fan's archery was a bit behind the Wei Brothers', considering he had only practiced for two or three days, it was already quite remarkable.

The woman beside him opened her mouth, not knowing what to say.

"I think we should be cautious about this."

The lame man said solemnly, "The outside is not like the village, it's dangerous, and fierce beasts are not like live targets. Your archery should be honed a few more days before venturing out."

"Yes, yes."

The woman quickly agreed when she heard this.

The main problem was that Chen Fan's sudden departure left her mentally unprepared.

Chen Guodong's eyes shifted slightly, showing he had the same intention.

Chen Fan shook his head firmly and said, "Uncle Zhang, I understand your good intentions. But in the wild, I can also hone my archery, right?"

The lame man was stunned, finding himself momentarily speechless.

Yes, actual combat always leads to faster improvement than routine training. Whether it's archery or spear technique, it's a simple truth.

"As for danger, where isn't dangerous?"

Chen Fan said, his eyes glowing as he looked at Chen Guodong, as if to say, Dad, now you have no reason to refuse, right?

"Ok."

Chen Guodong seemed to muster up his courage to say this word, "Tomorrow morning, you go out with us."

"Guodong!"

The woman cried out.

Chen Guodong shook his head at her and looked at Chen Fan, "If you're going out tomorrow, don't train too late tonight, get some rest early."

"Yes."

Chen Fan smiled.

On the way back, the woman complained, "How could you agree? He's not yet an adult, if something bad happens outside, what will we do?"

Chen Guodong sighed, "He has to go out sooner or later. You've seen Xiaofan's archery. If he really goes out, he might hit one or two prey, which would relieve a lot of pressure on the village."

"..."

The woman fell silent for a moment before saying:

"Then you must ensure his safety."

"Don't worry, unless I die."

Chen Guodong said resolutely.

Even so, he wasn't optimistic inside.

Just like Zhang Ren said, fierce beasts in the wild aren't live targets. Sensing danger, they run away quickly, and ordinary people can't catch up.

Of course, there are those that don't flee, which are synonymous with danger.

Xiaofan could hit the bullseye at fifty meters, but in the wild, against a running fierce beast, could he still hit?

Nonetheless, with Chen Fan joining the hunting team, everyone's confidence would increase. Even if he couldn't hit, no one would blame him.

On an open field.

The lame man's expression was complicated, "You, kid, want to go hunting. Why didn't you discuss it with me?"

Chen Fan scratched his head, embarrassed, "Uncle Zhang, it was a whim. I discussed it with Dad at the dinner table, didn't get a chance to talk to you."

"You're too impulsive," the lame man shook his head, "Wouldn't training for a few more days, becoming more proficient, be better?"

"Uncle Zhang, there isn't much time left."

Chen Fan said helplessly.

Sure enough, the lame man's eyes dimmed instantly.

Accompanied by this, the atmosphere became heavy.

Chen Fan didn't like seeing people frown, especially because of his words. He smiled, "Uncle Zhang, please assist me in my training."

"It's only a small help."

The lame man said as he limped away. He understood Chen Fan was changing the subject, but facing the village's plight, he was also powerless.

What he could do was probably just help during training.

Four or five hours passed, everyone, including the lame man, was exhausted. Yet no one complained. They took turns helping Chen Fan train his archery.

Some of them wanted to go out with Chen Fan, but ultimately lacked the courage.

With a dull thud, a warm current spread throughout his body, [Basic Archery] leveled up.

Chen Fan felt relieved and focused.

[Basic Archery: Level 4 (0%), Traits: Strengthening the Body Level 4, Superhuman Arm Strength Level 4, Slow Fire Level 4, Mounted Archery Level 2]

Level 2 mounted archery meant a 60% hit rate on moving targets, significantly boosting his combat power for tomorrow's hunt.

Reaching Level 4 in Slow Fire puzzled him.

With this, his hit rate for fixed targets was 120%. What's the point of exceeding 100%? Isn't it always accurate?

No, that's not right.

He frowned, maybe this hit rate was theoretical on the status panel, not the actual hit rate after aiming at prey?

