

## High Martial 16

### Chapter 16: Leaving the Stockade

Similarly aiming at the target fifty meters away, it's obviously much harder to hit with wind than without wind. If the wind is strong or the weather is bad, such as rain or even snow, the difficulty increases even more.

This is probably the significance of the Slow Fire trait, allowing the hit rate to exceed one hundred percent and continue to increase.

Currently, the Mounted Archery Traits are only at Level 2, but as the Basic Archery level improves, it will also reach and even surpass one hundred percent, possibly even reaching two hundred, three hundred percent.

The significance likely lies in aiming at moving targets, where the relative speed of the target varies.

For the shooter, the slower the target relative to the shooter, the easier it is to hit. When the speed difference reaches a certain point, it might not be much different from aiming at a stationary target.

On the other hand, the faster the target relative to the shooter, the harder it is to hit. Therefore, the excess percentage of the Mounted Archery Traits above one hundred is probably used to compensate for this difference.

In conclusion, the higher the hit rate, the better, this is unquestionable.

Chen Fan looked at the first two traits again, Strengthening the Body and Superhuman Arm Strength, which naturally need no explanation— the higher the better.

Level: 3 (0/4)

Constitution: 13.78

Power: 12.57

Agility: 8.47

Spirit: 6.05

Potential Points: 0 (1 point/1 day)

"The speed of gaining Potential Points is still one point per day."

Chen Fan sighed inwardly, uncertain of the speed at which he could increase this rate. Fortunately, he knew that eating Fierce Beast Meat could acquire Potential Points.

"That's all for today, thank you for your hard work."

He looked towards Zhao Feng in the distance and smiled.

"No problem, I can continue." Zhao Feng shook his head.

"No need," Chen Fan felt touched as he glanced at the group, "Everyone worked hard tonight, let's go back and rest."

He didn't dare to promise good news tomorrow. What if there were no prey? It would only disappoint everyone.

Fortunately, the group didn't mind and looked concerned.

"Brother Fan, if it doesn't work out, just wait a couple of days before going out." Wang Ping muttered.

"Yes, yes."

Chen Fan smiled, conveying his intentions clearly.

"But, if you really have to go, be careful!"

"Yeah, Brother Fan, make sure to come back alive!" A slender youth said emotionally, only to be hit by Wang Ping, "What kind of talk is that? Of course, he will come back safely!"

"Right, right, I didn't know how to speak. Brother Fan will not only come back tomorrow but also bring prey." The slender youth hurriedly said, making everyone laugh.

Chen Fan couldn't help but chuckle as well.

After everyone left, only Chen Fan and the lame man remained.

"When you go out tomorrow, remember to stay behind your father and the others. Don't rely on your archery and act like a hero," the lame man repeatedly warned, "With your talent, it would be better to go out after a few days."

"Hmm, Uncle Zhang, I understand." Chen Fan pretended to be impatient, waving his hand, "That's it, Uncle Zhang, I'll go back now, you should rest early too."

"This kid..."

The lame man watched his carefree back, grinding his teeth in anger.

He sighed inwardly, hoping the kid would be safe tomorrow. As for catching prey, that was not too much to hope for.

...

The next morning, the sky was gloomy, seemingly about to rain but never did, adding to the invisible frustration.

Fortunately, the people in the village were not affected by this because something unusual happened at that moment.

At the entrance, people looked at Chen Fan holding a bow in his left hand and carrying a quiver on his back, then looked at Chen Guodong in front of him, whose expression remained calm.

"Guodong, are you taking him out hunting?" a bald man asked, baring his teeth as he touched his bald head.

"Hmm." Chen Guodong nodded, looking serious.

The crowd stirred instantly.

"What? Guodong is taking his son with him? Isn't this too dangerous?"

"It's unnecessary, don't do this. The child is so young; he shouldn't go out there."

"Guodong, let him come back. How can we let you go to such lengths?" An old man cried, his voice trembling.

The other members of the Hunting Team couldn't bear it either.

"Guodong, only brothers fight tigers together, and fathers and sons go to war. But isn't this too sudden? Moreover," the speaker glanced at Chen Fan's longbow, "if I'm correct, this is the sixty-pound longbow of the village, right? Isn't this excessive?"

"Yes, even for us, this bow is laborious to pull. How can you let a child use it? Switching to the forty-pound bow would be fine."

"Yes, it's too much."

Chen Guodong was so embarrassed, he felt like he was eating bitter herbs in silence, unable to express his grievances.

"Ahem." Chen Fan quickly coughed and explained, "Don't misunderstand, uncles. It was my request to go out hunting this morning. It has little to do with my father."

The crowd instantly quieted.

Chen Guodong finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Xiaofan, is he forcing you to say this?" The bald man walked over and pointed at Chen Guodong, "With your Uncle Liu here to support you, don't be afraid."

Chen Guodong suddenly felt like spitting blood, staring fiercely at the bald man.

"Uncle Liu, no, it's really my willingness." Chen Fan was speechless.

"Really willing?" The bald man's mouth widened.

"Alright." Chen Guodong gestured at him to shut up, then turned to the crowd, "Xiaofan practiced archery over the past few days, so I thought I'd take him out to gain some experience. Don't overthink it."

He didn't mention Chen Fan's performance last night, not to surprise the Hunting Team but because he wasn't sure either...

As he said, take Chen Fan out for training and to get used to the wild environment.

"I see." The crowd didn't dwell on this topic, as usual, they asked them to be careful and return safely.

The lame man, Wang Ping, and others were in the crowd, waving vigorously at Chen Fan.

Amidst the crowd's worry and anticipation, the nine members of the Hunting Team slowly left and finally disappeared, making the village's atmosphere gloomy and oppressive again, whereas the Hunting Team's atmosphere was somewhat lively.

The bald man slapped Chen Fan's shoulder and said heartily, "You're brave to ask to come with us. Do you know how dangerous it is out there?"

"Isn't everyone here?" Chen Fan smiled.

"Hahaha." The others laughed at his words.

The bald man smacked his lips and said, "You are pretty smart. Don't worry," he raised his round shield with a diameter of one meter, "when we encounter fierce beasts, stand behind Uncle Liu."



"Got it, Uncle Liu. If we face danger, I'll hide behind you first."