

High Martial 17

Chapter 17: Shh, that's the Iron Armor Rhinoceros

The breeze gently rustled, and the air was filled with the scent of earth. Looking around, there was a vast wasteland with lush wild grass, about knee-high. Among them were some flowers and plants with colorful and unknown wild fruits, which awakened some unpleasant memories in Chen Fan's mind.

Apart from the wild grass, there were also shrubs forming patches. Not far away, scattered trees could be seen, with some stumps nearby, easy to comprehend considering that being near human settlements, they must have been cut down for building houses or used as fuel.

Further away, the faint outline of a mountain could be seen.

"That's the direction of Anshan City."

The bald man spoke.

"Anshan City?"

Chen Fan cast a curious look at him.

"A small city built by the mountain, as solid as gold. I heard there are Awakener presiding over there, it's a place many people dream of."

The bald man's eyes also revealed a look of longing.

"Awakener, huh."

Chen Fan nodded, it made sense. However, it was conceivable that getting in was not easy.

"Yes, if you become an Awakener one day, you can get in. Not only you, but you can also bring your father and others in too, hahaha."

The bald man joked.

Chen Fan rolled his eyes at him. Although he had only crossed over not too long ago, he was still clear about some common sense.

The earlier the superpowers of an Awakener awaken, the better. The older one gets, it wasn't impossible, just very unlikely. Additionally, an important point was that those people's Spirit Attributes were extremely high.

He glanced at his own Spirit Attribute, having this self-awareness.

With that, everyone moved forward cautiously.

The initially cheerful atmosphere gradually faded with the passage of time and physical exertion.

At this moment, a pitch-black figure appeared not far ahead.

Chen Guodong, walking in front, immediately changed his expression, raised his hand, and signaled everyone to stop.

"Is that an Iron Armor Rhinoceros?"

A voice exclaimed from the crowd.

Chen Fan looked closely and was shocked. That size, it was almost as big as a large truck, right?

"Let's go around it, try not to attract its attention."

Chen Guodong said in a low voice, then looked at Chen Fan and explained, "This Iron Armor Rhinoceros is covered with a layer of armor, its defense is astonishing. Even among Mid-level Fierce Beasts, it's one of the hardest to deal with. So when encountering it, it's best to take a detour."

Chen Fan nodded, looking at the bow and arrow in his hand. He also thought that relying on this, he probably couldn't break its defense. Instead, if that big guy charged, it was like being hit by a truck; survival would be a slim chance.

The group made a large detour, and only after they could no longer see the other side, did they breathe a sigh of relief.

"It's not just the Iron Armor Rhinoceros," Chen Guodong added. "In the future, whenever we encounter Mid-level Fierce Beasts, it's best not to alert them, take a detour. Otherwise, even if we kill them, we will pay a big price."

"Understood."

Chen Fan responded.

Mid-level Fierce Beasts were a rough classification, referring to beasts that would require several adult men working together to kill.

They could be killed, but it was impossible not to pay a price.

For example, to hunt that Iron Armor Rhinoceros, someone had to go forward; otherwise, others wouldn't even get a chance to attack, let alone escape. Even if you had a Shield, it was still a slim chance to survive.

Low-level Fierce Beasts, on the other hand, could be defeated by an adult man wielding a weapon. The span was also very large; some might have no attack power and would just escape when encountering danger, while others would injure or even kill in a struggle.

"Actually, it's nothing. Once you see more of them, you'll get used to it."

The bald man smiled.

The others also looked indifferent.

Chen Fan also smiled at them. To be honest, he was quite nervous just now.

"Let's go, check the first trap. Hopefully, there will be something."

Chen Guodong said, moving forward.

The others followed. Chen Fan was protected in the center.

After walking for about two or three minutes, Chen Guodong, at the forefront, stopped again and pointed ahead.

The group looked closely and saw a Desert Rabbit in the lush grass, gnawing on grass seeds. It seemed unaware of the approaching humans.

"That's a Desert Rabbit."

The bald man whispered, "This guy has poor eyesight, it can only see clearly at about ten or twenty meters. Beyond that, things become blurry. Its hearing, however, is very good; any sound three or forty meters away can alert it."

Seemingly to confirm his words, the Desert Rabbit suddenly stood upright, sensing that something was changing in its surroundings.

"This rabbit is so big."

Chen Fan couldn't help but comment. It was almost as big as a domestic dog from his previous life, maybe even bigger, because it was very plump, looking quite meaty.

"Give me the arrow."

The bald man whispered.

"?"

Chen Fan was surprised, "Uncle Liu, you know how to shoot arrows?"

"No, but at this time, who cares? Might get it, might not. If we move any closer, the rabbit will just run away."

The bald man said nonchalantly, thinking he might hit it. Otherwise, as they got closer, the rabbit would disappear in a flash.

Chen Guodong also looked at Chen Fan with some expectation but did not dare to hope too much.

"Uncle Liu, let me try."

Chen Fan couldn't help but say.

"Okay."

The bald man was stunned, then nodded.

Chen Fan held the bow in his left hand in front of him, gingerly drawing out an arrow from the quiver while his heart raced uncontrollably.

After all, it was his first time hunting in the wild, and he encountered prey. If he could hit it, the village would have food, and he would gain considerable Potential Points. However, if he missed, it was a lost opportunity and would disappoint his father.

He tried to control himself, but distracting thoughts kept popping up, making his arm holding the arrow tremble with nervousness.

This scene did not escape the notice of others, who shook their heads quietly.

It was to be expected; everyone trembled with nerves on their first hunt.

Chen Guodong sighed inwardly. Oh well, just let Xiaofan practice; more practice would help.

However, at the moment Chen Fan nocked the arrow, all distractions vanished from his mind. Aimed at the prey, he drew the bowstring, the action seemingly rehearsed a million times, muscle memory taking over.

It seemed long, but it was just an instant. Once the bowstring was taut, emitting a faint sound, the arrow flew with a whistle.

The Desert Rabbit seemed to sense the danger, twitched its ears, and kicked its hind legs, attempting to leap away.

The good news was it leaped, the bad news was it got shot through the head, carried by momentum.

It flew three or four meters before landing, its hind legs twitched twice, then it stopped moving.

At this moment, Chen Guodong and the others were completely silent, mouths agape, as if turned to stone.