

High Martial 20

Chapter 20 Could it be him!

Looking at the gigantic body of the wildebeest in the distance, Chen Fan felt a deep sense of relief.

He hadn't expected that the wildebeest would react so quickly, dodging the first arrow so nimbly. In retrospect, it made sense; this creature had been eyeing him and his party the entire time.

Especially when he aimed the arrow at it, he clearly felt its attention focused on him.

Fortunately, he had upgraded [Basic Archery] to Level 4 and Mounted Archery Traits to Level 2 last night. Otherwise, with a 30% hit rate, landing the second arrow would have been very difficult.

The third arrow was just overkill.

"Experience Points +9."

A line of information appeared in his mind.

Chen Fan's face showed a look of astonishment. He hadn't expected that killing this wildebeest would provide so many experience points?

Recalling the previous kills of the Black Rat and the Desert Rabbit, it seemed that the experience points for killing Low-level Fierce Beasts ranged from 1 to 9, or 1 to 10. A slight difference wouldn't matter much anyway.

His gaze lowered to [Basic Archery], and he was shocked to see that the skill level bar had increased to 30%! This meant that the three arrows just now had increased his skill level by 15%!

"Whether aiming at fixed or moving targets, actual combat indeed increases skill level the fastest."

He sighed inwardly.

At this moment, everyone around started to react one after another.

"Did I see it right? That wildebeest was actually hit?"

"It seems so. That arrow to the neck killed it instantly."

"So, Xiaofan shot it before the wildebeest could accelerate?"

"What kind of archery is this? Even the Wei Brothers are not this good!"

Everyone looked at Chen Fan with admiration.

Indeed, they were genuinely impressed.

Even Chen Guodong was astonished by Chen Fan's performance.

He had thought that Chen Fan was only good at hitting fixed targets, yet he turned out to be equally skilled with moving ones. Did Chen Fan hold back last night?

Chen Fan laughed awkwardly, "Why is everyone looking at me like that? I just got lucky. If I had to do it again, I might not be able to."

But everyone wore a "Sure, we believe you" expression.

"Xiaofan, you used that excuse last time, remember?" A bald man patted Chen Fan's shoulder, "Next time, try a new one."

"Yeah, Xiaofan, why be modest? Your archery is so impressive, we're just thrilled."

"Exactly. Today is the day our village has harvested the most prey! The people in the village will be ecstatic when they see us bringing back so much."

"This is nothing. With a divine shooter like Xiaofan, we should have this much prey every day."

"That's right! We're all relying on Xiaofan this time. Xiaofan, you're awesome!"

Everyone chatted excitedly, spitting as they spoke.

Yesterday, the Wei Brothers had left, and the Hunting Team had returned empty-handed. This morning, they feared a repeat, but the heavens had sent a great surprise!

How could that not make them excited?

Chen Fan smiled at them. No matter what, he had proven that in this world where ordinary people were as insignificant as ants, he could keep the people in the village alive.

Though it was only temporary, hope was like a spark, bound to ignite a wildfire eventually.

So, the next thing to do was to continue improving [Basic Archery] and learn more Strengthening the Body fist techniques to become stronger.

As he was lost in thought, a large calloused hand was placed on his shoulder. He turned around to see Chen Guodong smiling at him.

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The village remained as peaceful as ever.

On the open space in front of the warehouse, Wang Ping and others were still practicing spear techniques, while a limping man stood to the side, clearly a bit distracted.

"Uncle Zhang, are you worried about Brother Fan and the others?"

Wang Ping asked.

The limping man glanced at him and said, "You talk too much. Looks like you'll be skipping your break when the others rest later."

"No, please, don't."

Wang Ping was almost in tears.

He regretted speaking up but couldn't help it.

Zhao Feng spoke up, "Uncle Zhang, with Chen Fan's archery, will he be able to hit any prey?"

"Unlikely."

The limping man replied without hesitation.

"Huh? No way."

Wang Ping was dumbfounded. "Brother Fan is so good. Last time, he hit every arrow. How could he miss prey?"

"Exactly, exactly."

His words resonated with others.

The limping man looked at him directly and asked, "Kid, do you know why our traditional martial arts couldn't beat those foreign martial arts before the mutation?"

Wang Ping was stunned. The topic seemed quite broad, but he honestly nodded, "I don't know."

"Because they lacked actual combat."

The limping man had a knowing look, "Whether it's Tai Chi Fist, Xingyi Fist, or Eight Trigrams Fist, they all lack actual combat. How could they compete? The same goes for Xiaofan's archery. It looks good, but who knows how effective it is in the wild?

You all are the same. You look proper holding spears now, but in the wild, facing fierce beasts, you'd probably be too scared to hold the spears tight."

"..."

Everyone hung their heads.

Though they felt indignant, they wouldn't dare go out and prove themselves tomorrow.

"But..."

Just as he was about to encourage them, a commotion erupted at the village entrance, a noise unlike any before.

Everyone looked at each other in bewilderment.

"What's going on?"

Wang Ping looked over, confused.

"Is it possible the Hunting Team has returned?"

"No, can't be. They wouldn't be back this early, right?" a young man next to him instinctively countered.

"But when the Hunting Team brings back prey, it sounds just like this. But didn't Uncle Guodong and the others just leave? Came back so soon with prey?"

The limping man was also filled with doubt. Usually, the Hunting Team returned near evening. If they came back earlier, trouble usually followed.

What if they came back even earlier?

"Let's go see."

He said, limping forward.

He had a vague guess in his heart. Could it be that they had prey?

Before they got close, they heard people spreading the great news loudly. They had a bountiful harvest, not only several Desert Rabbits but also a wildebeest weighing two or three hundred pounds!

As they arrived at the entrance, they saw the crowd forming a circle, discussing excitedly. When they finally squeezed in, they saw the prey lying on the ground, their pupils dilated in disbelief.

The limping man, however, noticed a common feature: all the prey had arrows in them, each hitting a vital spot.

"Could it be him!"

His face turned pale, and a figure appeared in his mind.