

## High Martial 21

Chapter 21 Where Is Chen Fan?

Chen Fan!

The Wei Brothers have left, and within the Hunting Team, besides him, who else can use a bow?

But how is that possible?

Look at these few prey, all killed with a single arrow, with no other wounds on them. This means that these preys were likely shot, and no one else intervened.

Chen Fan, Chen Fan, he's just a beginner at archery, first time out of the village, and he's managed to capture so many prey? Is that possible?

His gaze turned to the middle of the Hunting Team crowd, but Chen Fan's figure was nowhere to be seen. Wang Ping and others slowly noticed this too, and had a bad suspicion, yet Uncle Guodong's expression was full of joy, which was strange, right?

More and more people were gathering, looking at the prey with joyful surprise, some were so excited that tears were flowing.

"Cough cough, everyone quiet down."

A bald man saw it was about time, asked the crowd to quiet down, and then pointed at the prey on the ground, saying: "Do you know how we managed to hunt so many prey today?"

Over a hundred people looked at each other.

Someone said, "They were shot with arrows."

"That's right!"

The bald man was very pleased and immediately focused on Wang Ping in the crowd.

With a swish, dozens of pairs of eyes turned to him.

Wang Ping braced himself and said, "Uncle Liu, was it Brother Fan who did it?"

"Indeed, did Chen Fan do it?"

Zhao Feng and a few others felt nervous instinctively.

Their intuition told them it was, but without a definitive answer, they didn't dare to conclude, as Uncle Zhang previously said, is it possible for Chen Fan to hit prey on his first outing? Very unlikely.

The bald man smiled broadly, sweeping his gaze over everyone present, "That's right, these prey were all shot by Chen Fan. Today, while hunting, apart from helping transport the prey back, we hardly did anything else."

As his words fell, a gasp of surprise spread around.

Chen Fan? Chen Guodong's son, the one who went out with a bow and arrows this morning with the Hunting Team? They certainly remembered, it caused quite a stir back then.

In their eyes, it was too dangerous for such a young child to go out, not expecting him to hunt any prey, just returning safely would be a blessing.

But Liu Yong said, these prey were actually all shot by him alone?

It sounded utterly fantastical.

"You don't believe it? Hahaha, we wouldn't believe if we hadn't seen it ourselves." A middle-aged man laughed loudly, "You haven't seen how cool Xiaofan was when he shot that wildebeest. Three arrows, in quick succession, we didn't even have time to react."

"Exactly, when the first arrow missed, I thought it was over. Who knew, swiftly, with another shot, an arrow pierced the throat, knocking the wildebeest down."

"This archery skill is truly god-like. In my opinion, with Xiaofan in our village, we don't need to worry about starving anymore."

Hearing these words, everyone's eyes brightened.

In these times, not having to endure hunger is great happiness.

"Uncle Liu, you've been talking for so long. Where is Brother Fan?"

Wang Ping couldn't help but ask.

He scanned the crowd again, still not seeing that figure.

"Right, where is he?"

"Why haven't we seen him?"

Others too responded, wanting to properly thank this major contributor.

"Cough cough," The bald man laughed heartily, "He's a bit shy, has already gone back. But don't worry, you'll have plenty of chances to meet him in the future. Now, line up and distribute the meat."

Immediately, the atmosphere at the scene reached its peak.

At this moment, Chen Fan was at home, looking somewhat helplessly at his mother, "Mom, I'm really fine, not a single injury."

As he spoke, he spun around a few times.

"Really fine?"

The woman still didn't quite believe him.

His younger brother nodded beside him, also showing a skeptical expression.

"Yes."

Chen Fan sighed, sitting down to drink some water. Though lacking clothes and food, water was still plentiful in the village. A hungry stomach could be filled with water, if worried, it could be boiled before drinking.

"Good to hear you're alright."

The woman finally breathed a sigh of relief, saying: "When you went out with your dad, I was anxious at home, afraid either of you would get hurt. Fortunately, you both returned safely. By the way,"

She seemed to realize something was off, "Why did you come back so early today?"

"Right, brother, the village entrance is so lively? Did you catch prey?"

Chen Chen looked expectantly at Chen Fan.

"Yes."

Chen Fan patted his head and smiled, "Not only did we catch prey, we had a great harvest."

"A great harvest?"

Chen Chen practically drooled.

"A great harvest?"

The woman was a bit stunned.

"Yes." Chen Fan smiled and recounted the story, leaving the two of them dumbfounded.

"So, all those prey were shot by you alone with a bow and arrow?" The woman looked at Chen Fan, asking in astonishment.

"Not exactly," Chen Fan shook his head, "Everyone contributed."

Watching and guarding the surroundings, and transporting the prey afterward were secondary; the main factor was the strength in numbers, which naturally avoided many troubles. Otherwise, if he went out alone, coming back safely would be uncertain.

"But you played a major role?"

The woman rolled her eyes, then said, "Rest assured, your mother is not someone who doesn't appreciate the bigger picture. In the past, when the Wei Brothers were here, they played major roles in capturing prey. They didn't complain about the distribution. Now it's your turn, I won't say anything either. Just, if they had stayed one more day, wouldn't that be wonderful."

"Indeed."

Chen Fan also felt regretful.

Just missed by a day.

As noon approached and Chen Guodong came in with nearly thirty pounds of meat, the room was instantly filled with laughter.

"I didn't intend to take so much, but everyone insisted."

He felt a bit helpless.

But this time, the other people in the village also got quite a bit, each household at least five to six pounds, which, if conserved, could last a week.

"I'll go cook." The woman smiled brightly, took a piece of meat weighing at least two to three pounds, and walked into the kitchen. The rest was stored away. Fortunately, it was already autumn, so it could be preserved for a while. Of course, if not eaten quickly, it would spoil unless salted.

In the village, salt was more precious than food, only dared to sprinkle a tiny bit when cooking. Using it to preserve meat was indeed luxurious.

Chen Fan eagerly looked forward, the last time the desert rabbit meat, ten pieces provided him with 1 potential point. Estimating, ten pieces of meat weigh around one to two ounces.

Later for this meal, eating a pound won't be too much, right? The potential points provided, at least 5 points, if it's wildebeest meat, it'll be even more.

Enhancing his body once, would surely be more than enough.

But there's still some time, so seizing this opportunity, he looked at Chen Guodong and asked, "Dad, do you know anyone in the village who might know martial arts like Tai Chi Fist?"