

High Martial 30

Chapter 30: Caught Between a Rock and a Hard Place?

"Danger zone?"

This was the first time Chen Fan had heard this name.

"Yes."

The bald man turned around, glanced at Chen Fan, and said: "Remember the Iron Armor Rhinoceros we encountered halfway yesterday? That level of beast is not uncommon here. There are also many mid-level fierce beasts, mainly carnivorous, and the number has surged. If you're unlucky, you might even encounter high-level fierce beasts."

"High-level fierce beasts..."

Chen Fan took a deep breath.

These so-called high-level fierce beasts usually have body sizes upwards of three or four meters, sometimes even larger, and they often have the power to destroy a small human camp, being extremely aggressive!

It is said that many small camps in the past were wiped out overnight, targeted by high-level fierce beasts that broke through the walls during the night.

"Let's turn back. Let's go check out another place."

Chen Guodong glanced ahead with lingering fear; these experiences were all bought with human lives.

The team moved toward the southeast.

"Feeling a bit bored?"

The bald man smiled at Chen Fan.

"Hmm."

Chen Fan nodded, wiping the sweat from his forehead. He felt his entire back drenched in sweat, making his clothes stick to his body uncomfortably.

"This is the usual state of hunting."

The bald man comforted, "In the past, we would travel for a day without seeing a trace of prey. Sometimes, when we did see something, it would disappear in a flash."

"Yes, what happened yesterday was really lucky. Of course, your archery skills were spot on, Xiaofan. Otherwise, seeing the prey would have been useless," said a middle-aged man with a big nose, smiling wryly from the side.

"I see."

Chen Fan also showed a wry smile. It seemed he had set his expectations too high, making the primary goal of improving his basic archery skills.

Hopefully, there will be some gains today...

He sighed inwardly, unintentionally glancing back at the "danger zone" Uncle Liu and the others mentioned. There should be plenty of prey over there, right? But with his current strength, it's still too dangerous.

Everyone chatted sporadically.

Who knew how long had passed when a few small black dots appeared two or three hundred meters ahead.

Chen Fan also saw them.

Everyone's spirits lifted, quickening their pace. When they got within a hundred meters or so, their faces showed strange expressions.

Two gray Desert Wolves were attacking a lone Wild Bull. This Wild Bull seemed not to have reached adulthood, being about the same size as the Desert Wolves, with arm-sized horns. It was thrashing around, trying to gore one of them.

But the two Desert Wolves worked seamlessly together, one distracting and the other attacking, specifically biting at the bull's soft underbelly.

By the time Chen Fan and the others arrived, the young bull's intestines were spilling out, and blood covered the ground, clearly exhausting its strength and on the verge of death.

At that moment, the two Desert Wolves attacking noticed the group and immediately became wary, stepping back but keeping their eyes fixed on the prey and the humans.

The young bull was wobbling where it stood.

Everyone looked at each other, as if wondering, are we dreaming? Such good luck?

"What do we do?"

The bald man coughed twice and said, "Do we take this Wild Bull, or do we take it?"

"Hahaha."

The others burst into laughter.

"Do we even need to ask? Of course, we take it. This is a gift from the heavens."

"Right, probably feeling bad for us coming this far without any gain. My goodness, this Wild Bull, though not fully grown, must weigh around two hundred pounds, right? Beef, ten years ago, I couldn't even afford it."

"Hahaha, we really should thank those two beasts for working for us."

Chen Guodong remained quiet, frowning.

"Dad, what's wrong?"

Chen Fan was happy initially but became puzzled at seeing his father's expression.

"Nothing."

Chen Guodong shook his head, glanced at the soon-to-bleed-to-death Wild Bull, and said, "Xiaofan, give it a quick death."

"Hmm."

Chen Fan nodded, walked to about thirty to forty meters away with everyone surrounding him, and shot an arrow.

The Wild Bull, unaware of its surroundings, fell like a targeted stationary target.

He looked at his basic archery skill level—less than one percent, a bit low.

But the good news was, it gave him 5 experience points, now accumulated to 8 points.

While thinking, he looked into the distance and saw the two Desert Wolves still glaring at their group.

"A bit far, over one hundred and fifty meters. These two beasts are quite smart."

A flicker of killing intent passed through his eyes.

Even with the eighty-pound draw weight bow, it was hard to hit anything beyond a hundred meters, and if he did, the damage would be limited.

The others also started processing the prey quickly to haul it away.

Chen Guodong frowned deeply. He also noticed the two Desert Wolves staring, clearly unwilling to part with the prey.

Desert Wolves are known for their strong revenge instincts and won't easily give up.

"Today's hunt ends here,"

he said. "I have a bad feeling. Besides, if we can get this prey back to the camp, it's already a bountiful harvest."

"Hmm."

Everyone agreed.

Finding something without effort, what more could they want?

On the prairie, the team began to head back. One or two hundred meters later, two gray figures followed closely, like stickers that wouldn't shake off.

Chen Fan tried to chase them away, but as soon as he moved, the two Desert Wolves ran away. When he returned, they came back, understanding the tactic of advancing and retreating.

"Damn it!"

An expletive burst from Chen Fan's mind.

These damned creatures, so cunning? Could they have intelligence?

Still, the range isn't enough. If he had the hundred-pound draw weight bow, he could shoot their heads from two hundred meters.

"Guodong,"

The bald man's face also grew serious, glancing at the two Desert Wolves, "Do you think these beasts are summoning their companions?"

"Very likely."

Chen Guodong nodded solemnly, "That's what I was worried about from the start. Desert Wolves like to move in packs. It's strange for these two to be alone, but seeing their determination, they're probably waiting for reinforcements."

"What!"

"Then, what should we do?"

Upon hearing this, the others in the group panicked.

Two or three alone, even four or five, would be manageable with weapons and numbers, suffering at most some injuries.

But a large pack, ten or twenty, would be dangerous.

Risking so much for a single prey is not worth it.

But it's easy to say. Letting go of such an easy gain, who would want to?

Everyone's eyes turned to Chen Guodong. It was time for the team leader to make a decision!