

High Martial 31

Chapter 31 Return and Revival!

"Look! They're coming!"

At this moment, an exclamation broke the silence. Everyone quickly focused their gaze, and in the distance, several hundred meters away, a few dark shadows began to appear, moving closer and closer, until they finally converged with the two Desert Wolves.

"One, two, three..."

The bald man squinted his eyes as he counted, "Eleven of them, along with the previous two, that's a total of eleven."

Everyone's heart sank, though they didn't need him to say it; they could see it for themselves.

"Damn, that's a lot, huh?"

Someone spat on the ground, cursing.

"Yeah, if it were just seven or eight, we could manage, but now eleven of them show up all at once. This is tricky. If we had dealt with those two earlier, the pressure would be much less now."

"Just now, Xiaofan tried to, but you saw it, those two beasts were really cunning."

"So what do we do now?"

Several pairs of eyes turned to Chen Guodong.

Chen Fan secretly broke out in a cold sweat.

The wilderness is indeed dangerous. If a lone person encountered this pack, there would be nothing left but bones. Thinking about this, he gripped his Longbow tightly, his palms sweating.

"Forget it."

Chen Guodong exhaled and said.

Some people among the group sighed in relief, while others became agitated.

"Guodong, they're just over ten Low-level Fierce Beasts, what's there to be afraid of?" The speaker was a middle-aged man holding a short spear, his voice loud. "If they really come at us, one round of throwing, we can at least kill two or three of them."

"Yeah, Guodong, you can see they're also wary of us, not daring to make a reckless move."

"Guodong, if we bring this Wild Bull back, it will be enough to feed the entire village for several days!"

"Gao Yang, I understand what you mean."

Chen Guodong looked at the man with the short spear, "Even if we kill two or three in one round, there will still be eight or nine left. If it comes to one person against one wolf, can you guarantee no one will get injured?"

Gao Yang was stunned.

"What if someone gets bitten and infected with rabies? Did you forget what happened to the injured person earlier?"

Chen Guodong couldn't bring himself to say more.

"Old Gao, listen to Guodong."

The bald man patted his shoulder, "Our village doesn't have many people left. It's best not to take risks if we don't have to."

Though unwilling, Gao Yang accepted this and put his short spear away.

The group's spirits dropped. They had gotten a good deal only to have to give it up.

Chen Fan looked at the distant wolf pack, a bold idea forming in his mind.

Reluctantly throwing down the butchered Wild Bull meat, the Hunting Team quickly left. Of course, someone picked a prime cut to take along, and Chen Guodong tacitly approved.

As the human figures gradually disappeared, the more than ten Desert Wolves approached slowly.

Two or three wolves began to feast on the meat first, swallowing a mix of flesh and blood.

The other wolves soon joined in, gobbling down the food, the sound of bones crunching heard here and there.

One or two of the wolves, fully satisfied, even raised their heads and howled.

They were completely unaware that the humans who had just left were now creeping back, inching closer.

Five hundred meters, four hundred meters, three hundred meters...

"Xiaofan,"

The bald man, walking at the front, couldn't help but speak, "Even if we go back now, it's no use. At the speed of those beasts, we would be lucky if there are even a hundred pounds left of the two hundred pounds of meat."

Others agreed, though also confused.

Chen Fan, however, smiled slightly and said, "Uncle Liu, who said I was going after the bull?"

"I"

The bald man stopped in his tracks, turning around, eyes wide, "You mean...?"

"Exactly."

Chen Fan nodded, "I'm thinking if there's a chance to ambush them. If we succeed, we can take the wolf meat back, right?"

"Hiss..."

Everyone, including Chen Guodong, gasped.

So cunning, no, such a good strategy!

Even if the enemy were human, they might not expect that we would return, right?

And Xiaofan is right. Wolf meat is indeed edible. Dragon meat in the sky, dog meat on the ground, wolf meat tastes quite similar to dog meat and is very delicious.

Gao Yang, who was previously unwilling, now turned red with excitement upon hearing Chen Fan's plan.

That's more like it!

We're humans; letting a pack of beasts steal our prey is a complete disgrace!

Of course, Chen Fan wasn't acting recklessly. As they approached within two hundred meters, he spoke in a lowered voice, "The wind is blowing from the direction of the wolf pack to our side, so they probably won't detect our scent.

If we can get within a hundred meters, I'm confident I can kill at least four Desert Wolves in the shortest time possible. As for the remaining seven, can you guys take care of them without getting injured?"

"Yes."

Gao Yang immediately responded, "As long as those seven beasts dare to rush over, within twenty meters, one round of throwing and we can at least take out two or three. We've dealt with them often; though fast, they aren't so quick that we can't see them."

"Yes, any remaining wolves trying to rush at us will meet our spears."

"Heh, we'll make sure none of them leave alive."

Chen Guodong was also intrigued. Wielding a two to three-meter-long spear, one-on-one against a single Desert Wolf, the odds of winning were very high! One advantage is the long reach, and another is these beasts are stupid, treating the spear as part of the human body and attacking the shaft.

Not to mention, they had seven or eight people together.

Still, he remained calm and asked, "Xiaofan, are you sure you can kill four of them?"

Everyone's eyes turned to Chen Fan.

Yes, this was the core of the plan. Without this, any mistake could result in casualties.

"Don't worry, leave it to me."

Chen Fan nodded. They had closed to within 150 meters.

He quietly switched from the 80-pound draw Bow he was carrying, took out some arrows with his right hand, and moved forward in a crouch.

The distance shrank, and the sounds of chewing nearby grew clearer.

Everyone's heart was in their throat.

Ambushing a wolf pack was something they were doing for the first time. So tense were they that they could hear their own heartbeats. Without taking risks, how could there be rewards?

130 meters,

110 meters.

100 meters.

A couple of wolves seemed to notice something, lifting their heads to sniff the surroundings. However, overwhelmed by the scent of blood, they hesitated briefly before lowering their heads again to tear off huge chunks of meat from the carcass.

"Xiaofan, are we at 100 meters yet?" The bald man's voice was tense.

"Uncle Liu, a bit closer."

Chen Fan gritted his teeth.

100 meters wasn't the optimal range yet.

Best to get within 80 meters.

Of course, if they were detected prematurely, he would immediately take action, drawing his Bow and nocking an arrow.

In these few seconds, everyone's heart was pounding. The 10-20 meter stretch felt like several kilometers.

Until Chen Fan's voice sounded.

"Alright, Uncle Liu, this is it."