

High Martial 32

Chapter 32: They Are Coming!

As soon as the words were spoken, Chen Fan sprang out from the bushes, left hand gripping the bow and right hand nocking an arrow, instantly pulling the bowstring to its full extent. This set of movements seemed like he had practiced thousands of times, fluid and effortless.

The crowd hadn't even reacted to what was happening when a loud sound burst through the air, and the arrow shot out!

Eighty meters away, a Desert Wolf that was back-facing the group, was feasting heartily. The next moment, an arrow whizzed through the air, and the spinning arrowhead pierced through its lower back!

The arrowhead burst through the Desert Wolf's soft abdomen, embedding into the ground, pinning the entire wolf to the earth.

A heartrending howl broke the eerie silence, causing the other wolves to look up, some even detected the danger when Chen Fan emerged.

But it was already too late.

"Swish!"

"Swish!"

"Swish!"

Three more arrows followed in rapid succession!

"Thud!"

Three crisp sounds echoed as another three Desert Wolves fell into pools of blood.

Even regular armor at this distance would be as fragile as paper, let alone a few wolves.

"Damn!"

Gao Yang's eyes nearly popped out, expletives spilled from his mouth.

The others hadn't even processed what had just happened.

The wolf pack seemed bewildered by the sudden turn of events.

Looking at the fallen bodies of their companions, low growls rose from their throats.

"Grr! Grr!"

Chen Fan was panting heavily now, sweat dripping like rain, his left hand clutching the longbow was trembling constantly, as if his arms no longer belonged to him.

An eighty-pound draw weight bow, four continuous shots, it was indeed too taxing.

But he had no choice because, since it was his combat plan, he could not allow any mistakes on his part.

Of course, it was not over yet!

Looking at the 40 experience points he just gained, Chen Fan's mind raced.

Add points!

8 experience points instantly evaporated.

In return, a warm current spread throughout his body, alleviating a significant portion of his fatigue, restoring sensation in his arms, and slowing his heartbeat down.

His constitution had grown stronger.

Continue!

Another 16 experience points disappeared, a stronger warm current surged forth, fatigue further diminished, muscles all over his body became more solidified.

Not only his constitution, but his power also increased!

Chen Fan didn't have time to check the changes in [Tai Chi Form] after upgrading twice, just as he didn't have time to check how his skill level in [Basic Archery] had improved post quadruple shot.

Another arrow nocked, the arrowhead aimed at another Desert Wolf.

The creature seemed to sense danger, instinctively trying to retreat rather than advance, it was terrified.

But it was already too late; the next moment, an arrow pierced its skull, embedding deep inside, almost the entire arrow sunk into it.

"Howl!"

"Howl!"

The wolf pack finally reacted, their eyes flashing fiercely, staring fixedly at Chen Fan, the lone human holding a bow.

"Watch out! They're coming!"

Chen Guodong shouted nervously, standing up second.

Within moments, seven or eight strong men emerged from the bushes, long spears gleaming coldly under the sunlight.

The remaining Desert Wolves stepped back involuntarily at the sight.

If they could talk, they would undoubtedly ask in shock how this group had gotten so close without being noticed.

But the nightmare wasn't over.

"Swish!"

As soon as the sound of an arrow piercing the air echoed, another Desert Wolf collapsed in a pool of blood.

Of the original eleven wolves, there were now less than half left, and the remaining five wolves, after exchanging glances, unanimously chose to tuck tail and flee.

"This..."

The crowd, ready for battle, showed a variety of expressions.

What's going on? They thought those beasts would charge up; their short spears gripped tightly, but then the wolves just ran off?

"Phew..."

Chen Fan sighed in relief, his right arm drooping weakly by his side.

He had truly reached his limit this time, but even if those Desert Wolves charged, he wouldn't be afraid.

Counting the two wolves he just shot, his experience points were now at 36. Upgrading [Tai Chi Form] another time wouldn't be difficult, and he could gain more XP.

Though these beasts lack intelligence, their instinct to seek advantage and avoid harm still exists.

In any case, Chen Fan was quite satisfied with the current outcome.

"Hiss."

The bald man gasped, mechanically turned his head, and said to Chen Fan, "Xiaofan, is this what you meant by being able to kill a maximum of four?"

"Though your Uncle Gao didn't finish middle school, he can still tell the difference between four and six." Gao Yang said drily, feeling that their tension was for naught, as they didn't even get a chance to act.

"Xiaofan, you're too powerful, single-handedly killing half the Desert Wolves. With such skill, did we need to abandon the Wild Bull and circle back?"

"Indeed, this might have been overkill."

Chen Fan heard this and chuckled bitterly, "Not really overkill. If we hadn't done this, fighting them at close quarters within a hundred meters, I'd be lucky to kill two, and then it would be hand-to-hand combat—a huge risk."

"That's true."

The group shivered.

"Guodong, it seems you've got a capable successor, huh?" The bald man glanced at Father Chen enviously.

Chen Guodong remained silent, but his eyes shone with pride.

Exceptional shooting skills, sharp intellect, calm under pressure, though a bit inexperienced, he could well be suited for the position of Hunting Team leader.

Moreover, he noticed that the team's trust in Chen Fan was steadily increasing.

"Alright, stop standing around, save the chat for later. Quick, pack up these wolves, and see how much meat is left on the Wild Bull. Cook it up; it's still edible."

In these times, having meat is a blessing. Who cares if wolves had bit?

The group busied themselves; after all, though the wolves retreated, other meat-eating Fierce Beasts might be drawn by the blood scent.

Chen Fan stood there, gulping air.

"Xiaofan, can you manage? Should Dad carry you back?"

Chen Guodong asked with concern.

"..."

Chen Fan laughed helplessly, "I'm fine, Dad, just need to rest."

"Alright then."

Chen Guodong hesitated and took a few steps towards the crowd before stopping, turning back with a smile, "You did well this time."

After saying that, he walked quickly ahead.

"Haha."

Chen Fan chuckled, getting praise from his usually silent father was rare indeed.

"Right, what's the situation with [Tai Chi Form] now?"

He quickly checked the skill bar on the attribute panel.