

## High Martial 34

### Chapter 34: The Extra Person

The black-haired woman's face turned red, and she quickly buried her head.

However, not far from her, a woman in purple boldly looked at Chen Fan, with a faint smile at the corner of her mouth.

"Strange."

He withdrew his gaze. It was not surprising for him that a woman was looking at him, as everyone was looking at him at that moment.

But for some reason, he felt something strange. He couldn't pinpoint what it was, but it felt different from others' gazes.

"Is it just my imagination?"

He muttered inwardly.

The crowd's enthusiasm made it impossible for him to handle. After saying a word to Chen Guodong, he quickly chased after Zhang Ren.

"Hey? Why did Brother Fan leave?"

Wang Ping asked in confusion.

"Probably shy and embarrassed," Zhao Feng said, a hint of envy in his eyes.

If only he could be like Chen Fan, become the hero of the village, how great would it be.

Of course, wishful thinking wasn't enough; effort was also required.

"He must be looking for Uncle Zhang; he went in the direction Uncle Zhang left."

"Then what are we waiting for? Let's go quickly."

"But..." Someone hesitated, looking longingly at the prey.

"Come on, let's go." His companion dragged him away, muttering, "There's enough for you, besides, it won't be that quick; coming back later is just right."

"Did he notice me?"

Meng Yu's heart was pounding, her blush lingering on her face.

"No, no,"

She shook her head, as if trying to shake off these thoughts, then furrowed her brows.

According to the scenes in her dreams, the Hunting Team would return only in the evening today, and the prey would not be many, but reality brought back so many Desert Wolf carcasses. What is going on?

If she remembered correctly, this was the first time in seven or eight years that her dreams were wrong?

But her sister said their dreams would never be wrong.

No, something's off.

Suddenly, she widened her eyes, with Chen Fan's figure appearing in her mind. She knew Chen Fan was Chen Guodong's son, but a month ago, in her dream, there was no trace of Chen Fan in the Hunting Team going out today!

Yes! Eight people! It was only eight people! Not nine!

Thinking of this, cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

It means that this person is outside the dream? Changed what was supposed to happen? How, how could this be? Her sister didn't mention cases like this?

What is going on exactly?

...

Zhang Ren limped forward, suddenly his ears twitched, and he stopped, "Why did you follow? Not used to being the center of attention?"

Chen Fan's mouth twitched slightly, finding Uncle Zhang to be quite annoying.

At this point, knowing he came, wouldn't it be better if he turned his body to speak?

Complaints aside, he still respectfully said, "Yes, indeed I'm not used to it."

"Haha."

Zhang Ren turned around and laughed twice, "What's so bad about it? Many people crave such attention but never get it..."

At this moment, there was a sound of hastening footsteps as Wang Ping and others caught up, noisily praising Brother Fan for being awesome, their idol, and so forth.

"Alright, alright."

Chen Fan said helplessly, looking at Zhang Ren, "Uncle Zhang was talking to me."

"Cough, cough, cough."

Some coughed hurriedly, looking up at the sky or down at their shoes as if nothing had happened.

Zhang Ren, accustomed to such behavior, looked at Chen Fan and said, "I just mentioned that many people desire such attention but never get it, and they are among those people."

"Huh? What kind of opportunity?"

Wang Ping perked up, stretching his neck to ask.

Chen Fan felt speechless, thinking he really believed it was something good?

Zhao Feng noticed and quietly pulled Wang Ping's clothes, which made him shrink his neck back.

"Having this attitude is good."

Zhang Ren's tone turned serious, "Martial Arts requires humility and vigilance; otherwise, complacency will lead to stagnation in cultivation. By the time one realizes, it often is too late."

"Uncle Zhang is right."

Chen Fan took a deep breath.

Though harsh, his words were indeed golden advice.

In reality, he never was complacent, but still, it was good advice to remember.

"There's also today's matter."

Zhang Ren looked at him, "You did really well. Even if I were present, I might have chosen to abandon rather than outflank them unexpectedly. In this regard, you have surpassed me quite a bit."

Behind, Wang Ping and others started panting rapidly, disbelieving that Uncle Zhang would actually praise someone?

Chen Fan's pupils dilated, already anticipating a "but".

"But,"

Zhang Ren's expression turned stern, "If such a situation arises again, I hope you won't be reckless. Though rare, the risk exists. If you're unable to kill enough Desert Wolves in the shortest time, what would be the consequence?"

"Understood."

Chen Fan nodded honestly, "Uncle Zhang, next time, I'll be more composed."

"As long as you remember it." Zhang Ren nodded, "Ultimately, preserving life is paramount. As for the prey, we can always hunt again; staying alive is the key."

Chen Fan sighed inwardly.

He wasn't just after the prey; without killing Fierce Beasts, he couldn't gain Experience Points. Without enough Experience Points, skill level-up speed, although faster than others, still required days or even weeks.

In the wilderness, the camp enclosed by a three or four-meter-high dirt wall wasn't much of a security.

"This kid still hasn't internalized my words."

Zhang Ren sighed inwardly, thinking he himself was even more rebellious when younger, assuming he was invincible.

If it weren't for that mentality, he wouldn't have...

"Alright, let's leave it at that."

Zhang Ren concluded, "There's still some time before lunch. When we reach the warehouse, I want to see you practice the Tai Chi Form."

"Okay, Uncle Zhang."

Chen Fan agreed, frowning slightly.

His Tai Chi Form had reached Level 3; if he performed normally, it'd be too alarming. Moreover, Tai Chi Form, once learned, soon leads to mastering Tai Chi Fist, thus no need to show true skill.

He'll have to slightly control it.

Yet even then, upon reaching the warehouse yard, Zhang Ren's face displayed an expression as if seeing a ghost.

Even with excellent guidance, Martial Artists usually took a month to master at beginner level, and among rare prodigies, perhaps half a month, but one day? One day to master Tai Chi Form is absurd!

This speed, ten years ago in the National Martial Arts World, was unheard of! After the mutation, did people's potential, including their comprehending abilities, improve?

Not exactly.

Looking at Wang Ping and others not far away, they appeared as slow as ever.

"Uncle Zhang," Chen Fan asked cautiously, "Was there something wrong with my practice?"