

High Martial 4

Chapter 4 Martial Artist?

"Cough, cough."

The sound of coughing brought Chen Fan back to reality. The man with the limp looked at him and said nonchalantly, "Kid, the bow in your hand is just the most basic one. Beyond thirty meters, it doesn't have much killing power against Low-level Fierce Beasts. Besides, you've only drawn it once. Look,"

He nodded towards the outside, "Do you see those people holding spears?"

Chen Fan glanced outside and then nodded.

"When they first came, they also started with bow training. Some even used the second bow, the sixty-pound one. But so what? After two or three days, they couldn't persist any longer."

He looked at the bow in Chen Fan's hand and said, "Just a reminder, it's best to practice spear techniques like them. If you encounter a Fierce Beast in the wild, you'll at least have some fighting strength."

"Uncle Zhang, thank you for the advice, but I still want to give it a try."

Chen Fan looked at the progress bar behind Basic Archery on the panel and felt a surge of determination.

"Suit yourself."

The man with the limp wasn't surprised.

Youngsters are always like this, not willing to give up until they've hit a wall. After a few more arrows, when his entire right arm can't be lifted, he'll know the struggle.

"Uncle Zhang, can I try those other bows?" Chen Fan asked with a smile. He had a suspicion: the stronger the bow he used, the faster the progress in Basic Archery would increase, right?

"Sure."

The man with the limp replied without hesitation, "The second bow is sixty pounds, the third is eighty, the fourth is a hundred pounds, the fifth is two hundred, and the sixth is three hundred pounds. Which one do you want to try?"

"Th-three hundred pounds?"

Chen Fan's gaze fell on the black longbow on the far right, which was almost as tall as him. Three hundred pounds, meaning to draw the bowstring, the single arm power had to be at least three hundred pounds?

"Does that intimidate you?"

The man with the limp grinned, "Not to mention three hundred pounds, there are even five hundred-pound Battle Bows that people can draw, shooting down Iron Armor Rhinoceroses from a kilometer away."

"Iron Armor Rhinoceros..."

Chen Fan muttered to himself. In his memories, it was the top-level existence among the Mid-level Fierce Beasts, with armor that was said to be able to block small-caliber bullets.

"Uncle Zhang, is that an Awakener?" he asked instinctively.

After all, in this world, Awakeners stood at the pinnacle.

"No."

Unexpectedly, the man with the limp shook his head, "He's a Martial Artist."

"A Martial Artist?"

Chen Fan's eyes widened in surprise.

"Becoming an Awakener is one in a million. For ordinary people, it's hard to contend with Fierce Beasts without the aid of modern weapons. The good news is, as the world changes, it seems the human limits are also being broken."

The man with the limp murmured to himself, "These people temper their bodies and toughen their bones, gaining strength beyond the ordinary. This is a Martial Artist. Several kilometers away from our village, in Zhao Family Castle, there is someone who can draw this three hundred-pound Battle Bow. He's a Martial Artist."

Chen Fan took a deep breath, feeling as though a door was slowly opening before him. Excitedly, he asked, "Are there any Martial Artists in our camp?"

"Not like the one in Zhao Family Castle, but there are those who can draw a hundred-pound Hard Bow. Like the Wei Brothers, they both can shoot arrows and are the main force of our Hunting Team. But they probably won't stay here for long."

The man with the limp sighed, his face filled with worry.

"Then, how do Martial Artists compare to Awakeners?"

Chen Fan continued to ask.

"Far behind."

The man with the limp looked at him, "Newly awakened Awakeners can be killed easily by Martial Artists. But once they become familiar with their superpowers, killing Martial Artists becomes as easy as turning over one's hand. For instance, can that person in Zhao Family Castle withstand bullets? But Awakeners can. Some powerful Awakeners don't even fear large-scale weapons. With a wave of their hand, they can destroy a town. They are not on the same level at all."

Chen Fan's mouth slightly parted.

Awakeners are really that terrifying?

He had a vague feeling that his system might be related to Martial Arts. Following Uncle Zhang's words, walking the Martial Arts path seemed to be a second-best choice for ordinary people, with a very low ceiling.

Is it really like this?

"Alright, why do you have so many questions?" The man with the limp glanced at Chen Fan disapprovingly and tossed over a sixty-pound bow from the wall.

"Try it."

Chen Fan snapped back to reality, put down the forty-pound bow, and attempted to draw the sixty-pound Hard Bow. Halfway through, his face turned red, his right arm trembled violently, and as he reached most of the way, he had no more strength and had to give up.

This body is still a bit weak

The man with the limp gave a meaningful smile, "Do you still want to try the eighty-pound bow?"

"No, no need."

Chen Fan shook his head with a bitter smile, his gaze falling on the remaining bows.

He can't now, but that doesn't mean he won't in the future. In a few days, when he has accumulated enough Potential Points, he will be able to draw this sixty-pound bow, and the same applies to the others.

Then, the man with the limp handed him a quiver of arrows and walked out.

On the open ground at the entrance, he drew his bow and notched an arrow, aimed at a target twenty meters away, and demonstrated the basic posture, then added, "When drawing the bow and shooting, remember the three flats: the front hand should have a flat wrist, the rear hand should have a flat elbow, and the wrists and elbows of both hands should be flat with the shoulders. This is the fundamental posture."

After speaking, with a "whoosh," the arrow thudded into the dirt wall beside the target.

The man with the limp looked nonchalantly at Chen Fan, "Practice here today. If you have any questions, feel free to ask me."

"Yes, Uncle Zhang."

Chen Fan looked at the arrow on the wall and nodded.

"Hmm."

The man with the limp turned around, his old face flushed. He wasn't good at archery himself; otherwise, he wouldn't be watching the warehouse here.

Chen Fan took the bow and arrows, spread his feet shoulder-width apart, held the bow in his left hand, and notched the arrow with his right. It was probably his first formal archery practice, and he felt a bit nervous.

He took a deep breath.

Then he slowly drew the bowstring, squinting one eye to align with the sight and the aim point on the target.

Gradually, the bowstring was drawn to its maximum, making a creaking sound. A great force tugged at his right shoulder. Then, in a quick motion, his three right fingers released the string. With a "whoosh," the arrow flew out rapidly.

As expected, it missed the target.

Chen Fan had anticipated this. Only a genius could hit the target perfectly on their first try at archery, and he was self-aware enough.

Actually, he wasn't particularly concerned about this.

In the next moment, he focused his mind, and the attribute panel appeared before his eyes. Seeing it, he smiled.

[Basic Archery, LV0 (3%)]

This meant that despite missing, that arrow still increased the progress bar by 2%.

If he continued 49 more times, he would level up Basic Archery to Level 1!

