

## High Martial 43

Chapter 43: Make a Sound in the East, Then Strike in the West

The reason was simple, their team only had one archer, most likely, this young man had good archery skills, and the black rat in the hands of the person behind was the best proof.

"I just don't know what draw weight his bow is." He was a bit curious.

"Xiaofan, did you see it too?"

The bald man smiled and glanced at Chen Fan and Chen Guodong, "That's Gu Jianghai's son, Gu Ze."

"Huh?"

Chen Fan's eyes widened, such a coincidence?

Chen Guodong coughed lightly twice and said calmly, "Just like your Uncle Liu said, that Gu Ze, it is said that he is very strong and can pull an eighty-pound bow."

Speaking of which, he was quite envious at that time.

As soon as he finished speaking, a disdainful voice rang out.

"So what? Our Xiaofan now uses a hundred-pound bow."

"Exactly, if we were to compare archery skills, that boy is way behind."

Gao Yang and the others were not convinced.

Not to mention anything else, just Chen Fan single-handedly shooting six Desert Wolves dead in a row, could that boy do it?

Chen Fan was a bit amused yet touched, he could tell that everyone was genuinely defending him.

He looked in the direction where the others had left, feeling relieved in his heart, no wonder just a few people could support a small village, that Gu Ze was indeed skilled.

If a few people like that could appear in their own village, that would be great, the images of Zhao Feng, Wang Ping, and others unconsciously appeared in his mind.

After lunch, everyone rested for a while, and then embarked on another hunting trip.

It seemed that good fortune had come, within half an hour, a group of prey appeared in their sight.

"Looks like a flock of sheep?"

Chen Fan blurted out.

He could now see objects almost five hundred meters away clearly, of course, this distance was too far for Chen Guodong, about 300 meters was the farthest they could clearly see, any further, and they could only make out the outlines.

This flock of sheep had about a dozen, each about one and a half times the size of an ordinary sheep, with black curved horns on their heads, pure white bodies, and abnormally long and strong legs, obviously good at running.

At the moment, most of them were grazing, but one was on high alert and seemed to have spotted their group, watching in their direction.

"Sheep? Are they antelope?"

The bald man muttered to himself.

"Looks like it, this is going to be tricky."

The smiles on everyone's faces faded away.

Chen Guodong explained, "Antelope are a type of low-level Fierce Beast. They are not aggressive but are naturally cautious. Even while grazing, one of them will stay alert. Once they sense danger, they give an alarm, and they can run faster than wildebeest."

"I see."

Chen Fan nodded.

Just as his father said.

"And they have excellent vision. Like now, we only see their outlines, but the sentinel probably already spotted us. When we get within three or four hundred meters, they'll get spooked. I thought we had a chance for a big catch, but it seems like we were happy for nothing. Let's go."

Gao Yang said dejectedly.

The others felt the same.

They had suffered a lot before and had become smarter. It's better to save their strength than to waste it for nothing.

Hearing this, Chen Fan felt a bit unwilling.

Finally encountering a large group of prey, if they could get within 200 meters, even 250 meters, he was confident he could at least shoot two.

But his father and the others were correct. The antelope was very alert and had spotted their group. Undoubtedly, if they entered its alert zone, they would flee.

So, was there no way?

There was a way, if he could use a 200-pound bow, there wouldn't be this problem. A 300-pound bow would make it even easier.

Obviously, this plan was unrealistic.

At this moment, a bright idea flashed in his mind. How about a feint attack?

If it failed, there would be little loss. But if it succeeded, it would mean a great harvest.

"Dad, uncles, what do you think of this plan?"

Chen Fan explained his idea.

Everyone looked at each other after listening.

"We will distract that antelope, and Xiao Fan, you would circle around?" the bald man widened his eyes.

"This sounds like a good idea, but will it work?" Gao Yang looked unsure.

"Let's try. It might work. Don't forget, the last time we dealt with the Desert Wolves, it was Xiao Fan's idea. Initially, everyone thought it was impossible, but in the end, Xiao Fan made it happen."

"That's right, I think it's worth a shot."

After some discussion, everyone agreed.

"Okay."

Chen Fan took a deep breath and said, "According to Uncle Gao, they will flee if we get within three or four hundred meters. So, uncles, while you divert their attention, don't get too close, avoiding startling them. If I can get within two or three hundred meters, I can at least shoot two."

"Two!"

Hearing this, everyone's breath caught.

Good heavens, even if one weighs one hundred fifty pounds, two weigh three hundred pounds.

"Alright, Xiao Fan, we will do our best."

"Mhm."

Chen Fan nodded, feeling nervous because this plan required cooperation. If either side made a mistake, the plan would fail.

But the good thing was, failure would cost nothing.

So, they executed the plan. They gathered together to block the antelope's sight and slowly approached the flock in an arc.

Sure enough, the antelope was immediately attracted, its body following their movements.

Chen Fan advanced like a special forces soldier on the ground, after all, the antelope was about two meters tall, looking down from above. Unlike the Desert Wolves previously, squatting might get spotted.

Meanwhile, Chen Guodong and the others' hearts were in their throats, every movement as light as possible, not daring to turn their heads to meet the antelope's gaze.

"Why does it feel like we're thieves?"

Gao Yang muttered.

"Hahaha, what thief is so blatant?" The bald man laughed.

"Where's Xiao Fan now?" Chen Guodong asked.

Someone at the back inconspicuously glanced and said, "About four hundred meters."

"Well, let's get a bit closer, ensuring that antelope's attention stays on us." Chen Guodong said.

Time ticked away as they slowly moved, and when they were about three hundred meters away, the antelope seemed to let out a cry, and the other grazing antelopes looked up, their dark eyes staring at them.

"Damn!"

The bald man exclaimed, "We got too close, they're going to run."

In an instant, everyone felt like a Damocles' Sword was hanging over their heads, not daring to move an inch.