

High Martial 44

Chapter 44: Am I Dreaming?

"!!!"

On the other side, Chen Fan, crouching in the grass, dared not make a move or a sound. In such a quiet moment, any rustle in the grass would be magnified infinitely.

If one of the antelopes noticed and realized they were surrounded, they would undoubtedly flee without hesitation.

So, it all depended on his father's group's performance.

"Don't panic."

Chen Guodong, lowering his voice, couldn't wipe off the sweat trickling down his forehead: "Now we've only raised their alertness. When we get within tens of meters, they will sense hostility. Let's move outward a bit."

The people behind him nodded, trying to lighten their footsteps as they moved towards the outer circle.

The group of antelopes stared at the backs of the people. After a few minutes, they lowered their heads and continued grazing.

Finding tender, tasty grass wasn't easy for them either.

The one responsible for vigilance was still watching the others.

"They seem to have relaxed their vigilance."

Gao Yang said softly, feeling like he had just walked through the gates of hell.

"Yes, maintain this distance and move around them." Chen Guodong, also relieved, had done everything they could, and the rest depended on Xiaofan.

On the other side, Chen Fan didn't disappoint them. He swiftly closed the distance, 300 meters, 280 meters, 260 meters, 240 meters, now within striking distance.

"Get a bit closer."

Chen Fan murmured to himself.

The closer the distance, the more time he would have to strike.

But just then, the vigilant antelope suddenly made a 180-degree turn and looked towards Chen Fan's direction.

"!"

Chen Fan was startled, quickly lowered his head, and stayed still.

Did it see him? It shouldn't have. Maybe it heard some noise or sensed a smell.

What now?

Should he shoot immediately or play dead to bluff through?

He held his breath and concentrated, staring at the antelope herd through the gaps in the grass. If they moved to leave, he would act immediately, as chances missed today wouldn't return tomorrow.

Simultaneously, Chen Guodong and others held their breath for Chen Fan.

"Has Xiaofan been discovered?"

Someone asked nervously.

"I don't think so. If he were discovered, that antelope would alert its companions."

"Yes, it probably senses something."

"We'll continue, trying to draw its attention." Chen Guodong instructed.

For Chen Fan, every second passed as if it lasted an hour.

Fortunately, there was no danger.

The antelope perhaps didn't see him or mistook him for a piece of wood in the grass. With Chen Guodong's group seemingly approaching, the antelope shifted its attention.

Chen Fan exhaled deeply, continuing to close the distance bit by bit.

220 meters, 200 meters, finally 180 meters.

The antelope seemed to detect something, its four hooves nervously scraping the ground, making faint sounds.

A dozen other antelopes, eating, raised their heads in confusion.

At this moment, a figure swiftly leaped from the grass, sprinting towards the herd while drawing an arrow.

His speed was incredible. Within a couple of seconds, he closed the distance by 10 meters.

A dozen antelopes seemed momentarily stunned, bewildered by the situation.

In an instant.

"Whoosh," a sharp arrow whizzed through the air. Instantly, from a hundred meters away, the nearest sentry antelope fell with a thud, its legs twitching before it lay still.

Its neck had been pierced by a finger-thick arrow, blood gushing out, the arrow flying tens of meters and lodging deeply into the ground.

Chen Fan didn't glance at the fallen antelope. As soon as the first arrow left the bow, the second was already nocked. He didn't draw the bow to its full extent, increasing his firing speed.

"Whoosh!"

The second antelope fell.

The remaining antelopes finally reacted, screaming in terror and running madly.

Chen Fan continued without pause. With a constitution of over 40 points and rapid-fire traits, he could shoot four arrows in five seconds. Moreover, he hadn't drawn the bow fully for the first two shots, making his pace faster!

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

Two more arrows flew.

The rearmost two antelopes were hit, tumbling forward for over a dozen meters before stopping.

In less than two seconds, the antelope herd ran nearly a hundred meters. Even a cheetah would take over three seconds to cover such a distance.

Chen Guodong and the others, stunned by Chen Fan's maneuvers, were speechless.

Initially, seeing Chen Fan shoot two antelopes, they rejoiced aloud.

Indeed, such abundant prey made all efforts worthwhile. Drawing the antelope's attention was better than facing fierce animals head-on.

But just as they rejoiced, two more antelopes fell, four in total!

Since the village's establishment, they had never experienced such a fruitful day.

But it wasn't over.

The antelopes continued their desperate run, kicking up dirt everywhere. Chen Fan aimed at the trailing antelope, pulling the bowstring to its full extent.

At that moment, he felt his blood boiling, an unusual sensation coursing through his body.

"Snap!"

A loud crack! The arrow shot like a meteor, tearing through the air, covering nearly 300 meters, piercing the antelope's lower back.

The antelope let out a tragic cry, collapsing. Its hopeless gaze followed its companions, who quickly became tiny black dots, disappearing from sight.

"Whew..."

After firing the last arrow, Chen Fan panted heavily. Strangely, his arms felt fine, but his body felt exhausted as if he could hardly stand.

"What's going on?"

He wondered.

Logically, his arms should be fatigued.

Could it be?

Reflecting on that shot, he felt it was unlike the others, as if his entire energy and blood flowed into his arms, effortlessly drawing the bowstring. Everything around him slowed dramatically, like a slow-motion scene in a movie.

But in hindsight, he couldn't replicate the sensation.

Regardless, his whole body ached truly. Fortunately, he was used to it now, and without immediate danger, he'd hold off on using his remaining allocation points.

In case they were urgently needed later.

At that moment, Chen Guodong and the others quickly ran over. Seeing the scattered antelope bodies, their mouths gaped in astonishment.

"Xiaofan, am I dreaming?"

The bald man looked around, "Five, five head of prey?"