

High Martial 45

Chapter 45: Enemies on a Narrow Road

Not only him, but others were also dumbfounded, struck by this unexpected joy from the sky.

They had thought four was already the limit, but who would have thought that Chen Fan, over 300 meters away, hit another one. Five, five kills! These antelopes are light and adept at running, weighing much less than typical Fierce Beasts, but even so, each one weighs nearly 200 pounds. Five of them make up a thousand pounds!

If they brought them back, it would be enough to feed everyone in the stronghold for more than half a month.

If converted to rice, it would be at least three to four thousand pounds, lasting even longer.

The people in the stronghold, upon seeing such a huge haul, would be overjoyed!

"Haha, Uncle Liu, you're not dreaming, this is all real."

Chen Fan smiled and stretched his arm, somewhat regretfully, "It's a pity they ran so fast, otherwise, I could have shot one more."

"Enough, enough."

The bald man waved his hands repeatedly; with just these five, it wouldn't be easy for their group to haul back, let alone one more.

Thinking of this, he felt a sense of irony.

He couldn't believe there would be a day when he worried about having too much prey to carry back.

Others gradually came back to their senses, equally delighted and surprised.

Chen Guodong's eyes showed concern, and he worriedly asked, "Xiaofan, is your arm alright?"

This was a bow with a hundred-pound draw weight, drawn five times in a row. Even the Wei Brothers couldn't do that. While a bountiful harvest was certainly good, if it cost Chen Fan's health, it wouldn't be worth it.

"Yes, Xiaofan, two antelopes are already a lot."

"Right, there's no need to push yourself so hard."

Gao Yang and others spoke with deep concern.

Chen Fan was now the main firepower of the team. If anyone else got hurt it was acceptable, but not Chen Fan. Should there come a day when they faced an unprecedented crisis, almost everyone in the team would unhesitatingly shield him.

"Really, I'm fine."

Chen Fan specially moved his arm to show them, while thinking inwardly that with food sufficient now, perhaps it was time to talk about martial arts training.

He glanced over everyone and solemnly said, "Dad, everyone, actually, I am already a martial artist at Body Tempering First Layer, and the stronger type within the First Layer. So, using this hundred-pound bow continuously is not difficult for me."

"Body Tempering First Layer?"

"Martial artist?"

"What, Xiaofan, you are already at Body Tempering First Layer?"

The crowd first froze, then exclaimed in unison.

They were no strangers to this term because the Wei Brothers had mentioned it before.

At that time, they said that their strength was close to Body Tempering First Layer, which allowed them to use a hundred-pound bow, but they usually needed to rest after drawing it twice.

But Chen Fan?

"Yes."

Chen Fan nodded with a smile.

"No wonder, no wonder you weren't even out of breath, turns out you're already a Body Tempering First Layer martial artist," Gao Yang realized.

"Old Gao, didn't you hear Xiaofan? Not only is he a First Layer, he's the strongest type within the First Layer."

"Does that mean he's at Body Tempering Second Layer?"

"Almost, anyway, very impressive, more impressive than the Wei Brothers," the speaker gasped in awe, eyes flashing with anticipation, "Xiaofan, is being a martial artist really that powerful?"

As the words fell, everyone's breathing quickened.

Including Chen Guodong.

They had been struggling to survive daily, never having the time or interest to practice martial arts. But after witnessing Chen Fan's abilities and hearing his words, they were moved.

"Yes, it really is that powerful, and more," Chen Fan said seriously.

"Uncle Zhang said someone in Zhao Family Castle can draw a three-hundred-pound bow, with a range over a kilometer. That person is also a martial artist, but probably at the Muscle Refining Realm."

"Zhao Da?"

The bald man's smile faded, uncertainly, "It's said he can single-handedly shoot down a mid-level Fierce Beast without a scratch."

"So, it's true?"

Someone nearby showed a face of disbelief, always thinking it was bragging to lure people to their stronghold.

"Even Zhang Ren said so, it's probably true."

Chen Guodong said quietly, instinctively feeling Zhang Ren was no ordinary person.

And Chen Fan's strength was also evident to everyone.

"Uncles, previously the stronghold lacked food, making survival difficult. But now with ample prey, when we return, you can train with us," Chen Fan encouraged, "Although the process is long, with perseverance, your strength will grow, and you'll be able to live on your own."

"R-Really?"

"Xiaofan wouldn't lie about such things," Gao Yang assertively said, "Alright, I'll start training as soon as we get back."

"Count me in."

"Together, together."

"Hahaha, yes, let's all train together," the bald man laughed heartily.

They were moved by Chen Fan's words, aspiring for his displayed strength, but even more so, by those last words.

Depend on yourself.

Yes, in this world, only oneself is reliable. As the elders, they couldn't always rely on Chen Fan's archery for survival.

Like the Wei Brothers before, as long as they were there, the stronghold could barely sustain. Once they left, if not for Chen Fan stepping up, who knows what the stronghold's condition would be now?

Chen Fan smiled as well.

Whether or not Uncle Liu and the others could become martial artists, even improving their constitution a bit would make hauling prey easier.

Of course, having a car would be even better.

He thought inwardly.

Far away, thousands of meters, Zhang Ren suddenly sneezed. For some reason, he had an ominous feeling that he couldn't pinpoint.

Perhaps, he was being overthought.

Everyone gathered the prey, using the long spears they had brought as rods, tying the prey with ropes. Then, they paired up to carry the prey back, making it much easier.

As for the extra one, Chen Fan stepped up; a two-hundred-pound prey was not hard for him to haul back.

Seeing this, everyone was even more determined to train.

All the way, they chatted and laughed, not feeling the journey back long or tedious.

But as they walked, ten figures appeared ahead. In that instant, even Chen Fan's heart skipped a beat.

Could it be, how could they be so unlucky, to encounter people from another stronghold at this moment?

At that moment, the distant figures seemed to notice them too, and their gazes met.

"Damn!"

The bald man shouted, "It looks like people from Li Family Stronghold!"