

## High Martial 60

Chapter 60: Level 8 Spear Skill

Looking into Chen Fan's sincere and confident eyes, Zhang Ren instantly sober up.

That's right!

For most people, mastering either spear or saber techniques would already be an immense achievement.

Just like himself, he considered his spear technique to be passable, but as for saber techniques, he could at best offer some guidance to beginners. Compared to real experts, he was far too lacking.

But this kid in front of him, is he just anybody?

In less than a day, he could master the beginner level of Tai Chi Form, something that would take others weeks to learn.

In under three days, he might grasp the basics of Tai Chi Fist.

With such aptitude, learning two completely different weapons simultaneously might really be feasible.

Thinking of this, he cleared his throat and said, "Chen Fan, are you really decided? I must tell you first, learning two different weapons at the same time is much harder than learning two fist techniques."

"Hmm, Uncle Zhang, let me give it a try. If it doesn't work out, I'll just give up one," Chen Fan replied with a smile.

"Alright then."

Zhang Ren frowned slightly.

He had a peculiar feeling of familiarity with Chen Fan's words, "Let me give it a try."

At this moment, Chen Fan was also feeling a bit excited.

Others might worry about confusion, but he had the Martial Arts panel, he wasn't afraid at all.

Moreover, different martial arts traits could be superimposed. Who would complain about having too many skills?

"Uncle Zhang, is it true that learning spear and saber techniques starts from the most basic level? After gaining some foundation, one can then learn more advanced martial arts?"

Chen Fan was reminded of the "Meteor Arrow Technique," and looked at Zhang Ren with some expectations.

Surely, Zhang Ren must possess advanced martial arts for basic spear techniques.

And possibly for saber techniques as well.

Zhang Ren glanced at him as if saying, "What nonsense are you spouting."

"Of course, you have to start from the basics," he resumed his usual seriousness when talking about martial arts, "The basic spear techniques include block, thrust, stab, chop, slam, and pierce. The basic saber techniques include chop, slash, thrust, lift, and wipe. You have to be well-versed in these before you can learn real spear and saber techniques."

"Understood, Uncle Zhang," Chen Fan responded, "I just wonder, after mastering these basic moves, what exactly are the true spear and saber techniques?"

"You mean their names?"

Zhang Ren was a bit taken aback.

Chen Fan nodded vigorously.

"..."

Zhang Ren took a deep look at him. If Wang Ping and others had asked this question, he would have scolded them, thinking they were trying to run before they could crawl.

But for Chen Fan...

"The saber technique is Tai Chi Saber Technique, and the spear technique is Level 8 Spear Skill."

He said icily.

"!!!"

Chen Fan's eyes widened.

The first one, Tai Chi Saber Technique, sounded rather standard, but the Level 8 Spear Skill had an imposing name!

Seeing the reluctance in Uncle Zhang's eyes, it seemed like these were his trump card techniques.

"Follow me."

Zhang Ren walked ahead, sighing inwardly.

If it were ten years ago, not to mention Level 8 Spear Skill, he wouldn't have shared even Tai Chi Fist.

But times have changed, and it no longer had any meaning to be stubborn about these things. Besides, Chen Guodong had saved his life and had been taking care of him all these years.

As long as Chen Fan could learn, he wouldn't regret revealing these things.

But for now, it wasn't the right time.

They returned to the warehouse where Chen Fan's eyes landed on the two-hundred-pound longbow.

Originally, he had planned to strengthen himself, increase his strength attribute, and use this bow to practice Basic Archery. Now, it seemed he had to wait.

"Try this."

Zhang Ren tossed over a wooden spear, about two meters long with a sharp spearhead, and a red tassel fluttering from the connection.

Chen Fan caught it, weighed it in his hand, and said, "Uncle Zhang, this feels too light."

"Light?"

Zhang Ren looked over, "This spear, though made of wood, still weighs ten pounds. Don't think just because you can draw a one-hundred-pound bow, that it's easy to wield such a long weapon. You'll see soon enough."

Chen Fan hesitated but insisted, "Uncle Zhang, after a day, I feel I've grown much stronger. This spear is too light; can we change it for a heavier one?"

He could follow Zhang Ren's instructions, but that would slow down his Basic Spear Technique upgrade.

"How heavy?"

Zhang Ren was a bit helpless.

Chen Fan thought for a moment, "Twenty pounds."

A normal person could manage a ten-pound spear. Over time, they would naturally become proficient.

But his strength attribute had reached 35 points, thrice that of an average person. Starting with a twenty-pound spear seemed appropriate.

Zhang Ren glanced at him, turned around, picked up a spear from the rack, and tossed it over.

Chen Fan caught it, feeling the weight pull his palm down—it was at least twenty pounds, double the previous spear.

The spear was nearly three meters long, its black body exuding a cold aura, with the spearhead gleaming intimidatingly.

"Let's start with spear techniques," Zhang Ren said, casting a look at the rack of swords and sabers not far away.

He doubted whether Chen Fan could manage to learn saber techniques after mastering the spear techniques tonight.

Outside, when Chen Guodong and Wang Ping saw the iron spear in Chen Fan's hand, they were astonished.

"Is Xiaofan learning spear techniques too?"

Gao Yang was flabbergasted.

"It seems so."

"But isn't Xiaofan already proficient in archery? His archery is so accurate, is there any need?" Gao Yang still couldn't understand.

If he were so good at archery, why bother with spear techniques?

"Old Gao, haven't you heard the saying, 'Skills never weigh one down'? Besides, what if he runs out of arrows one day? Picking up a spear would still keep him formidable."

"Exactly, don't you know? In ancient times, archers were also skilled in close combat. Ordinary people were no match for them."

"Indeed, Xiaofan is farsighted."

Everyone sighed in praise.

On Zhao Feng and Wang Ping's side, they felt immense pressure.

"Oh my God, Brother Fan is learning spear techniques now too? How can we survive?" Wang Ping wanted to cry. He had hoped to cover Brother Fan with his spear technique one day.

"Probably, he doesn't want any weaknesses," Zhao Feng said slowly.

"Yes, that's likely. If he only knew archery and was approached by an enemy, they wouldn't give him a chance to aim. Without spear techniques, he couldn't possibly fight bare-handed."

"Phew... Even though Brother Fan is so skilled in archery, he keeps learning new things. We need to work harder too."

"Indeed, the Gu Family Stronghold people are moving in tomorrow. That Gu Ze fellow is likely a formidable character. We can't slack off."

With that, everyone felt an invisible immense pressure.