

## High Martial 63

Chapter 63: You Are Worthy of My Action

[Basic Spear Technique: Level 2 (0%), Traits: Strengthening the Body Level 2, Powerful Level 2, Swift Level 2, Martial Preparation Level 2]

Chen Fan took a deep breath, gripping the long spear with both hands.

A sense of unprecedented familiarity surged in his heart, as if at this moment, he had practiced these basic moves a hundred thousand times.

"Swish!"

Suddenly, a thrust was executed, like a viper flicking its tongue, its speed three-tenths faster than before.

"What!"

Zhang Ren, who was daydreaming, showed a look of surprise on his face and quickly retracted his spear to block the aggressive thrust.

"Snap!"

A sharp collision sound echoed on the ground, significantly louder than before.

Chen Fan then advanced, swiftly thrusting a few more times.

This time, Zhang Ren was prepared, easily blocking all the attacks.

But the look of shock on his face grew even stronger.

No, something's not right!

This time, the thrusts were much faster than before.

The spear is known as the thief of a hundred weapons because it is fast.

Could it be that this kid has improved in just one hour?

[Basic Spear Technique: Level 2 (0.3%)]

Chen Fan naturally didn't know Zhang Ren's thoughts at this moment. Taking advantage of the moment he retracted his spear, he glanced at the skill bar.

The skill level's improvement had decreased once again.

But he was very satisfied with raising a level in an hour.

"Uncle Zhang."

Chen Fan put away his spear and looked at Zhang Ren gratefully, "It's getting late, how about we stop practicing for today?"

When he practiced archery, Zhang Ren had accompanied him as a sparring partner. Now, while practicing with the spear, he did the same. Chen Fan could see his own improvement, so he naturally enjoyed it.

But for Uncle Zhang, it was extremely boring and tedious.

Zhang Ren withdrew his spear and asked, "Are you tired?"

"A bit."

Chen Fan smiled, having practiced the spear for nearly three hours. Saying he wasn't tired would be a lie, and he was a bit hungry as well.

"A bit?"

Zhang Ren frowned slightly, "So you can still continue?"

"Huh?"

Chen Fan was taken aback, looking at him in surprise.

"Don't worry about me, this is nothing," Zhang Ren said casually, looking at the surrounding Chen Guodong and others, "We'll stop here for tonight. You all can go back."

Wang Ping and the others immediately showed a look of joy, even Liu Yong and Gao Yang sighed in relief.

Finally, it's over.

But when their eyes fell on Chen Fan, their smiles gradually faded.

"Xiaofan, I'm heading back first. Don't practice too late, okay?" Chen Guodong reminded.

"Don't worry, Dad, I know what I'm doing."

Chen Fan smiled at him.

Everyone dispersed in groups of three or two, and Zhang Ren waved at Chen Fan, "Your momentum just now was impressive. Keep it up."

"Got it."

Chen Fan's eyes burned with determination.

Since Uncle Zhang could continue, he naturally sought more of it.

But his body had indeed reached its limit. Even if he could force himself to continue, the lack of strength would reduce the skill level he could achieve.

In that case...

"Uncle Zhang, I need to use the restroom."

"... Go ahead."

Zhang Ren said speechlessly.

Chen Fan chuckled, actually needing to use the bathroom wasn't his true intention. He was worried that the strengthening of his body might attract unwanted attention.

To be safe, he looked for a secluded place.

After confirming no one was around, he concentrated his thoughts.

A powerful surge of heat flowed out of his heart, spreading through his limbs and bones.

In less than two seconds, his whole body was restored to its peak condition, even better than before.

Realm: Body Tempering Third Layer

Level: 8 (0/100)

Constitution: 58.67

Power: 41.11

Agility: 27.28

Spirit: 12.97

Potential Points: 38 (7 points/1 day)

Experience Points: 160

"Not bad. My strength attribute finally reached 40 points, I can wield a bow with a draw weight of 200 pounds now."

Chen Fan nodded in satisfaction.

The average of the three main attributes had reached 42 points, just 3 points away from the breakthrough threshold.

He glanced briefly at the rest before heading back.

"Done?"

Zhang Ren looked over, his eyes suddenly narrowing slightly.

His intuition told him that Chen Fan at this moment was different from before, he seemed more spirited.

"Yeah, Uncle Zhang, I'm ready to start."

Chen Fan rubbed his fists.

Since there was no hunting tomorrow, it didn't matter if he practiced until dawn.

"Let's see how long it takes before you can land a hit on me if I don't fight back," Zhang Ren smiled faintly.

"Uncle Zhang, if I land a hit on you, what's the reward?" Chen Fan asked curiously.

"You want a reward?"

"No, I was just asking, no other meaning," Chen Fan hurriedly explained.

He had a bad feeling about this.

Unfortunately, it was too late.

"Of course, there's a reward. If you land a hit, I'll make a move."

Zhang Ren said meaningfully.

Chen Fan was speechless. Just as he was about to ask what kind of reward that was, he swallowed the words back.

This was great! His skill level would definitely increase rapidly.

The only issue was that he wasn't capable enough yet; if Uncle Zhang made a move, he probably couldn't continue at all.

"Alright, Uncle Zhang, I will do my best to land a hit on you as soon as possible."

Chen Fan took a deep breath.

The clear sound of collisions resounded overhead once again.

This time, Chen Fan managed to thrust over ten times in a row, paused briefly, and continued his attack, his momentum like the surging river, incessant and unending.

Zhang Ren's eyes visibly brightened.

Although Chen Fan currently didn't have the ability to make him retaliate, this momentum was satisfying.

Indeed, a spearman should have such an unstoppable momentum.

He really looked forward to the day when he and Chen Fan could have a hearty spear battle.

Hopefully, that day wouldn't be too far off.

And Chen Fan, seeing his skill level rise rapidly, felt immensely satisfied.

When his [Basic Spear Technique] reached Level 2, he could thrust six times in a row, gaining only 0.3% proficiency.

Now, in his peak condition, he could thrust over ten times in one go, and proficiency surged nearly 1%!

Regulating his breath, he thrust over ten times again, and proficiency rose another 1%!

Under such immediate results, he was filled with energy.

Unconsciously, he entered a state of total absorption.

It wasn't until a warm current flowed through his body that he awoke.

[Basic Spear Technique: Level 3 (0%), Traits: Strengthening the Body Level 3, Powerful Level 3, Swift Level 3, Martial Preparation Level 3]

At this moment, he felt the spear in his hand wasn't just a weapon, but part of his body, moving as if it was an extension of his limb.

"Shua!"

The spearhead moved like lightning, leaving only a trace of an afterimage.

"Good lad!"

Zhang Ren couldn't help but marvel inwardly. Fortunately, he had eaten this loss previously, or else this time, he would have been hit.

However, this time, Chen Fan's attacks were like a violent storm, launching over twenty thrusts in an instant, each strike faster than the last.

The constant clash sounds resembled firecrackers, continuous and unending.



After thirty-three thrusts, Chen Fan was panting heavily, a look of helplessness in his eyes.

He had given it his all.

But even so, every thrust was blocked, and he had no doubt that even if he tried a hundred more times, the result would be the same.

"Kid."

Zhang Ren's gaze turned serious. "I admit that now you are qualified to make me draw my spear."