

High Martial 92

Chapter 92: Oh no, it's a Divine Shooter!

Gu Ze's face showed an expression of unwillingness. He knew there was quite a gap in strength between him and Chen Fan, but having him watch from afar, he just couldn't...

"Alright."

Chen Fan patted him on the shoulder, "Don't forget you have a task too. When the dust settles, I'll give you a signal. Then you can bring my dad and the others out."

After struggling for a while, Gu Ze finally said, "Okay, but you must come back safely, otherwise, I won't be able to explain myself."

"Don't worry, I've got it all figured out. Nothing will happen."

Hearing this, Chen Fan smiled, handed the gun to him, patted his shoulder again, and then walked towards the southwest.

Gu Ze's reaction was a bit unexpected for him. He was a tough guy.

Southwest.

The bandits had been waiting for Chen Guodong and the others for a long time and were getting impatient.

"What's the deal? When are these people finally coming out?"

"Yeah, we've been waiting here for almost two hours. How much longer?"

"Damn it, if they piss me off, I'll just charge in and chop them up!"

A hot-tempered man cursed angrily.

As soon as he spoke, everyone behind him laughed.

"Old Ma, look at you. With just that knife, you dare to go against firearms?"

"Exactly, one cannon shot can blast you and your horse to bits."

"Why waste a cannon on guarding them? Just a burst of bullets and they'd be riddled with holes."

"Hahaha."

Laughter rang out from the crowd again.

"Damn you guys, you're no help."

The man cursed again, "I'm clearly standing up for you, and here you are mocking me, cursing me to be riddled with holes."

"Just kidding, just kidding."

"Yeah, Old Ma, everyone's just joking. If anyone dares to riddle you with bullets, I'd kill their whole family!"

"Right!"

Just then, someone made a noise and pointed at a distant figure, puzzled, "Brothers, look over there, is that someone?"

Everyone else stood on tiptoe to look.

In the haze, there indeed seemed to be a figure, but it wasn't clear which way they were heading.

"Let me see."

The person holding a telescope looked in the direction his companion pointed, "It's a guy with a bow, his face covered, heading south."

"Just one person?"

The bald man asked while still watching Song Family Castle.

"Boss, just one."

"Then don't bother."

Wu Bin did not hesitate. Their presence wasn't exactly a secret, and many had seen them before.

"Boss," the hot-tempered man grinned, "The brothers are bored anyway. How about some hunting?"

"Yeah, brother, we've been waiting so long, we might as well hunt."

"Brother, we'll come back as soon as they come out. Promise it won't take long."

Hearing this, everyone else chimed in.

The "hunting" they referred to clearly wasn't actual hunting but seeing people as prey and enjoying the chase.

Wu Bin frowned, having to admit that the wait had been quite long.

Fine, let them have some fun to stop the constant noise.

"Make it quick."

"Got it!"

A few men quickly ran back, mounting their horses, giving a slap to the wildebeest, and quickly galloped towards the person six or seven hundred meters away.

"?"

Six hundred meters away, Chen Fan saw a few black dots galloping towards him and froze.

What's going on?

Are these bandits really so alert?

Could it be that the one thing he dreaded was about to happen?

He took a deep breath. There was no other way. Here they come. When adversaries meet, the brave win.

But after taking a few more steps forward, he realized something was off.

Because the ones charging at him were just four or five figures, while the main bandit force remained still in the distance.

An absurd but logical thought popped into his head: could they really think that sending just a few men could take him down?

"Interesting."

Chen Fan's lips curled into a smile.

He felt a sense of relief.

If he had known they would come at him one by one, he wouldn't have had to think of intricate strategies; he could just charge in.

Far in the distance, Gu Ze watched this scene and couldn't help but worry for Chen Fan.

There was no doubt those bandits were coming for Chen Fan. Had he already been discovered?

Chen Fan, how will you handle this?

In just a few seconds, the five bandits had reached top speed; covering a hundred meters took only three or four seconds.

The wind whistled in their ears as the hot-tempered man laughed wildly. The poor guy in the distance still hadn't realized the danger approaching.

By the time he reacted, no, even if he did, it would be too late. How could two human legs outrun four horse legs?

The faces of the four men behind him twisted into malevolent grins.

They loved nothing more than chasing prey on horseback. They found it boring only when the prey, exhausted, begged for mercy on their knees.

"Wait!"

Suddenly, one of them widened his eyes, speaking in disbelief, "He... he seems to be accelerating towards us!"

"What!"

The others were stunned by this.

"It's true! He saw us and is speeding up!"

Another voice joined in.

"How is that possible?"

The man in the lead widened his eyes. He couldn't understand why someone in such a situation would confront instead of retreating.

"Five hundred fifty meters."

Chen Fan estimated the distance to the main bandit force and saw the five men in front were already within three hundred fifty meters.

He decisively drew his bow, aimed at the lead man's chest, and half-drew the bowstring before releasing it.

"Snap!"

With a loud burst, the arrow shot out, piercing through the man's heart, leaving him stunned, falling off his charging wildebeest, and rolling several times on the ground.

"!"

The man behind him watched this scene unfold, his mouth agape, eyes filled with disbelief and extreme fear.

Then,

"Thud!"

Another arrow pierced through, cooling his heart.

Three hundred meters away, Chen Fan kept moving forward while drawing another arrow, aiming at the next target.

His high strength attribute of over 60 points made drawing the two-hundred-pound bow much easier, even when only drawing it halfway.

Almost every second, an arrow flew out, and a body fell from a horse.

"Retreat! Retreat immediately!"

The remaining two men, no longer dumbfounded, realized the person ahead wasn't simple at all!

Judging by his deliberate approach upon seeing them, this guy was likely coming for them!

This guy was a definite expert!

The two men pulled on their reins, trying to turn their horses around to report back to their leader.

Chen Fan shook his head slightly at this sight.

They were no different from targets now.

"Plop!"

One man was shot in the heart as soon as he turned, falling to the ground.

The other turned, but his steed couldn't accelerate before an arrow pierced his chest, shredding his heart.

From the first arrow Chen Fan shot to the last of the five men falling, only six or seven seconds had passed.

Gu Ze, watching through the telescope, showed no sign of joy on his face.

Because he saw the remaining bandits had noticed what happened. Some even mounted their horses, seemingly ready to attack!

Chen Fan, can you still handle it?

About five hundred meters from Chen Fan, the remaining twenty-plus bandits were furious. They had already cursed Chen Fan's ancestors nonstop.

When their companions left, they were all envious.

After all, the prey was just one, and there were too many hunters to make it fun.

But in their leisurely gaze, that prey shot down five men, one after another!

Right in front of their eyes!

"Damn it! We underestimated that guy! Old Duan and the others are all dead!"

"Kill him! Avenge our fallen brothers!"

"Not just kill! I'll cut him into pieces!"

Their eyes turned blood-red as they gnashed their teeth.

"Brother, let's go now!"

Someone, still on horseback, saw their leader still watching Song Family Castle and urged anxiously.

They had to avenge their brothers, killed right in front of them. Forget about the loot – what did one less heist matter?

Wu Bin's eyes were filled with unwillingness.

He thought the group might come out now, but Duan Changpeng and the others had to stir things up!

If they'd killed that man, fine, but they hit a steel plate, and five men were cleanly killed.

Now he had to clean up this mess, or else...

"Ah!"

Just then, a piercing scream came from the crowd, and a figure fell from horseback, clutching his chest with a look of extreme agony.

An arrow had pierced his chest, staining his hands and the sleeves with blood.

"Eighth Brother!"

"Eighth Brother!"

Several men beside him screamed hysterically, their eyes almost popping out.

Many bandits around were too shocked to speak, sitting on their horses like stone statues.

Where did this arrow come from?

Could it be from that guy?

Impossible!

The distance between them was nearly five hundred meters!!!

"Whoosh!"

Suddenly, the sound of the arrow cutting through the air reappeared, and death's scythe descended once more.

"Get down!"

Wu Bin shouted, frantically grabbing a long axe nearby.

But it was too late.

Another man was hit by an arrow and fell off his horse, eyes wide open in death.

"Mount up! Quickly mount up! That guy's a Divine Shooter!"

Wu Bin leaped onto his horse, sweat pouring from his forehead.

Five hundred meters away, hitting every shot – if this wasn't a Divine Shooter, what was?

If he didn't realize by now that the opponent was prepared, he might as well have lived his life in vain.

"Charge with me! Shield bearers in front, bowmen in the back!"

He led the charge.

Even if you're a Divine Shooter, so what?

Can you take on over thirty men alone?

If your appetite is so big, aren't you afraid of your teeth snapping?

"Charge!"

"Avenge our brothers!"

"Kill him!!!"

The remaining twenty-odd men followed on horseback, their battle cries shaking the earth.