

High Martial 81

Chapter 81: A Huge Sum of Money?

Two kilometers southwest of Song Family Castle, a few men were looking this way through telescopes.

Behind them, more than twenty people either standing or squatting, all holding longbows, quivers slung over their backs, with long knives hanging at their waists.

In the background, a large herd of wildebeests was quietly grazing.

"We've found a group of fat sheep. My goodness, they've actually bought so many things. God, what is that, a crate of wine?" The speaker couldn't help but lick his lips.

"Wine! It really is wine! My god!"

"Boss, how about we rob them, kill the lot, and take all the goods back?"

"Don't want to live anymore, do you!"

The bald man with a scarred face next to him snapped, "Look carefully, who exactly are they?"

"Third Brother Zhao? Wait, they're from Zhao Family Castle!"

"Zhao Family Castle!"

The men behind them swallowed their saliva.

Though they were bandits, they knew better than to mess with the strong. Zhao Da was a Muscle Refining Realm martial artist, capable of pulling a bow that required a force of 500 jin, and if they killed someone from his village, they wouldn't be able to survive in the area.

Move to another place? Their line of work had well-defined territories, and other bands of bandits wouldn't welcome their arrival.

"Better wait for that group to come out."

Someone nearby said, "Brothers, I saw it clearly. That group carried four prey inside, a total of fifteen people, and only two can use bows and arrows. With our numbers, we can easily take them down."

"Hmm."

The bald man nodded, "Then we'll wait for them to come out. Don't get impatient. At least wait until they've walked one or two miles."

"Understood, big brother."

"It's not the first time we're doing this job."

The others laughed.

Riding on wildebeests, they could come and go like the wind. But if they were too reckless, they could be wiped out in an instant.

"Four antelopes, worth three to four thousand yuan, right?"

"Yes, we can exchange them for a lot of good stuff."

"Tsk tsk tsk, going on a hunt is nerve-wracking, and one little slip could cost you your life to a fierce beast. Killing and looting is so much easier."

"And faster."

"Yes, faster."

The crowd burst into laughter once more.

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"Song Family Castle Arms Shop, selling all kinds of weapons. Great quality and cheap prices. Also purchasing various fierce beast materials. High prices for mid-level fierce beast materials, prices for high-level fierce beasts can be negotiated separately."

Chen Fan looked at the signboard in front of the shop and thought the shop name was straightforward and unpretentious.

Looking inside, he saw a space of nearly one hundred square meters, extremely spacious, with various cold weapons displayed. People were bustling inside, making it very lively.

What surprised him was that he didn't see any armed guards.

But upon thinking, he understood. Anyone causing trouble here must be out of their mind.

"Are you here to sell fierce beast materials?"

A well-dressed, pretty woman walked up and asked eagerly.

"Yes."

Chen Guodong nodded.

"Alright, please follow me."

The woman said, then started walking to the side.

The group followed. It wasn't their first time going through this process. After walking for a while, they turned into a spacious courtyard, filled with people and the buzz of bargaining.

A group of men walked over. The leader had a broad frame and spoke gruffly, "Are you selling all these antelopes?"

"Yes, sir. May I ask what the price is?"

Chen Guodong asked with a smile.

"The antelope, a low-level fierce beast. Its meat isn't particularly good, but not bad either. Three yuan per jin."

"What?"

Gao Yang opened his mouth wide and asked, "Wasn't it three and a half yuan per jin not long ago?"

The man glanced at him, "You said it, that was before. Prices are different now. Are you selling or not?"

The group exchanged glances, a bit helpless.

Such a big Song Family Castle, but this was the only place that bought fierce beast materials. If they didn't sell here, would they have to travel to other places? It's just not practical.

"Sell, sell, three yuan is three yuan." Chen Guodong said, smiling apologetically.

"If you said so earlier, we wouldn't have an issue. You guys, come with me."

The man pointed at the people carrying the prey.

"He's really tough."

Watching them leave, Gu Ze muttered.

"Yeah."

Chen Fan nodded helplessly.

At that moment, a commotion came from the entrance. A group of men was carrying in a wild boar the size of a small truck.

The wild boar was black all over, its hair needle-like, standing upright, with two adult-arm-length tusks gleaming.

Its forehead had two large holes, bone-deep, obviously fatal wounds. It looked like it had been shot, and the blood around the wounds had dried.

"Be careful not to break the tusks. You wouldn't afford them if you sold yourself!"

The speaker, holding a sniper rifle in one hand, was a man in his twenties with a buzz cut, a cigarette in his mouth, and bulging muscles, giving off a fierce vibe.

"Yo! Master Lu is here!"

"Master Lu is incredible, managing to hunt such a huge porcupine. Impressive!"

"This way, Master Lu. Don't worry, we'll give you the best price for this porcupine."

A few men enthusiastically welcomed him inside.

"Who is that?" Someone nearby asked curiously.

"You don't know him? Have you heard of the Gale Martial Arts Hall in the castle?"

"Of course, I've heard of it. I heard the hall master is an Entry Force martial artist who can kill a mid-level fierce beast with one punch!"

"That's right. This young man is the second disciple of the Gale Martial Arts Hall. He reached the Muscle Refining Realm in his twenties. While we avoid mid-level fierce beasts, he charges straight at them with a sniper rifle, fierce as hell!"

At that moment, there was a collective gasp from the surrounding crowd.

"Tch."

Gu Ze chuckled dismissively, a bit disdainful.

Shooting mid-level fierce beasts with a sniper rifle? Even he could do that. What was there to be proud of?

"Interesting."

Chen Fan showed a curious expression.

The speed of a martial artist coupled with the power of firearms was indeed a good combination.

But for them, this method was impractical. Firstly, firearms were expensive, and secondly, they were only sold within Song Family Castle. Outsiders had no right to buy them, only cold weapons.

This was one aspect that highlighted the competitiveness of Song Family Castle.

At this moment, Chen Guodong walked over with his men, and they could see that everyone's eyes were filled with glee.

"Xiaofan,"

Chen Guodong walked up to Chen Fan and whispered, "The four prey totaled 1,020 jin. At three yuan per jin, that's 3,060 yuan. Half of it, 1,530 yuan, is yours."

He then took a wad of cash from his pocket and handed it over.

The others surrounded them, shielding the transaction from onlookers.

The place was indeed crowded, but the outside was even more chaotic.

Chen Fan looked at the colorful cash, momentarily stunned.