

## High Martial 83

### Chapter 83: You Spend Money Quickly Too

Before long, Chen Fan saw the heavy arrows that the woman had mentioned.

These heavy arrows varied in size, but without exception, the arrowheads were huge and heavy. The most exaggerated one had an arrowhead as big as two or three adult fists put together.

"Are the arrowheads of these heavy arrows made from Tier One Original Alloy?" Chen Fan asked.

"Of course not," Zhu Yan replied with an awkward smile. "They are made from ordinary metal. The bow on your back, with a draw weight of around 200 pounds, can shoot these heavy arrows with great power and speed. They are very effective against mid-level fierce beasts, but the drawback is that they have a shorter range."

Chen Fan frowned slightly.

For those powerful mid-level fierce beasts, their defense is very high. Armor-Piercing Arrows would be the most appropriate weapon. While heavy arrows are powerful, their armor-piercing capability is weak.

Would they work well against humans?

The thought suddenly crossed his mind.

Right.

He instantly remembered the bald man Meng Yu mentioned. This guy had a strong defensive capability, able to block two of his arrows from three to four hundred meters away.

As the saying goes, "Even a strong crossbow can't pierce silk at its end." Arrows traveling from three to four hundred meters away would certainly slow down.

If the distance was within two hundred meters, he doubted whether the opponent could block one arrow, let alone the second and third ones.

But what if he used heavy arrows?

If the opponent couldn't block them, he would surely die. Even if he could block them, could he block them all?

"How much are these heavy arrows per piece?"

He asked.

Zhu Yan's face lit up with joy, and she pointed to one in the middle, "This one is entirely made of steel, weighing over 400 grams, and it matches the bow on your back perfectly. Fifty yuan each."

"Fifty!"

Gu Jianghai couldn't help but interject, "Isn't that a bit too expensive?"

On the side, Liu Yong and the others nodded vigorously. That's more than just a bit expensive, they thought.

"Big brother, these heavy arrows are not cheap to begin with. Only Anshan City sells them, and we bought them at a high price," Zhu Yan explained ruefully.

"I'll take three," Chen Fan responded, feeling a bit of a sting in his wallet.

In the blink of an eye, half of his 1,500 yuan was gone, leaving him with only seven or eight hundred yuan.

However, he knew he would soon need both types of arrows he had just purchased.

"Never mind, as long as I can hunt a mid-level fierce beast, I will make back the money spent," he consoled himself.

"Alright, sir," Zhu Yan replied, beaming with happiness. "Sir, I heard you were looking for a bow initially. What kind of bow are you looking for? Three hundred pounds? Four hundred pounds? We even have ones with higher draw weights."

"Oh?"

Chen Fan asked, "What's the highest draw weight of the bows you have here?"

"Currently, the highest we have in the store is five hundred pounds. But if you want one with a higher draw weight, you can place an order. However, we can't guarantee when it will be ready," Zhu Yan explained.

"?"

Chen Fan frowned slightly.

"Here's the situation," Zhu Yan hurriedly explained. "Bows with draw weights above three hundred pounds are much more expensive, as finding materials for the bowstring suitable for those draw weights is difficult. Most of these materials can only be obtained from mid to high-level fierce beasts.

Mid-level fierce beasts are manageable, but high-level fierce beasts are another story. Honestly, even though I live inside the castle, I get anxious and can't sleep for days just hearing about high-level fierce beasts in the vicinity. Therefore, bows with draw weights above five hundred pounds are even more costly."

"I see."

Chen Fan nodded. That meant bows with draw weights from three hundred to five hundred pounds required materials from mid-level fierce beasts, while bows exceeding five hundred pounds needed materials from high-level fierce beasts?

"What's the specific pricing?"

The two-hundred-pound bow on his back, or even a three-hundred-pound bow, would be obsolete for him sooner or later.

To contend with the Zhao Family Castle, he would need at least the strength to draw a five-hundred-pound bow.

"A one-hundred-pound bow costs one hundred yuan, a two-hundred-pound bow costs two hundred yuan, a three-hundred-pound bow costs three hundred yuan, a four-hundred-pound bow costs eight hundred yuan, and a five-hundred-pound bow costs two thousand yuan," Zhu Yan answered, glancing at Chen Fan. "As for bows above five hundred pounds, the starting price is at least five thousand yuan, and whether you can buy one also depends on luck."

Chen Fan was astonished.

These high-level fierce beasts are really valuable. Just using their sinew to make a bow can sell for thousands or even tens of thousands of yuan. A single fierce beast can be used to make many bows, right?

And that's not even counting other materials.

Bows with draw weights below three hundred pounds seemed quite expensive at first, but compared to others, they're as cheap as cabbages.

He couldn't help but recall the three-hundred-pound bow in the village. When Uncle Wei departed, selling that bow would be a last resort during desperate times, but it definitely wouldn't fetch much. Even selling it for a hundred yuan might be lucky if the buyers here were kind-hearted.

Zhu Yan looked at Chen Fan expectantly, "Sir, which draw weight bow would you like to buy?"

Chen Guodong and the others looked at Chen Fan. The village had a three-hundred-pound bow, so if Chen Fan wanted to buy one, it would have to be four hundred pounds or five hundred pounds.

However, Chen Fan might not have enough money left.

Thinking of this, Chen Guodong gritted his teeth and said, "Xiaofan, why not get the four-hundred-pound bow first?"

He could chip in some money to make up the difference. But buying the five-hundred-pound bow would leave no money for food or salt.

Chen Fan glanced at his father, coughed slightly, and said, "Let's wait for the next time."

Liu Yong and the others breathed a sigh of relief.

"Alright, sir."

Zhu Yan smiled understandingly, but then she thought of something, "Sir, I see you bought Armor-Piercing Arrows. Are you planning to hunt mid-level fierce beasts? How about getting a dagger as well?"

Our daggers are also made from Original Alloy, making it easier to cut through mid-level fierce beasts. Ordinary knives would dull and damage quickly."

Chen Fan found her reasoning sound, "How much?"

"The smallest one is three hundred yuan, but it's only about ten centimeters long. The blade is made from Tier One Original Alloy. A better one costs six hundred yuan, and it's about palm-sized, with one-third of it made from Tier One Original Alloy. Even better ones are over a thousand yuan, similar in size but almost entirely made of Original Alloy, making them very durable," Zhu Yan explained.

"I'll take the six-hundred-yuan one," Chen Fan sighed.

Her explanation made sense. Normal knives wouldn't be effective against mid-level fierce beasts, and the dagger could also be used for self-defense.

But this decision left him with less than two hundred yuan from his original fifteen hundred yuan.

"By the way, sir, I noticed you also use a gun. Would you consider replacing your gun head with an alloy one?"

"No? Alright. Actually, we also have a new batch of alloy battle sabers. Oh? You don't need one, okay, no problem."

"Sir, you're welcome to come again!"

Zhu Yan reluctantly watched Chen Fan and his group leave the store.

On the street, amid the bustling crowd, the group's atmosphere was quite solemn.

After a while, Liu Yong gritted his teeth and said, "This is ridiculously expensive."

"Yes, spending money feels faster than robbing," Gu Jianghai took a deep breath.

Gu Ze looked at Chen Fan, thinking that his spending speed was no less than his earning speed.

Chen Fan smiled and said, "Expensive, yes, but it's money well spent."

"That's true," the others nodded.

Suddenly, Liu Yong remembered something.

"Xiaofan, didn't you say last time that you wanted to go to the flea market to find the old man selling cultivation techniques?"

"The old man selling cultivation techniques?"

Gu Jianghai and his son looked at each other, feeling a bit familiar yet vague.

"Yes," Chen Fan laughed, "I was planning to go there."

"Let's go, I'll take you there," Liu Yong said as he strode forward.