

High Martial 88

Chapter 88: No Other Meaning

Compared to writing on paper, oral narration is much faster.

He could even sit down and listen to the old man talk from now until the afternoon.

Upon hearing this, the old man's eyes immediately showed a hint of hesitation, "Well, maybe next time? I'm old, my memory isn't good, I can't recall things immediately. Give me a few days, come back after a few days, I won't let you down."

"Alright."

Chen Fan showed a hint of disappointment on his face, "Take care of yourself, I'll hope to see you next time."

"Hmm, hmm?"

The old man stared at him, why did that sound like a curse?

"Don't be mad, I didn't mean anything by it, I just genuinely hope to see you next time,"

Chen Fan quickly explained.

"No worries."

The old man waved his hand, "Next time, right here, you can find me."

Watching Chen Fan leave, the old man sighed lightly.

What a rare fool.

Originally, I just wanted to trick you once, but you insist on getting tricked a second time, so there's nothing I can do.

I hope that one day, when you find out the truth, you won't get angry. After all, getting angry won't help.

Of course, if you get tricked a second time, and then a third and fourth time, then I'll give you something real.

But...

A glimmer of confusion appeared in the old man's eyes.

Can anyone really master this stuff?

"Chen Fan, are you sure there's something real in here?"

Gu Ze was skeptical.

Chen Guodong and the others said nothing, but all eyes were on Chen Fan.

"There definitely is something real in here."

Chen Fan's tone was calm.

Everyone was shocked.

Gu Ze also widened his eyes, but it seemed like he wanted to say something.

"Don't worry, I'll prove it to you later."

Chen Fan stated.

For now, the [Shadowless Swift Blade] looks the easiest to unlock, only requiring a few levels of Basic Saber Technique.

[Water Floating] might be harder, its requirement is Basic Body Technique, he had no clue and could only go back to ask Uncle Zhang.

[Vajra Indestructible Divine Skill], don't even think about it in the short term, the completion difficulty is immense, but once mastered, survival abilities will greatly improve!

Who is more terrifying than a Divine Shooter with both high flesh and damage?

"Since Xiaofan says so, it must be true," Liu Yong laughed heartily.

"Yes, Xiaofan is a Martial Artist, his vision is much better than ours."

"Exactly, exactly."

No one took it seriously.

After all, the game they brought back was all thanks to Chen Fan, he could spend his money however he wanted.

Gu Ze could only accept it reluctantly, thinking that if you say so, I'll wait for you to prove it.

Everyone walked towards the grain store along the road.

Suddenly, Chen Fan stopped his steps and paused before a small vendor selling masks.

"What's up?"

Chen Guodong looked over in confusion.

The man behind the stall, a thin man with long, slender fingers, looked at Chen Fan with enthusiasm, "Dear brother, would you like to buy a mask? All my masks are handmade and genuine."

Chen Fan looked at the few rows of masks in front of him.

Among them were cartoon characters and the twelve zodiac animals, all made extremely lifelike.

"Masks? They seem useless?" someone muttered.

"Yeah, except for kids, who likes these? They're not edible."

"The price seems pretty steep, one mask for two bucks?"

Everyone looked disdainful.

The man was instantly nervous, and quickly said, "If you buy in bulk, I can give you a discount."

As a craftsman, before the mutation, his life barely met ends meet, but after the mutation, these little things couldn't sell at all.

Chen Fan naturally understood.

He thought that those bandits outside were definitely watching the exit at all times. If he went out alone and got recognized, things might change.

Although the chances were slim, it's better to be safe than sorry.

He didn't mind spending a little money.

He skipped past the cartoon characters and animal masks; not because they were bad, it's just that imagining someone wearing a bunny mask killing people nonchalantly... it looked psychotic.

His eyes fell on the last row of masks.

These were three nightmarish Yaksha masks.

They were ghostly figures, with long horns on their heads, a bloody mouth with rows of sharp white teeth, especially the longer teeth on both sides that extended to the chin, reminiscent of a saber-toothed tiger, terrifying to behold.

One black, one red, one green, three colors.

"Boss, how much for these three masks?"

Chen Fan asked.

"These three?"

The stall owner was a bit anxious, "These Asura masks are much harder to make, so they are a bit more expensive, five bucks each."

"Five bucks!"

"Are you crazy?"

"Boss, these masks must have been made years ago and have been lying unsold, right?"

Everyone chattered.

The man turned red with embarrassment.

"Ten bucks for all three, if you agree, I'll take them."

Chen Fan said calmly.

The man hesitated for a moment and then quickly agreed.

Gu Ze watched silently from the side. Although he thought it was a waste of money, he had to admit, the masks were pretty cool.

Next, Chen Fan passed by a few more stalls and bought some small things like soap, toilet paper, two decks of cards, and a chess set.

Since he was here, he thought of bringing some gifts back for his mother and younger brother.

He also bought a telescope, which cost nearly a hundred bucks, using up almost all his money.

Chen Guodong seemed inspired too, and bought a bottle of moisturizer, putting it in his pocket.

Once everyone had finished shopping, they arrived at the grain store.

Unlike other places, there were several men with rifles standing outside, eyeing every entrant warily.

Inside the store, a bald middle-aged man stood behind the counter, his head down, seemingly reading a novel while occasionally chuckling.

"Boss, how much is the rice here? And the salt?"

Chen Guodong walked in and asked first.

"Rice? The most common rice is one yuan per pound. If you want better quality, there's three yuan per pound and ten yuan per pound, whichever you like."

The bald man behind the counter didn't even look up, "As for salt, five yuan per pound."

"What! Five yuan per pound!"

Someone exclaimed, "Wasn't it just four yuan per pound last time?"

"Yeah, boss, your prices have increased too quickly!"

The bald man looked up contemptuously, "Let me tell you, the prices of salt will only go up, when the sea freezes over, selling for tens of yuan per pound would be no problem. Besides, you know how many Fierce Beasts are near the sea now? It's much more dangerous than on land, buy or leave."

He dropped his head again, focusing on his book.

Chen Guodong and the others exchanged glances, what else could they do? They had to buy it.

But this meant they had to buy less rice.

"Boss,"

At this moment, Chen Fan asked doubtfully, "You said earlier that there's rice for three yuan per pound, and ten yuan per pound. What's so good about them compared to the one-yuan rice?"