

GOD OF FISHING

Chapter 9: Preposterous Bandit

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Han Fei sneered. Wang Jie offered a mid-quality pearl, and you're only giving me a few low-quality pearls. I'll be a fool if I sell them to you.

Han Fei looked at Song Fei. Song Fei sniffed and said, "Be quiet! Let's obey the rules. Yellow fish, sixteen sea coins per kilogram; white fish, eight sea coins per kilogram; green turtle, forty sea coins per kilogram. That blade is not for sale... If you want them, order them now; if you don't, leave!"

Song Fei sneered. You want my blade? Keep dreaming!

Everyone was surprised that Song Fei backed the boy. What was his background?

Soon, all the fish, except for a yellow fish Han Fei reserved for himself, were sold for 1,480 sea coins, which equaled 148 low-quality pearls or one and a half mid-quality pearls.

Most of the money came from the green turtles, which were expensive. It was not a lot, but many scoundrels in the port were already looking at him.

Han Fei had a headache after he received the money. He had to spend the money as soon as possible, or the money would be extorted from him the next day.

Song Fei knew it, too, so he brought Han Fei to Wang Jie's shop.

As a fishing master, Wang Jie was naturally qualified to open a shop. His shop was in the golden area of the district.

In the shop, Song Fei said, "Old Guan, I've brought business for you."

An old man, who looked plain but shrewd, came to welcome him.

Song Fei shared what happened with the old man. Immediately, the old man grinned. "Boy, it was not easy for you to survive a fish tide. Since my boss promised you a fishing pole, you can pick any of the poles in the shop as long as the price is lower than one mid-quality pearl."

Han Fei couldn't tell the quality of the poles, but after a quick glance, he noticed that most of them were pegged at 18, 28, 58, or 68 low-quality pearls. There were about ten poles that cost 88 low-quality pearls.

There were only three fishing poles with a price higher than 88 pearls. They were labeled with 128, 168, and 188 respectively.

Han Fei rolled his eyes and said, "Mr. Guan, can I have the one whose price is 128 low-quality pearls? Well, I can pay the extra money if it's too much."

Song Fei and Mr. Guan both understood. Everybody wanted a good fishing pole. They even thought that Han Fei would choose the 188-pearl one since he had the money!

Han Fei ran some calculations. He still had 120 low-quality pearls. There were too many.

Han Fei asked, "Mr. Guan, do you have any Fish Head Body Polishing Fluid?"

Mr. Guan was surprised. "Yes, but every bottle costs one mid-quality pearl. Are you sure you want one?"

Han Fei said, "Yes."

Old Guan carefully took a bottle of bright green fluid from a box and said, "This is a real treasure. Even our shop only has a limited number of bottles. Remember, train immediately after you take it. The effect of the drug can last six hours at most."

Han Fei put it into his pocket. "Thank you, Mr. Guan."

He left the shop with an iron fishing pole worth 128 low-quality pearls and a black dagger worth eight low-quality pearls.

Song Fei said, "All right, you've spent all of your money. Prepare some food for yourself. I'll go back now."

Song Fei left, and Han Fei went straight to Zhang Han's shop in the fish market through the main road.

Zhang Han was chatting with someone. He was surprised to see Han Fei. "Huh? You're still alive?"

Han Fei grinned. "I almost couldn't make it back. Here's the money that I owe you."

Zhang Han was stunned when Han Fei presented twelve low-quality pearls. How did the guy make so much money after a night on the ocean?

Huh! Wait, he's holding an iron fishing pole? That's good stuff!

Zhang Han gasped. "You were the boy who survived the fish tide?"

Han Fei smiled innocently. "It was pure luck."

Zhang Han was so jealous that he wanted to swindle Han Fei out of his money right there, but he couldn't because Han Fei did not have any low-quality pearls. It wouldn't end well if Han Fei reported him to the supervisors.

Zhang Han said, "All right, you have money now. Do you want some bait? One low-quality pearl for a box."

Han Fei sneered. Are you really taking me for a fool? It's only worth eighty sea coins in other places.

However, Han Fei merely smiled. "Manager Zhang, I have eight low-quality pearls left. I would like to buy some bait and clams. Do you have any?"

Zhang Han's eyes immediately glittered. "Of course! Brother Zhang will give you a special price!"

Therefore, when Han Fei left for home, he carried dozens of clams and two boxes of bait with him. He had apparently spent two more low-quality pearls on them.

When Han Fei was almost home, a few scoundrels showed up.

As Han Fei expected, someone had been following him since he left the port.

A ruthless fatty rubbed his fingers and approached him. "Boy, I'm told that you earned more than a hundred low-quality pearls today, didn't you? Do you think it's time you pay your protection fee?"

Han Fei grinned. "Brothers, I did make some money, but I spent all of it! I don't have any sea coins left now."

Enraged, the fatty shouted, "Liar! You spent 148 low-quality pearls in two hours? Who are you fooling? You have no respect for the Tigers?"

Han Fei was surprised. How did they know the specific amount he earned?

Han Fei raised his fishing pole and clams and said, "Brother, I did spend them! You know that I avoided the fish tide by sheer luck. I dedicated the Snakebelt that I encountered to Master Wang Jie, so he asked Brother Song Fei to shop in his store. All my money was spent there!"

The scoundrels were dazed. What? Master Wang Jie asked you to shop in his store?

They couldn't have looked more awful. Considering how lacking in intelligence they were, it was proof that scamming someone really did require skill.

Ignoring how Master Wang Jie had scammed a Snakebelt from him, he had even gotten this punk to spend at his store. No matter how the money flowed, it all entered his pockets. This was truly a great scam.

The fatty slapped Han Fei's shoulder furiously. "Boy, be smarter next time. Seven days from now, you will pay me ten low-quality pearls as your protection fee. If you can't... Hehe, you'll certainly regret it."

After the scoundrels left, Han Fei sneered.

Seven days? Hehe, in seven days, I'll make you regret proposing such a demand.