

## A Trash 171

### [Chapter 171 - 171 Brothers, I'm Afraid That I'll Have to Hand These Over? \(1\)](#)

171 Brothers, I'm Afraid That I'll Have to Hand These Over? (1)

“.....”

“Wow!”

For a few seconds, Luo Feng's chat fell silent. Then suddenly, a flurry of bullet comments filled the screen, each one more amazed and astonished than the last, blending into the stream like snowflakes in a blizzard.

“Damn, is this an actual armory?” Luo Feng exclaimed in surprise. But his shock quickly faded, as he realized that since he was in a fallout shelter, having weapons stockpiled was to be expected. A shelter is meant to provide safety, and having weapons for protection was essential. Luo Feng should have anticipated the presence of firearms, but he had not expected seeing this many of them.

Acquiring firearms abroad was not an issue as long as one had money and had gone through the proper documentation. However, here in China, it was a nigh impossible feat. “Guys, these weapons are modern firearms, which I legally am not allowed to handle. I will have to hand them over to the authorities!” Luo Feng said with a bitter smile. If the weapons were antiques, he might have been able to collect them legally, but modern weapons were off-limits.

“My goodness, I am speechless!”

“So many guns! Were they planning a rebellion?”

“Hahaha, this firepower isn't enough to stage a coup, unless we were transported to ancient times!”

“Host, fire a couple of shots in celebration! There's a box of AK47 bullets, 7.62mm, right there!”

“Haha, so even the host has to relent to the authorities, huh?”

“Is the live stream in panic?”

Seeing the vast array of weaponry, Luo Feng felt a tingling sensation on his scalp. He took out his phone and called up Captain Sun. “Little Luo, what's the matter this time?” asked Captain Sun.

“I found some firearms!” Luo Feng replied.

“Ah? Are they from World War II?” Captain Sun asked.

“No, they are from... I mean, these are modern weapons,” Luo Feng corrected himself, as he was about to say “World War III”.

“What? Modern weapons?”

“How many are there?”

Captain Sun was clearly astonished. Was there anything Luo Feng could not find?

“Well, to be specific, there’s a lot of them. I’ve found what’s essentially an armory, complete with ammunition—enough to arm an entire platoon of yours!” Luo Feng explained.

“.....”

Captain Sun was momentarily speechless before clarifying, “I am not part of the combat division... We don’t really need this much firepower.”

“Ah, I gotchu’. In any case, are you going to come over, and if so, when?” Luo Feng asked.

“Of course, I have to! If it’s really a modern armory you found, how could I not?” Captain Sun fell silent for a moment before asking, “What specific models are there? Is there anything with heavy firepower?”

In the case there were heavy weapons, the police might no longer be sufficient to handle the situation, and Captain Sun would have to request the assistance of military personnel.

“Why don’t you come and see for yourself?” Luo Feng suggested.

“Alright!” Captain Sun agreed.

Soon after, Luo Feng hung up the phone, and Captain Sun immediately informed the local police in Tongzhou as he prepared to set off with his own department.

Naturally, the Tongzhou officers would arrive first, since Officer Sun was situated in a district further away.

Meanwhile, Old Master Jiao, who had been watching the live stream, called up his assistant Little Li and told him, “Little Li, come back. There’s no longer a need for you to head there!”

“Ah? Alright, I understand,” Little Li replied, puzzled but he did not press his master for more answers. He had already arrived at the foot of the mountain but would have to turn back.

Luo Feng inspected the room once more, confirming that these were not mere models but genuine weapons. He pondered how useful it would be to possess one, especially when hunting for treasures. However, he knew that in their country, private individuals had no right to own such weapons. Nevertheless, his divine tools, the Swallowtail Hoe, and his Jungle Blade were likely worth even more than a fighter jet when it came to dispatching enemies.

He considered taking one of the cold weapons from the neighboring room but realized that he did not possess the martial skill to use them effectively. Items like the hornbow and the long spears would not be of much use to him as a result. Nevertheless, he decided to keep one of the daggers that had caught his eye for himself.

After retrieving the dagger from the cold weapons room, Luo Feng exited the shelter’s passage.

Zhang Shun Yong asked, “Old Luo, what do you plan to do with these weapons?”

“Well, that’s a tough question to answer,” Luo Feng replied helplessly. It was obvious, wasn’t it? He had already informed the police, who would handle it from there. They would likely pay Luo Feng for the weapons, whose market values were clearly defined.

While waiting for the officers to arrive, Luo Feng discussed on the items to be auctioned off with Qin Rubing. They planned to auction off the signed books, Eileen Chang's envelopes, stamps, commemorative coins, and other miscellaneous items. Qin Rubing would handle the packaging and the auctioning of these small items, as there were too many for Luo Feng to manage.

"Luo Feng, I can help you deal with the wine and other drinks too. What do you think?" Although the alcohol was not particularly valuable, Qin Rubing did not mind the extra work. More items would attract collectors from different fields to her antique shop. As long as her Rare Treasure Pavilion was well promoted, there would be no shortage of people attending the auction. Rather, her greatest concern was the lack of items to auction off, however, with the variety of items present, there was no such concern for Qin Rubing.

She had planned to auction the items in separate sessions, such as auctions specifically for stamps or alcohol.

"Hehe, you can pick some of the red wine for your auction. As for the Maotai and others, I'll ship them to my dad later. I'll make sure he's satisfied first!" Luo Feng replied.

"You are indeed a dutiful son!" Qin Rubing said expressionlessly, making a sarcastic remark.

"Little Qin, stop giggling! I'm a bit hungry. Let's go to the riverside, and I'll catch some fish for us to eat," Luo Feng said, shaking his head at Qin Rubing's teasing.