

High Martial 133

Chapter 133: Whatever You Fear Will Come

In the living room of the second-floor villa at Zhao Family Castle, several haggard and ragged men were gathered around a table, eating.

The food on the table was abundant, with both vegetables and meat, and it smelled delicious.

The men were gobbling down their food like they were starved to death.

"Whew, whew..."

Just then, one young man suddenly looked up, his face turning red from choking.

Seeing this, the others quickly put down their chopsticks, some patted his back, others handed him water.

"Phew..."

The young man finally swallowed the food, quickly thanking the others.

"Young people, rushing while eating like this, it's bound to make you choke," one man said, picking up his chopsticks again.

"Come on, you're no better. You were devouring your food just as fast as him. You just got lucky and didn't choke."

"If you ask me, no one was eating slowly just now."

"Hahaha."

Everyone laughed at that.

But as they laughed, someone started crying.

"I can't even remember what it feels like to choke on food."

"Yeah, I've almost forgotten too. When was the last time we had a full meal? A year ago? Three years ago? Ten years ago?"

"Sigh, ever since we came to Zhao Family Castle, I haven't had a single good day. Zhao Da and his people don't even treat us like humans, worse than beasts. Look at them living like gods in this villa, this living room, this kitchen."

"Right, I opened that double-door fridge just now and was stunned. It had everything, meat, fish, eggs, milk, you name it. And there were even popsicles! Damn it, after dinner, I'm going to eat ten or eight of those."

"Exactly."

Everyone started nodding in agreement.

At that moment, a man who had been quiet, sitting facing south, coughed lightly and said, "All that belongs to Brother Chen. We'd better not take too much."

The others were taken aback.

He continued, "Before Brother Chen left, he entrusted us with the food distribution and the task of guarding the basement. That's his trust in us.

Yes, Brother Chen said we could eat the food in the villa, but we have to show some restraint, right?"

They all exchanged glances and nodded.

"Brother Wu is right. The fact that we can sit here, chatting and eating, is all thanks to Brother Chen. If it weren't for him, we'd still be laboring outside."

"Exactly, he trusted us with the storage. We can't betray that trust."

"By the way, nothing should go wrong with the basement, right?" the young man He Fei who had choked earlier asked instinctively.

After all, Brother Chen is so powerful, Zhao Da wasn't even his match. Who would dare mess with the basement?

"Let's hope not."

Wu Guang said, silently eating his rice.

After Chen Fan left, he immediately went to the storage to get weapons.

When distributing food earlier, he had noticed quite a few eyes burning with desire towards the basement.

Seeing this, the others buried their heads in their bowls as well.

Just then, a series of rapid footsteps echoed from outside.

They looked up, glancing towards the door in unison.

What they saw almost scared them to death.

At the villa entrance, a crowd of over a hundred people had gathered, men and women, young and old. The dozen or so at the front were young and strong, some even wielding knives, spears, and bows.

"What, what's going on?"

He Fei's mouth gaped.

Wu Guang set down his chopsticks, his face serious.

The other three or four had varying degrees of paleness on their faces.

They had just been thinking, could there really be someone bold enough to take Brother Chen's things?

Turns out there really were, and quite a few of them, too.

"Pick up the weapons on the floor."

Wu Guang said in a low voice.

They snapped out of it, quickly picking up the knives and spears on the floor, and followed him to the door.

Facing this mass of people, their hands holding the weapons were trembling.

"What are you all doing here? We've already distributed all the food, haven't we?"

Wu Guang gripped his spear, his gaze sweeping over the crowd, his voice steady.

The elderly, women, and children in the crowd instinctively took a step back, not daring to meet his eyes.

But the dozen or so strong adults in front showed no fear.

A tall man with narrow eyes at the front, smiling, said, "Brother Wu, yes, the food has been distributed. But we still need some living supplies, like shampoo and body wash. I saw there's quite a lot in the basement. Why not distribute some to everyone? They're in urgent need."

The surrounding group immediately echoed his words.

In the distance, others were watching, clearly observing the situation.

"You want some living supplies?"

Wu Guang asked.

"Yes, exactly."

Sun Biao nodded repeatedly.

"Alright."

Wu Guang looked at He Fei, "Xiaofei, go in and fetch some living supplies."

This stance caused a stir among the crowd in front.

Especially among the dozen or so men in the lead.

To be honest, it took a lot of courage to do this. After all, the guy from Chen Family Stronghold was even more formidable than Zhao Da. Angering him could result in a fate worse than Zhao Da's.

But they had witnessed the people from Chen Family Stronghold constantly bringing out good stuff from the basement.

Reflecting on the Zhao Brothers' lifestyle, it was clear the basement had countless valuable items.

So they brought a group over, hoping to scavenge some benefits. They didn't expect the first step to go this smoothly.

"Huh?"

He Fei was stunned, then asked, "How much, how much should I take?"

Wu Guang frowned, "Take out a few dozen items first."

"A few dozen?"

Sun Biao's voice rang out, "Brother Wu, that's too little. Look, we have over a hundred people here. How can just a few dozen items be enough?"

"Exactly, Brother Wu, those things in the basement aren't yours. Why be so stingy?"

"Those are everyone's things, initially monopolized by Zhao Da. Now that Zhao Da's dead, instead of letting them gather dust in the basement, we should distribute them to everyone."

"Yeah, Brother Chen probably forgot due to the rush. If he were here, he'd surely agree."

Everyone chimed in, occasionally one of them noisily asking for agreement.

The over a hundred elderly, women, and children behind them grew bolder, joining in the clamor.

The few hundred onlookers were also envious.

Some were considering joining them, hoping to get some benefits.

Others pulled their companions, shaking their heads.

"Finished talking?"

When the noise subsided, Wu Guang asked.

"Since you're done, it's my turn to speak."

He stood on the steps, looking down, and said loudly, "You've got it wrong. These aren't everyone's things. They belong to Zhao Da. Brother Chen killed Zhao Da, so naturally, the basement's contents belong to Brother Chen..."

Before he could finish, someone scoffed, "What Zhao Da's things, they were everyone's hard-earned work, just monopolized by Zhao Da. Right, everyone?"

"Right!"

The crowd immediately agreed.

Wu Guang coldly glared at him, "If you think these are everyone's things, why didn't you say so when Zhao Da was around? Or when Brother Chen was here? Why wait until now?"

"I, I didn't have the chance," the man said, guilty.

"Hmph."

Wu Guang snorted, "You didn't dare, did you? You think Brother Chen is easier to talk to because he's distributing food, don't you? So you brought so many people to get more. Distribute everything, and Brother Chen can't punish everyone when he returns, is that it?"

"W-What are you talking about?"

The man looked panicked. "I'm only thinking of everyone. Look at them now, is asking for some living supplies too much?"

"Just asking for a bit isn't. But I heard you want to take everything from the basement."

Wu Guang sneered.

The commotion quieted down.

"You, you must have heard wrong."

The man looked to Sun Biao for help.

Daring to offend Chen Fan and gathering so many people, achieving just dozens of items would be too little.

"Brother Wu, Xiaowang has good intentions," Sun Biao squinted. "We have so many people, what you're giving is too little."

"Brother Sun is right, give us more."

"Brother Wu, out of compassion, let us take some. We promise not to take too much."

"Yes, we promise not to take too much."

Wu Guang sneered, "I won't let you go in. This is all I can give. Anything more is beyond me,

If you really want more, wait for Brother Chen to return and ask him."

The atmosphere fell silent.

All eyes were on Sun Biao.

Their intentions were clear.

"Brother Wu,"

Sun Biao smiled, "Why make things difficult? How much can he give you for guarding the basement when he returns? Don't forget, he's from Chen Family Stronghold, and they have many people there.

It's better to divide the things below, everyone benefits. Even if he finds out, he can't do anything against so many people. Right?

Listen to me, let us go down. You get the lion's share, we take some, and the others get some. Everyone's happy."