High Martial 135





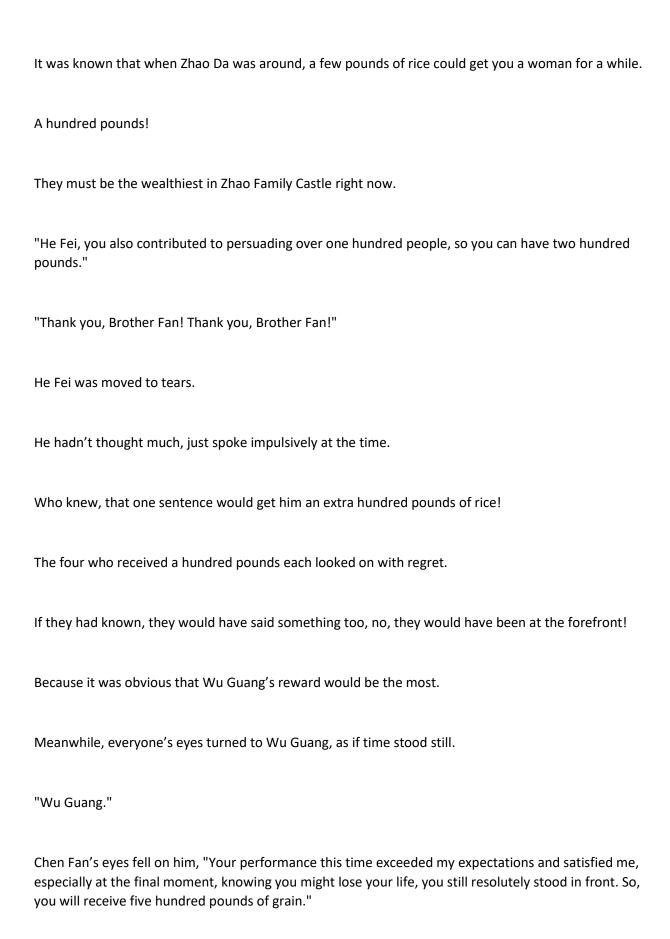
They had painstakingly obtained dozens of pounds of rice, which in an instant, was reduced to just ten pounds that no one would willingly part with. But compared to the dozen corpses on the ground, their ending was much better. At least their lives were spared. "Brother Chen," someone mustered up the courage to ask, "after we return the grain, will today's matter be over?" The rest held their breath, hearts in their throats. "Yes." Chen Fan nodded, "The punishment is not an end in itself, its purpose is to teach you a lesson, so you won't repeat this mistake. As long as you comply obediently, I promise to overlook today's matter. On the contrary, if you behave well in the future, this grain will be returned to you." Everyone was deeply moved, kneeling once again, hitting their heads in gratitude. The onlookers breathed a collective sigh of relief at the scene. They almost thought these people would also die here. "Alright, stand up. I hope you mean what you say and don't pull any tricks, otherwise, you know the consequences." Chen Fan reminded them.

"No, we won't, Brother Chen, we definitely won't hide anything."

"Yes, even if we had ten guts, we wouldn't dare do such a thing again."

"Brother Chen, thank you for your mercy. There won't be a next time."

More than a hundred people trembled as they got up, a deep respect in their eyes.
"Having said that about your punishment, it's time to talk about rewards."
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He Fei and a few others trembled with excitement at the words, eyes shimmering.
A few were even thankful they had resisted temptation and didn't join Sun Biao's faction.
If they had, they wouldn't be talking about rewards now; their heads would be gone.
Hundreds around looked enviously at Wu Guang and his few companions.
What kind of reward would they receive? It must be generous, right?
However, it's well-deserved; after all, if it had been them, they wouldn't have had the courage to stand in front of the enemy.
Comparatively, Wu Guang's expression was much calmer, though his slightly hurried breathing betrayed his inner state.
"You four, each will be rewarded one hundred pounds of rice."
Chen Fan looked at the few people besides Wu Guang and He Fei.
They instantly opened their mouths wide, then quickly bowed continuously in thanks, "Thank you, Brother Chen!"





Second, five hundred pounds of rice, who wouldn't be tempted?
The crowd was filled with envy.
"How long will five hundred pounds last for one person?"
"Even at a pound per day, it would last nearly two years!"
"You're right! They can trade it at Song Family Castle for five hundred dollars for anything they want."
"Exactly, if any of us had stepped up, we could have gotten a couple hundred pounds too." Someone lamented.
"Easier said than done; even now, you wouldn't dare stand out."
Chen Fan's voice broke out, "Not just Wu Guang and his companions, those of you who didn't follow suit will also be rewarded."
"!!?"
The entire place fell silent.
Everyone's eyes widened in disbelief.
They were also to be rewarded?
"There are many daily necessities in the basement; line up and each person can get one item."
Instantly, thunderous cheers erupted.



With that, they dispersed.
Shortly, they lugged the grain back.
He Fei and his men inspected each load, for everyone's allocation was about the same.
Fortunately, no tricks were played.
Each person thanked Chen Fan upon receiving their supplies.
"Brother Chen, you are truly our savior," an elderly man wept.
Chen Fan smiled and said, "From today, this place will not be called Zhao Family Castle but Chen Family Fortress."
Everyone was stunned before they excitedly echoed the sentiment.
Yes, the name Zhao Family Castle had become history with Zhao Da.
They now looked forward to a new life.