

High Martial 135

Chapter 135: From Now On, This Place Shall Be Called Chen Family Fortress

As the voice fell, more than a hundred people at the front knelt on the ground in unison.

"Brother Chen, spare our lives, we dare not do it again, we dare not do it again."

"Brother Chen, we were blinded by greed, please have mercy and forgive us this once."

They pleaded while kowtowing for mercy, some even hit their heads until they bled without realizing it, continuing mechanically.

The surrounding onlookers felt both pity and contempt.

One must consider, if not for their own greed, being swayed by Sun Biao's few words to become accomplices, it wouldn't have come to this.

The pleas continued, these people feared that the moment their voices ceased would be the moment of their death.

"Silence."

Chen Fan's voice rose.

More than a hundred people closed their mouths in fright, not daring to make a sound, looking at Chen Fan with pleading eyes.

"Although you are accomplices, it's fortunate you can come to your senses. Otherwise, I wouldn't have given you the chance to kneel here and beg for mercy."

Upon hearing this, more than a hundred people felt relieved as if a great burden had been lifted.

"However,"

In the next moment, their hearts leaped back to their throats.

"Death can be avoided, but living punishment cannot."

Chen Fan's gaze swept over their faces, "The rice allocated to you earlier, each of you keep ten pounds, and return the rest."

More than a hundred people's faces changed instantly.

"What, you're unwilling?"

Chen Fan's voice turned cold, "Do you think that simply admitting your mistakes exempts you from paying any price? If you don't want to return it, that's fine too. I don't want to be too harsh. You can take that grain and go elsewhere."

"I, I'm willing to return it!"

A thin man was the first to raise his hand, seeing Chen Fan's gaze fall on him, he lowered his head and said, "This matter was our fault. Accepting punishment is appropriate."

"I'm willing too."

"I'm also willing to return the grain."

Soon, everyone raised their hands.

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."

"!"

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! Thank you, Brother Chen!"

It was known that when Zhao Da was around, a few pounds of rice could get you a woman for a while.

A hundred pounds!

They must be the wealthiest in Zhao Family Castle right now.

"He Fei, you also contributed to persuading over one hundred people, so you can have two hundred pounds."

"Thank you, Brother Fan! Thank you, Brother Fan!"

He Fei was moved to tears.

He hadn't thought much, just spoke impulsively at the time.

Who knew, that one sentence would get him an extra hundred pounds of rice!

The four who received a hundred pounds each looked on with regret.

If they had known, they would have said something too, no, they would have been at the forefront!

Because it was obvious that Wu Guang's reward would be the most.

Meanwhile, everyone's eyes turned to Wu Guang, as if time stood still.

"Wu Guang."

Chen Fan's eyes fell on him, "Your performance this time exceeded my expectations and satisfied me, especially at the final moment, knowing you might lose your life, you still resolutely stood in front. So, you will receive five hundred pounds of grain."

"Five hundred pounds!"

"Five hundred pounds!"

Astonishing discussions erupted in the crowd.

The four with a hundred pounds each swallowed hard in unison.

He Fei looked at Wu Guang with admiration.

To be honest, he was trembling so much he could barely hold his weapon; had Sun Biao and the others advanced a few more steps, he would have dropped his weapon and fled.

But Wu Guang, like an iron tower, didn't retreat a step.

Five hundred pounds was well-deserved.

"Brother Chen."

Wu Guang, whether from excitement or fear, licked his lips, "It's my duty. You saved everyone from Zhao Da and shared food, guarding the basement for you is my honor. There's no need for extra grain, and five hundred pounds is too much."

Chen Fan shook his head, "What's done is done, this matter is settled."

Wu Guang opened his mouth but didn't insist.

First, he could tell that Chen Fan was decisive and wouldn't change his mind once a decision was made.

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.

Many wept with joy, relieved by their decision.

The over a hundred people's eyes revealed envy, embarrassment, and regret.

If they had been content, fought greed, or retreated in time, they wouldn't need to return most of their grain, and could get a daily necessity item too.

But the world has no place for ifs.

Hundreds lined up for supplies, smiling.

"Who would have thought we'd be rewarded too."

"Yes, it's like a pie falling from the sky."

"Not a pie, it's Brother Chen's generosity. If it were Zhao Da? We should be thankful he didn't rob us."

"Indeed, we must remember Brother Chen's kindness and not be ungrateful like those people."

"Absolutely."

The scornful gazes made the more than a hundred people feel deeply ashamed.

"Let's go back, keep ten pounds, and return the rest," someone said.

"Yes, Brother Chen made a public promise. With his character, he wouldn't deceive us."

"True, we were wrong. Being scorned is our due, no complaints."

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.