

UNFATHOMABLE SENIOR

Chapter 13

Matt looked down at the village that was bathed in the color red of the setting sun. The small town was covered with trees from one side, while from the other side you could see farmlands stretching out. It was built at the edge of the forest, probably for easier access to the beasts in there. There was a big wall around the settlement, it was at least 4 meters high and build from thick logs. It looked sturdy and hard to break down by old earth standards, but he wasn't sure about the standards of this world, he felt like it wouldn't last that well if he gave it a good punch or kick.

He was hovering quite a bit above the hunters that he was following at a slow pace, the others probably couldn't see him that well from the ground while he himself could use his heightened senses too zoom in and focus on the desired area and he could hear and see everything like he was there, all thanks to the previous data dump directly into his brain, it sure hurt a lot but was quite handy.

Matt saw as the people shouted someone to the people inside the village that was fenced of with the tree wall. They were standing in front of a large gate now and after they made their presence known people on the other side reacted. They opened the gate and while the hunters looked back behind them, then looked upwards while scratching their heads a bit probably looking for Matt who was hovering above them and hiding within the clouds and just stalking them instead. They went inside and were greeted by some other people, one person moved over to the party of five and started shouting at them while a group that was behind him just looked on.

"Why are you coming back so late? Did you bring anything back with you? Even the other teams managed to nab some small critters."

What was surprising that the one that was shouting was a boy not much older-looking then the one that was in the hunting party, but all the burly men were hanging their heads down as if the youth-owned the place. He started berating the men, while they sweated bullets and sometimes look behind themselves and up into the air, the youth noticed this of course and a big vein could be seen bulging on his forehead.

"What are you idiots doing, you dare look away when I Yang Rong am speaking to you, you seem to have forgotten that I am the tribe leaders son and the next in line!"

The men were probably searching for Matt, not being sure where he was now, did he just get bored with them and leave? He was the one that was carrying all the animal meat, the hunters didn't know how to explain this. The youngest from the bunch decided to speak up though, showing a bit more guts than the elders or maybe it was a bit of bravado that young warriors tended to have.

“W-we were attacked by a big pack of crimson wolves, there were 14 of them as we were trying to hunt a serpent tailed deer, one of them even bit me in the leg”

Cheng Yun said quickly while Yang Rong showed some disdain towards him, mostly at the fact that he was interrupted in his speech. He pointed to his bloody pants that were ripped, though the lack of a wound and how he was walking just fine was suspicious.

“What nonsense are you spewing, if you meet so many wolves you would be in more sorry states, you all look fine, you think those torn pants are fooling anyone, you probably did that yourself, did you smear some squirrels blood on there”

“Well... we were suddenly rescued by a powerful cultivator, he went by the distinguished name Zhang Dong, he took care of the beasts in a flash, they were dead before we could even blink! He also gave me a pill that healed my leg in a flash!”

The brow of the village chief's son rose up high as he was listening to the younger male babble on, this sounded like total hogwash. Why would some powerful elder come in and save some insignificant cultivators, what would he gain from that? Also, why would he give precious pills and resources to a useless bum like Cheng Yun, he was having none of this, he would have to show what happens to people that can't pull their own weight and that lie so blatantly. He started it off by walking over to the younger male that was talking nonsense and gave him a rough slap to the face, his cultivation base was higher so Cheng Yun fell down to his knees while spitting out blood from the full force smack to the face.

While this was going on, Matt was hovering above the group not really sure what to do, having a bit of a stage fright of his own while meeting new people. He just looked on as everything was happening and the youth he previously saved was giving them the rundown. He also was interested in the walking talking trope that was Yang Rong, he was playing the stereotypical silky pants, son of the leader type of character quite well, he even had his own entourage behind him, they all had mocking expressions on their face as he was berating the hunters. His cultivation wasn't all that high, just on the Qi condensation 3rd level, so not much more from the kid he saved and he was even 1 year older.

“Man, didn't think I would find a silky-pants character right off the bat... I bet he gets all the best resources that this poor tribe has and comes running to his daddy whenever something wrong happens, well... guess I did help those people out so they are kind of my responsibility now... plus it looks like it's going to get violent.”

As he presumed the slap to the face came soon afterward, the cronies of the tribal silky-pants closed in, they outnumbered the hunting party two to one, but they probably wouldn't really fight back worried that if the village chief found out he would punish them even more.

“Uhh... going to have a migraine...”

Matt moved his hands behind his back and stood up straight, he put on a poker face as he slowly descended down into the village after sighting a bit. He learned how to hide his aura and how to use it so that other people would feel its weight on them. His eyes began to gleam in blue color and lightning crackled from his body as he slowly flew down to where the fight was about to start. He made sure to give off a frightening aura that could be felt all around the settlement as people began looking in his direction with fear in their eyes.

Guess it's time to face slap some little shits.

Yang Rong and his group were feeling good about themselves, they all knew that they could do anything they wanted around here if they threw the Chief's name around, all the tribe members cowered in fear and all the girls came running. It was a nice life that most of the tribe people envied. This was just an everyday occurrence to them, just another time to take care of some trash. But then something strange happened, their body hair began standing up for some reason and they suddenly felt an oppressive force slamming into their bodies which made them go down to their knees. They all looked up, their eyes went wide and their jaws dropped as they saw an otherworldly looking cultivator descending from the heavens. His eyes were glowing and his body was covered in lightning that gave off thundering sounds. He was descending on a huge sword made from some strange crystals, they just realized that the hunting party was telling the truth and that they made a blunder, they might have offended this cultivator as he was looking quite stern. A unanimous gulping sound was heard as their bodies tensed up and they began sweating profusely.