

## **Unfathomable 101**

### **Chapter 101: [ Volume 1 Epilogue. ]**

Somewhere in the void of space, you could hear clicking and clacking sounds of fingers hitting a mechanical keyboard. You could see a man with a bad posture sitting at a desk with multiple widescreen monitors on it. The screen was reflecting on his glasses as he was doing something. Suddenly the thin man heard a beep on one of the monitors, he turned his head to it yawning as if he was quite tired from the work he was doing.

"Hmm... subject number 80082 deceased... couldn't gather origin energy? Strange..."

He clicked the prompt and looked at the information that was displayed.

"Sector 42069... he fits the criteria... over thirty... he went with that option, interesting...signal was lost here...oh well..."

He grabbed something that looked like a soft drink from the side and started rapidly clicking on his keyboard.

"I'll just let the bot find a suiting replacement... maybe someone like this..."

The man started filling out some kind of form, clicking checkmarks while leaving others blank he then clicked okay on the prompt as he let the program work on its own. He soon forgot about the whole thing as he went back to his work, it was quite boring but he would be punished if he slacked off.

Somewhere in a different place, a somewhat obese gentleman was peeing into a bottle while sitting in a dimly lit room. He was looking at a computer screen, grinning while enjoying some naked lady pictures. After one glance you could tell what kind of person this was, the room looked like a trash heap, the man living there not really looking any better than that.

He got interrupted by a prompt on his screen, a strange e-mail appearing in his mailbox.

'Congratulations on getting chosen as an alpha tester for our new Xianxia themed game, become the main character, build up your strength and conquer everyone under the heavens!

"The fuck is this..."

He shouted out while burping, soon his chubby fingers started moving fast on his keyboard.

### **Chapter 102: [ Start of Volume 2 ]**

A young girl was looking around her surroundings, she could see sunlight coming from a small window, the metallic rods placed in it casting a shadow on the ground. She wasn't the only person in this room, there were several other girls of various ages leaning up against the walls. Some were hugging their own knees, some of them were crying, some just spacing out wondering how it came to this.

The young girl stood up, she was in a closed room that she was brought here by some scary uncles. She was dragged here while kicking and screaming, being sold off by her own family members that weren't able to meet ends meet. This wasn't something rare, human trafficking and slavery was quite common

in these parts. If you didn't have a strong family backing, you could very well be snatched up in the night and sold at some shady auction house.

This was one of such places, the girls were brought here in the night and spent the rest of it locked up, worrying and not knowing what would happen to them. The most you could hope for was being sold to some rich clan member as a servant, but some families would beat you to death for any small mistake you made. There were no rules set up for the weak, the only way for them to subsist was to not stick out or beg.

The girls in here were mostly people from the surrounding villages, the clans would tax the farmers exorbitantly, taking well over half their earnings. They would leave them with only enough food and resources so that they wouldn't die of starvation. But they were quite inflexible, if the crops turned out to be bad, the farmers still had to give the same amount which in return made them starve. If you resisted, you would be lashed and strung up in front of the village as a reminder of who was in charge.

Ling Ling here was one of those cases, there was a drought this year so most of their rice fields dried up. The tax collectors weren't having any of it, if the farmers couldn't deliver the required amount of rice they would have to pay out of pocket to cover the losses. She was one of the daughters from the village that got sold off, the people in it rather doing that to girls than boys that were better at working out in the fields. Everyone knew that it was unreasonable and tyrannical, but no one cared about a couple of dead farmers.

The girls in the room ranged from ten to sixteen, they were all young. Some of the lucky ones would be picked up by merchants or some rich families that needed some workers, their life wouldn't be that bad. But the unlucky ones would be sold to brothels as toys for the rich young and old masters.

"I want to go home... what will happen to us?"

Sobbed one girl on the side her hands hugging her torso as she was cold, the only thing on her was old robes that weren't keeping out the cold dungeon air. Ling Ling, on the other hand, tried pushing the large door, it had a tiny opening at the top with more metal bars in them, but she wasn't tall enough to reach. The door was wooden and reinforced with some metal here and there, much too sturdy for any of the girls that had no cultivation to break open.

The girl could hear some people coming closer, this making her and the other people in the room move back. Soon they heard sounds of heavy footsteps, two large men were going through the corridor grinning and thumping on some doors that had other potential slaves in them.

"Hey brother Bo, the new 'goods' arrived today, right?"

"Right right, brother Weng they should all be in the last cell."

The two men walked slowly while talking with each other.

"Have you heard, some trouble with the ruling clan, something happened last night."

"Ahh, you know those clans they always like to fight with each other, we'll just have to bribe them as we always do."

The two men grinned at each other as they strode towards the room that the young girls were in. Soon the girls inside trembled as they saw two old uncles staring at them through the small gap in the door, their eyes shining with lust.

"Ahh, it's such a tragedy that old fatty never lets us play with the merchandise."

"Haha, better not let him hear that you called him like that, you'll be lashed to death brother."

The two men laughed out, their voices echoing through the hallways, they were ordered to check the new girls and bring them over to a separate room for inspection. The person that owned this slave-trading establishment was known as Old Fatty Mu. He was quite the ugly looking fellow and had a really short fuse, he was well aware of this nickname and would lash out at anyone that mentioned it around him.

"Yeah, he even beat one of the working girls to death when she mentioned something about a diet."

"Hah, yeah such a shame."

The two slammed the door open, the girls scattering to the walls as they looked at the two scary uncles. The old master had a peculiar taste, he would inspect the girls one by one himself. Most of the time they came out unscathed, but sometimes he would beat or force himself on some that he was keen on.

"Don't be scared of this brother little ladies, I'm not going to bite."

One of the men said while licking his lips, his face making him look like a hungry wolf. The unlucky one came out to be Ling Ling, one of the men grabbed her arm and pulled her outside the cell door. They shut the door behind them and headed out, the girl squirming but unable to resist.

While passing some other cells she could see old, young, and malnourished people with the light in their eyes long gone. She tried resisting, but the more she did the more the strange uncles yanked on her arms.

She was tossed into a new room, this one looking cozier than the rest. It had a large bed in the corner, a desk with a large chair behind it. It looked like an office where you would do business. On that chair there was a person sitting, well the girl had to do a double-take as the number of chins that this person had was astonishing.

"Mister Mu, we have brought you the goods, have fun with her."

The girl tried to turn around to run once more, but one of the men held her hands while the other grabbed a metallic collar from the side. They put the item around her neck before pushing the girl down to the ground. They left soon after, the girl looking back to the large man in the chair.

"No use running girly, it would be better if you realized in what situation you are in."

He moved out his fat hand, his sausage-like fingers having many golden rings on it. One of these rings began glowing in a chilling light. The moment it did some strange patterns started appearing on the girl's collar, soon enough she felt pain running through her body. She screamed out while grasping the slave collar that she was now wearing, the pain subsides after a moment as the man moved his hand away.

"I bet you are smart and understand what that is, if you're good no harm will come to you, but if you're naughty... then... Bwe he he..."

He licked his lips while moving of his chair, his belly jiggled around in an obscene fashion as he slowly walked towards the girl. The shock collar worked like expected, the poor girl had tears in her eyes and her legs were shaking. She was terrified and unable to move, just looking at the ugly man moving towards her.

"That's a good girl, let uncle Mu take a good look at you."

He moved closer, the girl frozen allowing the man to grasp her hair. He walked around her, leaning his fat round head closer as he examined the scared farm girl.

"Not the prettiest thing, but I bet the other ladies can fix you up later. Guess I can pawn you off to a wealthy man as a plaything, or we can send you to the pleasure district you are old enough now."

The girl finally mustered up some strength to smack the man's large hand away, scooting back as she shouted out.

"D-don't t-touch me...y-you... fat pig!"

She moved backward, straight into the wall while the man's eyes started going red, but not just that his whole face was in the color of a tomato.

"W-what did you call me, you damn wench!"

If there was one thing that this man didn't like, it was being called fat. His forehead was showing a large pulsating vein that looked like it would burst at any moment. The man had a whip strapped to his side which he promptly pulled out, in his mind, this girl needed some discipline.

"Ten...no... twenty lashes! I can't damage your face, but the rest is fine, get over here!"

He used the ring to shock the poor girl that tried to flee, making her spasm on the ground. He was ready to give her a good throughout lashing.

'THUD...THOOOMMM..."

The room was sealed and soundproof from both sides, so the man didn't hear that noise which was the main shop's door being slammed open. Soon strange cultivators in blue robes burst in, the bodyguards and slave merchants looked frightened as fighting broke out. The slave shop wasn't a big one, so the quality of the guards was quite low, even old fatty Mu was just in the foundation establishment early stage.

The azure cultivators made short work of the weaker group, sending them flying against the walls. They put strange-looking bindings onto their arms while forcing their wrists behind their backs. Some of them remained behind while another group ran further in, two peculiar looking people in the front were wearing even more distinct robes and stuck out like a sore thumb from the others.

Back in the lower soundproof room, fatty Mu was preparing to punish poor Ling Ling but before he could do that the door burst open. One of his guards flew in and crashed into the desk, splinters flying everywhere.

“What is this! How dare you! Do you know who I am!? I’ll have you all killed!”

The mad fatty looked at the intruders, a person in a strange robe walked in. It was dark blue and he was wearing some kind of weird mask that was covering his face. The second person was clearly a woman due to the curvature of her body that was showing thanks to the robe being more form-fitting than a regular one.

“Shut up you damn fatty! Take this!”

An aura in foundation establishment early-stage burst out and the woman of the group charged at the bewildered fatty. The man snorted and used his whip to attack the charging woman, but she skillfully evaded his attack sending a palm strike towards his chest. The man screamed out in shock, this was clearly a seasoned fighter, not someone like him that mostly gained his cultivation thanks to expensive pills and elixirs.

The woman’s attack coiled towards the fatty like a snake, smacking him good and sending him flying like a sack of potatoes. The man crashed into that already damaged desk and buried the passed out bodyguard under a mountain of his flesh. The woman cultivator looked at the trembling girl on the side, then looked back at the man that was coughing up blood.

“Pigs like you deserve death!”

She picked up the whip from the ground and started whipping the fatty with it. The man that was standing to the side moved his hands to his helmet to remove it. His facial features making him look like a snake, his eyes quivering as he looked at his clan sister delivering divine punishment to the slave trader.

“Sister Ai, we are supposed to take them alive, don’t kill him, this was ordered by the Patriarch.”

The woman quickly stopped as she heard the Patriarch being mentioned, the man was beaten and bruised the whip leaving a lot of bloody marks all over his rotund body. This was Zhang Teng and Zhang Ai, the members of Platoon 9. They were fulfilling a new mission that was given to them by the clan elders. They were wearing their old battle robes, but there was one thing that was different.

Both of them had a shield-like emblem stuck to the left side of their chest, there was a craving of a city on it with some words under it that read ‘Police Department’ and ‘Moonlight City’ under it.

## **Chapter 103**

The old fatty groaned and squirmed on the ground, unable to move his bloated body hurting all over after being trashed by the Zhang Clan sister. Zhang Ai removed her helmet, her hair was in a bun to make it fit in. This was one thing that she didn’t like about these battle helmets that the clan produced.

“I remember... still he needed a good thrashing!”

The woman gave the already beaten and bruised man a kick with her foot and only then moved back. While Ai was still by the old guy, Zhang Teng tried to help the girl up, but his snake-like features and his long tongue were giving the poor frightened girl a scare.

“It’s okay, don’t worry this older brother will protect you!”

He smiled brightly, or so he thought his smile looking like a pervy grin that sent shivers down Ling Ling's spine. Zhang Ai shoved her clan brother to the side, quickly moving between him and the frightened girl.

"Brother Teng please stop, you are scaring the little thing."

"Scaring? How could anyone be scared of my valiant appearance!"

He stuck out his chest proudly, standing tall as if he was trying to show off his good features.

"Listen here little girl, this older brother here is quite famous, I am one of the heroes from the Zhang Clan, I even helped our glorious Patriarch fight it out with a ferocious demon cultivator. It was a tough battle, but thanks to my quick wits our Patriarch managed to land the killing blow on the nascent soul cultivator!"

Zhang Ai looked at her clan brother, squinting her eyes and sighing inwardly. This wasn't the first time that the man told this to others, the story was more exaggerated the more he talked about it. At first, he only mentioned taking part in the expedition and making it out alive, but soon he was turning to the hero of the story, he even had the gall to mention the Patriarch in this blatant lie.

"Hero? Helping the Patriarch?"

"Don't believe his lies little one, this brother here passed out under some rubble when the demon cultivator appeared. Only after our Patriarch slew the monster of a cultivator we found this useless brother under it. He even soiled his brand new robe that our clan painstakingly fashioned for us, the stench was horrendous!"

The woman still remembered the appearance of her clan brother, he was in quite the silly position slumping forward with his posterior in the air. You could clearly see stains through the partially broken up robe, it had suffered some damage in the fighting his posterior positioned in such a fashion that you could see it all.

The man blushed instantly, throwing hands above his head as he tried defending himself.

"Sister Ai... you jest, nothing like that happened... you have no proof... don't listen to this older sister little one, her intellect diminished due to her chest being so big."

The two started arguing with each other, the girl looking shocked. She started relaxing though, the two looked to be close comrades and the comedic way they were talking with each other diffused the tense atmosphere around here, the young girl even started laughing.

"Pfff..."

She soon moved her hands to her head, not wanting to sound rude to the powerful cultivators that saved her. The Zhang Clan duo looked at the young girl, then to each other and simultaneously turned their heads to the side while blushing.

"A-anyway, let us take this collar off you first."

They removed the ring that was controlling the slave collar from the sausage-like fingers of the man, which wasn't an easy endeavor. The little magical treasure was kind of a master key, it could deliver shocks to the slaves but it also could unlock the collars without having to pry it off their necks.

While the two were doing that, another clan member moved in. He was a Qi condensation practitioner and was wearing a more regular looking robe. The thing that stuck out was the peculiar-looking hat that he was wearing, yes it was a regular looking police cap that you saw on earth. It even had a police shield emblem in the middle, signaling this man's rank.

"Reporting to Sergeant Ai and Teng, we have found captive people in the levels below, we have taken care of all the bodyguards and they are being held on the upper floor."

This was something that their Patriarch came up with, the group was called 'Police' the name sounded quite strange to these cultivator nuts but what their Patriarch said was considered sacred. Their belief in Zhang Dong was borderline cult-like after he managed to save them, the people that were at the secret ground had a firm image of their glorious Leader etched into their mind now.

There were four ranks in this institution, the regular members were police officers. After them came the police sergeants that started up from the foundation early stage all up to the late stage. When you reached great circle of foundation establishment you were promoted to a police Lieutenant, there was also a Captain that was the leader of the whole group. He was the strongest cultivator at the police station and would mostly be someone of core formation.

It had been two years since the expedition, the two were in Moonlight City and they were the first batch of the cultivators here. Yesterday they arrived with some core formation elders to take over the city that their clan once owned. The clan that ruled it was still the Cheng Clan, the Patriarch from that clan had even managed to reach the early stage of core formation.

They weren't afraid though, the Zhang Clan wasn't the Zhang Clan of old. In these two years, they had recovered all of their strength and even went beyond what they were capable of. They had more core formation elders now all thanks to their glorious leader that provided them with miraculous pills and improved their cultivation techniques even more. Breaking through for those people that were stuck at the great circle of foundation establishment was just a matter of time now.

"Begin the rescue operation, prepare the blankets and the recovery pills for the feeble ones and gather everyone in front of this slave-trading shop, we need to do a headcount. Examine everyone, ask if they have families they want to be returned too if not, follow the previously established procedures."

The Zhang Clan had many new rules now, the Patriarch founded many new institutions the Police was just one of them, he even set many new clinics and even schools were being built for the regular people. The cultivators were a bit apprehensive about some things, why should their Zhang Clan spend valuable resources on the lowly masses.

Their Patriarch's words were final though, something about bringing the happiness of the populace up being quite lucrative for the well being of the entire clan. They couldn't really go against the leader though, so everything was being set up and the all-around atmosphere around the Zhang Clan owned cities was skyrocketing.

"It's a shame that that old Cheng clan fox and his brats got away."

"Yes, they must have realized that we took care of all of their spies in Spirit Spring City. But I'm not sure if they can flee far, our Captain should be on their trail."

“Ah yes! Captain should be able to chase them down!”

Zhang Ai clapped her hands, being reassured if it was that man he should be able to catch those fleeing Cheng Clan members and bring them in for questioning. Since the expedition, it was that man that improved the most just a shame that he was already taken.

The said Cheng Clan Patriarch and his no-good young master of a son Cheng Tong, were on a flying ship. It looked similar to the one the Zhang Clan used when they were going to the secret ground but it was smaller and instead of a dragon it had a crane on its beak.

“Haha, you’re great Father you knew that those bastards from Zhang Clan were coming for us, we managed to flee with most of our treasures too!”

The chubby man was sitting on a big chair a bit away from the ship’s helm, looking at the passing scenery. He knew well that this day was coming and it was coming soon, he prepared a flying ship and brought all the core members of the clan on it before the bastards from the Zhang Clan attacked.

“Leave it to your old man Tong’er, those idiots can have that blasted city we’ll just keep our heads low for now, but don’t worry your old man is already an expert, taking over another city won’t be a problem!”

The man was sipping on some spirit wine, a busty lady attendant was pouring it into a tall glass while sighing inwardly. She would rather stay back in that city that was liberated by the Zhang Clan, she heard the rumors that slaves like her were treated a lot better in Spirit Spring City. But she could only dream, the slave choker visible on her neck and the Patriarch having the control ring on his finger.

“Yes father, our clan will flourish and then when we can have our revenge against those bastards, that Zhang Xue is quite the beauty too...”

One of the other young masters said while sitting next to his father, Cheng Tong was only the third son so he was sitting a bit to the side of his two elder brothers that were enjoying the view with their father.

The Clan Patriarch moved his hand upwards and yelled for them to stop the flying barge, he noticed that there was a cultivator on a flying sword directly ahead of them.

They slowed down, soon enough they could see the man’s appearance clearly. He was standing on a black flying sword and holding a large black blade over his shoulder, it was similar in length to the man himself. His hair was styled into a ponytail and it was wrapped up with some bandages. He had some stubble and a blade of grass was sticking out of his mouth.

“Halt, In the name of the Zhang Clan!”

The people’s eyes bulged, this cultivator had chased them down here and was from the blasted Zhang Clan. The Patriarch gritted his teeth but then took a closer look at the younger-looking man, he was only in the early stage of core formation and he clearly only achieved it recently.

“What, is it only you? You gave me a scare there... move if you don’t want to die!”

He moved from his seat, his core formation aura filling the area. The man wasn’t a core formation expert for long, but he had reached this point a year ago so he was confident in defeating this inexperienced cultivator.



“Oh, are you resisting? The Patriarch ordered your capture, you will not escape! Take my blade!”

He moved his blade over his head, water energy gathering all around him as the blade pulsed with might. He was going right into it, no more questions would be asked. The Cheng Clan Patriarch looked behind him, he was still standing on the ship, this would be bad.

“Wait, you idiot! All the treasures are on this ship...Nooo!”

He couldn't explain much more as he saw a water blade moving towards him, the attack transforming into what looked to be a water dragon and roaring out as it charged at the cultivator and all of the people that were still on that flying ship. This ship wasn't made with the intention of battle and the steering was limited, there was no way to evade the fast incoming attack.

The Patriarch quickly mustered up his own attack to block it, he still believed that the man shouldn't be that strong the treasures had to be protected. But as soon as his palm strike went against the raging dragon he felt his hand breaking, like a tennis ball hit by a racket he bounced to the side and was embedded in the ground below. The flying ship, on the other hand, was sliced in two, the people standing on the lower level could even see the cultivators on the other part looking at them as the ship slowly slid apart.

This man was, of course, Zhang Zhi. He flew towards the core formation cultivator, leaving the flying ship's remains up to his juniors that were flying in a smaller ship behind him.

“Stop resisting!”

He punched the man over and over again, thumping sounds filling the area while the creatures that lived there escaped in various directions. The Cheng Clan Patriarch was treated like a rag doll not even able to mutter a word.

‘Brother I'm not even resisting, why are you whacking me so hard, do we have some kind of old grudge?’

While this was happening a familiar-looking man with white hair was standing in the now taken over Cheng Clan building. He was looking at his system window, the points were going up as the ownership of the city went over to his clan. He looked out into the city, remembering his adventures here and about what happened in that secret ground two years ago.

“Hah, it's already been two years...”

## **Chapter 104**

Matt looked at his system screen, it had changed slightly after the fiasco that was that secret ground. He walked slowly through the large compound, there was far too much space here. He didn't know why people liked to live in such grand luxury, he still preferred smaller apartment-like spaces.

‘They sure like to live it large... well not like my own clan is any different. Maybe I should make some budget cuts...’

He laughed to himself as he was now part of the dreaded ruling class, he was still new to this but the system was coming handy. The system showed him the all-around happiness of the people living in the

city he was considered the lord of. He could see the crime rates, the death toll even how clean the area the people lived in was.

‘But, this place is just terrible...’

There was color shading to signal the places in question, red indicated that it was dangerously low and not somewhere people should be living in. Then it went to orange after that was yellow and finally green. The colors also varied by how bright or dark they were.

‘Spirit Spring City wasn’t as bad as this...’

He gave out a sigh while walking, there were many people shuffling around this place searching for resources and hidden areas that the Cheng Clan was hiding. Matt didn’t really bother with things like that, he left it to the juniors. He also sent Zhang Zhi in hot pursuit of the fleeing Cheng clansmen, he was still somewhat amused that he got them to wear those police uniforms. He hoped that his plan to change the way the people operated in those cities would go through.

He was still someone that grew up in the twenty-first century, he was used to things like plumbing and not having to see horse shit all over the road while walking. The sanitary situation in this world wasn’t all that great, no one really minded doing their business in the bushes. People also did their deed in a bucket and then threw it outside the window or even on the street.

‘Operation plumbing will have high priority in this city.’

He flew upwards on his sword, it looked a bit different than before as he reforged it himself. He was still thinking back how much of a drag it was to learn all those techniques again. He wasn’t sure why the system changed but it looked like it removed the training wheels from itself after he was trashed by that demon dude. He started recalling what happened back then, he still felt that he should have died after that final battle.

He woke up back in Spirit Spring City, naked and submerged in some kind of water tank with healing liquid. This was some kind of special healing chamber used in times of need. He didn’t look as malnourished as he was after the fight, having recovered most of his muscle thanks to the nourishing liquids in that healing tank. After his discharge from the watery healing facility, he received a report about what happened back then after he passed out.

The robotic voice congratulated them for passing the trials, the elders could even keep one secret book from the library when they left. This happened after he had that punching duel with the pride demon. All of them were awarded one book of their choosing, they could take it with them. This wasn’t much of a prize for Zhang Dong, as he already had everything written down in his system library.

He decided to just offer the other cultivators his manual instead as he didn’t need it. He even taught them rock-paper-scissors so they could decide who received the bonus manuscript. In the end, the old granny from the Feng clan beat all of them and took another wind cultivation technique for her and Feng Liena’s clan. He still chuckled as he remembered how much Huo Qiang was pouting after his loss.

There was no reward for the junior members, soon after the stage ended the whole place started shaking and everyone began teleporting outside. Everyone expected to receive a good patdown by the

Dark Palm sect when they got out, the heaven graded manuals that the elders received were in danger of being discovered and snatched.

They were teleported onto the same platforms that they used to get inside the training ground, but something was off. It looked deserted, they couldn't see any Dark Palm sect cultivators around at all. Everyone was startled, wondering if some powerful beast whacked those powerful cultivators, worrying if they were in danger or not.

Everyone gathered up together and headed out of the teleportation chamber, backtracking as they still remembered the way that they used to walk here. They arrived at the place that the large door was and finally found some people in that room. Those people were wearing the Dark Palm sect robes, but their cultivation was rather low. When they saw the Clans returning their eyes almost popped out of their sockets, or at least that was what the Zhang Clan members recalled.

Apparently the door started to suddenly open itself, probably because the trial was finished. The Dark Palm cultivators quickly reacted as they brought everyone above the foundation establishment early stage into this main room. Then something strange happened, the door slammed open and a giant suction force was directed towards the cultivators in that chamber. No one could resist it, not even the nascent soul elder that was with them.

Every sect member was sucked inside of it, the door quickly closing itself afterward and only the weaker members of the sect were left to guard it. The clans still had six core formation experts with them besides the injured Zhang Dong and even many foundation establishment members in the great circle.

The remaining sect members knew that they had the sect backing them, but it would be unwise to threaten these cultivators that could easily slaughter them while telling some lie about what really happened. The clans decided to leave the sect members alone, it would be better if they didn't have some kind of nascent soul uncle coming to their clan demanding to know what happened, the sect members could explain it themselves later, without bringing unnecessary risks.

But with this, they were able to keep all of their rewards and return safely. The weakened sect expedition party couldn't force them to stay there at most they could report it to their higherups and have the clans searched later, but they knew that they wouldn't find anything afterward. The important thing now was, to monitor the sacred ground and wait for their elder to return with good news. They would send some words to the main sect, but it would take a while to produce another large team like the one that was sucked inside the strange door.

Zhang Dong was the most injured of the group, the other clans could have used this opportunity to rob the Zhang Clan of their riches but they decided to aid them instead. They guarded the injured man, that was carried by his own clansmen Feng Liena and Huo Qiang sticking to him closely as they considered him a fellow comrade by now.

Afterward, everyone pulled out their transmission treasures and contacted their clans so they would escort them back. The friendly clans even helped the Zhang Clan to bring their Patriarch back to the city, afraid that some core formation cultivator might try their luck on the weakened Zhang Clan.

He ended up in his clan's version of the intense care unit, which was the strange tank filled with green liquid. He was in it for about three months before he woke up, even then he was feeling drained and it

took him another month to make a full recovery. He had trouble walking and eating, but at least he had lots of time to check out his new system setting.

He didn't find it out till later, but he couldn't earn any more spirit points for slaying people or monsters. For some reason, this main feature was removed, but he could still absorb spirit stones and convert it to points, though the gains were worse than before. The cash shop was gone too, the icon vanished from the main window screen and was nowhere to be found.

He wondered why this happened, was it because he suffered a near-death experience or did his level up to a peak core formation expert had something to do with it. How would he even craft more weapons or items if he couldn't buy any more schematics he thought, this prompted him to check things out in his crafting abode.

His eyes went wide as the once small crafting space was several times bigger and looked more like a blacksmiths lair now. There were large cauldrons, various hammers and tongs lying about. Also, he spotted things that shouldn't be there, like a classical looking pill furnace. But this place was supposed to be for crafting weapons and armor, not pill making or so he thought.

The place had many more things, but also others were missing. The window to the crafting abode changed, the familiar graphical interface was gone replaced by something else. There was no way to bring up the previously implemented shop to buy resources or crafting schematics. But there was a research window on the side, when he brought it up he could see all the things that he made and all the crafting schematics that he previously bought.

There was also some kind of separate number there, it was at zero for now and had the letters 'CP' next to it. Soon he found out what that meant. The dancing game that he 'loved' so much was gone, this meant that he was supposed to craft the items the old fashioned way. Using the items that were scattered in this room along with the crafting techniques that were infused into his brain.

He still was the holder of the Dao of Smithing and Crafting, it turned out that it wasn't just for show. He tested things out, making the simplest of daggers. His hands just moved on their own as if he knew what he was doing, still, his movements were awkward and unpracticed so he ended up with a middle graded common weapon. He thought that the Dao's were only good for lowering prices, but they actually made him very proficient in anything related to them.

Thanks to this test, he noticed his 'CP' increasing. He later decided to call them crafting points, he would earn them each time he created something, was it a weapon, an armor piece or a magical treasure. He even received them for creating pills and elixirs, but he wasn't so good at that, the Dao of pill concocting was something separate to the crafting and forging one. But this was something that he could learn later, he had all the required manuals stashed away.

The crafting points could be spent on many things, like regular upgrades to the new crafting abode. Better hammers or better smelters, but the most useful things he could spend it on were upgrades for the schematics and for any crafting related skills that he possessed. For instance, if he had basic metallurgic skills, he could craft the required amount of daggers and then use the points to make that skill better, the knowledge would flow into his mind just like when he bought it through the store.

Previously he could have just bought himself the skills and techniques he required in that cash shop, but now he had to put in the work. He realized that there was a big difference in learning skills in this new way. He had to work his way through, learn the lesser skills before he could receive the better one at the end. This made him a lot more proficient in them, having built up a good foundation through the process.

Also, he received bonus points if he created something without requiring the system's schematics. He also could spend the points so that he would receive a bonus to the crafted item, it could be random or something precise depending on the number of points he spent. He also had the whole library of high-quality manuals in his system, it was still there and he could absorb the knowledge whenever he required. He held back on it though as he thought too much knowledge might fry his brain if he just tried absorbing everything at once.

Besides that, he could still upgrade his cultivation level like he could before the skill tree was showing him that golden nascent soul option that was next in line for taking. Though that would take a while as he had a whole hundred points and couldn't get easy ones by slaying monsters. There were a couple of ways that he could do it though.

First was just plain old capitalism, snatch as many spirit stones as he could get his hands on. He could craft items, sell them or even obtain a lot of cash for the more harmless techniques that he could write down from his library.

The second one was playing with his clan window, he could earn passive points through improving the living conditions of his people. He would also win bonuses for things like their all-around strength, loyalty, happiness. This looked like a lucrative endeavor as gaining points without having to do nothing was always appreciated. The hundred points he had now were all gained through this method as he was out and recovering.

The third was his disciples, but he wasn't betting much on that one. It looked more like a side gig, the points that he received from them breaking through levels were rather low.

The fourth one was kind of similar to the first one, he could still absorb beast cores for points or any other spiritual artifacts of that sort. So he could still hunt, or go on treasure hunts.

Due to this, improving the living environment of his people started. He started creating things like schools, clinics, police stations to keep the order going. He was already at the hundred percent mark with this cultivation and he just needed to gather points for the next jump. For now, he could spend his time improving his skills, while the points slowly ticked up. If he managed to build up a good base of operations he should be able to rake in those points in the future.

## **Chapter 105**

Matt had spent the bulk of those two years relearning his crafting techniques. He had to actually do it manually but the gained knowledge opened up new ways and opportunities. There was one particular nifty perk of the new system, he could reverse engineer weapons and treasures that other people made. He had a chance of receiving crafting points through that but also the schematics for that item. It mostly depended on the ranking of the items and how the system rated his current skills.

For instance, while being a Novice Blacksmith, he couldn't really earn anything from items that were above the common grade. He gained those schematics by depositing the item in question into a special smelter, it would burn the item up and then signal him if he received something back. He could also use it to gain a percentage of resources that the item was made from in return, so it wasn't a total waste even if he failed.

So came the grudging task to work himself to a semi-reliable craftsman. There was a difference between having the knowledge in your brain and actually doing things with your hands. He fumbled around constantly, hammered items into unrecognizable lumps and atrocities pulling his hair out at night as he burned through the resources.

The system ranking was self-explanatory it started from the Novice rank, then went Apprentice, Adept, Expert, Master, and Grandmaster at the end. He thought that the ranking names would be more eastern styled but they were exactly like ones from a certain RPG game he used to spend countless hours on back in the day.

There were also separate occupations for each crafting classes like Blacksmith, Apothecary, Alchemist, Armorer. For instance, Alchemist was more geared towards making liquid elixirs while Apothecary was your usual pill maker, the former was more popular around this world than the later both had their good and bad parts.

The Alchemist's elixirs were harder to brew, even small deviations and mistakes would turn your elixir into black sludge but when you made it right you received something special. In response, pill making was more lenient you just ended up with a pill of a lower grading that had a certain level of toxicity to it. If you took too many of those toxic pills your cultivation would suffer later on and without some special cleansing pills, you might even remain stuck at a realm with no way of progressing in the future.

But time is what Matt had plenty, he couldn't reach the Nascent Soul level without gathering ten million points and regular cultivation would just take far too long. He also feared that he could blunder while breaking through such an important realm and suffer some consequences if he did it. The system only updated his cultivation method after he upgraded it, so he didn't have the nascent soul version of his method in his brain just yet.

He spent those two years on crafting, due to having many manuals geared towards healing and forging he was able to increase his knowledge in certain Daos. He couldn't tell if there was a bonus in the system to having multiple Daos anymore, he could see his progress in his status screen. It was always nice to have a tangible number attached, it showed him if he progressed or if he was stuck in a rut. After the two years, his Status window looked something like this.

<b>Name :</b>	<b>Zhang Dong</b>
<b>Affiliation :</b>	<b>Zhang Clan</b>
<b>Spirit Points :</b>	<b>8973267</b>
<b>Cultivation Base Qi :</b>	<b>Core Formation [Great Circle 100%] (Divine Golden Lightning Core)</b>

<b>Cultivation Base Body :</b>	<b>Core Formation [Great Circle 100 %] (Golden Body)</b>
<b>Techniques :</b>	<b>Divine Lightning Path Cultivation Art, Golden Body Arts, Thunderlight Sword, Thunder Movement Art...</b>
<b>Dao :</b>	<b>Dao of Heavenly Lightning, Dao of Smithing and Crafting...</b>
<b>Other :</b>	<b>Senior Aura, Impartation of Knowledge, Mentor's Eyes, Appraisal...</b>

When he went into his Dao section you would see :

<b>Name</b>	<b>Proficiency</b>
<b>Heavenly Lightning (Greater)</b>	<b>100%</b>
<b>Smithing and Crafting (Greater)</b>	<b>100%</b>
<b>Pill Making (Greater)</b>	20%
<b>Alchemy (Greater)</b>	16%
<b>Holy (Greater)</b>	50%
<b>Water (Greater)</b>	25%

The interesting thing about the status screen was, that it only showed him the greater Daos, so, for instance, he could click the Water Dao section and it would show him all the lesser Daos that he learned. He was part of the Zhang Clan so in his free time he decided to learn some of their techniques. So you would see the Dao of Rainwater in that section, ice-related Daos would also be featured in there.

He earned the Holy element Dao knowledge thanks to his upgrade of the cultivation technique. His elemental affinities were also going upwards the more he immersed himself into the Daos, the only thing holding him back was the lack of time. Thanks to the various manuals of the heaven grade he could progress at a fast rate, but even then it wasn't that easy. He couldn't just absorb the knowledge from the manual and be a Grandmaster at it from the start.

Just like with his crafting skills, he had to make his body and soul experience the various spiritual energies from the Daos. Take his time to digest and contemplate before reaching an epiphany. But after grasping that essence of the Dao he was able to process and learn the skills from it at a rapid rate.

After immersing himself in the techniques he also noticed that there was a difference in rankings to them. The system gave him the bare-bones knowledge letting him move into the novice level without problems. There were various ways that people in this world rated the level of their proficiency in skills like minor success stage and greater success stage. Matt preferred the grading of the system gave him, the RPG like mechanics were much easier to digest.

It went the same as with the crafting ranks, starting from Novice all up to Grandmaster. Six stages of proficiency, if you got it all the way up to Grandmaster a lower graded technique could start competing with a higher graded one, even jumping one larger stage in power.

He could instantly bring his skills up into the Novice stage, it took some training to move it into the apprentice stage but it was still fairly easy. Adept was the staple stage you wanted to be in, it wasn't so hard to earn it but it let the practitioner wield his techniques with moderate competence. He set out to obtain all of his skills to this level at least, he even earned some system points for training and getting his proficiencies up.

For instance, the Supreme Thunder God's Penetrative Nirvana Finger attack. When he used it against the demonic being it was at most at the apprentice level, if he managed to push it up to the expert level he probably wouldn't have had to burn through his life force to win that battle.

Thanks to his Lightning Dao Mastery all lightning-based techniques came quite easy, still, he would have to train for quite a bit to take them all the way up to Grandmaster. For now, He aimed to bring his most used skills up to expert status. He was also a bit worried that he was spreading himself too thin. It always came down to time, at least the system was helping him upgrade the skills if he needed too which made them more powerful and easier to absorb.

Back in the present Matt nodded at some of his clan members that passed by him and gave him the usual 'Oh god it's the glorious Patriarch' Bow. He wondered if he could do something about this mindset, maybe in a hundred years the people could stop bowing to everyone they met, operation handshake would take a while.

He had some things to do as he went into a secluded room and jumped into his crafting abode.

'I'm glad that I have this thing with me now, otherwise, I would have to spend all of my free time in here slaving away.'

He patted a furnace looking contraption that was standing in one of the rooms of his new crafting castle. The area was a lot bigger than before and it had separate rooms for crafting and forging of other items. He was standing next to a very important item, it was something like a 3D printer.

This was quite the nifty little thing that he discovered while examining his new crafting base. After he manufactured an item it would be graded, there was the main grading and the advanced one. This here 3D printer was a time-saver, he could insert the created item into one part of it and the 3D printer would copy it down. It required resources to copy things, you could just put them into another slot. There was also a size limit, but he could upgrade it further to counteract that.

The product that came up would be of lower quality than the original though, but he could spend crafting points to upgrade this contraption. So by now it only dropped a couple of those advanced grades, in the beginning, it would even drop from a high grade all the way down to a low grade.

'Took quite a bit of crafting points to get this going, but now I don't have to produce all those police and military uniforms myself.'

The thought back to all those sleepless nights that he spent creating the police caps, the etching of the emblems was quite time-consuming as well.

'Xue finally reached the early stage of foundation establishment, I promised to gift her something if she managed to do it within the year. Damn kids progressing faster than their own master!'



Zhang Liu was close to reaching the middle stage now, he was slightly ahead of his younger sister but she was quickly catching up. The girly being the youngest foundation establishment cultivator that the clan had brought up. Their progress was slowing down though, it would probably take some time till they are ready to burst through to core formation.

Things were hectic at the start, so he couldn't really focus on his two cute disciples that much, he was more concerned about points at that time. Only later was he able to actually reevaluate his approach, he couldn't just give them random skills and techniques that he used. They both had different proficiencies and talents.

Xue was proficient in the Spear, while Liu was good with the Saber. He had already produced a perfect graded Saber for the youth not long ago, he remembered that he was really worried back then as he didn't fully grasp his crafting skill yet at that point. It was a bit of a drag that none of them were proficient in swords, he would have to train in those himself if he wanted to pass down any input that he had.

Luckily he wasn't required to do that, the kids were fine with receiving some manuals and the crafted weapons. Everyone in this world understood that people were different and your master wasn't required to give you everything. They needed to tread their own path in life, he was just supposed to partially guide them along.

"Well then, let me get this over with!"

He was already an expert blacksmith at this point and he used a technique that didn't require much hammering to produce strong weapons.

"Guess I'll make it a normal leaf-shaped blade and the tassel will have a sky blue color to signify the Zhang Clan."

He used some spiritual energy to move the required iron ingots to the desired spot in front of him. He learned a certain crafting skill thanks to the seventh level of that trial tower, it was a high grade technique that required the utmost concentration. He moved his fingers like a conductor his lightning energy flowing into the blocky piece of metal.

It was heated up and quickly turned into a red hot liquid while hovering up in the air. Then with a couple of flicks of his fingers, the lump started extending slowly taking the shape of that leaf-like blade tip. Soon a spear shaft flew in from the side, Matt was sitting in a lotus position eyes closed and his arms moving around slowly while concentrating.

The shaft was made from special wood, it was much more resistant than regular steel. The flaming tip and the spear shaft embedded themselves into each other as the process continued. The resistant hair of a formation establishment beast was used as the tassel, the weapon coming together nicely as the process was finished.

Matt whipped the sweat from his brow, this skill made things easier and faster but it was quite taxing on his cultivation. The harder the materials the more time he had to spend on them. But thanks to this, he saved copious amounts of time and he could train his Qi manipulation while crafting as well.

"There, that should do it... let me just put my emblem onto it... and done!"

A little lightning bolt was embedded into the blade, showing that it was something that he made. He still liked to mark things that he made himself, good marketing was key. People liked to buy up his custom made stuff like hotcakes and thanks to that he almost had that ten million points to reach the next level of power.

‘Soon...’

## Chapter 106

These past two years had been more or less peaceful, but Matt knew that it wouldn’t take much to break this illusion of peace. He didn’t know what happened to the Dark Palm sect members back in the secret ground, they had some spies in the nearby cities to scout things out. But they weren’t giving them any good reports, the area was still on lockdown. No way to know if those guys found that immortal technique back there that they were hoping for or not.

He had to stay vigilant, there was a small run-in with their force not long after they escaped that secret ground. But they were mostly just interested in the things that happened transpired at the secret ground. He wasn’t sure what the other clan’s said to them, but Matt thought that the Zhang Clan wasn’t strong enough to go against that sect just yet. But that could change soon after he obtained those ten million points.

There was contradicting intel about how many nascent soul cultivators that sect had, but it shouldn’t be that many. It wasn’t one of the giant sects that had their headquarters in the most spiritual energy-rich locations on the continent but it wasn’t the weakest either. One thing was clear, the only way he could hope to resist them was to reach the next level of power.

He was somewhat confident in fighting a nascent soul expert at the early stage. If he compared that monster to the elder that greeted him before they went into the secret ground, then the monster was stronger. The Sin of Pride was also a dual cultivator, those regenerative and defensive capabilities were only beaten thanks to his new holy attribute being the bane of demons and devils.

He had gotten a lot stronger since then, the condensation skills and his avatar form were all trained up to the expert levels which let him last in that empowered state for a lot longer now. But that wasn’t the answer, at most he could hope to take out one nascent soul expert in a fair bout. But if there were two, or if they knew his weak point and stalled for time he would probably lose.

‘Ah, if I didn’t train my Tranquil Mind up to the Master level I’d probably be a shaking mess by now.’

The life of the glorious Patriarch wasn’t that easy, he was constantly reminded that thousands, no millions of people’s lives depended on him. Sure he could be like the other rich and powerful cultivators and not care about the general populace. But that just wasn’t him, he couldn’t just abandon everyone and flee when things got tough.

‘Well, I guess I should check up on the others and see how they are doing with the next stage of the plan.’

He strode to one of the larger rooms of the old Cheng Clan compound, they had started setting up their base of operations here. His retainers were already waiting for him, ready to give their report.

“So, how are things proceeding Kuo?”

The man was holding a communication jade in his hand and then looked to the Patriarch, he was already reporting while performing his perfect graded bow.

“Reporting to the Patriarch! Captain Zhi has apprehended the Cheng Clan Patriarch and is heading back here, we also managed to capture the rest of their clan members but a couple of them fled into the surrounding forest and are hiding.”

Matt rubbed his chin while listening to the report.

“Oh? Weren’t they fleeing in a flying ship, shouldn’t it be easy to just capture them all on it?”

Zhang Kuo fixed his glasses slightly while a tiny bit of sweat formed on his forehead.

“Captain Zhi destroyed the ship and sliced it two halves before the rest of the pursuing team could give him support...”

Matt blinked and scratched his cheek slightly, thinking back to what he said to the man before he charged off to battle.

‘Hm... guess I shouldn’t have told him to bring them back at any cost... or the part with whacking them good if they resisted...’

Zhang Zhi was a powerful cultivator, already in the core formation stage and at a fairly young age. His only bad trait was, that he would take everything literally. He would follow up on any order with the utmost care, from Matt’s point of view the man had kind of a Patriarch complex. The way he bowed and how his eyes shined whenever he ordered him to do something, was slowly giving him the creeps.

‘I bet if I ordered him to wear a pink tutu, he would think its some powerful spiritual treasure that I’m gifting him to further his cultivation. Though it was surprising to hear that he was getting married that time, he even has a kid already.’

Matt wasn’t in the tower defense section for too long, but a certain power couple was born from it. It was Zhang Zhi and Feng Daiyu, the woman was truly massive the word Amazon perfectly describing her, those chiseled abs were quite astonishing. Supposedly the two hit it off back in the training ground, he didn’t know anything specific but whenever he asked about how Zhang Zhi met his wife he looked depressed.

Later on, it would be revealed that the woman sneaked into his bed chambers after one of the more hard-fought battles. She didn’t take no for an answer and devoured the poor Zhang Zhi’s chastity the man was still pure and innocent even at forty, his only purpose in life being cultivation. The child was born out of wedlock and they only found out after the woman’s belly was already large. Zhi was quite an honorable man, so he decided to get engaged to the amazonian woman that became Zhang Daiyu and was back with their daughter in Spirit Spring City.

“That’s troublesome, but he made this mess so he should clean it up. Tell him to form a search party and bring the other Cheng Clan members back, we need to show the people how we treat criminals like them.”

Normally what happened in this kind of world would be a clan cleansing, every member of this clan would be captured and killed. Matt wanted to change that, he wanted to gather evidence and then put

people up on a trial. The death sentence wouldn't be the only thing they could do, sentencing to hard labor was also an option. Making someone a criminal slave wasn't out of the question either, they would work with a slave collar slowly paying back their debt to society.

'Luckily we have spiritual treasures that can tell if you are telling the truth, this makes the whole thing a lot easier.'

Thanks to treasures like these he didn't really need to create occupations like lawyers. The process would be nice and smooth, but others could still temper with those treasures so they still had to watch out for swindlers. Thanks to his new gained crafting potential he could come up with various new treasures that could emulate things that he knew back from Earth.

One such item was making its way into the City Square, the common people were looking at the Zhang Clan that used to be the rulers here, quite interested in what they were doing. There was a chubby statue being removed that was a spitting image of the man Zhang Zhi whacked today. It was being torn down to make way for a large fountain, or at least that was what it looked like.

Thanks to spatial technology that was also improved by Matt's crafting knowledge, they could set up the new magical fountain.

The fountain was circular shape at the base, inside of it were four pillars with dragon heads coming out of them. On those pillars was a smaller cauldron, the water inside of this fountain was radiating blue light and even the regular people felt that this thing wasn't simple.

"What is that, a fountain?"

"Are they from the fabled Zhang Clan? Think their Patriarch is here, maybe he'll sign my manuscript?"

"Why would he do that?"

The area was abuzz while the Zhang Clan cultivators finished up, they inserted something shiny into a slot in one of the pillars which made the whole thing glow for a moment. The spectacle subsided soon after, the dragon heads spitting out water after the magical item got activated.

Suddenly something happened, the cauldron that was smaller in size than the whole fountain but still quite large began to light up. The water inside it gave off a deep blue coloring which soon lit up the whole place. The people gasped as a pillar of light shot up into the sky, everyone within the square could see the bright beam of light.

This wasn't over though, inside the beam of light they saw a person. It was a rather handsome man, due to the coloring of the water he was in a shade of blue. He was standing up straight, his hands behind his back making him look like a seasoned veteran cultivator. The commoners gulped as the man looked quite lifelike as if he was going to jump out and give them a throughout thrashing.

"Greetings people of Moonlight City, my name is Zhang Dong and I am the Patriarch of the Zhang Clan that you see before you."

To the people's surprise, the man in the fountain started to speak, it was even the widely talked about Zhang Clan Patriarch! Everyone moved closer, their ears perking up as they gathered, they felt truly blessed for having such an expert talk to them.

“Fear not, My Zhang Clan isn’t like the previous Cheng Clan, we will treat you right.”

He reached out with his hand, gesturing to the Zhang Clan members that were dressed in the new police uniforms.

“These members from my clan will keep order in the streets, they will be stationed in a separate building soon.”

“Even while I’m speaking to you, they have rescued countless good people from slavers and hooligan’s alike.”

The man moved his hands behind his back and struck a valiant pose, the people not really knowing how to react to the whole spectacle as they didn’t expect anything like this.

“I’ll leave you with my Junior Sister, she will be the one delivering the news in the future. May you live long and prosper.”

The so-called Zhang Clan Patriarch then moved to the side and bade his farewells to the masses, in his place appeared quite the lovely lady. She had quite the nice curvature, was wearing glasses and had a strange form-fitting robe. It was just an ordinary female business suit, with a miniskirt that Matt fashioned after the image of newscasters from his old world.

The woman bowed to the people, looking quite professional while doing it.

“Greetings this sister’s name is Zhang Meifen, I’ll be reporting the news in this city from now on.”

The people of this world had no idea what was going on, the motion of daily or weekly news was something that they didn’t know about. Most information was distributed by word of mouth and there were some information agencies doing it for a steep price.

“Following the capture of the Cheng Clan members, we will be conducting a trial...”

The woman started talking about the new trial system, about how slavery would be forbidden and anyone that took part in it would be sentenced to hard labor, you could even have your cultivation crippled. While the lady was doing her thing, Matt moved back to the side he knew that he needed to throw in some words there as the leading figure, he even thought he did a good job all things considered.

‘Hm, think I’m getting less stressed from these public appearances, when I did this back at home it was scarier.’

This was something he came up in his free time, what was better than a television to bring your message across. He fumbled around in his crafting fort, trying to make something that would produce an image with sound and finally was able to produce this fountain-like hologram. This would be a great propaganda tool as well, he could slowly bring his clan’s image up while diminishing the image of other powers if there was a need for it.

This was just a prototype that burned way too much spirit energy, but he was planning to set up more portable TV like items into the people’s homes. Maybe he could make something like the internet in the future. They just needed to expand their infrastructure, he had two options. Either to supply the

spiritual power with something like cables, or fashion them in such a way that the treasures would absorb the residual Qi in the surroundings.

He wanted to go with option two, but he would need to lower the energy requirement first and make the items more compact. For now, this would do. The Moonlight city restoration project had just taken off and it was going well for the Zhang Clan, but they still had some pesky mice to take care of.

## Chapter 107

The people started whispering amongst each other, the fountain hologram had finally been turned off, the new ruling clan and their members had left the square. No one dared to utter a word or question them about anything, they were still afraid. The Zhang Clan used to rule this city before, but even then they weren't like this. They weren't as bad as the evil Cheng Clan, but they still upheld the status quo.

The woman in the picture explained a couple of things. That there would be something like the 'police' patrolling the city, this was easy to understand as they were just guardsmen in strange uniforms. The other things were a bit odd, the woman said that some of the taxes would go to something called 'health care' and you could sign up to a clinic and get yourself checked out by a physician without having to pay. The taxes would cover the expense instead.

"Are they testing us or something, this sounds too good to be true..."

Some of the people whispered after the threat of the powerful family was gone. They having left after doing their strange

Announcement

.

This wasn't all, besides the police and free clinics for the masses there would also be a school. This wasn't just a martial arts school in which you could earn some low graded techniques, no. This would be something that youths from a young age could attend, learn how to read and write and even have some free standardized techniques and cultivation manuals to choose from. They even said that the promising students would have an option of being invited into the midst of the powerful Zhang Clan.

"Yes, why would they want us to join their family, wouldn't that just lower their prestige?"

"But what if it's true... It wouldn't be bad to have my little Wang'er to learn something from such a powerful clan..."

"Yes, if even one of my brats could join that clan I would be set for life!"

The people's reaction to the things that the Zhang Clan was offering was mixed. They wanted to believe in the families' goodwill, but they were also afraid that those places might have some shady dealings. It wouldn't be much of a stretch if they had their kids enroll in that 'free' school and then some Zhang Clan uncle would come demanding payment, their kids could even be captured and turned to slaves.

Most of these people were from the first up to the third level of Qi condensation, this was the realm the vast majority of regular people reached. The bottleneck past the third level was just too hard without having the backing of a clan and their knowledge. It was a risky move to attempt it on your own a lot of people crippled themselves while struggling to force their way through.

“Wonder what the other families think about this...”

“Not like they can go against the Zhang Clan, anything is better than those blasted Chens.”

“Hope that Patriarch of theirs has a slow death... his bastard kids were always bullying everyone, how many young girls lives did the end?”

The people started rumbling about how the old clan was trash, their bravery kicking in at the moment the city was taken over by the new power.

The Cheng Clan wasn't the only family clan in the city though, it was only the strongest. This city was far too large to have only one big faction to run it, there were many smaller family clans around that were just controlled by the big overlord that was the Cheng Clan. This wasn't anything new, the same thing was also true back in Spirit Spring City. You could say that the Cheng Clan was the Dark Palm sect to these lower clans, but now it was replaced by the Zhangs.

In this city, there were three other powers. There was the Xing Clan they were mostly involved in the more shady businesses having stakes in the pleasure district and the gambling spots around it. Then there was the Kuan Clan they were responsible for the food supply and the farming areas around the city, they would go to the village areas and transport the rice and wheat while taxing the farmers. The last were the people from the Situ Clan, they had a monopoly on the medicine in the area most of the clinics and apothecaries belonged to them.

The three factions kept themselves at bay, but if they ever worked together then they could have been able to compete with the Cheng Clan. That clan in question was focused on strength, so they didn't really need to spread themselves thin with many establishments. They collected taxes from the lower three clans and protected them in response, acting like the military of the city. So they were more like a mafia family that was collecting protection money while running some shady businesses on the side.

But now there was a new tiger in town, the old families used to work with the old Zhang Clan but that family didn't really exist anymore. The new Patriarch was making things clear after one of the businesses owned by the Xing Clan was raided. It was the place old fatty Mu was the owner of, they didn't even come to the Xing Clan to work things out before going into action.

In a certain secluded place, there were three men sitting around a round table. They were looking at the map of Moonlight City, some red marks drawn on it, one in the spot of the slave trader Old Fatty Mu.

“What are they thinking, are they trying to squeeze my Xing Clan for spirit stones?”

Xing Deng the Xing Clan Patriarch spoke up, his fist slamming onto the table while his brows quivered in anger. The people sitting at the table were the Kuan and Situ Clan Patriarchs, the three had called an emergency meeting after the leading family was taken down. They didn't like each other, but when their livelihood was being taken away they would work together.

“My people reported that they want to give free medicine to those useless commoners, preposterous!”

This was the Situ Clan Patriarch named Situ Rong who earned his living by overpricing all medicine that his businesses made, if some renegade pill maker popped up in the city he would be either recruited under this family or removed from the city.

“Damn Zhangs, they want to lower the taxes on the blasted farmers as well and they want to reexamine the quality of the food we produce!”

This was the Patriarch of the third family Kuan Yin, he was also angered. The taxes would be lowered and his family might even have to pay fines if the food didn’t meet the Zhang Clan’s standards.

“This is just blatant bullying!”

“We must make a decision brothers... do we lose face or do we strike back...”

Xing Deng asked while leaning back, in his mouth was a large cigar and he looked more like a mafia boss than a cultivator. He was the most ruthless from the bunch, he had no qualm in using people as slaves or selling them off for body parts.

“Brother Deng speaks wise words, but I don’t think we can fight this clan openly... their Patriarch is just too powerful, he easily defeated Tsai Fang.”

Situ Rong spoke up, the man looking like a middle-aged man with the top of his head balding but with some hair on the side.

“But we got word that he was injured after they returned from that secret ground, the state of his cultivation is unknown and he rarely leaves Spirit Spring City.”

Kuan Yin chimed in, he was holding a fan covering part of his face he looked the oldest with an unhealthy skin complexion and sunspots. All of them were cultivators in the great circle of foundation establishment. None of them had a core formation expert in their family, but even those kinds of experts could be bought out.

“I say we wait it out, for now, no reason to stick our heads out just yet. Maybe the Zhang Clan will come around, it might be some scheme we don’t know about.”

Said Situ Rong while looking at the town map, hoping that he was right.

“If they still don’t change their minds, then we could hire someone to take care of their Patriarch... I bet if we combine our resources we could hire a powerful expert, I think Brother Deng should have someone in mind?”

Kuan Yin asked while looking in Xin Deng’s direction.

“Hm, you speak wise words. It’s too soon to act and yes there was a strong expert making a name for himself, he even slew some beasts that were at the very top of the food chain. If I remember correctly... this expert goes by the name of... Lei Yinglo!”

“Oh, that esteemed Senior! I’ve heard of his tales, he has made a name for himself by slaughtering demonic cultivators and beasts alike... but he won’t be cheap.”

“Yes, we might have to empty our coffers out, but if there isn’t any other possibility...”

“That Patriarch is just a little brat if he doesn’t give us any face, then we don’t have to give him any either!”



The three Clan Patriarch's chuckled while looking at each other, Xin Deng sticking a dagger in the place that the old Cheng Clan villa was situated and now belonged to the Zhangs. They chatted for a bit more, talking about business-related things while they sealed the deal on their pact. They would wait it out, for now, while gathering information on the new enemy. They weren't against a peaceful solution, but that depended on their bottom line and if the Zhang Clan crossed it or not.

While the three Patriarchs were being their villainous selves an old man was walking down the street. He looked to be in his sixties or seventies with a long white beard, his physique was a bit wide making him look like he worked out at the gym a lot but his baggy robe hid that fact quite well.

The man stopped at a new Apothecary shop that was also used as a clinic. He looked at the blue-robed men and women bringing in various items into the new shop, not even noticing the elderly man that was standing there. He coughed into his hand a bit to get their attention, one of the younger girls finally noticing him as she approached.

"Greetings, how can I help you, Sir?"

The girl asked while looking at the old fart, the man's face was all wrinkled up but he looked quite friendly.

"Ah yes, my name is Wei Hung. I think you should have been informed about me, little missus?"

The man smiled while moving his hands behind his back, hunching forward slightly. The female Zhang member thought for a second and then a lightbulb appeared above her head.

"Ah yes Senior, come come, we have been waiting for you!"

She quickly ran into the shop and clapped her hands together so that everyone would turn their heads towards the elder and her, then she spoke out.

"Everyone, this is elder Wei Hung, he will be working as the physician in this shop from now!"

This man had been hired to be the main physician and pill maker of this new free clinic. He would take care of the hard cases that the normal pills or elixirs couldn't cure. From what the younger Zhang members knew, this man was an experienced doctor that was recruited for this job by the Zhang Elders, but in reality, he was their Patriarch in disguise!

Matt knew that being too well known wasn't such a good thing, if he tried walking through the streets of cities or land that he owned he would receive the dogeza treatment. People would line up and clear a path, their faces squished into the ground fearing his wrath. This was also the reason that he used the holograms wanting to appear friendly and approachable.

Still, he knew that he couldn't just go out and do his thing anymore, he had a certain status to uphold. This is where his disguise technique would come into play. He had improved upon it quite a bit, it now being able to mask his aura as well. He wouldn't be recognized by anyone below the nascent soul level, even those would have problems in seeing through it in certain situations.

Why would he disguise himself you might ask. Well, he wanted to improve the happiness of the people in the cities that he owned, but he couldn't just do that as himself. It would seem strange if the Zhang

Clan Patriarch just appeared out of nowhere and started teaching people basic skills or healing them with his pills and healing arts.

The situation of this city was tragic, he was even losing points from the way this city was run now. He just bought a diseased animal and was supposed to heal it while parasites still festered in it. They might have gotten rid of the main culprit which was the Cheng Clan, but there were still more people fashioned from the same cloth.

He wanted to pretend to be a lower level cultivator, seeming to be at the foundation establishment middle level. No one would suspect that an old doctor was the Zhang Patriarch in disguise. He could slowly scope out the area and gain some knowledge while also helping the sick and poor out in the process.

## **Chapter 108**

Matt moved into the building, it was quite large and had more than one level. There was enough space to bring in multiple patients if the need arose. The shop had a bit of a different look than the other establishments around the area, sticking out due to the large glass door that slid apart when someone stood at the entrance.

This was something Matt made in his free time, wasn't all that hard just required a pressure plate and some technical knowledge that he now had. The electricity for things like that could easily be replaced by spiritual energy and it didn't really take much out from a lower graded spirit stone to run those doors for multiple months on end.

After you went through the sliding door and heard a chime you could see a large reception area, a cute lady was sitting there also hired by the Zhang Clan as they didn't really have many family cultivators to spare for tasks like these. There were a couple of junior members in here though and guards but no one really strong.

They didn't really think anyone would attack their shop in here, Zhang Zhi would be stationed in this city for now acting as the de facto governor. His lovely buff wife and their child would be joining them soon, the man was a bit apprehensive about this mostly due to not wanting to be separated from his man crush that was the Patriarch.

Next to the reception area was the waiting area, there were a couple of long benches next to the walls for people to sit in but also a wider area with some tables where they could enjoy some tea while they waited for their order.

There was a little window in which some apothecary workers were inside, they would be responsible for selling pills and elixirs. There wasn't anything like a need for prescriptions in this world, anyone could just say which pills they wanted and if they had the money for it they would buy it. But, physicians still gave them out to people that didn't know what they needed as a service.

The way things worked in her were similar to modern times. People would go take a plaque with a number on it and then the lady at the desk would call it out, signaling that they were next in line. This was also why the small tea area existed so people could nicely spend their waiting time. Matt would like to have a digital counter and something that just automatically printed your spot in the line, but for now, this would have to do.

There were some stairs to the side, they leading up to the second level of the building and into the physician corner of the clinic. There were more waiting areas there, beds all around and some lovely ladies dressed in white Chinese styled robes and nurse hats on their heads, also forced upon them by the Patriarch's peculiar tastes.

He would be stationed on this level, he had his own room with a bed to the side where he could treat patients one by one. There was also an open area with many beds outside, making it look like one of those military hospitals with just some drapes separating the patients.

"Yaaawwwnnn..."

Matt was sitting in his chair, slumping forward a bit. A crooked posture was one of his special abilities, this he managed to bring over from his old gaming days. So he was sure that no one would see through his elderly man disguise.

'Sure is quiet around here, no one showed up. Did that news lady deliver the message correctly?'

Matt expected the sick people to claw their way in, demanding free healthcare as they did back in his earthly days. The waiting lines in his home country were always so damn long and you had to wait for hours to receive your checkup. But here, there was no one there. Everyone was just lazing around now, all the items and resources were already moved inside.

'Maybe the news needs to spread further, or we need to send someone to advertise in the streets.'

He rubbed his beard, thanks to the disguise art he could grow it out quite nicely. He even had a nice fu manchu mustache to go with his beard.

'Well, I guess I'll go make some pills if I don't have anything to do now.'

There was another reason for making this shop, his pill concocting was lagging behind his crafting skills quite a bit. He only needed some items to and he could create a heaven grade item, that he could absorb to push his body into the nascent soul. He had worked his actual crafting skills to the very top of core formation he just lacked the necessary resources to go further.

'Yeah, those sect bastards really double down on anything related to heaven grade materials.'

It was ill-advised to create items in the nascent soul stage, whenever a practitioner fashioned an item of that level a peculiar aura would be produced. This aura could be felt by the nearby cultivators by miles upon miles, you would have sect uncles knocking on your door demanding you to cough the item up for some chump change in no time.

'Those sects sure are scared about their position aren't they?'

The same thing would happen if a person reached the nascent soul stage and was discovered. The only option for someone like that was either to run from the leading sect in the area or have enough backing to fight them off. If you were a renegade cultivator or came from a weak family, you would be chased down. Either killed by the sect uncles or recruited by them and closely watched, have some slave-like contracts forced upon you while they slowly brought you over to their side, one way or the other.

He was somehow able to make lower graded earth pills at the moment, but even this feat was something that would make him into a master pill maker in this world. Anything that reached to the

earth realm would be considered a treasure, the families would fight each other to get their hands on a pill of that grading.

There was a logical explanation as to why, a low-grade earth pill was able to help someone reach the core formation early stage. This was enough for a weaker clan to be able to duke it out with the big boys, the Cheng Clan was in that category having spent quite a fortune for a pill like that which allowed their Patriarch to finally reach the core formation-level before the other three families in the area.

This was also how Zhang Zhi managed to burst through his bottleneck. Matt managed to create a pill that pushed him into the core formation stage and that didn't have that many side effects. But this caused the already nutty junior of his, to worship him even more.

Wei Hung smiled at the bowing clinic workers as he headed out from his office, he looked around the empty rooms no patients coming in at all. But he wasn't that surprised, he knew that people were naturally suspicious and untrusting in this world. Even more in this kind of town where you might be robbed in broad daylight. He already knew that his small police force was having trouble in keeping up with the reports, there was just too much shady stuff happening around here.

There was a cellar into which he headed, this was a designated brewing room for him. No one would bother him here even if someone was on death's door as cultivators were really serious about their pill making. They were quite afraid to anger a pill making master during his or her work.

'Well... let me get to work...'

He looked at the items spread out here and smirked, he wouldn't actually be using these second-hand goods for his work. He had his crafting fortress for that and a designated brewing and pill forging area in there. This crafting abode had somehow integrated itself into his system, he could upgrade it even without having to buy the next version at the cash shop like before.

He closed the door behind him and put up the sign that he shouldn't be disturbed. He then closed his eyes, his body began to glow slightly and then vanished from the spot he was standing in. Matt appeared in the center of his crafting abode, the air around here was surprisingly refreshing. He had a similar copying device for his pills, but it wasn't as upgraded as the one that he used for weapon crafting. Each crafting related profession required a different one which really pained him when he had to spread his crafting points out.

'Hope it won't blow up in my face like last time...'

Crafting pills required a pill furnace, they came in various shapes and sizes. The one that he had in this room was a green jade-looking one. It was standing on three legs and had an oval shape. It had the yin and yang symbol on it from four sides and a lid with which you could close it. If you wanted to make elixirs, you needed a cauldron instead. He had one of similar quality in another part of this room, it was quite large and golden.

"What should I practice on today... think the people would really love more of those Core establishing pills."

He had made a Water Core Founding Pill for Zhang Zhi, but he went through quite a bit of exploding furnaces. The things liked to burst open and hit his face whenever the temperature was off. It was even

harder to fashion this pill as it had the greater Dao of Water truths inside of it, it would be a lot easier to make one that gave a cultivator a lesser Dao core instead.

‘Good that it worked, but it was probably more due to the superior cultivation manual...’

He had upgraded Zhang Zhi’s cultivation method, thanks to the library from that secret ground Matt could combine the heaven graded manuals with the ones that his clan members used and derive better cultivation methods. This was also another feature of the new system, well more of this crafting abode that had a library section a certain magical item with which you could combine texts.

It didn’t look like much, it looked like a desk with many smaller drawers in it. You put the text in there and then a popup window would appear in front of the contraption. You could spend points to combine the two techniques, add more so that the grade would improve. The costs were decreased if you put in a lower graded item and a higher graded item to receive a middle graded one from the combination.

For instance, if you grabbed a mortal grade Zhang Clan staple technique and popped a heaven graded one into the drawer. The system would show you if the techniques were compatible, and if they were you could cheaply receive an earth graded manual from it. You even could play around with the settings, letting the system improve the attacking potential or defensive potential of the skill. The inserted books would be lost in the process, but for Matt, that wasn’t a problem as he could write them all down again anyway.

‘Come to think of it, that feels a bit like cheating... but not my fault that they left so many techniques back there.’

This worked only to a certain point, it depended on how good the best technique that he had for combining was and if it vibed well with the other technique manuals in the mix. From what Matt understood the system checked if there were faults in the techniques in reference to the other ones used in the process. So if he threw in hundreds of similar technique manuals, the system should work out some kinks and he would receive an improved version. But there was also a margin of error and he could receive an utterly trashy technique, that would kill you the moment you tried cultivating in it.

Matt was now sitting opposite his pill furnace, some herbs already in it as he heated up the crafting utensil with his Qi. The purer your spiritual energy was, the better your crafted pills came out and Matt had one of the best Qi purities around. The various herbs and spices circled around the pill furnace, jumping into it while the cultivator focused. He was past the stage in which he had to insert items by hand, his mind doing all the work while he focused.

‘Keep the temperature stead... now comes the chilling star mushroom... d-damn added it too soon... need to add the inferno spirit grass to counter its effects now...’

You could see the sweat running down his forehead, one of his hands touching the furnace while the other was pointing at the circling herbs above the furnace. Soon it started rumbling which made the young pill maker’s brows quiver, he inserted more Qi into the furnace trying to slow down the explosive chemical reaction that was taking place but to no avail. The lid suddenly popped upwards and black goo shot out in all directions, Matt’s face all black and his clothes ruined and stinky.

“God damn it!”

He looked at the mess in this room, he would have to either clean it by hand or spend his crafting points on it. This new system was truly without mercy for its current owner.

‘Should I make some low graded elixirs to gain some crafting points... or clean it myself...’

While the elderly man was focusing on scrubbing the stinky black residue from his pill furnace, someone burst through the sliding doors of the clinic. Some time had passed since it was opened and it was now closing hour, but the screeching woman rushed in while holding a little boy in her hands.

“Please save my child, I have nowhere else to go!”

## **Chapter 109**

It was close to closing hours and the elder that was responsible for the clinic was still down in the basement concocting pills, or so the workers that were working thought. The people that were gathered here were mostly hired help or regular cultivators, they didn’t develop a more lenient mindset just yet.

Zhang Dong had ordered to help the people of this city and offer them service, but these two looked like beggars. The Patriarch didn’t realize that he worded his order in the wrong way. The workers thought that ‘People of this city’ was about the actual citizens that paid taxes, if they saw a beggar they would shoo them away.

“Please, this is a clinic, right? Is there a doctor around?”

The woman wasn’t someone that the news about the Zhang Clan had reached, she just noticed the extravagant health clinic sign outside. All the apothecary shops and other establishments for healing that were owned by the Situ Clan had already turned her down. They would never aid someone that wouldn’t be able to pay those exorbitant prices that they charged.

“I beg you, save my little Zhu’er.”

The people looked at each other and then to the mother, she was holding a 10 or 11-year-old child in her hands, the youth looked like he was trashed by someone. This wasn’t rare around these parts, if you bumped into some people without begging for their forgiveness it wasn’t strange to be beaten up to the brink of your life.

“We are sorry the doctor is busy now, come back tomorrow...”

One of the male workers replied while looking to the side, his gaze to the stairs going down to the basement where Wei Hung headed too. He was afraid that the old man might beat them up if they bothered him with two beggars like this. He really didn’t want to earn a caning by some old grandpa, he had gotten enough beatings by his own elders so he was adamant about reporting this to the man in charge. Those pill makers were a strange bunch, their furnaces would explode and they would blame it on the workers being too loud which broke their concentration.

‘No way I’m dragging that old grandpa up here, he looked ferocious.’

In Matt’s mind he was playing the role of a sympathetic old grandpa, but in reality, whenever he smiled his face would contort in strange ways making the people feel uncomfortable around him. They wouldn’t say a thing though, everyone knew at least one grumpy old elder in their life and knew well how to evade their wrath.

“Yes, yes the old master is busy making pills, please leave if you can’t pay for healing pills or elixirs...”

The woman only had a couple of copper coins on her, the rest were the torn up clothes. The child that she was holding was the only family that she had, her husband having been sold off as a slave after he gambled their money away in the casinos of Moonlight City. She was too old to be a working lady and had trouble finding a job only doing odd jobs.

Times were tough though and the people were cruel, even when she cleaned and cooked for them they would only leave scraps and underpay her tremendously. Sometimes they would even throw her out without anything after her slaving away for a whole day, cooking and cleaning. Her boy was a little troublemaker too, always getting in trouble and making his poor mom worry.

Due to the mother working all day the youth went unsupervised. One thing led to another and he joined the local street urchins that moved around the city stealing food and small change. Most of the time they managed to get away, the young kids far too agile and used to the backstreets to get apprehended. This time they weren’t so lucky, one of the older kids tried his pickpocketing skills on the wrong person that noticed it. Little Zhu was there keeping the pickpocketing target busy, but when the urchins tried running they got caught and were taught a tough lesson.

The youth managed to drag his beaten body in front of the shack he and his mother were living, the woman shocked when she returned after a hard day of work. She had nowhere to go, her head down on the ground in front of the workers. There was no one in this blasted city that would do anything for free, it was always money. Her eyes were tearing up, she didn’t want to lose her only son that was the only thing that she had left in this world.

“Please I implore you...”

“Shoo, This clinic belongs to the great Zhang Clan, they don’t do business with moochers like you, now shoo!”

In the worker’s minds, they were doing the right thing. They couldn’t let other people see some beggars and vagabonds in this new clinic, they were far too afraid of the Zhang Clan elders coming and reprimanding them for it. While the man in front was thinking that the woman started getting frantic, grabbing his leg and pulling on his pants.

“Hey, get off me!”

He was about to kick the woman away, his foot moving backward for the windup but as his foot was flying forward someone grabbed it. He started seeing things upside down as the person that was grasping him by the ankle lifted him up into the air. He soon could see the lower areas of the robe that Wei Hung was wearing, the grandpa having caught his kick mid-strike.

“What are you fools doing?”

The man looked at the worker that he was holding with a raised brow, he had come out of his basement-dwelling, disgruntled after having to clean up the mess that he made. He then heard some screaming and noticed the crying woman on the floor grasping one of the hired helpers. What were these people doing, weren’t they supposed to help the injured people instead of injuring them themselves?

“Ahh... s-sir... these beggars just showed up, but don’t worry we will remove them from this esteemed clinic in a moment.”

Wei Hung’s face started deforming the moment he heard them call the people beggars and that they were going to kick them out. He even noticed the beaten-up child, bruises and cuts all over his body the weeping woman just there not knowing what to do.

“You damn buffon, who told you to remove them, huh? You are supposed to help everyone and I mean EVERYONE!”

The worker was flung against the wall after the enraged elderly man chucked him to the side, not caring if he was okay or not. He then looked at the nursing staff that had conflicting expressions on their faces, not really sure what was going on.

“You and you, bring the boy up to the second level and wash his body with the cleansed spirit water, I will be there in the moment!... Well, DON’T JUST STAND THERE WITH YOUR MOUTHS WIDE OPEN, MOVE!”

The elder’s scream made everyone flinch and scatter to work, the boy was snatched and carried off to the second level the mother quickly following after the workers while bowing at the older man that just showed up.

‘Damn savages...’

Matt cursed inwardly, not knowing that even the people from his clan and the workers they hired would be this cruel. It was even a woman with a beaten-up child, how could people show so little compassion. He just couldn’t understand it, his brows were furrowed and his teeth clenching up he would have to investigate this later, for now, the boy was more important.

Matt slapped his cheeks and went upstairs, blaming himself for the transgression that transpired here. The mother was to the side as the Nurses carried him to one of the empty beds in the larger rooms and started cleaning his body from the blood, grime, and sweat. The special water that they were using was something the Zhang Clan was known for, it had some weak healing and regenerative abilities and was good at disinfecting wounds to boot.

The mother looked at the old looking man, he looked to be the doctor. He was a bit scary but was apparently willing to help her child, she wasn’t sure if there was an ulterior motive behind this, but she would give her life for her son if she had too.

“Please sir, help my little boy.”

She pleaded, the man just looked at her while going over. He placed his palm on the woman’s shoulder, the woman experiencing a peculiar feeling when he did that. She could feel warm energy flowing into her body making her worries fly away as she felt really calm. She wobbled to the side where she was guided to the bench by one of the nurses, the man moved over to the boy that was on the table with only his groin area covered by a white cloth.

Wei Hung took out a bunch of needles that were used for acupuncture, they were pure gold and looked quite costly. The nursing staff’s eyes went wide after seeing them, quickly being able to distinguish the



item's price. The man opened up his palm the needles started hovering up in the air which made everyone's eyes bulge out even more as they had never seen a physician work in such a fashion before.

'This Wei Hung isn't simple... he must be a master!'

They thought to themselves while gasping, the metallic items hovered around the boy's body as they homed in on the desired acupuncture points. They were slowly lowered into his body, the man just waving his finger around while his other hand was held behind his back as he performed the strange procedure.

The people then saw the golden needles radiating golden light, the spiritual energy filling out the room and making everyone gasp some more. This was the holy element type spiritual Qi that Matt was now proficient in, the energy was slowly infused into the boy's body his complexion quickly getting better and better as you could see his many wounds closing at a rapid pace.

The people couldn't believe it, what was this strange technique that this elder was showing them. The young boy was getting healed at a rapid pace as if he drunk some kind of high-quality healing elixir. They looked at this elder that was concentrating, not knowing how he ended up in this small clinic his skills were better off getting used by some kind of great sect.

The needles soon hovered away from the boy's body, the procedure ending rather quickly after the divine healing energies were distributed throughout the youth's body. Matt could use a couple of healing techniques by now, but this one was the best one as he could directly insert the healing energies into the patient's body through the acupuncture needles. This increased the speed of the process and was a lot better for people with internal injuries, this technique could even heal up some plugged up meridians.

"He will be fine now."

The old man stroked his beard while turning to the bewildered people that were staring at him as if he was some rare creature.

"Also, all of you lot report to my office, I must have a word with you..."

The nurses snapped out of their trance and looked at the man, his face was contorted and he was clearly mad. They knew that they were in for a beating or at least an earful.

"Don't forget to drag that one fool over too, slap him awake if he is still passed out, hmph!"

He was going to give those idiots a good lecture, maybe even cut their pay for the week for this transgression. He wanted to show the goodwill of his Zhang Clan, show them how different they were from the other clans, but this was the result. Crying mothers and beaten children getting refused treatment.

"Well...get moving, you buffoons, or I'll dock your pay for the entire month!"

"Oh no sir, show mercy!"

The poor workers shuffled down and dragged the passed out man, dumping water over his face and smacking his cheeks till he woke up. Then they quickly rushed to Wei Hung's office, they could take a beating, they could take getting called idiots and clowns, but they certainly couldn't take not being paid.

## Chapter 110

Matt looked at the child, it was covered up with a blanket and no more in critical condition. He wasn't sure what kind of person would beat up an 11-year old like that, but he would certainly like to have a word with them. For now, he left then walked over to the mother, that was a bit out of it after he calmed her down with his technique.

"The boy will be fine, he just needs to rest. He should wake up soon."

The woman snapped out of it and looked at her boy, then to the scary-looking older man. She dropped down to her hands and knees, doing the usual head bobbing maneuver that made Matt uncomfortable, he could never get used to how quick these people went down to their knees.

"Thank you, Senior, how can I repay you... I don't have anything to repay you with, I can be your slave, I'll do anything... even..."

The grandpa in question moved back slightly after hearing the woman wanted to become his slave and even wanting to do extra services.

"What? girly what are you even on about. This was free treatment, I don't need any slaves."

He turned around, still trying to keep his elder persona up. He swished his sleeves and moved so that she could only see the back on his head.

"Haven't you heard, the generous and magnanimous Zhang Clan is offering treatment free of charge, they are truly a virtuous family. If you want to be grateful to anyone, be grateful to them. I also heard that they are accepting children from broken homes into a special school, your child has some cultivation aptitude, you should go ask about it... and stop bowing your head already..."

The woman didn't look at him, just hanging her head down as if he would poke her eyes out if she dared to look at his face. But she soon moved her gaze upwards as the elder started talking about a special school and that everything here was free.

"M-my son has potential?"

"Ah yes, with the right schooling he shouldn't really have trouble in reaching the foundation establishment realm."

He checked the youth's potential, it wasn't anything great just a C. But this was enough and slightly above average from what he could tell. Most people had potentials in the F – C range, with F being quite rare and people with that having zero aptitudes for cultivation. Though an 'F' aptitude also showed up if people had some illnesses like blocked meridians that didn't allow for cultivation.

The 'C' potential was the top one an average person could have, 'C+' was the start for gifted people this would be the start of the gifted tier. 'S' was the most you could have, the largest potential that Matt had ever come across was the one his two disciples had being at a 'B+'. So this kid was top at the average mark, which wasn't bad at all.

"F-foundation establishment?"

The woman got dizzy, her child wasn't even at the first level of Qi condensation the family not having any cultivation manuals at all. Though people reached that level naturally in their older teen years even without any manuals just by passively absorbing the rich Qi in the surroundings.

"Ah yes, he'll probably reach the first level of Qi Condensation soon, maybe even the second level, his body absorbed a lot of my healing energies, guess you could call that a side effect..."

The woman gasped once more, there were a couple of the workers listening to the conversation from the side as they gathered waiting for their punishment.

'Side effect my ass, this is a big scoop!'

The workers started to think, that maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea to go into some alleys and get themselves trashed by some hooligans. When the elder healed them afterward, maybe they could get through their cultivation bottlenecks.

"But I need to get some things done, just stay with your son he should wake up soon."

He walked back to his office, glaring at the workers from a side profile which made them get goosebumps. It was time to punish the infidels, he needed to show how things were run here and explain to them that they couldn't just leave injured people outside in the cold.

"Everyone into my office!"

He walked in first, hunched over slightly and with his hands behind his back. He was getting used to acting like an old geezer, it was kind of fun he could have temper tantrums and the people just thought it was normal. He waited for them to enter his large office, there was enough room for everybody to sit down in a heel sitting position.

Everyone was nervous, they had their back straight and knees tightly pressed while sitting down in this uncomfortable position. Their boss was sitting at his desk, just sipping on his tea while everyone was quiet and afraid to mutter a word. Finally, he placed the teacup to the side and spoke up, his voice stern and domineering.

"Do you know what you did wrong?"

The people looked at each other, no one really wanted to speak up but someone had to, one worker finally mustered up some courage as he answered.

"W-we didn't follow orders and caused the Elder to lose face?"

Wei Hung's face twitched a bit after he heard that reply, the people in the room not sure if that was the right answer but it seemed logical. The Elder and Zhang Clan wanted to look magnanimous for some reason, so if the Seniors came to that decision it would be a loss of face if their juniors didn't follow through on that order. They didn't realize that the answer that this man was looking for, was a lot simpler and he just wanted them to show some compassion.

"Ho ho? So, it was all about me losing face now, is it..."

The man rubbed his long white beard and glared at the people in the room. From his reaction, the workers knew that something was off.

“Damn you people, show some empathy once in a while! This isn’t about saving or losing face you fools!”

A teacup was flung at the wall, whizzing past the man’s face that did the reply, the tea leaves and the residual water in the cup making a mess on the wall.

“Please Elder Hung, appease your rage, we were in the wrong, it won’t happen again.”

The members pleaded while bowing down again.

“You’re damn right it won’t! But that’s not the point, you lot better listen well now. Helping people that have nothing isn’t wrong, showing compassion to strangers once in a while isn’t either. You must lose that backward mindset of yours, this is not how the Zhang Clan or this clinic operates!”

He soon started lecturing them about the virtues of life, words like ‘sympathy’, ‘kindness’, ‘mercy’ were just some that he threw out at them trying to make them understand his point of view and that it wasn’t a weakness to being a good person. But he wasn’t sure that he was getting through to these people, that just bobbed their heads at him, their expressions mixed.

“And another thing, don’t be afraid to call for me, there is a little button to the side of the door of the room I do my pill concocting. If you press it I will know that you need me and I will arrive shortly, you will not be punished.”

He tried a couple of angles, presenting them with hypothetical scenarios.

“How would you feel if your family got annihilated in some useless squabble about face and there was no one that helped you out. You could only die outside in the cold or get devoured by beasts, no one willing to give you a helping hand. How would you feel then, try putting yourselves in their shoes once in a while.”

“You might not know this, but the Dao of compassion is a powerful one!”

He wasn’t lying, you had to be compassionate for the holy elemental energies to actually work. That’s why you mostly saw only people like priests and nuns using the holy healing arts, you had to have a vitreous hart for it.

“Behold!”

His finger glowed with a golden light, the area filling with comfortable holy energies that made everyone in the room feel at peace. They could feel their fatigue receding as they were gaining their stamina back.

“Maybe if you show some warmth to your fellow people, you might awaken this power too...”

He left them with something to think about, maybe if the words didn’t get to them. The show of an unknown Dao would, their eyes went wide as saucers the moment his finger started glowing. He would be happier if they realized that being nice to your fellow man wasn’t so bad. But if he could get them with the show of future gains, it would have to do for now.

‘This will be a long process... I spend to much time crafting for these past years. Thought these people were getting better, but not much has changed.’

“You can leave now, hope you learned something.”

The workers slowly walked out in an orderly fashion, seaming quite confused about what they had heard. Matt in his Wei Hung disguise just slumped into his chair, his hand going to his face as he did a normal facepalm gesture.

‘Ahh... that was stressful... but I’ve gotten better at things like this now...’

He didn’t suffer from stage fright as much recently, his fear of conversation had mostly gone away by now. He wasn’t sure if he just got used to talking to people or if it was the Tranquil technique at play. It being quite a quality of life one, the more he used the calmer he got and the less outside factors could affect his calm demeanor.

‘I miss the old cash shop... most of the techniques I got from that library aren’t as good and I can’t even get points from slaying monsters.’

He didn’t feel as motivated to battle other people or monsters since his system had changed. He could still get cores to absorb but those items were better used as crafting materials for armor or weapons, most of the beast he hunted were demonic ones that were bothering the people around the area that he owned. This also adding more daily point gains that were added to his system as his people felt safer.

‘Ah, I forgot to get one of the workers to clean the wall...’

He looked at the shattered teacup and the tea leaves on the ground that scattered into all directions after it shattered. His grumpy old man act had gone well, the people sure were afraid of him. He raised his posterior from the chair he was sitting on and went out, the moment he stuck his head out to see if one of the nurses was around he heard someone shouting loudly.

“No, you mustn’t. Zhu’er you’ve just gotten better, you must rest.”

“Let go of me mother, you don’t understand, I need to go back... The others...”

Matt raised a brow as he could see the boy squirming around in his mother’s grasp. He was trying to move down the bed but the woman was clinging to him tightly. The boy obviously didn’t want to hurt his mom so he only tried to push her away, but the woman wasn’t having any of it.

“No! Do you know how much your poor mother went through, you can’t go!”

“But the others, they are in danger... those cultivators are going to kill them!”

The boy was a bit frantic, still a bit weak as the holy healing art wasn’t perfect just yet. It seemed that the men that had beaten him out would be heading to the urchin’s hideout, the boy heard them talk while they were giving him the beatdown. He wasn’t sure how they would track them down, but they apparently had some kind of tracking treasure with them and wanted to punish the little thieves. He was lucky enough to have played dead and them just kicking him to the side, then he barely made it back home and finally woke up in this clinic.

“Oh? Who is going to kill who now? Could you explain?”

The family of two stopped squirming and looked to the voice, it was the large elderly uncle that had healed the boy. He was standing there while stroking his beard, wondering what this was all about.

