

Unfathomable 111

Chapter 111

Matt looked at the mother and son duo, were they doing some kind of comedic routine?

The boy was still almost naked, at least they didn't remove his underwear before the procedure. The youth in question looked at the old man beside the bed he was getting bear-hugged by his mother. He instantly knew that this man wasn't simple, his disposition and sharp stare could only be attributed to experts. But in reality, it was only Matt squinting and trying to keep his elder act together.

"P-please... my friends are going to die... we offended someone that we shouldn't have..."

The boy replied to the question, his voice trailing off at the end.

"Oh, who did you offend? Could you tell this friendly grandpa?"

The workers faces contorted at the 'friendly' part, who was the person that threw that one worker at the wall. The poor guy then was slapped awake only to get lectured and then only get teacups thrown at him.

"Ah, bow your head boy, this Senior Uncle saved your life!"

The woman immediately pushed her son's head down, making him bow to the man. The man in question just moved his hand upwards trying to signal to the two that this act was unnecessary.

"That's fine, just doing what I was hired for by the **Zhang Clan**. I'm not sure if you have heard about the **Zhang Clan**, but they are quite the magnanimous people, yes they are."

He made it sure to mention the clan whenever he could, he liked to spread awareness, branding was very important. They weren't sure why this elder was mentioning that clan every other sentence, but not like they could ask him. The boy had some tears in his eyes which he was able to wipe after his mother finally let him be, soon he started talking and told the two the full story.

"Me and my brothers just wanted some coin for the little ones... the young master came out of the restaurant and he was already drunk so we thought he would be an easy snatch..."

The boy looked at his mom, not really wanting to tell her that he was out in the streets and stealing. But he was doing it mostly for the younger children, they had even some four-year-olds in his group. They weren't abandoned but their parents died one way or the other, mostly offending some bigshots or getting in debt with the wrong people. He looked to his mother stuttering a bit as he saw her brows twitching.

"A-anyway, we tried doing the usual routine... I fell in front of the young master and just started apologizing to keep his attention on me... that was when big bro..."

Matt stroked his beard while listening, it was a regular stealing maneuver that you would see anywhere. Someone would bump into you then start talking loudly and shuffling about. While you were distracted their partner would move in from the back and quickly snatch your wallet or purse from your pocket.

"But you got caught, right?"

Said Wei Hung while glancing at the boy that lowered his head at the reply.

“Y-yes, the guard next to the master was very vigilant he moved between the young master as my big bro was reaching into his robe. Luckily he managed to jump back before he got caught.”

“So, they grabbed you instead?”

“Y-yes sir, I was on the ground bowing so I didn’t have enough time...”

“That’s why I told you not to hang out with those brats!”

The mother was fuming, she had told her son not to hang out with that riff-raff. They were a known band of little bandits that robbed and plundered the streets. She didn’t want her only child ending up as those thieves, this was also the reason she was working so hard.

“I’m sure the boy had his reasons... right?”

The elderly man asked while trying to smile, but made the family duo flinch in fright instead.

“Y-yes! We only did it to feed the young ones!”

Matt went back to stroking his beard while the mom started reprimanding her son for being a little thief. He, on the other hand, was worried that they even had children on the streets below the age of five running around with no parents or supervision. Even more that they had to resort to stealing and burglary to survive.

“And another thing!”

The mom shouted out while smacking the head of her son that looked disgruntled.

“Hm, how about you show this grandpa where those children are? I’m sure I can ‘talk’ that young master out of harming them...”

He couldn’t let some young bratty young lord just beat up some pre-teen kids, he knew that those types would even resort to killing if they got offended enough. He stood up a bit straighter and tried striking a valiant pose complete with a bright smile so that the child would trust in this old uncle, but the only thing the kid saw was an old man grinning menacingly.

“Um...”

He looked to the side to his mother, not sure if he could trust this ominous looking elder. The mother looking between the two and finally speaking out.

“Y-yes... uh... if Senior insists Zhu’er will show you where they are...isn’t that right?”

She looked at the young boy, a bit of worry in her eyes. She was grateful for the help that this man had given her son, but she didn’t want him to involve himself further with those band of urchins. Her motherly instincts were telling her to take her son and run, but she couldn’t offend the elder man that helped them out, he also seemed quite powerful.

“Well, let’s not dilly dally for too long, little one, if we don’t hurry your friends might get hurt.”

The youth instantly steeled his resolve as the old man mention his friends getting in trouble. He quickly jumped up, his mother shaking her head as she could oppose the older man's decision.

"E-elder please take me along!"

She asked out while her boy was already close to bolting down the stairs.

"Ah sure, you can come along, don't see a problem with that."

Matt didn't mind if the mom tagged along, not like she needed to do anything and he felt confident in being able to protect the two of them. He also thought of alerting his new police task force for this job, but he knew that they were spread thin. Also, it would probably take them a while to get to this store, then take the kid out for the search. He was worried that the younglings might already be getting beaten up.

"Follow me, I know all the shortcuts!"

The little guy bolted for the sliding door, Matt just skipping along even though he didn't look like he was going fast and his feet were moving slowly he had no problem in keeping up with the energetic child, the mom was trailing a bit in the back though. He went deep into the neighborhood, the buildings started looking worse and worse.

'Man, this sure is a shit hole...'

He could see beggars supporting themselves against some building walls, their bodies dangerously thin. The buildings looked more like storage sheds after a while, the roofs probably leaking and if a storm came along they would be folded in half.

'Think I need to invest some money into renovating this section of town...'

This part of town was the slum, while skipping along Matt brought out his system map to see in exactly what area he was in. The coloring was dark red, the worst color you could have. The health hazards in this area were the biggest, you could see human feces on the side of the roads and in the alleys.

He wanted to stop and help a couple of people out, they looked in dire need of medical assistance or at least a warm meal. After he was done with this young master business he would go back to headquarters and have a team come clean this mess up. This wasn't a problem for him at this point, he could cover the costs by making core formation-level items. He could probably even trade in some of those to the richer families in this city and they would do it instead, but he wasn't sure he could trust them in doing a good job just yet.

They were going quite deep into the slum area, the people were quite scary looking as he noticed a lot of them giving him the stink eye. He tried diffusing the situation with a bright smile, but to his dismay when he did that the people looked frightened instead.

'Guess they must be shy...'

While Matt was skipping through the poop-filled streets of Moonlight City, wondering if he would ever be able to wash this stench away from the new boots that he was wearing a group of kids were shivering in the corner of a large damaged building. This looked like some type of old storage space, the wood had

been eaten away by time and there were many puddles due to the water dripping in during the times it rained.

A young man below the age of twenty was sitting on the back of another youth. That youth looked beaten, you could notice it by the number of bruises and his cut-up lower lip. He was on all fours and trembling, the other young man was sitting on his back with his legs crossed over one another using the other person as a chair.

"Hey, stop moving. A chair isn't supposed to move you, cretin! Can't even do that right you trash!"

The young man smacked the 'chair' on the head with his hand and laughed out. This was the young master that was almost robbed by the street urchins, he was sitting on the back of the person that tried snatching his purse, this was the oldest member of the group and the big brother.

"If you don't stop shivering I might decide to punish those little ones there, you wouldn't want that to happen now would you?"

There were about ten other kids all gathered together and surrounded by five cultivators, this were the guards of this young master. They had a little nifty treasure that helped them track these people here, one of the guards specialized in tracking as well. It could home in on a person that was recently touched by the person controlling it, one of the guards had touched the boy as he was trying to grab the young master's purse and so that's how they found the little guy's hideout.

"Young master, these kids won't be worth much I'm afraid. They all look frail and lack any cultivation."

One of the guards reported while looking at the children, they ranged from the ages of four to thirteen, the oldest being the one that his master was sitting on and he was just fourteen. They had miscalculated this robbery, the hidden guards weren't noticed as they were of quite the high caliber.

"Damn, useless as always. Why is a bunch of trashes like you even in this city, not worth the dirt under my boots."

He smacked the kid that he was sitting on again, thinking about what he should do with this bunch of useless urchins. He was mad at the new Zhang Clan, usually what he would do to people like this was having his people sell them for whatever they could to the slavers as criminal or debt slaves. The new power in town had decided to ban slavery though, this being a bit of a thorn in this young master's side.

"Those damn Zhang Clan retards, why do they prevent us from making a living, not like you can do anything more with trashes like these. Though we could still sell them on the side, no one has to know... hehe..."

He finally got fed up and stood up from the youth's back, giving him a kick to his stomach that sent him rolling over against a wall and towards the shivering children.

"L-leave big brother alone, you big bully!"

One of the younger children spoke up, it was a young girl that was now rubbing her brother's belly while looking at the young master with tears in her eyes.

"Huh?, you dare look at this young lord with those kinds of eyes! You there, give her a good slap!"

He pointed to one of his guards, the man in question just nodded and moved in the direction that the child was standing in, ready to follow his master's instructions. But as he was about to give the poor trembling girl a good smack he was tackled from the side by another youth, this youth came from outside and was little Zhu'er.

"Leave my junior sister alone!"

Well, the youth couldn't really bring the adult man down. It felt like he hit a brick wall, the adult guard just standing there with vacant eyes.

"Get off me, you little shit!"

But before he could smack the child away he felt a chill run down his spine, he could feel someone looking at him.

Chapter 112

The men looked in the direction that the voice was coming from. The boy that tackled the man fell onto his butt, then quickly scooted to the side to protect his little junior sister.

"Who dares!?"

The young master looked at the old man, not knowing who he was. He had a long beard and looked intimidating, but looks could be misleading. The young master was just a lowly Qi condensation practitioner, not even that high up there at only the 8th stage. He liked spending his time drinking and partying with the ladies in the pleasure district not really one for training. That's why he glanced to one of his guards, the man looked quite experienced and was in the middle level of foundation establishment.

The guard scanned the elder with his senses, he could tell that the elderly man was also in the foundation establishment stage at a similar level that he was. But he wasn't alone here, each guard here had at least a cultivation base of foundation establishment early stage and there were five of them against just one old guy.

Taking their ages into consideration, the bodyguards were men in their forties and fifties and the opponent looked to be sixty or seventy. In this world, you could mostly tell one's strength by the cultivation level and the age. An old age gave you hints that the cultivator wasn't very talented and couldn't advance past the stage that they were currently in and would probably be stuck in it for the rest of their life. This indicated that they should be weaker than younger cultivators at the same realm as they probably had more talent and vigor.

The bodyguard gave the young master a nod, signaling him that he felt confident in taking out this elderly man. This youth wasn't stupid, he knew that it wasn't wise to offend unknown people, they could turn up to be some kind of old powerful monster. Still, you could offend risky targets but you just had to make them vanish from the face of this world.

"I'm not sure who you are old man, but you better scram."

The young master proclaimed, while hiding behind his bodyguards smirking from the back at the elder that was about to get trashed by his group.

“Oh don’t mind me, I’ll be on my way soon. I’ll just take these children with me and we will be on our way, what say you?”

Matt didn’t want to cause a scene, no one was actually dead and he could make these cultivators collapse with a wave of his finger. He was planning on remembering the youth’s face, maybe getting his name out during the conversation and then have his police force bring him in. Playing a superhero was nice and all, but these people had to learn to trust the new faction in town to help them out in the future and not rely on random cultivators to help them out. He wanted to have the man serve a normal prison sentence, but things weren’t that easy and the kids were also thieves.

“Heh did you hear that men, he wants to take the poor kids home.”

The people that were standing there just burst out in laughter not taking the man seriously. They were feeling quite content, the man was even speaking to them respectfully probably afraid of a beating.

“Yes, you can take these kids for a mere... five hundred... no, make that a thousand spirit stones! How’s that for a fair price?”

The youth just laughed to himself, no one in their right mind would cough up a thousand spirit stones for some useless orphans.

“Oh, a thousand? Wait a moment sonny...I just need to check...how about these?”

The young master raised his brow at the old man’s response, it was as if he was willing to pay that amount for these street urchins. He looked at the man who was looking at a storage ring a glint in the youth’s eye as he saw that thing.

‘That’s a high-quality spatial ring, where did that old fart get it?’

The old guy then pulled out two swords, from a glance you could tell that they weren’t simple weapons and that they were made by quite the master blacksmith.

“Here you go, two high-quality perfect grade mortal swords, they should go for around five hundred maybe even six hundred spirit stones at the auction house, this should do, right?”

Everyone gasped as the old guy pulled out two shiny new swords, they were radiating that perfect grade aura and were extremely close to something at the core formation stage. The guards in the shed gulped, they wanted weapons like those but they were forced to use lower quality goods given to them by the clan they were from. This clan was the Xing Clan, which this young master belonged to.

“B-bring those treasures over...”

The young master said while staring at the two weapons, he just had to have them. Trading some brats for even one of those would be a win in his opinion.

‘But where did this old man get those from and he probably has more things in that storage ring...’

The youth was already thinking about his next step, should he risk offending anyone that was behind this old man or not. The man wasn’t wearing the Zhang Clan robes, so he probably wasn’t with that family.

‘Even if he was with them, nothing will happen if he just vanishes...’

The Xing Clan had a bandit background so they were quite ruthless in their actions. From a young age, their offsprings were taught to never allow any loss of face and to be thorough with their actions. If you saw an opportunity for getting more power, you should go for it if the situation allowed for it even if there was a risk involved.

“Here you go sonny, now I’ll just take the kids and we’ll be on our merry way.”

The bodyguard grabbed the two blades and carried them over to the young master, the kid took one of them while the guard kept the other. Both of them could see that these were quality goods, neither of them had a weapon of this quality on their person. While the old man was walking towards the kids, seemingly thinking that the deal was made.

The Xing young master had other plans, he was going to risk this. No one should miss one old fart, and even if they do they will be long gone and can blame it on bad luck. He gave his men a hand signal which the group knew well, they went to cut off all escape routes. The elder wasn’t really doing much, he was now by the kids petting the crying girl that was standing next to the boy that tackled one of the bodyguards.

“Okay kids, just follow this uncle outside I’ll bring you somewhere safe.”

All of the kids looked to Zhu that came along with this strange old fart, they looked to him if they could trust the man or not. The boy gave them a nod and a couple of reassuring words.

“Don’t worry, you can trust this Senior.”

The boy said while trying to aid his injured brother, that was badly beaten on the ground his ribs probably broken due to that last kick he received.

“Mmm, you’re not willing to let the kids go? But the deal was already made young man.”

The old man spoke up which prompted the kids to look at him, he was looking at the smirking young master. His men were pulling out their weapons while encircling the group some of them standing back in the case that they fled.

“You think I’m stupid, give me that ring of yours and we might let you live old fool!”

The kids started crying again, the younger ones hiding behind the older ones the grandpa in front. The old man in question looked at his hand, his high-quality store ring on one of his wrinkled fingers. He moved his hand so that the backside of his palm would face the young master, the ring visible to the youth.

“Oh, you want this little thing? How can I trust you that you would let us go after I give it to you?”

The youth was getting more and more confident in his decision, this man wasn’t bringing up any outside backing into the conversation. This meant that he probably didn’t really have anyone more powerful behind him but still, the old man was getting on his nerves as his tone was quite relaxed.

“Stop messing around you old fart, hand over the ring! We are done playing games!”

He nodded to one of his guards, the man charged forward. This man wasn't the strongest from the group nor the weakest. This would be a test, they wondered what the old man would do. Would he use some kind of defensive treasure, would he charge in and try his luck in hand to hand combat, or would he try to run away.

The old man didn't move from his spot at all, he just looked at the incoming warrior. The bodyguard was holding a large saber with his hand, he swung it from over top his head like he was trying to bisect the elderly man that was just standing there. His weapon whizzed through the air, the children's eyes not even being able to fathom the incoming man's movements as he used some strange movement art, appearing like a blur in their eyes.

The kids closed their eyes, they expected to see the poor grandpa getting split in half. They felt the wind pressure from the attack suddenly hit their faces, their hair getting kicked up. But that was it, they couldn't hear the old man screaming or groaning. When they opened their eyes they saw something strange, the old man was holding the saber's tip between his index and middle finger. The attacker's biceps was bulging out indicating that he was trying to push his weapon downward, but the saber wasn't budging at all.

"Ho ho, how ferocious, this grandpa almost had a heart attack, so fearsome indeed!"

The old man laughed and chuckled while the bodyguard tried his best to pull or push his saber away from the clutches of those two fingers. The elder then flicked his fingers, the saber that the man was holding got flung upward and lodged itself in his shoulder, blood spraying into the air and the man screaming out in pain.

"What are you fools waiting for, get that old fart!"

The young man screamed out, he didn't anticipate the man to be so ferocious but he still had more guards one stronger than the other, they should be able to handle one old man. The muscular men charged at the man that in return slowly walked towards them, his facial expression not really changing.

They attacked him from all directions, they had swords and spears heading for the man's weak spots, the head, the heart, the solar plexus, and even his groin. But before the weapons could land they suddenly shattered into many pieces, the shrapnel heading in the directions that the attackers made their strikes. The sharp metallic parts embedded themselves in the men's faces and bodies, quickly making them retreat and squirm out in pain.

"W-what are you idiots doing, kill him!"

The young master was fuming as he saw his men just scatter, wounds all over their bodies the old fart just standing there and grinning. The men tried standing up, but they were seasoned warriors and knew that this elder in front of them wasn't even trying hard. He was probably hiding his cultivation level and could slap them to death if he wanted to. They groaned as their young idiot of a master wasn't realizing that fact yet.

"Oh, you shouldn't be that quick to murder people young man."

Suddenly the youth felt some wind hit his face, the man just vanished and was now standing right behind him. He was holding onto the Xing Clan boy's shoulder while talking.

“Don’t touch me, I’m the Xing Clan’s second son! If you touch me my father will kill you and your whole family!”

The youth turned around, the old man had quite the grip on his shoulder as he felt most of his power leaving him.

“Oh shut up you caricature of a person.”

SMACK

The young master was slapped on the cheek and not lightly. His body spun around his arms floppy as the youth lost all power in his limbs the moment he received the hit, he made a nice arch and hit the shacks wooden wall and crashed through it right outside. He was instantly out cold and foaming at the mouth, some of his teeth knocked out.

Chapter 113

Matt looked down at his palm that just slapped the youth into the wall, he didn’t think he would make him fly that hard.

‘He was weaker than expected... good that I lowered my strength... could have killed the kid...’

He gulped, he misjudged how strong that young master was. He was still in battle mode from fighting his bodyguards so even though he meant to give him a gentle pat to the cheek, that would at most make him go down to one knee. He gave him a strong enough smack to make him comedically fly to the side while knocking out a couple of teeth in the process.

‘Well, at least they are down and don’t look like they will be resisting anymore.’

He glanced at the warriors that were clutching various parts of their bodies, the metal shrapnel had lodged itself into their flesh and probably hurt like hell. The kids were protected behind him thanks to his transparent shield, so they were all fine and dandy.

‘Well then... what should I do now...’

He looked at the disgruntled bodyguards that were squirming on the ground, trying to remove metal pieces from their cheeks. He could try to round them all up, make them carry the young master over to the police station. But there were these crying children behind his back, he was slightly afraid that the orphans would just run away if he wasn’t paying attention.

“Hey you there, what’s the Xing Clan second son’s name?”

One of the bodyguards that wasn’t injured looked up at the scary grandpa and quickly replied.

“T-the young master’s name is Xing Shie, please elder show mercy, the Xing clan will surly repay you handsomely.”

The man quickly bowed, hoping that this crazy old fart wouldn’t just kill them all. If they made it back to the Xing Clan compound they could get some backup and take care of this elder.

Matt decided to just use his police force for the job, he also wanted to see how they would handle the procedure of apprehending a young master. He wasn’t sure if everyone was on the same page as he was

though, after the fiasco with the lady and her son that his workers and clan members refused to help out.

‘Hope they won’t take any bribes... but this would be a good opportunity to see if they do. It might be better if that happened now than later.’

Matt didn’t kid himself, there were a couple of bad apples even back in Spirit Spring City, but they were far too afraid of him to do anything about him. Still, he knew that they were waiting for him to slip up, little schemers that they were. He already disowned the clan members that left the city during the time he was at that secret ground. He couldn’t trust people that just run away whenever times got tough.

‘I need to open that school soon so then we can start indoctrin... training the kids to be good policemen, yeah...’

Matthew knew that most people in this world liked to be placed in groups. They would stay loyal to the person that gave them the opportunity to better themselves, for instance by giving them some cultivation manuals and some resources to break through a realm or two. But there were always one or two of those scheming types, that everything was just a stepping stone for their way to the top.

He had the young master’s name now, so he just turned around being sure to reply with a resounding snort to the pleading that the bodyguard was doing.

“Don’t worry, I’m not the one that will be taking care of you, I will be sure to report this incident to the brand new and glorious, Zhang Clan, Police Department!”

He made sure to pronounce the Zhang Clan name clearly, it would surely send the cultivators trembling in their boots. In reality, they didn’t know what the old guy was on about, they knew that the Zhang Clan was doing some strange stuff in the background, but they still thought that even they would just take a bribe and be done with it.

He finally turned around the group of children, the enemies were slowly removing themselves from the old shed that was close to crumbling due to the release of the warriors fighting aura. The kids were still scared, tears in the eyes of some but some of the older ones had that glint in their eyes, like someone that had been through a lot.

“Don’t worry children, grandpa here will protect all of you, come with me, we need to treat your friend here first, then let’s all go to a nice restaurant, you probably haven’t had a warm meal in quite some time!”

The kids looked at each other, the younger ones were instinctively on board after the grandpa mentioned a warm meal. The older ones were more apprehensive as they didn’t really trust adults anymore. They didn’t have any role models and most of them had no older family members left alive or caring for them. The boy that Matt healed being a rare case that still had a loving mother with him.

Luckily he had the boy to speak up for him this time around, otherwise, he would probably have to stuff the kids into his energy bubble.

“Don’t worry, we can trust this Senior, he healed my wounds too!”

Thank's to the youth he earned some trust, the other kids looked at their older brother and nodded they knew him well enough to know that he wouldn't lie to them. They were always worried about their beaten elder brother that was slowly succumbing to his internal injuries.

"I guess we should give this young fellow some first aid, first."

The old man proclaimed while moving over to the collapsed youth on the ground. The kids parting to the side after they got the nod from their other brother that was vouching for the old man.

"Let's see..."

Matt's eyes glowed slightly, this was quite the nifty physician skill that let you see the internal injuries that a patient had. But could also be used during battle to notice your opponent's weak points. He could see the youth's shattered ribs, some lacerations, and the head trauma. He was still conscious though and it would probably be a problem to get him to insert those acupuncture needles into the frightened teen.

Instead, he moved in closer and leaned over, he would use a less direct approach. This was akin to a regular healing art, he just placed his index finger on the youth's upper Dantian on his forehead. The kids weren't sure what this man was doing, but the moment his finger touched their brother's forehead something astonishing happened.

They could see the elder's finger glow in an astonishing golden light. He was directing his healing energies through the boy's forehead and gently guiding them through his meridians, which then dispersed them all throughout his body. This was a slower procedure than when he used his acupuncture needles. This one had to go from top to bottom in order, while the needles were able to disperse his healing energies simultaneously to all the injured parts.

The youths never came across such a healing method, but they haven't really seen many powerful cultivators in general. The injured youth started feeling lightheaded, his muscles relaxing as the healing energies washed over him. He felt like he was floating on a cloud, the healing art also having the boon of removing the pain while the body regenerated.

Soon enough the child was healed, the kids rejoicing as they saw the wounds vanishing from their elder brother's face. He was even well enough to stand up, looking at the palms of his hands some of the fingers that were previously broken weren't hurting at all anymore, he only felt a strange tingling sensation like some ants were running inside those previously broken digits.

"W-what?"

He looked at the elder that was now standing up, hands behind his back and already in his master cultivator pose. The youth instantly dropped down to his knees and started bowing, the boy knowing well that this man had to be some kind of powerful master that he couldn't offend.

"Well then little thief, you have offended some pesky people, how about you follow me along with your juniors, I'll give you all a place to stay. But don't think it's going to be free, you'll have to work for your wage."

The boy stood up, his head dropping down as the elder mentioned the part about offending other people. He knew that his band or urchins had bit off more than they could chew. This was the young

master of the Xing Clan we were talking about, that was a scary family to have offended. Normally they would have needed to leave this city, there was no hope for them after offending a powerhouse clan like that, but this Senior here was offering his help.

“Work? Wage? You’re offering us work?”

The youth was even more suspicious, who would offer work to a band of pickpockets with no background whatsoever. They had no value unless they showed some kind of talent for cultivation.

“Yes, just regular work, the Zhang Clan is creating an orphanage in this city, you will be fed and have a roof over your head. In return you’ll have to do various tasks, mostly cleaning out these ghastly streets from all this garbage.”

“If you are old enough, you can even join the police academy they are making. You just need to pass some tests, you’ll get some cultivation resources and will be able to work for them if you are a promising recruit. But, let’s get out of here first, I promised you some food first!”

He was actually hungry himself, having quite an appetite for this world’s cuisine. The spiritual energy-rich foods were a lot tastier than the ones back on earth, he just couldn’t get enough of those.

The children took the man up on the offer, but they still were thinking about running away if the opportunity presented themselves. They only really trusted themselves. Though they wanted those things that he was talking about to be the truth, they didn’t really like living in the slums with a leaky roof over their head, not knowing if they would have any rice to get by each day.

They all wandered into the richer part of town, the elder was walking in front while some people whispered from the side. The first child and his mother were with them as well, the woman was also feeling uncomfortable due to her shabby appearance. She rarely came to this part of the city, mostly here to clean up after some young masters drinking spree as no one really wanted to tend to vomit.

Logically they were denied access to the restaurant that the old man wanted to bring them over, but after the elder produced a big sack of golden coins the restaurant owners started singing a different tune. This gramps was loaded, the children got quite the feast as they even occupied one of the upper floors all to themselves.

‘Man, they must have had it harsh...’

Matt groaned inwardly as he saw those kids devouring the food, almost forgetting to breathe between the chomps they were taking. They were eating like this was the first meal that they had their entire life, snoot, and tears filling their eyes from the sheer happiness they were experiencing. Some of them even made a vow to follow this strange grandpa for the rest of their lives, Matt would probably sweat if he found out that peoples devotion could be so easily bought with some food around here.

While the kids were eating, he took out a communication jade. It was already close to night time after he headed out from the clinic, so he needed to get these kids shelter. He notified Zhang Kuo, the man knew that he, the Patriarch was disguised as the clinic doctor at the moment. He ordered him to arrange shelter for these kids and also to make a report to the police unit, noting him down as the prime witness.

“Hm, things are all set now. I hope my juniors won’t disappoint me too much...”

Chapter 114

The kids were a bit apprehensive to go with the Zhang Clan members, but the elder that saved them reassured them that it was fine.

"I'll be at the clinic, for now, if anything happens you can just come running to this grandpa and he will protect you with all his might!"

He proclaimed to give the kids somewhere to go if things got rough, but he couldn't really stay with them any longer. They would be placed in an orphanage and watched, they were still pickpockets so they needed to be punished so, for now, they would be on lockdown. They had a program to teach kids at a gated school, they would have a dorm to live in as well.

The whole project was more or less a one package deal, with the orphanage, dorm, school, and various training facilities being at one spot. The kids would get basic education and even some basic cultivation manuals to get them going. The children could slowly adapt and after a certain period had a choice to make, they could either join the Zhang Clan as one of their lower-level sub-factions or just leave and do their own thing.

Matt was planning to school the kids in the basics of pill forging, crafting and various other professions. He wanted to let the kids find something they were good at, so then they could find some work later on in their life. It would probably be easier to study under a master if the disciple had some proper foundations in the basics of the craft they were studying in.

'But let's try not to put them in too much of a debt...'

There was a small catch though. The kids were required to pay some of the tuition fees later on in their life, he wanted it to be free but after some calculations, the numbers just didn't add up. Either he would need to cover the price himself, or have the people learning to repay the Zhang Clan later.

He went with the second option, he wanted to teach the youths a lesson that nothing was really free in this life, but also that you should repay your debts. They would have ample time to repay it though and it was a reasonable price mostly for the food eaten, lodging fees and the teacher fees.

Zhang Kuo was swift to organize the exchange, he couldn't let his Patriarch waiting and soon a group of Zhang Clan cultivators was standing in front of the restaurant. They had their orders and meet with the clinic doctor in question but they didn't know that it was their glorious leader in disguise.

He got the children to come with him and that group, escorting them to the dorm they would be living in now. The new building was more styled in the earthly ways, with many smaller rooms with bunk beds. The kids would be staying here while some Zhang members taught them how to read and some basic cultivation methods. Those methods were slightly better than what other cultivators used, but still, nothing that would impact the Zhang clan's hold on its power.

Matt had upgraded all the core Zhang Clan cultivation methods, plus added a lot of the manuals he copied over from the sacred grounds. The new cultivators would be advancing swiftly with a high-quality foundation. Zhang Zhi was already a core formation expert and Zhang Jin moved over to the middle stage not long ago too. There were many members that were on the cusp of breaking through, but everyone had to reevaluate their foundation.

With the new addition of the updated books, everyone had to go through a process of retraining. The cracked and shaky foundation pillars had to be repaired as much as they could before the practitioner could advance. This process was a whole more tedious for people at an advanced age who had this kind of shaky foundation, so mostly the younger cultivators would progress further. Some of those cracked foundation pillars just couldn't be repaired without dumping in a lot of resources.

At least that would be the normal outcome, but they had their Patriarch with those holy element powers now. He could somehow repair a damaged foundation pillar so if you were deemed worthy, you could advance further with the help of Zhang Dong. The process was slow, so not everyone could get that treatment at this time only the elders that came back from the secret ground would get treated. From the twenty that went in, fifteen returned with five of them dying during the beast waves or while fighting the demon cultivator.

The kids looked at the grandpa that was waving at them, he brought them over to a strange place in which they were going to stay. There were some friendly people around, mostly women that were good at tending to the kids.

"Now stay with the elder sisters here, they will take care of you. Listen to them and don't cause trouble."

The old man parted with the kids and headed out. It was already late, the kids were moved to the rooms by the attending elder sisters that would explain how things worked there. Now the only problem was that Xing Clan's young master, the police unit was informed and the old man that was the prime witness was now at the new police station.

He was in the classic interrogation room, it even had a one-way mirror with some other police members on the other side. Before entering this place Matt could see his police-men working, they were bringing in some ruffians that were spouting the usual gibberish about being some big shot.

"So, Senior Wei Hung. Let me just go over it once more. You encountered Xing Shie in the city slums area..."

Matt was sitting opposite some unknown clan member that was wearing his police uniform, he was still trying not to smirk at the cultivation nuts wearing more modern clothes. They just read some questions down from a parchment about the encounter with the Xing family. They clearly were inexperienced, the man kept sneaking peeks at the paper not knowing what to ask about while taking notes.

He was free to go afterward, they knew that he worked for their clan at their new clinic. The next step for them would be to apprehend the suspect involved in the beating, the suspect's biggest transgression was the half beaten small boy that the elder healed as the other children weren't as beaten up as that one was. But the normal officers would only bring him in, the judging would be carried out by at least a sergeant.

"Xing Clan, this could get ugly..."

One of the Zhang officers said while they were gathering people. They knew about that family and knew that it was one of the stronger ones that didn't like to play by the rules.

"Think we might need the Captain to tag along with us..."

“Well, we have orders to go with a smaller force first, then call for backup if they start resisting or deny us entry into their living area.”

Another police member said while fixing his police cap, he was reading things from some booklet. They had some basic procedures written down in there, like breaking down the door if the offenders don't comply. There was no judicial system quite yet, so they didn't have to tell them their rights yet.

The group of Zhang Cultivators gathered, they were somewhat experienced as they were doing this back home in Spirit Spring City. But back there no one in their right mind would ever oppose them, in this town things might be tricky at the beginning stages. The leading sergeant was one of the elders that survived the secret ground mission and was at the foundation establishment great circle.

He took about ten people with him and headed over to the Xing Clan main mansion. They had to go through the pleasure district to get there, the mafioso like family not caring in the slightest that they had their main house in this kind of environment.

While they were making their way there, the Xing Clan young master was back home getting treatment.

“Ah it hurts, my face... he damaged my handsome face! Father, you must avenge me!”

The youth was squirming while holding on to his face, the injury was still new and you could see a handprint plastered over one of the man's cheeks. His pearly white smile was gone as a couple of his teeth got knocked out in the process, pills that could repair teeth didn't come cheap so he would have to wait for some to be delivered.

“Calm down Shie, tell me again, what happened? It was an old man? Did he really just want to save some useless brats? He also had many high-quality treasures?”

The father was sitting to the side while some other people tended to his son, he couldn't really wrap his mind around a friendly grandpa just wanted to help some kids out, that didn't make any sense.

“Yes Father, he just came and started spouting some nonsense! He even gave me two good swords to trade for those damn kids, ow my face...”

“Then you got greedy, you should learn to measure people's strength better. Don't depend on your retainers so much.”

The father took a puff from his large cigar, worried that his son was such a useless little shit.

“Yes, it was all their fault then need to get lashed to death, that idiot was confident in taking that elder in battle. I would have never offended him otherwise!”

The father nodded, he needed to make an example those bodyguards failed in their mission of protecting his son, they needed to get punished and severely. While Xing Deng was about to speak up one of his retainers walked in, moved over to him and whispered something into his ear.

“THEY WHAT?”

He stood up instantly, his hand moving into a fist as he crushed the cigar that he was holding.

“What do those Zhang Clan bastards want? Why do they want my Son to come with them?”

He looked at his injured brat and then headed out of the room, not knowing what these Zhang Clan members wanted but he wasn't in a position to give them the cold shoulder.

"Let them in, get bring over our strongest warriors to come too, this might turn ugly..."

He wasn't sure what they wanted his son for, but it probably had something to do with the old man that beat up his second son.

"Shie'er stay here and don't come out and be quiet!"

He strode out, some bodyguards instantly appearing next to him half a step behind him. He relocated into the main room that he usually brought in guests, he sat down on a large chair and got himself a new cigar as well. He then waited for the other people to come over while going over the things that his son and his retainers reported.

"Now entering, the Zhang Clan... Moonlight City Police force?... s-sergeant..."

One of the Xing clan members announced the people that arrived, they were ten cultivators wearing dark blue robes with strange hats on their heads. Xing Deng instantly tried to measure their fighting potential, his retainers, and bodyguards stationed all around the room, they were there to jump in if a fight broke out.

'That sergeant cultivator is the strongest... the rest is weaker... not that much of a problem.'

The current Xing clan forces could probably defend against these invaders. He himself could probably handle the strongest member from that group.

"Welcome friends from the Zhang Clan, please sit down and explain to me what you need with my Son?"

He wasn't one to beat around the bush too much, some other people would probably try to butter up to these Zhang Clan members. He, on the other hand, wanted to know the main reason they were here and how much cash they wanted. From his perspective, this was just a way of the new clan to flex their cultivation muscles and they probably just wanted to extort some spirit stones or treasures from them.

"Let's get straight to the point then, Mr. Deng. Your son is charged with assault on a young boy and a couple of other youths, he had beaten them severely almost resulting in death. He had some men with him that have the same charges."

The commanding officer from the group spoke out, he was your regular looking cultivator elder that looked to be in his fifties or sixties. He presented the charges that the men faced.

"We demand you hand those men over to us, they will be put on trial and their sentence will be decided later. I urge you to hand them over willfully as we will use force if you don't comply."

The man looked around the room, spotting the angry Xing Clan members that were taking a hit to the face right about now.

"I'd like to remind you, that our Captain is a core formation expert and if you resist we will have to call for him. You probably wouldn't want that, now would you?"

The elder that was just speaking grinned widely while looking at the Xing Clan Patriarch, the man in question had quite the large vein popping out on his forehead just now. It was now up to him, would they resist or would he hand his son over to these cultivators dressed in blue.

Chapter 115

Xing Deng gritted his teeth while looking at the smirking Zhang Clan member in front of him, it would be easy to wipe these ten fools out, but what would happen after that. The mention of the core formation expert that they had in town was a strong enough deterrent for even this overbearing clan of mobsters. The Xing Patriarch calmed himself down, then leaned back in his chair to ask more questions.

“What do you mean with this? How many spirit stones do you want?, it’s my son we are talking about, won’t the Zhang Clan give me some face and forget about the whole thing?”

The Zhang Clan elder looked to the sides, knowing well that if a fight broke out they would be at a disadvantage. He wasn’t planning on just barging in and taking the boy by force, he would ask nicely first. If they couldn’t come to an agreement he would just retreat and ask for Zhang Zhi to make an appearance, or more foundation establishment warriors to make a difference.

“I don’t think you understand, this is an order coming straight from our own Patriarch. You will have an opportunity to defend your son, if he is deemed innocent than he will go free, if not he will be sentenced.”

“Sentence? Opportunity to defend? What do you mean, explain.”

Xing Deng had no idea what this man was babbling about, no one really bothered with taking time in sentencing other people. If they were strong or had some backing then they would usually just pay up if they offended someone equally strong. If someone offended a stronger person with stronger backing they would be at their mercy and that was it. The cultivators at the top never cared much about the weak, they were far too busy with trying to reach that next realm.

The man started explaining, he had it memorized down by now. How it worked was that the person that was found doing some shady stuff would be apprehended, if someone witnessed the transgression they would be used as witnesses. The witness would testify under oath, or to be precise under a formation that forced them to tell the truth along with the one that was getting accused. This formation forced anyone to say the truth if the cultivator’s resistance was too strong, they were other ways to weaken them so that the formation would work.

The Zhang family member didn’t go into much detail about that part though, he mostly just mentioned that the Xing Clan Patriarch’s son was caught assaulting some street kids and almost killed one and that one particular elder witnessed the whole thing. They now would apprehend the youth and the father could come to his court case to see it happen.

Xing Deng’s face contorted in various ways while the Zhang clan member explained what they were doing. He still thought this was some kind of joke and that the Zhang Clan was just doing it as a sort of scare tactic. Though they could be serious as well, he couldn’t take that option off the table just yet.

‘Who is this witness... does that mean if the witness is gone then my son walks free?’

The man had a particular way of thinking, he didn't even think about bribing the so-called witness he instantly went with getting rid of him. This was one of the things these new policemen weren't thinking about, witness protection. They should have probably taken the man in and given him some bodyguards, or just kept them at their police station that was well protected. They also thought that even with the missing witness they could just force the reported criminal to say the truth with their formation.

"So... you want my son... when will this so-called 'trial' be held?"

The Patriarch in the room leaned back, the gears in his head turning already as he gathered more information about the police procedures.

"After we apprehend the suspect, he will get a court date... shouldn't take longer than a week...maybe two..."

They already had many cases, lagging behind slightly. There were far more criminals in this city than expected and the roundabout way of dealing with them was causing the police force a headache. Would be a lot faster if they could just trash every criminal, then throw them outside the city or something.

"So, you're not willing to just trade... your Patriarch has a strange way of doing things..."

He said without trying to seem too disrespectful, everyone knew that you couldn't be impolite towards the clan leaders or against people stronger than them. He would relent, for now, he wasn't stupid he knew if he denied them they would just bring more people next time and if he slaughtered them right here their clan might be the one being extinguished, he just didn't have enough strength to go against them just yet.

"Fine... you can take him, but I want to speak to Senior Zhang Zhi, maybe we can work something out."

He already knew who the stationed captain in this city was, he didn't think this family would be so unreasonable. They were losing out on a lot of spirit stones, they just needed to ask for some protection money the old fashioned way. But now they were trying to imprison his son, he still believed that this was some kind of scare tactic to just milk his clan for more money. If not, he would be making arrangements for this so-called 'witness' to disappear. From what they explained, this witness was a key figure to getting his son out of this predicament.

"Call Shie over and escort him to this so-called police station."

He begrudgingly gave the order out, he hoped that spirit stones could make the Zhang Clan give him some face even if the verdict was not in his favor. But while the policemen were leaving with their captive along with the Xing clan escort, he moved one of his hands up which was a signal for a shadowy person to appear.

The man was covering his face and looked quite a bit like a ninja, you could only see his beady eyes while the rest of his face was hidden behind a black mask.

"Find this witness and make him disappear, he can not make it out alive, do whatever it takes!"

The shadowy man nodded and vanished into the shadows, his cultivation in the great circle of foundation establishment. He wasn't the only one though, more of those type of men started popping

up from within the Xing Clan estate. They had various cultivation levels, all in the foundation establishment. This was an assassination unit that this family was known for, they had made many people that were causing trouble with this family disappear and they were going to do it once more.

“Gather everyone, this takes priority go interrogate the men that were with the young master, get his description, visit the site where the fight happened now, Go!”

First came the information gathering, they needed to know who they were dealing with. They didn’t have much to go off of, they could get his appearance and that he rescued some street urchins. He had a potential relationship with the Zhang Clan, having brought them over here. He might be a worker at one of their shops or even be a member of their clan, which would make things worse on them. They didn’t worry too much as they knew dead men tell no tales.

They soon dispersed, gathering intel on the Senior that attacked their master. They got the description of his looks from their own clan members and gathered more information at the scene of battle. The beggars in the area were quick to tell them what transpired, not really wanting to have anything to do with this situation.

They followed the trail to the restaurant that the elder brought the children too and then even figured out that they were staying at a new Zhang Clan compound, they couldn’t investigate too much further in as there was a powerful defensive formation keeping them out. After some time the trail brought them over to the clinic that the elder was stationed in.

They asked around some more, the man was slowly getting famous. After healing the boy from his near-death injury, other people heard about it and decided to see what was happening at that clinic. Some more patients later it was confirmed that this man was quite an adept healer, he could cure all kinds of physical injuries like broken bones or deep cuts with just some acupuncture needles. This was clearly some master of the healing arts, the clinic even had potent pills that were a lot cheaper than what the Situ Clan was offering up.

The assassins waited outside the clinic in the hopes of trailing the man to where he lived and then doing their murder there. They were in a hurry but still, they waited, they couldn’t just barge into the clinic it could have some defensive formations or hidden experts inside. Though they felt confident in taking care of anyone that wasn’t at the core formation level without any problems.

The man in question was tending to some patients, mostly old people with back problems. He just smiled as the elderly jumped up invigorated after their arthritis was all gone.

Matt was slowly getting in the rhythm of working here, still, he didn’t really want to spend that much time acting as a clinic doctor even the pill forging was better than this.

‘Ah, more and more people are coming in... guess I’m famous now... I’ll stay here till that kid gets sentenced, then I’ll get a new doctor to take my place...’

It was all fine and dandy to help the weak and downtrodden, but he still had to worry about getting backstabbed by the Dark Palm sect or any other equally strong power. From what he gathered, the moment he reached nascent soul status all hell would break loose.

The governing sects have zero tolerance for upstarts like him, they would swoop in swiftly and try to take him out. The best thing for cultivators that reached a nascent soul level would be to get some backing, otherwise, they would be in for a life on the run. But at a certain level, you wouldn't really find opposition, if you managed to get to the late stage, sometimes into the middle stage that was enough for people to keep their distance.

Even though the nascent soul sect elders were paranoid they were still quite cowardly and calculative. No one would be actually willing to fight someone that could injure or kill them in a fair fight. All those old foggies at that level were quite selfish so making them chase someone for a prolonged time was out of the question.

But even though Matt could probably run away if he reached that level, his Clan would be eradicated in the process. For now, he would just keep it on the low, no one had to know that he was in the nascent soul level. He could wait till he could get more allies, the Feng Clan and Huo Clan were one of those.

He already invested in those two young masters, the Feng Clan Matriarch and the Huo Clan future Patriarch were already in secluded meditation. They were already aiming for that great circle level, then afterward they could try to go for the Nascent soul level. Matt could gift them some good nascent soul cultivation manuals, but getting up to that power level without a system wasn't quite as easy as with the other cultivation levels. This was a more significant change than just getting a core or some foundation pillars.

You actually had to shatter your core for the nascent soul to appear. The nascent soul created would look like a little version of yourself just in soul form, even if you died at this realm your nascent divinity would remain behind letting you recover with time. So it was kind of second life of some sort, but forming a new body was quite tedious and mostly impossible without some external items.

'Kind of scared to go through it... I'll have some kind of small infant soul living in me... that's going to be weird...'

Time passed and soon it was closing time, the clinic would open tomorrow. He wouldn't stay here, he liked to wander around town and eat at the restaurants while trying to hold himself back from going into the pleasure district of the city. This time though, he had some unwelcome guests that were trailing him, he knew instantly that they were up to no good thanks to his rather high cultivation level compared to them. Their inferior trailing and hiding skills being useless against this here Dong.

'Well, they sure move fast... only a day has passed.'

Chapter 116

Matt looked around, he was still in a highly-populated area, should he go into a more secluded one or should he see what those people that were tailing him would do. He didn't think they would attack him in a populated area, they probably just wanted to silence him. It was probably for losing face and so he couldn't testify in the new court he was setting up.

'But yeah, my clan sure is useless... was hoping for at least someone to notice and shadow me from the side, no one is thinking ahead...'

This would be a good opportunity for the police force to tail him as well, if someone attacked him they could swoop in and apprehend them. It would be a shut case and then they could even try to bring in that clan Patriarch for questioning. Though taking the head of a kind of strong clan would probably result in some bloodshed, but that couldn't be helped.

'Would have been a good show of hand, would show people that we don't look kindly at criminals that retaliate, but alas...'

Matt wasn't sure about these squad of shadowy figures tailing him, they were probably one of those death warriors he read in books. They would probably kill themselves sooner than getting apprehended by him. He had to swiftly capture them, but they might do some drastic things like swallowing their own tongue.

The truth-telling formation had a weakness, if the person was very adamant about it, it would start divulging copious amounts of pain. This showed that the person was lying, but would also spring in if he didn't reply to the question. A warrior trained for death would probably not talk and just die in the courtroom, so they didn't make for great witnesses. Some stronger cultivators could probably just tank the formation's painful treatment and not die.

There was one other more drastic way to tell if someone was telling the truth or not, which was soul reading. This was an extremely hard technique to perform but it let the one performing it read the truth from the person they were using it on. This would leave the person dead outright though and you required a high cultivation level to not suffer damage to your own soul in response.

When the technique was used the two souls collided against each other in a sort of battle, the one that came out on top could read the truth from the weaker one. It would destroy that soul in the process and the soul that won out, would receive some wounds. Due to this it was quite unsafe for the person reading it as well. It could lead to problems in the cultivation down the road, so it was rarely used only sometimes when there was no other way or maybe if someone's life depended on it.

'Why do these things keep happening whenever I want to get some food?'

He was standing outside a restaurant the sun already going down, he sighed and walked on, he didn't want to risk those cultivation hobos getting the people inside the establishment involved. He started going to a more secluded area of the city where the people living there wouldn't get involved too much. He hoped that the assassins that were tailing him don't chicken out as this was an obvious trap, who just wanders into an empty plot of land in the middle of the night?

'Well, these cultivator nuts are always very prideful they probably think this will be the perfect opportunity to kill me. Too stuck up to think that someone noticed their movements and is stronger than them. Though I'd rather deal with these types than with those that won't show their fangs right until the end while letting their own family members die instead.

That was indeed the worst type of person in these kind's of worlds to go against. They would act all chummy with you, being some third cousin of the Patriarch from god knows where. Always losing against their own siblings but in reality, having some kind of strange technique that made them insanely strong. They would slowly build up their power base on the down low, then pounce you when you were on your weakest just to be sure that they could take you out.

While he was moving through an empty alleyway he noticed some movement, he wanted to go further in and even outside the city if you could but these men weren't willing to just tail him that long.

'Hm, did they notice that there was something fishy?'

He could feel them moving in front of him, they had some kind of shadow art that made them blend in within the darkness of the night. He could feel their presence though, even without his detection technique the gap in cultivation was far too large. It felt like he was about to pick on some kids, but these men were ruthless killers, he was already past the point of feeling bad about killing people like that. He still wanted the police to bring them in, but he wasn't sure that these people would come quietly.

It was creepy looking, he could see the shadows wiggling about like some kind of dark liquid was going through it. Inside that dark mass were cultivators just shuffling through the walls, they went past him probably to cut away his only route of escape. He kept on walking, letting them think that he didn't notice something, but inside he was slightly mad that he couldn't eat those nice meat buns at that restaurant he was going to go to.

There were three people in front and three people behind him now, but those weren't all of them. There were also two people on each side up on the buildings. There were exactly ten attackers, the weakest one was in the middle stage of foundation establishment and they even had two in the great circle, most of them were in the late stage though.

Matt wasn't sure if he should be honored that they sent such a big murder force after him, or if he should feel bad that these guys were going against someone that was half step into the nascent soul realm.

'Ah, should I just finish them quickly or play around...'

He thought back to the time in the secret area, where he was a bit too prideful for his own good. It would probably not be a good thing to not take these guys seriously, even though they had no way to harm him, they could always try taking hostages while fleeing. They could even blow up part of the city if the scuffle got too obvious.

'I guess I should put on my business face and wrap this up.'

While he was thinking that, he heard something whizzing through the air. This was something that he was quite knowledgeable of. Every serious weeb would know what these things coming towards him were.

'Oh, throwing stars? shurikens?'

They were coming at him from all sides. He could see them spinning around in slow motion while they flew towards all of the vital points of his body. These guys weren't playing around, they were trying to snipe him with their throwing stars. He had a couple of ways to take care of these projectile weapons, he could even let them hit his body as he didn't think they could pierce through his body refining technique. He could also release his aura to slow their approach or even use his shielding technique.

He went for a more rudimentary approach though. Firstly he moved his hands upwards, stretching them out while examining where the first batch of shurikens was coming from. His hands were fast as

lightning. A normal cultivator would only see afterimages or even less than that as Matt in the form of the elder started catching the incoming weapons with his hands.

The men from the shadows didn't relent though, they kept at it the clinging and clanging of metal quickly resounding through the alley as Matt didn't have enough space between his fingers to catch all of these projectile weapons. He started bouncing them backward, his palm strikes formed a sort of dome around the area that he was standing in.

The assassins looked at the spectacle while sweat formed on their foreheads, they could barely follow this old man's movements. The stronger ones from the group could somewhat keep up, but in the reality was that killing this elder wouldn't be quite easy. They were even astonished that he wasn't going down, he clearly smacked the weapons back with his hands, the shurikens were laced with poison that on skin contact would dull the enemies movements and render them defenseless within a short amount of time.

"The poison isn't working, everyone attack together!"

Matt noticed before the weapon's hit that there was some liquid on it, but his body was way too tough and resistant to be affected by such crude venom. There was a small pile of metallic stars next to his feet now, the enemies finally deciding to go into melee range. They charged from the back and from the rear while the assassin members that were on the roofs continued with the range attacks.

He could now get a good look at these attackers, they looked quite familiar and the weapons that they kept throwing at them fit their appearance quite well.

'Damn, nice ninja outfits...'

They looked quite similar to a certain ice slinging ninja game character, though their ninja robes were pure black with some metallic parts here and there. They had armguards on their hands and some shoulder guards as well, the part that covered their mouth was a separate piece from their hood part and it looked like it could function as a gas mask to boot.

'Guess I need to be wary of any strange fumes coming out from them.'

The attackers had various ninja-themed weapons, there were the usual katanas here and there. One person had a hooked sword of sorts while another was holding on to that weapon that looked like a sickle attached to a chain with a weight at the end part of the chain. One was dual-wielding sickle-like weapons outright, he could even hear the top cultivators switching to other weapons which blew darts this time around.

"Quite the ferocious bunch aren't ya? Did the Xing Clan send you to silence this old man? I'm not sure you'll be up to the task though."

The assassins didn't reply and just charged in, they knew that this man was taking them lightly and they wanted to profit on his lax attitude. The attacks were coming from all sides and they knew how to work together, no one under the core formation-level could be a match for this group. But this was the problem, the man they were facing was a lot stronger than that.

Just before one of their attacks was about to land and the other members were following up for a combo, the man vanished. The six ninjas came to a stop, their eyes bulging as they couldn't see the old

man anywhere he just vanished from the spot not leaving anything behind. Well, the shurikens that were on the ground were flickering now as if some electricity was got infused due to something.

“GAH! ARGH!”

They soon looked up, the man was holding one of their squadmates in his hand and by the neck. The other three were already falling down from the building and out cold.

“Always go for the support first!”

The men with the blow darts couldn’t even get one clean hit as Matt charged upwards while using his thunder steps. He had gotten it to such a high proficiency that it looked like he was teleporting at this point. The man in his grasp convulsed and twitched as he was getting choked out with one hand. He didn’t kill them just yet as for now he just infused them with his Qi to make them pass out, they wouldn’t wake out for quite some time with his superior energy interfering with their inferior one.

The old man tossed the enemy that was now more or less a rag doll to the side. He then hopped off the building he was standing on and kicked himself off some bricks that were at the top part of the wall. His kick caused part of the wall to crack, he was soon back on the ground. He did a flip and landed on his feet, the ground shaking under the pressure and spider-like webs forming in the earth below.

He kicked up quite the dust cloud and made a lot of noise, the assassin ground still went after him, failure was not an option and they would die anyway if they let this man go. The old man wasn’t as passive anymore though, before they could reassess the situation his fist was flying towards the strongest member of the group.

The man didn’t have enough time to activate any of his defensive treasures nor to dodge this fast attack. He took a clean hit, his cheekbones breaking as he flew like a puppet with its strings severed towards the alley. He bounced and bounced as he flew further and further finally ramming into the side of the wall, out cold and a bloody mess.

Soon his friends ended up in the same way, their faces were all battered and bruised this elder wasn’t playing around. Soon enough he was holding up onto the last member of the group. Matt pulled his mask down to reveal a forty-something man, the man was looking at him with fear in his eyes probably not willing to die here and now.

“So, you willing to answer a couple of questions, I’ll guarantee your safety if you do, you might even only have to work in a mine for a while instead of getting killed, sounds like a good deal, right?”

Before the man could answer the old man looked to the side, the grin from his face replaced with a frown. The assassin squinted with his eyes, trying to see who it was that came, was it help from the Xing clan? When he heard the voice though, he knew that it was someone else entirely.

“Stop right there criminal scum! Nobody breaks the law under our watch!”

Matt looked at the half beaten man in his grip, he had blood on his fists and looked like the bad guy in this situation.

‘Awww, shit...’

Chapter 117

Matt was holding onto one of the beaten-up Ninja wannabes, the person looked like a man in their forties with a busted lip and a swollen eye from the smack he received from this old man named Wei Hung. He slowly turned his head to where the voices were coming from, to his dismay the Fuzz had arrived in the worst possible moment. It was as if he was the bad guy in this situation, all you could see were many people on the ground some of them were even twitching.

He even had blood on his hands, which made him look even worse. The whole situation was noticed by a couple of policemen patrolling the city, they had heard a ruckus the moment Matt landed on the ground after he jumped off that building. These two people weren't any regular police officers though, they were wearing uniforms that Matt was quite familiar with as he was the one that made them.

'Damn, guess I'll have to go talk my way out at the police station. This might look bad, but I bet I can explain everything when we go back.'

He was still the key witness in the case, the new police force should be able to figure out that the people here were trying to murder him so that he couldn't testify. Though he wasn't sure they were so good at detective work just yet.

"Ah, this can all be explained, I'll come peace..."

He wanted to say that he would come peacefully but before he could do that the two 'officers' charged at him.

"Quiet you scum, let go of that person this instant!"

A woman's voice could be heard behind the mask she was wearing, it was quite the youthful sounding one as well. Her partner was running right behind her, giving her some backup.

'So, you're not even going to ask what was happening and are just going to beat the suspect up from the get-go?'

It didn't look like diplomacy was an answer in this situation. The glorious Zhang clan Patriarch had a decision to make, would he let these two juniors smack him around, then maybe drag him back to the police station. He might be thrown into jail if he didn't reveal his true self, but what would happen to these two. He was the freaking Zhang Clan Patriarch, the other clan members would probably never let this slide. Being disrespectful to the clan leader was akin to treason, they could be thrown out, be ostracised or worse.

'But what should I do... should I just run...'

While he was thinking about his next move a heel was flying towards his head, he almost forgot that the two were coming for him. He stepped to the side, it looked like a very relaxed and slow type of movement but in reality, it was very swift. The woman flew past him missing her target, caught off guard as she flew forward with her momentum.

"Sister Ai, watch out, this elder isn't simple!"

This was, of course, the duo that saved the young girls from the fat slaver. Zhang Teng swooped to the rescue, afraid that the elder would strike his clan sister while she was off balance. His hands coiled like two snakes, the strange attack making the youth's arms extend in length. But before they could reach

the elderly man's face they bounced back, Teng's hands snapped backward as if getting deflected by something hard.

"Hey, I'm innocent! These guys attacked me, aren't you supposed to hear me out before you start attacking?"

He tried to reason with the two, but after knocking the snake youth back the sister that flew past him moved back into the fray. She pulled out a black tonfa, this was a standard weapon that came in various grades and sizes. Matt found himself dodging all of these attacks, the two youths were promising young talents but they were nowhere near his level of strength. The hardest thing for Matt was holding back, he didn't want to hurt any of these kids, he could probably snap them in half with a flick of his finger.

"Stop resisting, you criminal scum!"

The two weren't relenting though, he had to give it to those two, they were stupid but brave. Maybe if he played with them for a while they would tire out and then hear him out. He must have overdone it with the policeman guide that he made, guess it wasn't smart to put that clause about going harder after criminals that were resisting.

However, while he was thinking about his next move more people started showing up. He forgot that they all had communication treasures that would alert other coppers if some of their squadmates were in trouble and fighting. He was surrounded once more, this time around there were even more people as this alleyway was getting crowded.

'Are you serious?... For god's sale, I'm your damn Patriarch!'

He bit his lower lip, trying not to give these fools a good thrashing. But his passive attitude was probably making these idiots feel like they had a winning chance.

"Altogether, he is clearly at a disadvantage he can't even attack!"

He was right, due to only dodging their attacks and smacking them away gently here and there, the junior members thought that the old man was just having a hard time evading them and couldn't counterattack. He looked as many police uniform wearing cultivators charged at him from all sides, they were mostly using tonfa like weapons. A sigh escaped his mouth, the man finally having enough of this farce.

"Don't get cocky now..."

The people were doing a joint combination attack that would rain down justice on this murderous elder, they could almost see him wincing on the ground and begging them for mercy. However, they suddenly felt a strange sensation like something was telling them to quickly escape. It was too late though, the elder's facial expression suddenly changed and he moved his leg upwards slightly. He then stepped forward or at least that was what it looked like.

This unthreatening motion was accompanied by a spike in the elder's cultivation aura, the moment that foot touched the ground a sudden repelling force was produced. The magnificent combination attack that these cultivators trained for months was instantly broken, they were all sent flying backward as a shockwave destroyed any forward momentum that they had.

“C-core formation?...”

Everyone was down on their knees, the old grandpa that looked meek and weak just a second ago, now looked like a monster to these cultivators. They didn't think that this man would be this strong, they finally realized that he was just playing with them and he could have killed them at any moment. The group of people looked up, their legs shaking a bit as they stood up, not really sure what to do.

“Have you calmed down now?... Can I finally explain mys....”

While he was talking he suddenly felt something, he quickly jumped up into the air only to see the ground beneath him explode into dust. The cultivators that were standing in the alley were of course hit by the residual blast, which caused them to fly in various directions, the buildings were already shabby looking but now the walls were destroyed as well.

‘No... is it that idiot now...’

Matt looked in the direction that the attack came from, his eyes squinting as he could see a man on a sword flying towards him. He knew this idiot samurai quite well, it was his number one fan Zhang Zhi charging at him with murder in his eyes.

“You shall not hurt these people, you criminal scum!”

‘But you are the one that almost killed them with that attack...’

Matt noticed that this man didn't think about collateral damage at all. This explained why he was okay with slicing the Cheng Clan's ship in half. There were non-combatants on that ship, luckily none of them was killed but some of them were heavily injured. Luckily the cleanup crew had enough pills to heal the slaves on the ship, they brought them back to the cities afterward.

‘What now...’

This was slowly getting out of hand, he didn't think his own people would start chasing him around town. For now he had to lead this idiot Zhang Zhi out of this city, so that he wouldn't destroy it in the process of capturing him. He turned around and started hopping from building to building, the other man chasing after him while the juniors below groaned out loud due to having been caught in the aftershock of Zhang Zhi's attack.

“Stop you criminal! This Zhang Zhi will follow you to the end of this continent!”

Matt was planning to leave the city, then show his trusted clan member who he really was and explain that he was doing a secret mission. But things weren't working out, this man started swinging his sword around producing those flying dragon attacks of his. Buildings started exploding and people screamed in the streets, this guy was clearly ignoring others around him and just caring about the mission that his Patriarch had given him.

‘Damn, he is holding back a bit... but he might actually hurt someone like this...’

The rooftops were exploding and more policemen gathered as they followed their captain. The old man suddenly jumped really high and flew through the air, landing at an open plot of land with a lot of empty space around him. He then faced their captain, the policemen cheered their captain on as they saw the two ready to duke it out.

“Get him Captain!”

“Show him what happens to people that go against the Zhang Clan!”

“He was clearly resisting, we must bring him in!”

They shouted from the back while slowly encircling the spot that Matt landed, they were keeping their distance though as they knew that they couldn't get involved in a fight of core formation experts.

“Surrender now!”

Zhang Zhi held his sword out and pointed it at the old man, Wei Hung in response frowned while looking around. He had enough, he didn't care if his cover would be blown and he would look like some weirdo that dressed as an old man while being the clan leader. He couldn't let these idiots do their thing anymore.

“You want me to surrender?... Me?”

Zhang Zhi prepared to swing his sword once more, but he suddenly stopped, no he even took a step back. The elder person in front of him suddenly looked a lot scarier than before. He could feel the elder's power rising, it went way past the early level of core formation that he previously felt and shot up so high that he didn't even know how strong this man was.

“You damn idiot, what do you think you are doing by destroying this city!?”

The man started floating into the air, his eyes started glowing with a golden hue. Lightning bolts fired off his body and you could hear the sound of thunder as he rose upwards into the sky above.

“H-how can this be?”

These cultivators didn't really have much experience with nascent soul cultivators and Matt here was someone that was extremely close to the cultivation level of one. At this time they had mistaken the old man for an expert in that realm, he was even floating which was the staple of nascent soul cultivators.

Zhang Zhi started thinking, who could this man be. He had a similar air to him as his Patriarch, this cultivation method was a dead giveaway. But what was the relationship between this man and the glorious Patriarch he thought? In his infinite wisdom he figured it out, this was the only logical conclusion in his mind, there was only one person that this elder could be.

He quickly dropped down to his knees, his head hitting the pavement as he spoke out.

“Junior apologizes sincerely, I didn't realize who this glorious elder was!”

Matt reacted with a sharp gaze, did he finally see through him.

‘Well guess the jig is up, hope I can come up with a good explanation.’

“Well, glad that you understand.”

Matt nodded while Zhang Zhi replied.

“Yes, this junior didn't realize that this elder must be the illustrious master of our Patriarch!”

“Yes glad that you... wait, what?”

Chapter 118

This wasn't as silly as Matt thought it was. The cultivators here had limited knowledge about experts at the Nascent soul level. Even though Zhang Zhi was back there in the secret ground, the whole fight was quite hectic. They didn't have time to measure the power levels of those two masters that were fighting, so when Matt flexed his cultivation it could seem to be at the nascent soul level.

The other thing was the blind trust in the Patriarch that Zhang Zhi had. He would never think that Zhang Dong would take the form of an old man and just wander around the streets of this city. He thought that his Patriarch was busy cultivating or thinking about ten moves into the future of the clan.

This old man looked to have the same type of cultivation method as their Patriarch, but due to Zhang Dong increasing his expertise in all of his cultivation arts, he was stronger than he was back then in the secret ground. So this mistake wasn't as far fetched if you considered how these people operated.

“Grandmaster...”

‘I guess I'll roll with it... better than explaining to them why I'm pretending to be some old fart...’

He quickly thought back to the way a lofty master should act. Should he go with a more stoic approach, or act angry as the juniors didn't give him any face. For now he just stuck his chest out proudly and played around with his long white beard, his eyes locked on the trembling core formation cultivator.

“Oh, I see that you have figured it out, little friend, took you long enough.”

Zhang Zhi just trembled and started sweating, his theory came true and he was speaking to someone that was even above the Patriarch. What if this show of disrespect from him would cause trouble to Zhang Dong, what if this old man punishes his disciple for having incompetent subordinates as him? There was only one thing he could do!

Matt in the form of Wei Hung hovered up in the air, not quite sure what he should talk about but he wanted to talk about this cultivator didn't care for collateral damage at all. But before he could speak out again the man below him acted out, he drew his sword and stretched out his hand. His face was resolute and his will was unshaken as he looked at that hand of his.

“This junior has made a grave error, please let this junior offer up a hand to appease the senior's anger!”

Matt's eyes bulged out and went bloodshot as he saw the man going for a slice. He was going to sever off his entire hand a bit above the wrist, this was some devotion to the clan right there. Matt quickly activated all of his skills to get as much of a speed boost as he could, the other Zhang Clan members that were standing around the area only saw the elderly man vanish.

Zhang Zhi was aiming for his sword hand, he was quite devoted and wanted to let the old man know, that he was really apologetic. His swordsmanship was fast and decisive, but as he was feeling the cold dark blade against his forearm, it suddenly got stopped by something. This something was the elder man's hand, he grabbed the entire blade it not even being able to nick his skin.

“You damn fool!”

SMACK!

Zhang Zhi got slapped by the old man, the man quickly tasting blood as he staggered to the side. The smack wasn't serious, if Matt was serious he could probably smack the head off his neck with one hit.

"What do you think you are doing? Did you even ask if I wanted you to do this? Don't you have a small child? What would your wife and child do if their father became a cripple?"

The old man started shouting at the samurai looking cultivator, who was back down on his knees and rubbing his cheek. The other Zhang clan members just looked one from the side, not being able to add anything to the conversation and being too afraid to even try.

They just looked as the old man started lecturing their Captain. Zhang Zhi perplexed and just nodding, not being sure why the old master was mad at him for trying to show him face by cutting off his hand. But after he heard him mention his child and wife, he shrunk back. He forgot that he had his own family besides the clan to think about, maybe he was too hasty in his actions.

"J-junior was wrong, please forgive me..."

"Enough, I'm not mad at you... but you must start thinking before you act... think about other people that will suffer from your actions..."

Matt wasn't sure what he should do now, the dismemberment of limbs kind of made him forget what he was going for in this conversation.

"Listen up... those people back in the alley attacked me, they were probably related to the boy that you apprehended, think it was the Xing clan. If you are going to run this 'Police force' that your Patriarch created you need to do it right, you can't just attack people randomly... also look at that..."

The old man pointed at a spot in the distance, there stood a destroyed building that Zhang Zhi sliced apart while he was chasing the old man. Some people were standing outside of it, tears in their eyes as their home was now destroyed.

"Go pay those people for that house, or repair it! Don't forget to do the same with anything else that you destroyed!"

"Also!"

He turned to the sides, every Zhang Clan family member was trembling in their boots as the elder master swept his gaze through the area.

"Harming yourself just to give me face is forbidden! If Someone from you tries to do something like this idiot here, I'll have my disciple banish you and your closest family members from your clan, is that understood?"

Everyone just twitched and dropped to their knees, they quickly shouted 'Yes Grandmaster' as a show of respect not wanting to get kicked out from this Clan of theirs that was on a fast rise. They were gaining momentum, their Patriarch was young and strong and he could only get stronger.

“Now, no word can reach that I’m in this city, so you must all swear under an oath that you will not tell this to anyone... but don’t die... dying is forbidden as well... old don’t kill anyone for trying to pry into my affair... still keep it a secret...”

Matt twitched, he was glad that he changed his statement at the end. He already imagined these cultivator nuts trying to silence anyone that was asking about this so-called ‘Master of the Patriarch.’ They might even try to kill themselves over it if they misunderstand a situation and try to keep his secret by taking it to the grave.

All the cultivators nodded in unison and swore that they wouldn’t bring this up anymore. They wanted to say that they would take this info to their death bed, but that was apparently forbidden by the elder master.

“Now... I bid you farewell...”

The man suddenly vanished, some static electricity left in the place he was standing just a moment before. The Zhang Clan members gave out sighs of relief, the old monster was finally gone and they could relax. They weren’t quite sure what the Senior wanted them to do, they shouldn’t talk about him which was fine, but they shouldn’t protect the secret with their lives. So it was fine to talk if someone smacked them around enough that it would threaten their lives? This was quite the lax secrecy oath.

The night came to an end and the sun was rising again, the Xing Clan patriarch was looking out through a window already realizing that his men had failed in their task.

“Damn useless bunch of fools...report!”

Some other clan member that had similar looking ninja clothes as the assassins from yesterday stepped out, made a small bow with his hands clasped and started talking.

“Reporting to Patriarch, all of the men have been captured by the so-called ‘Police Force’ of the Zhang Clan. The scouts report that they are held in a tightly guarded facility that is protected by a defensive formation. You would need a cultivator above the core formation early stage to hope of destroying this formation as it is very advanced.”

“The elder that is referred as ‘The witness’ is still alive, we assume that he was stronger than anticipated, probably in the core formation level. If not, then the Zhang Clan helped him and lured out men into the trap. I assure you, Patriarch, that those warriors would die sooner than speak any of this!”

Xing Deng waved the man away who in response dissolved into the shadows.

‘Guess I’ll have to offer them up my son...’

The man rubbed his chin, he still had his oldest son, he also had more of them so he didn’t worry that much. His fatherly love only went this far, if he had to choose between one of his sons and the family business he would choose the latter any day of the week.

“Time to wait it out, but damn Zhang Clan, you’ll regret this in the end...”

He was an old schemer and time was one thing that these cultivators had in spades, if he managed to reach the core formation level he would have even more. He could just wait for an opportunity to stab this clan in the back, or just hug some strong uncle’s leg if he needed to. He couldn’t really do much

about it though unless he got the backing of the other two big families, even then the possibility, of winning was slim.

“With that Patriarch of theirs still out there, there is no hope of retaliation and they still have that Zhang Zhi, he took out that Cheng idiot.”

From what they knew the Zhang Clan only had three core formation experts at the moment, Zhang Zhi, Zhang Jin and Zhang Dong. If they were hiding more somewhere was unknown but it wouldn't be odd if they had one or two more in reserve. None of these big families in Moonlight city even had one of those experts to spare.

“It's just a small matter, as long as we have the pleasure district, our wealth is secured.”

The Xing Clan made their money mostly with slaves and prostitutes, they might have taken a blow with the slaves but they still had the women of the night. Those women didn't fit the slave criteria even though they were being worked in a similar way. The Xing clan had another large venture, which was being loansharks.

How it worked was like this, the women would take out a loan due to various reasons, mostly lack of food or place to stay. Then the Xing clan would hike up the percentages of the interests that came with those loans. The longer the women weren't able to pay up the interest, the longer they worked for this clan. So, it was kind of a legal way that you could keep the ladies slaving away.

They also made it sure that the women didn't earn too much. If they received a lot of monetary compensation for their work they would be able to pay back the debt too fast, but every month the interest ticked down, the longer they took to pay the Xing Clan back the longer the family could suck them dry.

The prostitutes weren't the only people that they pulled in with their loans, there were various other 'loan slaves' that they had, like ones that were used for arena fighting that was quite the popular betting addicts. He decided to at least wait till the so-called trial, wanting to see what it was all about, but just after a couple of days had passed some bad news arrived again.

“Bad news Patriarch! The Zhang Clan is buying out our loan slaves!”

Chapter 119

Matt returned to his quarters in the previous Cheng clan main house, this was the room that he was supposed to be staying at and only a couple of people knew that he was running around town. He needed to think about his police force more throughout, he only wrote down some main points he remembered from some police-themed shows back in the day.

His clan members were a bit violent in their approach, they kicked ass and took notes down later as well. This needed to change a bit, the collateral damage that some members caused while chasing down criminals was also a problem. The high-level cultivators were akin to supermen just busting through buildings, one badly placed Qi attack could cost someone's life in the near future. Injuries were already happening constantly, like when Zhang Zhi split the flying ship apart without caring for any for the slave girls on it.

‘I'll need to write down a better guideline for them...also about that Xing Clan.’

He grabbed a jade slip from the side, on it was the detailed information about what that family did and where they produced all their income from.

‘Hmm... slaves...prostitution...gambling...debt collecting... quite the stereotypical mafioso or yakuza bunch...’

That wasn’t all that was in there, there was also information about the other families.

‘Situ Clan eh? They sound like a farmaceutical company from Earth... just hiking up the prices for things that cost close to nothing, guess they are a bit better than the previous one as they don’t force anyone to buy their stuff or threaten anyone. ’

‘Kuan Clan just sounds like a stingy landlord, though they are going a bit overboard by forcing the farmers to pay up even during drought seasons.’

The two other clans didn’t sound so bad on paper, they mostly just strongarmed people to sign bad contracts or milked the populace that had nowhere else to go to for food or medicine. He would just have one of his more intelligent people crunch the numbers and see what would be a good price. It was supposed to be a good price for both parties, so the farmers wouldn’t starve or the landlords wouldn’t go out of business either.

It would be nice if he could replace everyone in this town with his own family members, but they didn’t have the sheer numbers for that. All of these cities were large and required a lot of manpower to manage. At most he could place some trusted people here and there to manage the things from the top, just keep the other clan’s up on their toes so that they don’t suck the regular people dry.

‘The Xing Clan is considered the largest one from these three and they are the shadiest one as well.’

He found that out just previously when he got attacked by ninjas, and they weren’t dudes with blue hair but actual assassin warriors.

‘Hm, maybe I should make my own ninja unit...’

He had an information and spy division, but he didn’t look much into it as his grandpa was responsible for those guys. He would need to have Zhang Jin fill him in.

‘I only gave him some techniques that could be used for things like that, he sounded ecstatic back then...’

He knew by now, that the cultivators were really crazy about new techniques. The moment they found something even half worthwhile they wanted to lock themselves up in a cave of months and train.

“Hmm... so should we continue with the Xing Clan... or shift our attention to the other two...”

There were plans in the works to lower the taxes, build free schools and free clinics around the city but the Zhang Clan hadn’t moved against the other two clans that much. At most they inspected their stock and told them to shape up before the next one came along. It would cost quite a penny to transport food from their own town, but it would stir up the monopoly that the Kuan clan had. The Zhang Clan was also proficient in making pills, so they could slowly edge the Situ Clan out, forcing lower prices onto the market.

‘Not like they can threaten us if we lower the prices, if they want to survive they will have to meet us in the middle.’

He could outright force the three families to work for him, even doing things like killing their Patriarchs if they didn’t listen. But he thought that it was better to do it on more peaceful terms, he didn’t want the Zhang Clan to just look like another group of bloodthirsty cultivators. The people would probably be happier if they knew that the ruling clan wouldn’t just react with violence in the time of some kind of transgression.

Still, he also wanted his clan to earn their upkeep. It was always hard to find that fine line where the profit margins were high but the people working were still happy and content with their jobs. He was thinking about one certain thing that didn’t really exist in this world, this thing was the weekend... and days off work.

Something like a Saturday and Sunday that were free was a foreign concept in this world, you were supposed to work all day every day or at least that what the landlords wanted you to do. What if he implemented a mandatory day off work, to spend with your loved ones or just chill.

In his previous world, things like this were already tried. A certain business owner observed and created the weekend because the workers would work harder and spend their hard-earned money back into the company that they were working in. This was a win-win situation for both parties, soon enough it was widespread and became the norm.

No one wanted to work ten or twelve hours a day for six or seven days a week. If they did that they were far too tired to spend their money on anything and just rested which was a blow for the economy.

‘All up to the business owners if they give their workers a steady hourly wage, some of them have to work the whole day depending on the workload...’

He wanted to boost the people’s productivity while lowering their workload, he would give them more time to enjoy the world around them while still making a profit as the workers would work harder at their jobs even though they worked fewer hours.

‘This will also generate more opportunities, people will have free time on the weekends and will be able to spend all that hard earn cash!’

Most regular people weren’t really able to enjoy things like theaters or concerts, not having money or free time to do that. But Matt was planning to convert that hologram technology into something more accessible, building a cinema wouldn’t be that far fetched.

He had various crafting manuals, he could produce various weapon and armor pieces as well as magical accessories that shielded you from harm. It shouldn’t be that hard to produce something like a camera or a screen that showed those recordings, he just needed to find the right materials and make it work on spiritual energy, he was even close to producing a prototype but it was quite bulky making it look like one of those old-timey televisions, just ten times bigger.

‘But I’m getting ahead of myself, let me clean up this mess with these three families first, after they are contained I can move along with the other plans.’

He nodded to himself and placed the jade slip to the side, the thoughts of using slips like these as digital storage devices already crossing his mind.

‘The Xing Clan sounds like the worse... they might be the hardest to deal with and might not want to change their outdated ways...’

He rubbed his chin while sipping on some green tea, it tasted quite nice along with the honey made from some spirit bees.

He looked back to the jade slip and brought out the information about loansharking, he was quite informed how things like these worked. They would hike up the interest rates the longer you didn’t pay it back, though in his old world you would mostly have to put something down of worth so that the company lending you money had something to gain even if you didn’t pay them.

‘Guess the lives of these women are the thing they are after...’

There was a shortage of food and necessities in this city, everything required coins or spirit stones. People died a lot and the women were forced into taking those loans to support their families if anything happened to their husbands. Though there were other reasons, like gambling and just badly made decisions or bad investments.

Though these things were more or less legal in a sense. The people didn’t have to take those loans, no one was forcing them. But not like they really had a choice, it was either this or getting thrown out of their houses, starvation or getting turned into a beggar.

Matt didn’t really have anything against prostitution, he thought it was a good source of revenue for the city. He just didn’t like that the working ladies weren’t getting much for their time, the pimps were taking like eighty or seventy percent of that the women earned in the day. If they caught one of them trying to sell her services on the side without giving them a cut, she would be beaten up harshly.

‘Should I just force them to make changes, or is there any other way...I guess we could try that...’

The escorts were low-level cultivators, mostly ranking in the ones that couldn’t get past the 3rd level of Qi condensation bottleneck. So most of their loans were taken in coins.

‘Gold coins are easy to come by, if it’s not in spirit stones I think we can stomach it...’

Even though he didn’t consider a gold coin to be much, even one was more than what a normal person could earn in a month. But if you took it into account that a gold coin didn’t even compare to low grade spirit stone at all, it wasn’t so bad. A lot of cultivators wouldn’t even trade spirit stones for coins as they valued cultivation materials way more.

Matt had quite a lot of coins on himself, he had sold of various weapons of lower quality while bringing his crafting back up so he could cover the costs. He used up most of the spirit stone resources, but gold coins would be fine and this was an investment for the future as he was aiming to get more daily system points after getting the happiness of the citizens up.

He took out his communication jade and called Zhang Kuo, after receiving a greeting he gave out his order.

"I want you to organize something for me. Get some people to go to the pleasure district, mostly target the working girls. I want you to buy off their debts, the women will have to pay it back partially at least but lower those insane interest rates that the other clans were forcing them to pay up."

"That's not all, they can still work in their old profession but they would take most of the cut. Also set up the usual, in case they have nowhere else to go."

They had a system set up for people that had no living quarters and no families to take them in, they could stay in some Zhang Clan made shelter. They would perform some manual tasks for the clan, acting as errand boys and girls, cleaning ladies or handymen. If they showed talent in martial arts they could even be recruited into the clan.

"Well then, I'll leave you to it. As always, don't try to be too forceful."

Zhang Dong hung up as Zhang Kuo received the message. His brows showing a tint of sweat, the man seemed to be on top of things, but even he was getting tired from the strange requests that this new Patriarch was giving him, he needed an assistant.

Chapter 120

It was a normal day in the pleasure district, one of the managers in the store run by the Xing Clan was just coming in to work. They mostly started in the afternoon and worked too late at night. Not like managers like him did much, they were just there to greet customers and make the girls service the customers, if they refused they would punish them in various ways.

This man in question was looking slightly bewildered as quite a bit of his working girls hadn't shown up to work. He was quick on the uptake, he whistled after some of his goons and sent them to drag the women back here. The thugs were allowed to even hurt the working girls, they just weren't allowed to damage their faces.

Some time had passed and the goons returned, but the manager scratched his head as there were no women with them. Instead, all of them were carrying sacks with something in it.

"What is this? Where are the girls? The customers are waiting... if they don't come now we will lose a lot of coin... and what is that?"

One of the hired guards walked over and handed the sack to the manager, he knew what was in those bags the moment he grasped it. He tossed one of those on a table and looked as gold and silver coins spilled out. The men workers carried all the cash inside, piling it up in one spot the manager's eyes bulging out as he didn't quite get where his hired thugs got all of this money.

"T-the girls paid off their debt... a-all of them..."

"How can they all pay of their debt? Who is asking for trouble with my Xing Clan?"

The manager knew that this had to be some kind of plot, someone was buying out their prostitutes probably wanting to move them to another Bordello. While he was thinking about calling the main house for some help a certain man walked in.

There were some female workers in the establishment right now, but they apparently didn't get the memo about the Zhang Clan paying off the debts. That person was wearing a blue robe, this wasn't a police uniform but an official Zhang Clan robe with their name sewed into the back part.

He wasn't alone though, there were some other members behind this man and they looked rough around the edges. The hired goons shrinking back after receiving the stink eye treatment that was boosted by their cultivation level.

"Hear me out!"

The man clasped his hands and with the aid of his cultivation shouted out, quickly bringing everyone's attention to himself.

"We are from the Zhang Clan, by the order of our Patriarch we have come here. The Zhang Clan is willing to pay off everyone's debt and you may stop working out on the streets. "

"The debt will have to be paid and a small 5% fee will be added to it. But! It will not increase further, we have created an up to ten-year plan for you to pay it off! Let me repeat, no incentives will be added to this debt from the point it will be taken!"

"You may choose to stay in this line of work, but..."

The Zhang Clan member looked at the manager of this whore house and smirked.

"The business owners are forbidden from taking more than 25% of your earnings, if they do so they will be treated as criminals and dealt according to the new laws. Also! The women workers may refuse any clients they deem unworthy or if the price that the business owner offers is too little."

This was quite the hit to these kinds of business places, the owners milked the girls for about 80% of their earnings giving them enough to not starve to death. They even lowered the prices so that the female workers earned even less, all to keep them in debt for as long as it was possible. Now the girls could outright leave or take most of the earnings with them.

The remaining women that were dancing out to the side or even ones that were in the back rooms heard it all. They instantly stopped doing what they were, some patrons were left with their pants down and cold air greeting their crotch.

"Sir, is this really true?"

The manager of this red light district business quickly run up to stand between the Zhang Clan cultivator and his working girls, his eyebrows going down sharply and quite a few ridges appearing on his forehead.

"What are you doing you fool! Get back to work!"

He was about to give her a good old slap, showing her who was in charge but before he could do that his hand was grasped by one of the bodyguards that came with that Zhang Clan cultivator.

"Halt!"

"Aghh..."

The manager soon found his hand getting twisted behind his back and he was held down by his wrist. His hired thugs wanted to jump in but the Zhang Clan cultivators quickly rushed in between them. It looked like a fight was going to break out, but the goons clearly knew that they were outmatched by these stronger cultivators they were mostly just your usual riff-raff. Their cultivation was low and their techniques were quite bad, they had no chance against trained warriors that were backed by a strong clan.

The previously speaking Zhang Clan member slowly walked past the business manager and over to the girl that asked the question.

“Yes young lady, we only require you to show us the binding contract that you sign and we will take care of the rest.”

He then produced a parchment of his own and showed it to the girls that were slowly coming over, their eyes sparkling with anticipation.

“This is the contract that our Zhang Clan created, please read it throughout but I guarantee by our Patriarch’s name that what I have spoken is true!”

Most of the girls here couldn’t read and that was also part of why they were duped by the Xing Clan. Some of them could though, one of them started reading through the contract and didn’t see any faults in it.

“But sir... it’s written here that you will find us some work... and that you’ll teach all the girls how to read and write... in something called a weekend course?”

The man nodded while taking back the scroll that the woman read.

“Yes, this is true. I’m sure you’re confused about that word but don’t worry it’s something our glorious Patriarch came up with!”

The people had no idea what a weekend was, but Zhang Dong was trying to push it through in the next couple of laws that he was working on. He would implement it here and back in Spirit Spring City, if it worked fine he would use that as a schematic for future endeavors.

It didn’t take long for all the girls to leave with the contracts in hand, none of them really wanted to work in this place but they were forced to due to various circumstances. The manager was left with more sacks of gold and torn up contracts, he was even threatened by these Zhang Clan people that if they find them bothering the women again that they would be severely punished. He could only imagine how badly they would get beaten, maybe even killed.

After a couple of days, word reached the Xing Clan main house. They were fine for now, they had an infusion of cold hard cash in the form of the payouts but the Patriarch knew that this wouldn’t last for long. They required those debt slaves to work for them for tens of years, those debts could be cleared fast if they gave them a fair price for the services but that wasn’t really the point.

Xing Deng slammed his fist into a nice looking wooden table, the hit making splinters fly in all sorts of directions.

“They released all our slaves... they got to the prostitutes and are blocking out loans from getting through... the only thing left is the casinos...”

His empire was slowly folding on itself, he knew that the Zhang Clan was slowly eating them up and those casinos would follow suit soon after.

“I have to do something... my clan is at stake...”

He calculated that in a year or two he would be bankrupt, the steady flow of cash was stopping and he didn't think that the Zhang Clan would strike a deal with him. He attributed it to the clan being in some kind of righteous faction, or at least their new leader being quite the idiot that didn't care for profit.

Soon he called one of his retainers to give him a throughout calculation of how much wealth they had left. He also organized a meeting with the other two clans that were bleeding money due to the Zhang Clan's changes in the laws. He had to get those two onboard or they were all finished and would be forever suppressed by this Zhang Patriarch.

In a different place.

A man on a large black sword was hovering up in the air, he was holding onto a demonic beast core below him a giant carcass was laying down. This man had clearly defeated this large monster, the core was pulsating in the great circle of core formation signaling that this cultivator was of quite the high caliber.

“Well, guess that's a wrap...”

The man jumped down from his sword and pulled out a machete looking bladed weapon. He started slicing and dicing the creature's remains were getting cut up at a rapid pace. The man was gathering up the beasts remains separating the claws from the teeth. Those items could be sold off for quite the penny, the pelt would bring in quite a bit of spirit stones or could be used to craft a resistant robe.

Not even the bones would be spared as the only thing that the man didn't bring along was the meat and flesh of the demonic being, that couldn't really be used by him for anything unless he was a demonic cultivator.

“This core should be enough for me to get my comission~”

The man remembered that previously he used to bring the entire beast body and just drop it off at the doorstep of the person that he got the commission from. Now he knew better to cause trouble for the people that were paying up. He was, of course, the Zhang Clan Patriarch, but he was in his Demon Hunter disguise.

His face was full of scars and he looked quite menacing, even his black robe got a couple more upgrades to look edgier than before. Matt kind of like this persona of his, as he could act like an ass. It was a bit funny how everyone shrunk back, but this was an important act letting him get a bonus from the bounties he was hunting.

He returned to the city that he got the wanted notice from, the people at the gate just bowed to him as his renown had spread throughout the area quite a bit. He could hear the people whispering amongst themselves, which made him chuckle quite a bit.

“Isn’t that the famous Demon Hunter Lei Ying-Lo”

“Shh be quiet, what if he notices you and thinks that you were being disrespectful...”

“Wonder if he is taking in any disciples...”

“Why would he take someone like you as a disciple, I would be much better!”

They chatted with each other, the man had more or less a good standing with the normal folk. There was a rumor that even though he was quiet and ferocious-looking, he had a heart of gold. He saved many people from evil cultivators or demonic beings alike. He was kind of a hero in the eyes of the common folk for that reason.

But when he was going out with a bag filled with spirit stones and ready to bolt back to Moonlight city, someone stopped him.

“Senior Ying, please could this junior have a word with you.”

This wasn’t anything new, people would walk up to him from time to time asking for favors with monetary compensation. He would mostly turn it down though as it was mostly assassination requests, a lot of people thought that he was a contract killer. He lost out on a lot of cash this way, but he didn’t want to get involved in strange power struggles. Though this time he was taken aback, as the target of the assassination was quite peculiar.

“W-what did you say?”

“Yes, the clans from Moonlight City would like you to punish the ferocious fiend Zhang Dong! We believe that he is a demonic cultivator in disguise, many young women had fallen to his demonic ways! We request your aid Great Senior, you are our last hope.”

‘Oh... boy...’