



245 Eerie Feeling

[Someone's Point of View] 1

Life in Ram City in Quanzhi Province was never as beautiful as I thought. I left my family in Xiaozhin Province because of a dream to become a strong, independent warrior. I hated my life in Xiaozhin, but now I hate it more.

My family already cast me out as far as I was concerned, and I couldn't be a cultivator now, which lowers my chance of becoming an independent warrior. Now, I should be a mercenary, under a group and company... which was the one I hated the most.

However, because I'd always wanted to be an independent warrior whose name rang across the continent for being heroic and strong, I must accept these difficulties.

I became a merchant and am still a merchant. I was saving money to buy a cultivation technique and resources that could increase my cultivation speed and Qi. In that way, I would be able to achieve my dream.

I was on my way to the nearest marketplace. It is in between Dulce City and Ram City, and the more I visited this place, the more chills I felt. But, I had no choice since this was the only place



where I could resell these herbs I bought from small herb pickers.

Chills... Chills... What was the chill that I felt from coming into this place? Despite the rowdy crowd, I somehow felt an eerie sensation while walking down a path in this marketplace.

Was the eerie feeling emanating from Dulce City or Ram City...?

"Move! Move! Get out of the way!" I heard a shout from a path ahead, and as the people moved out, giving way, I chose to follow them.

I looked at the carriage that passed and it seemed to be an extravagant one for a carriage. Another young master or a reputable person passed by the marketplace, which was a safe path for them since there was less chance of people having the ability to fight and filter possible attackers.

However, it would be different on the national path, where there were no trees and no meatshields.

'Ho... Why am I thinking about it anyway? I should sell these herbs now!'

Finally, I was able to sell all of the herbs! It took me a whole day.

"Wait... There is still one here."



I saw a remaining stalk of medicinal herbs under the drawer, but I felt disheartened as there would be no available buyers anymore. The crowd was starting to vaporize at this moment.

"Excuse me... Do you still have three stalks of medicinal herbs?"

My eyes widened as I heard the voice of a possible customer. I then lifted my head and faced the person.

It was a young man, and he was obviously handsome for a man to consider. However, there was something I felt. Odd... Why would I even have the thought to waste time being preoccupied with a feeling?

"Sorry... I only have one now."

"That's okay, I will get that."

I nodded and then went to make a trade with him. After that, he left, as other customers do. But, my eyes were still following him at this point. I was mesmerized by the odd feeling I got from him. Should I say it was a bad one or a good one?

I immediately ignored it. I went back to my stuff and then fixed things to prepare to leave my stall.

"Hey, do you have any herbs left?"



Without looking, I shook my head and answered him. "Nah... Stocks were already empty. Come back tomorrow if you want to buy a stalk of herbs." I think it sounded more respectful towards a stranger, but I didn't expect that he would retort.

"What? What kind of shop is this? You know that you are the only shop that has the best quality, yet you don't restock your sales higher than others?"

I sighed and then faced the problematic stranger that was supposed to be a potential buyer. Then, with my tired eyes, I retorted to him as well.

"Will you pay me if I bring a lot of herbs without knowing if I'll be able to sell them all? It might be different for you since you only buy, but I am selling, which has the greater risk. And anyway, why are you pressed? Just get lost. I am not interested in entertaining your tantrum."

For a moment, the strange man became silent. I only looked at him. I waited for him to leave, but he just grinned.

"What the hell is wrong with this man? I was in a good mood, but hearing his voice and tone irritated it. I am not thinking of replying to him, but he just got on my nerves. I am not a patient-type of person. That is why I left my province to be an independent warrior, to not be

under any superior.'

'But, just why did I become a merchant to save up the money to buy resources and techniques? Well, it is because I wanted to be my own boss, but I didn't expect that customers would act more highly than me. They should show respect to me, or anyone they didn't know.'

Just as I started to calm down, the strange man was still standing with a grin. He seemed to be contemplating... and glaring at me.

He did not seem to be good. So, I should just leave him be and continue preparing to leave.

"What the hell...? I didn't expect that some measly merchant had the nerve to disrespect a warrior who works for the government. I was respectful earlier, but you chose this."

I was taken aback. I just heard his notion, and it totally hit my nerves. It was a contradictory phrase, and I couldn't agree with it. He didn't sound too respectful.

"Well... if you just lowered your tone and voice-!"

Baam!

What the...

My eyes lowered and I looked at the destroyed wooden table in my stall. He just destroyed it, and that took my system by surprise as soon as



he did it.

'Just what is wrong with this man...?'

I clenched my hands into fists and had my head down. I couldn't agree with this, but I should push myself to be patient. If I lost here, all of my hard work to save money would disappear. I should keep my head cool.

"Hey, where's your courage now? I ask you to be brave in front of me again and tell me why you don't have enough herbs... I was being respectful earlier, but how does a mere merchant raise a tone to a warrior and also his customer? What kind of shop is this?"

'He is ridiculing me... And I can't feel comfortable with it, and who would be... He was tightening me in a small space with his aura and position in society. Should I just apologize to him?'

For heaven's sake, I didn't know what to do anymore. His face was starting to become smug, and I couldn't endure knowing that he had the audacity to be that confident and arrogant.

"Come on... What's with you? Where are your guts? "

"Akh!" I couldn't help but release a moan as he suddenly grabbed my hair.

I didn't move, as I didn't have a choice. I couldn't



just fight him as my position in society was lower than his.

'If only I had good talent... I wouldn't be in this situation...'

My head was racing with thoughts and suggestions of what to do. But, no option is useful at the current moment.

"Just tell me once. Just raise your tone anymore, and you're dead." He threatened me, and I just had my body still.

'I have decided. I won't fight.'

"Can you keep your hands away from him? He is only making money from selling; you don't have to assault him. You can come back tomorrow, as he said."

My eyes followed where the voice came from, and it was from the strange, eerie-vibed customer that bought herbs from me.

'Wait... Didn't he leave earlier? What is he doing here? Did he observe the whole situation?'

My eyes turned around as well, and I realized that there were people in the surroundings, but no one dared to jump into the situation and play the hero.

'Fuck...'



"Hooo... Who are you? His hero? Get lost, boy. I am here to vent my frustration with this man. He at least deserved to be beaten." The strange man pressed and ignored him.

However, the man continued to move forward and then grabbed this strange man's hand. He removed it from me, which was easily done, but turned different. The strange man's attention changed to my previous customer.

'He seems okay with it. He was here to save me, but I don't feel any gratitude for him. He should have done it since he is responsible for those kinds of people around him as well.'

'Even though I want to be independent, there should be balance. But... I know it is hypocritical and contradicting, I don't care anymore. Even if it is a selfish idea, I don't care.'

"Hey, boy. Why did you grab my hands? Are you not afraid of death?" The strange man asked in a raucous voice.

"I am afraid of death, but are you?"

Boogsh!

'Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Just when I thought that this man was eerie, it turned out that my speculation had some basis. He is a monster and a terrifying creature! Fuck!'



245 Eerie Feeling



In just the blink of an eye, the strange man turned into pulp with my previous customer leaking his aura and pressure, eventually killing the man.

'How dense and powerful is that pressure to be able to easily kill a person?! Or was it a technique?'

'I don't care! I just have to leave here! I, Brian Chang, will not die here!'

Comment ⁰



Leave the first comment for this chapter.



Vote



Send Gift

Swipe left to continue >