

The Legendary Man Chapter 1148

Chapter 1148 Illusion Array

Whoosh!

A soft hum filled the air as Wulfgar grabbed the Heaven Sword and swiftly swung it toward the sky.

Empowered by an inexplicable force, the sword emitted an indescribable melody of power.

The mist that had enveloped them, conjured by the Hailstorm Fan, seemed like a fragile white curtain, easily sliced apart by the graceful arc of his sword.

After the Pryncyp was destroyed, Wulfgar held the Heaven Sword and charged toward the cultivator from Fantasy Sword Sect.

“Fantasy Sword Sect is undeserving of the Pryncyp of Sword!” Wulfgar’s resolute cry echoed in the air.

A burst of crimson mist filled the night sky as he leaped over the Fantasy Sword Sect cultivator and made his way toward the elder of the Blackwood family.

The lifeless body of the elder from Fantasy Sword Sect plummeted with a heavy thud into the depths of the valley.

In the midst of the chaos, Jonathan swiftly seized Hayden by the collar and hurled him toward the chaos portal.

“That’s an imposter! Quick, run!”

Joshua swiftly turned on his heels and retreated after hearing Jonathan’s warning.

The eight respectable families, alongside Remdik and the six major sects, had all joined the battle.

If not for Wulfgar’s staunch defense, the trio wouldn’t have lasted for more than a minute.

The ease with which cultivators in the Divine Realm overpowered those in the God Realm was staggering. By then, the conflict had escalated to a point where the trio had no chance of emerging victorious.

Their only hope of staying alive was to escape to the small world.

Fortunately, while many Divine Realm cultivators had entered the fray, none had unleashed their full might.

Everyone understood that, given enough time, Wulfgar would inevitably be annihilated by the Heavenly Pryncyp.

His display of ferocity could only be seen as a final release of his pent-up rage.

Whether it was the tragic annihilation of the Whitley family a decade ago or the sacred gateway to the small world, he had proven himself incapable of protecting either.

Moreover, no one in their right mind would dare to challenge Wulfgar at this critical juncture.

The cultivator who was previously slain from the Fantasy Sword Sect had reappeared, now standing among his sect members instead of engaging in the battle.

The cultivator whom Wulfgar had slain earlier was nothing more than a substitute.

No one knew exactly what Pryncyp he had gained an understanding of.

With the Heaven Sword in hand, Wulfgar unleashed a torrent of Pryncyp with each strike.

Many of the God Realm cultivators had left the valley, wary of being caught in the battle of the Divine Realm cultivators.

While the Divine Realm cultivators were contemplating their next moves, Wulfgar managed to fend off everyone's attacks, buying precious time for the trio to enter the small world.

However, just as Jonathan and his companions were a mere hundred meters away from the small world, a golden light flashed across the southern ridge of the valley.

“Activate the formation!” thundered Ashton.

In an instant, Jonathan felt as though he had plunged into quicksand, his speed abruptly decreasing.

“It’s a trap formation!”

Joshua gritted his teeth and swiftly brandished his long rope-like spiritual weapon, transforming it into a spirit snake that coiled around Jonathan and Hayden.

The Leeson family had previously painstakingly set up an array of intricate formations within the valley, intending to hinder their pursuers. However, when the small world released spiritual energy upon opening, some damage was incurred.

Luckily, the overall formation was composed of hundreds of smaller formations. Even with some impairment, the overall formation remained fully functional, posing a grave threat to anyone ensnared within its clutches.

Ashton’s spell had caused the small formations to arrange side by side, effectively ensnaring the trio. Even though he was unable to merge the small formations into a unified array, the formation was still sufficient to trap them.

Armed with the Formation Crusher, Joshua could easily restrain such formation traps.

However, the abrupt turn of events thwarted his attempt to bring Jonathan closer to him using his rope-like spiritual weapon.

As his weapon brushed against Jonathan, their forms dissipated like bubbles.

It’s an illusion array!

Joshua quickly retracted his weapon, only to discover that a section of it had been severed.

With no time to waste, he swung the Formation Crusher in hopes of breaking the formation.

Yet, just as Joshua's weapon neared Jonathan, Hayden's blade swiftly cleaved through it, splitting it into two pieces.

Jonathan was speechless as Hayden seemed possessed by an inexplicable frenzy. He ruthlessly hacked at the motionless rope, his actions accompanied by a torrent of nonsensical words spilling from his lips.

It was fortunate that the current formation consisted only of a combination of illusion array and trap formation.

If it had been a fusion of illusion array and kill array, Hayden would have met his demise.

"Hayden!"

Jonathan let out a fierce roar as he confronted Hayden. He swiftly took out a large net from his storage ring and threw it over Hayden's body.

He wanted to restrain the man and snap him out of his frenzy. However, to Jonathan's surprise, as the net descended, Hayden vanished into thin air.

"Damn it!"

Jonathan clenched the bronze handbell in his hand. Just as the spirit shield took effect, Hayden's blade had already come perilously close to Jonathan's neck.

There were sparks from the clash of weapons, accompanied by the madness burning in Hayden's eyes.

"What the hell!" Jonathan recoiled as he realized he had been affected by the illusion array. However, he was unwilling to give up the opportunity to control Hayden. "Wake up!"

Chanting a mantra under his breath, Jonathan swiftly stowed away the bronze handbell and clasped Hayden's wrist instead.

The spiritual transmission was like a thunderous awakening to Hayden.

"Damn it, damn it, damn it..." Hayden's agonized voice filled the air as he crumbled to the ground and covered his ears in torment. Even the short knife in his hand was carelessly tossed aside.

Seizing the opportunity, Jonathan swiftly enveloped Hayden in the golden radiance emanating from the bronze handbell.

“You almost killed me!” Hayden looked at Jonathan with a pained expression. “Mr. Goldstein, why are you here? I was battling a gorilla,” he mumbled, struggling to piece together his fragmented memories.

“To hell with your battle!” Jonathan’s frustration grew, and his desire to kick some sense into Hayden intensified. “We’ve fallen into a trap. It’s the illusion array and trap formation!”

Only then did Hayden seem to remember something. “Mr. Goldstein, what about Joshua?”

Jonathan remained vigilant, scanning the surroundings. “We were separated by the formation.”

He reached into his storage ring and took out a dagger, which he handed to Hayden.

“Mr. Goldstein, I can use my own knife,” Hayden said while making a move to retrieve his fallen weapon.

Before he could bend down and pick up his weapon, Jonathan swiftly pulled him back.

“We’re in an illusion array. Whenever something has left your grasp, it should never be reclaimed. You dropped a knife, but when you go to pick it up, it might very well turn into a venomous creature!”