

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1185 -

### Chapter 1185 Coffin In The Lake

Following Stellan's instructions, the others quickly packed up to retreat.

However, the youngest, Welrun, reached up to strike away the spiritual energy keeping his lips sealed.

"Where did you see the movement on the lake?"

"Be quiet," Stellan muttered, his eyes still glued to the surface of the lake.  
"Retreat now."

As Greyson was away, Stellan was the one with the most experience outside of the village. He held the most authority in the group.

Mona and the other three promptly retreated with Stellan, but Welrun remained in his spot by the campfire, watching the others go.

"Welrun!" Stellan yelled, shooting out a pulse of spiritual energy and transforming it into a rope that wrapped around Welrun's body.

However, before the rope could touch Welrun's body, Welrun sliced it with the bone blade in his hand.

"Aren't you just trying to scare me, Stellan? I'm going to eat that fish today!"

"Behind you!" Stellan, who had been retreating, abruptly shouted right then as he ran toward him.

Instinctively, Welrun turned his head around, but before he could make out what was behind him, something soft and sticky grabbed his face.

"Mm!" Welrun let out a muffled cry of surprise. In the next instance, he was dragged all the way to the lake.

"Take this!" Stellan roared as he swung his bone dagger to chop off the tentacle that was gripping Welrun.

Welrun fell to the ground, but inertia made him roll toward the lake.

Just then, an ear-piercing whistle echoed in the air. It was Mona informing Greyson about the situation.

Although the youths had the cultivation level of advanced-phase Grandmaster Realm, they were still helpless against the humongous creature in the lake.

The loss of a tentacle brought pain to the creature, making it move in an even more frenzied manner.

Several tentacles shot out from the lake, rushing toward the youths on shore.

“Go!”

A second before Welrun fell into the lake, Stellan grabbed his collar and tossed him back to the shore.

However, as Stellan was too close to the lake, one of the thick tentacles grabbed and dragged him into the lake.

“Stellan!” Mona and the other three screamed.

Still flying midair, Welrun crossed paths with Mona and the other three, who were darting toward the lake.

After seeing the giant creature with his own eyes, Welrun finally realized how terribly wrong he had been.

Stellan was right all along.

Although Welrun finally realized how perilous the waters could be, it was far too late.

By the time Welrun hit the ground, Mona and the other three youths were already in the water, fighting with the creature.

“Stellan! Mona!”

Once Welrun reached the ground, he quickly recomposed himself to join in the fight.

At that moment, a piece of beast bone precisely struck the spot before him, and that bone had a storage ring on it.

“Protect the ring. The herbs in it are crucial for the village. We can’t afford to make any mistakes.”

It was Greyson.

When Welrun heard Greyson’s voice, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Greyson was quick as lightning, and in no time, he was already by the edge of the lake.

“Stay away from the shore!” he bellowed as he sliced off a tentacle that Mona was fighting against with his bone blade.

Then, he used his spiritual energy to manifest a large hand to throw her back to safety.

In two quick moves, Greyson saved the remaining two youths.

“Where’s Stellan?” Greyson asked with a frown when he reached the youths again.

“Mr. Greyson, Stellan was dragged into the water by that monster! Please save him!” Welrun sobbed, but Greyson did not move. He only quietly looked on as the creature sunk back into the water.

“Mr. Downey!” Mona and the others loudly urged Greyson, gripping their bone blades.

Greyson reached out to take the storage ring from Welrun.

“Never enter the waters. That is our rule. The beasts are the kings of the waters. If we head into their territory, we’ll be sheep entering a bear’s cave. We’ll wait for a duration of thirty heartbeats. If Stellan doesn’t escape from the creature by then, we’re leaving.”

“No!” Welrun shouted, running toward the lake again. Yet, right as he took a step forward, an invisible hand pinned him against the ground.

“Twenty-eight more heartbeats,” Greyson said, looking at the lake intently.

Welrun continued thrashing.

“Mr. Downey, please! Please let me save Stellan! He was dragged into the water because he was trying to save me!”

“He chose sacrifice. For that, he has my respect,” Greyson replied, still pinning Welrun down with his spiritual energy. “But I can’t send you to your deaths. Twenty-three more heartbeats. Stay right here. No one is allowed to go to the lake.”

Meanwhile, Stellan was close to suffocating under the water, the tentacle still wrapped around him.

As a cultivator, he only panicked for a while after entering the water. Once he recomposed himself, he took the opportunity to take a good look at the monster under the moonlight.

It was a colossal telamonstrum.

According to the elders in the village, when a telamonstrum grew to the size of tens of meters, it would become undefeatable by the humans in the water. Humans would have to fight against it with utmost caution.

The telamonstrum that had ensnared him was of such vast size that Stellan’s spiritual sense could not fully encompass its entire being.

It had to be at least fifty to sixty meters long. Even if Stellan was an immensely capable person, he would have a hard time surviving it.

Crack!

Following the noise coming from his chest, Stellan spat out a mouthful of bloody water.

His ribs had broken.

Upon realizing that, Stellan moved his hand to stab his bone dagger into the telamonstrum’s large tentacle.

The bone dagger that could usually break rocks, surprisingly, did nothing to the monster.

To the telamonstrum, the stab was nothing but a scratch.

Stellan was swiftly sinking in the water, and the tentacle continuously tightened around him, crushing his chest and squeezing out the remaining air in his lungs.

Right as Stellan was about to lose consciousness, a ball of light rapidly bolted toward him in the dark water.

When he focused on it, he realized that the ball of light was hastily moving upward.

In fact, a big coffin with glowing runes was within that ball of light.

Stellan widened his eyes at the two people on top of the coffin in disbelief.

After all, they were in the water that not even his village elders dared to approach.

Yet, someone was floating up with a coffin.  
How is this possible?

While Stellan was staring at the coffin in shock, Jonathan and Seboxia ascended on the coffin in a quick manner.

“Hey, hey, look at that octopus, Seboxia. Does it have a cultivator in its grip?” Jonathan asked, pointing at the gigantic creature above him.

Seboxia glanced at the creature. “What does that have to do with us? There are plenty of people who enter the small world. I can’t possibly save them—” But before Seboxia could finish his sentence, a looming figure wrapped itself around Seboxia’s coffin’s shield.

Jonathan looked at the tentacle stuck to the shield in amusement before turning to Seboxia.

“Well, it looks like it wants us to stay.”

Seboxia, who had intended to do nothing but watch earlier, clasped his hands together.

“Sir Octopus, it looks like we’re fated to meet.”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1186 -

### Chapter 1186 Old Man From Yannopolis

“You’re on your own now, so be careful!” Seboxia reminded him before teleporting in front of the giant octopus.

The spirit shield around Jonathan disappeared along with Seboxia.

At a depth of about a hundred meters, Jonathan felt a little bit of pressure and found it slightly difficult to breathe. However, he was able to move around freely with the help of his Elemental Extrication Technique.

With a hand gesture, Jonathan created a current beneath his feet and used it to quickly move toward the gigantic creature above.

He then drew Heaven Sword and slashed at the tentacle that grabbed Stellan, but the giant octopus was faster.

It attacked Jonathan with one of its tentacles, launching a powerful current at Jonathan’s back with a whip-like motion.

Some air bubbles came out of Jonathan’s mouth as the water current sent him flying dozens of meters away.

It even nearly rendered Jonathan unconscious.

Unlike humans, who researched and developed Water Extrication Technique later on in life, these aquatic demon beasts were masters at it.

All that giant octopus did was gently sway its tentacles to generate that terrifyingly powerful current.

Jonathan could cultivate for another dozens of years and still struggle to achieve even ten percent of that ability to control water currents.

While floating through the water in the distance, Jonathan used his spiritual sense to examine his back.

Not only did the water current destroy the clothing on his back, but it also wounded his back severely at the same time.

Despite the giant octopus’ benign appearance, it packed a terrifying amount of power.

Seboxia, on the other hand, was gracefully floating through the water like a dandelion in the wind.

The giant octopus kept striking at him with its huge tentacles, but Seboxia was able to effortlessly bob and weave himself out of the way each time. It seemed as though his body was completely weightless.

“It’s not very nice to attack others like this,” Seboxia said calmly with his hands clasped.

Jonathan felt speechless when he saw that from afar.

“Hey, Seboxia! Will you cut that out? F\*cking fight that thing! I’ll be waiting for you up there!” he yelled.

Jonathan then glanced at Stellan, who was still caught firmly in the giant octopus’ tentacle, before making a dash for the surface.

Seboxia placed his palm on the giant octopus’ body and activated the spiritual beads on his hand.

The spiritual beads emitted a faint glow, and the giant octopus was frozen in place.

After that, Seboxia teleported himself above the lake and stood on its surface.

Jonathan’s entire body was dripping wet as he stood on the shore with no shirt on.

He frowned slightly when he detected the spiritual energy from Greyson and the others, who were waiting for Stellan.

“Advanced phase Grandmaster Realm, huh? Are you guys not from outside?”

Welrun, who was the youngest in the group, tightened his grip on the bone blade as he asked in confusion, “What do you mean by that?”

Greyson, who was the eldest of the group, had a cautious look in his eyes.

“Are... Are you the old man who came out of Yannopolis?”

Old man? Yannopolis? What are these people talking about?

As Jonathan had no idea what they were talking about, he simply stared at them with a clueless expression.

Noticing that Seboxia had made his way over, Jonathan asked with a frown, "Have you taken care of that thing?"

Seboxia's eyes lit up with excitement when he saw the four people standing in front of them. He ignored Jonathan's question and said, "You people are full of vitality and have great potential for cultivation. It's a shame you were born in the wrong place!"

Naturally, Jonathan understood what he meant by that.

Jonathan and Seboxia had noticed lots of problems with the small world while drifting through the underground river.

One of those problems was the fact that they could not detect Heavenly Prynycp at all.

That became obvious when Seboxia's spiritual energy form was able to bypass the coffin's restrictions.

Had Seboxia left that coffin in the outside world, Heavenly Prynycp would target him within minutes and quickly try to kill him.

Jonathan had been struck thrice by heavenly thunder because of that.

Within the small world, however, Seboxia could undergo transfiguration for prolonged periods of time without any punishments from Heavenly Prynycp. In fact, he wasn't affected by Prynycp of Life either.

Prynycp of Life could be found wherever life existed, which would explain why it was regarded as one of the four original Prynycps.

The fact that they were unaffected by the Prynycps within that small world meant that it was truly lawless.

That meant the Divine Realm cultivators that entered the small world would lose their power and be reduced to ordinary cultivators with slightly more spiritual energy than God Realm cultivators.

As the small world had an abundance of spiritual energy, Divine Realm cultivators were weakened so much that they were on the same level as God Realm cultivators.



Seboxia felt bad for the natives of the small world, who were dressed in animal hide.

Having grown up in a place with such concentrated spiritual energy all around them, they all had incredible potential for cultivation.

If they were to be brought over to the outside world, they would surely be targeted by all the major forces as potential assets.

In the small world, however, they could never achieve the Divine Realm due to the lack of Heavenly Prynycyp.

Jonathan and Seboxia had come up with that theory during their time underwater, so they were not surprised when they saw the natives in person.

A huge amount of air bubbles appeared on the lake's surface behind them.

Jonathan turned around immediately, only to see the giant octopus rapidly making its way to the surface.

"You didn't kill it?" Jonathan asked while drawing Heaven Sword and running toward the lake.

He was no match for that giant octopus underwater, but he had no reason to fear it while fighting on land.

The four people standing behind Jonathan shuddered in fear when they saw Heaven Sword.

Blub! Blub! Blub!

The water bubbled so much that it looked as though it was boiling. A few seconds later, a huge amount of light blue liquid appeared on the surface of the lake.

A strong, foul stench filled the air as the giant octopus' carcass floated to the surface.

Jonathan relaxed when he felt the giant octopus' life force fade away.

Noticing the countless black fishes feeding on the giant octopus' carcass, Jonathan turned toward Seboxia and asked, "Is this your doing?"

Seboxia nodded in response. “There were black fishes in the giant octopus’ stomach that were still alive. I simply helped speed up their growth process with a little life force.”

Jonathan couldn’t help but shudder when he heard that.

What the... That giant octopus, which I struggled to defeat, was killed by the black fishes from the inside?

The mere thought of that was enough to send shivers down anyone’s spine.

Seboxia ignored Jonathan’s response and held his right hand out toward the lake. With a forceful squeeze of his fingers, a figure with several black fishes biting him emerged from the lake and was flung ashore.

“This man is a companion of yours, right?”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1187 -

### Chapter 1187 Huge Formation

Stellan had already fallen unconscious after being severely injured by the giant octopus.

That, combined with the bites from the black fishes, worsened Stellan’s condition so much that he could die at any time.

“Stellan!”

The middle-aged cultivator immediately rushed to his side and used their spiritual energy to stabilize Stellan’s circulatory system.

The young cultivators, too, ran up to Stellan and stood around him with anxious looks on their faces.

Seboxia glanced at Jonathan and used the bit of spiritual sense he had left within the latter’s consciousness field to communicate with him.

“You have a Golden Herb with you, right? I think now would be a perfect time to use it.”

Jonathan jumped in shock when Seboxia’s voice suddenly rang inside his head.

He turned toward Seboxia and asked with a confused expression, "We've already helped save him, so why should we sacrifice the Golden Herb for them?"

"A smart man like you shouldn't be asking a dumb question like this, Jonathan. These people are clearly natives of the small world. Who would make a better guide to show us the way out of here? Help them out now, and they will return the favor. You don't need me to teach you this simple theory, do you?" Seboxia responded with an equally confused look.

Jonathan felt his head hurt when he heard that.

Seboxia is practically perfect in every aspect, except for the fact that he's a master at manipulation and persuasion!

"Gee, thanks for the pointer! That's a very kind suggestion you made there. You have control over life force, so why don't you save him by giving him some?" Jonathan responded sarcastically with a snicker.

Seboxia glared coldly at Jonathan as he replied, "Life force is incredibly precious. We don't know how long we'll be trapped here, so we cannot afford to waste it."

"Bullsh\*t!" Jonathan snapped back at him with a disdainful snort.

Even so, he still made his way over to Stellan anyway.

"Here, feed him a mouthful of this," Jonathan said while handing them the Golden Herb.

The guys next to Stellan stared wide-eyed at him in disbelief.

"I-Is that Golden Herb?" Welrun asked after a brief pause.

Jonathan shaped his spiritual energy into a blade and sliced a thumb-sized chunk off the Golden Herb.

"Here, let him have this. It may not miraculously heal his wounds and get him back into action right away, but it will help save his life," Jonathan replied calmly.

Greyson quickly took the chunk of Golden Herb over and carefully stuffed it into Stellan's mouth.

With the Golden Herb helping to restore his vitality, Stellan's condition finally began to stabilize.

Since Jonathan and Seboxia had worked together to save Stellan, Welrun and Mona became a little less wary of them.

It wasn't long before they were able to strike up and maintain a conversation.

They were especially shocked after finding out that Jonathan and Seboxia had come from another world.

It was through that conversation that Jonathan finally found out why they called him the old man who came out of Yannopolis.

As it turned out, those people had no idea they were living in a small world.

To them, it was a complete world that consisted of one hundred and eight villages and Yannopolis, which was located at the core of those villages.

The rest of that world was made out of tall mountains and huge rivers where demon beasts reigned supreme.

Despite having the highest cultivation level in the village, those cultivators were unable to venture into the mountains. That was why no one knew where the border of the world was.

Of course, there were groups of cultivators who ventured out into the unknown due to curiosity.

However, those cultivators never returned.

As Yannopolis was at the center of all one hundred and eight villages, it looked like a palace from ancient times.

Being the one in charge of managing all one hundred and eight villages, Yannopolis had to be very strict.

The villages were ranked based on their strengths after being categorized into groups of three.

The three villages would have the strongest one lead the group, and Yannopolis would relay any orders it had to the villages that were in charge.

After an order was given, Yannopolis would hold the leading village accountable if either of the three villages in the group failed to comply with it.

That was how they maintained a stable political system in that small world.

Basically, there were three main categories for the people in the small world—Yannopolis, thirty-six management villages, and seventy-two low-level villages.

Jonathan and Seboxia frowned when they heard Greyson's explanation.

"One hundred and eight... Thirty-six... Seventy-two... Those numbers coincide with the basis of Chanaea's formations! This is way too much of a coincidence!" Seboxia mumbled to himself.

Jonathan stared at Seboxia in confusion within his consciousness field.

"Do you think this has something to do with the demigod we encountered?"

Although they had successfully escaped from the demigod that was sealed within a Demon Zeal Formation, Jonathan couldn't seem to get it out of his mind.

While the legendary Demon Zeal Formation was able to keep the demigod restrained, Jonathan felt that they would need other options to truly contain such a powerful being.

The look in Seboxia's eyes grew solemn as he believed the numbers were too much of a coincidence.

"If we are unable to confirm the location of Yannopolis and all one hundred and eight villages, then we will not be able to confirm the relationship between them. This small world sure is interesting!" Seboxia said.

"That's easy! I could just ask these people for a map!" Jonathan replied nonchalantly.

As the two of them were conversing with each other within their consciousness fields, the people around them could not hear what they were saying.

It would be hard for anyone to accept the fact that their world was actually nothing more than a creation.

Although the natives understood that Jonathan and Seboxia were not from Yannopolis or the villages, they simply assumed that the two were brave adventurers from the mountains.

While Jonathan wasn't exactly all that handsome, his smile had a way of putting people's hearts at ease.

Seboxia, too, easily gained the trust of others with his white robes and the benevolent look on his face.

After finding out that the whole incident happened because Welrun wanted to eat fish, Jonathan retrieved the canned food he had in his storage ring and generously shared it with everyone.

All the food that the people in the small world ate was completely organic, so preservatives and food additives were a completely new concept for them.

They had already fallen in love with the delicious canned food before Jonathan even showed them the burgers and hot Cheetos he had stored up.

Jonathan walked up to Greyson and retrieved a bottle of cola from his storage ring.

"Do you have a map of Yannopolis and the villages, Mr. Downey? I'm very curious about this place."

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1188 -

Chapter 1188 Strange Village

The middle-aged man's name was Greyson Downey.

Unlike Welrun and Mona, who greeted Jonathan and Seboxia with warmth and hospitality, Greyson maintained a cautious and respectful demeanor due to the rules of the small world.

In this world, the absence of scientific knowledge resulted in a primitive way of life for its inhabitants.

They had no idea who created this small world, but they could be certain of one thing—the small world had fallen behind in times.

Even their clothes and accessories were different here.

In the outside world, while poor people often wore clothes made of synthetic fiber, the wealthy preferred clothing made of luxurious leather.

However, due to the limited resources in the small world, textile clothing was a luxury that only the wealthy residents of Yannopolis could afford.

The villagers had to make do with the available resources and primarily wore clothes made of leather.

Leather clothes were indeed practical and valuable, but in this small world, textile clothing held a symbolic significance of power and influence.

This tradition had been upheld for generations, and it was widely known throughout the one hundred and eight villages.

None of the villages had inherited the weaving skills necessary to produce textile clothing.

Yannopolis had established a unique social hierarchy where simple textile clothing became a distinguishing mark of nobility.

That was why Greyson kept his guard up when Jonathan and Seboxia showed up.

He was worried that Jonathan and Seboxia were noblemen who ventured out of Yannopolis for some fun.

However, when Jonathan whipped out a few modern packaged food, he dismissed that notion.

It was evident that the food did not belong to either the one hundred and eight villages or Yannopolis.

Greyson accepted a can of soda from Jonathan and observed it carefully.

“Jon, what is this?”

“Soda!” Jonathan replied cheerfully.

“It’s a type of carbonated drink. Here, pull this.”

Jonathan helped Greyson to pull the tab open.

“Have a sip. It’s quite nice. It’s a shame there’s no ice, or it would taste even better.”

Greyson took a huge gulp, and immediately, his eyes went wide.

Seeing his surprised expression, Jonathan chuckled aloud. “Relax. You’ll feel even better after you burp. Mr. Downey, don’t just concentrate on eating and drinking. Share with us the whereabouts of the one hundred and eight villages. I’m genuinely curious about it.”

Hearing that, Greyson pulled out a leather scroll from his storage ring.

“This map shows the locations of the sixty villages that we have identified,” he declared, pointing to the marked spots on the map.

Confusion flashed across Jonathan’s eyes when he glanced at the leather scroll which Greyson called a map.

As someone accustomed to military-grade maps with precise markings and detailed information, he found himself at a loss for words. In the center of the map, there was a black dot labeled as Mountain Village.

Two straight lines extended southeast for two hundred miles, leading to another marked spot known as Nine Rivers Village.

Along these lines, there were ancient inscriptions depicting large leopards and mountain bears.

Jonathan couldn’t decipher all of the words, but he could make sense of most of them.

The continuous lineage of knowledge in Chanaea made it easier for him to comprehend the inscriptions on the map as the language they currently used had undergone simplification from this ancient language.

The entire map was simple as it merely recorded the distance between villages, the landmark mountains, and the demon beasts’ territories.

Seeing the map, Jonathan suddenly understood the author of *The Beast Hunter’s Bizarre Adventure*.

The author didn’t intentionally simplify the contents of the book. Instead, the simplicity reflected the nature of ancient maps themselves.



“But why are there only sixty villages indicated on the map? What about the rest?” Jonathan asked Greyson curiously.

In response, Greyson shook his head. “No one knows.”

As he spoke, he pointed at two villages located at the very top of the map and revealed, “There is a river to the north of these two villages. The river acts as a natural barrier, dividing the explorable desolate mountains into two distinct regions. To the south of the river are the sixty villages, including our own. However, the remaining forty-eight villages are situated north of the river, and we have never encountered them or explored that area.”

Jonathan cast a brief glance at Seboxia, who was standing beside him. However, Seboxia simply shook his head.

Within his spiritual sense field, Seboxia looked especially grim.

“I can review the locations of the sixty villages in my mind.”

With a graceful gesture, Seboxia’s spiritual sense expanded within the consciousness field, creating a complex map with intersections indicating the villages’ locations.

“Take a look. The villages appear to be arranged in a specific order. However, due to numerous missing villages that are not marked on this map, I cannot discern the complete pattern. Based on our findings, it seems that the one hundred and eight villages are meant to form a grand formation. Yet, we still have no idea whether it was the ruler of Yannopolis or the cultivator who originally created this small world.”

Jonathan felt worried as he glanced at the semi-transparent formation plate in front of Seboxia.

If Seboxia’s assumption holds true, it would imply the presence of a deity concealed within this small world. But what could be their intention to imprison a demigod and utilize the one hundred and eight villages as core components of a formidable formation? It’s a truly alarming prospect!

They were both conversing in the consciousness field, but in reality, Greyson eagerly gestured forward and exclaimed with excitement, “Jon, Mountain Village is just up ahead! Let’s pick up the pace. I’ll treat you to the finest deer meat in our village as a warm welcome!”

Upon hearing Greyson's words, Jonathan retracted his spiritual sense and expressed his gratitude with a warm smile.

Welrun, being the youngest among them, couldn't contain his excitement upon spotting the village. Having experienced a near-death encounter outside, he wasted no time and dashed ahead toward the village. "Grandpa, we're back!"

The birds in the forest took flight, startled by the sudden noise.

After crossing the ridge, Jonathan finally set his sight on Mountain Village.

"Mr. Downey, do you call this a village?" he exclaimed in surprise, standing on top of the ridge.

Stretching out beneath the ridge was a vast expanse of land, revealing a sight that exceeded Jonathan's expectations.

The landscape was filled with hundreds, if not thousands, of houses, forming what could only be described as a town rather than a mere village.

"This is nothing. Mountain Village is situated on the outskirts. As we move closer to Yannopolis, the villages grow larger. The closest one to Yannopolis is White Dragon Village, boasting thousands of households. Now that's a truly massive village," Greyson explained.

Thousands of households comprising a village?

Feeling speechless, Jonathan glanced at Seboxia.

"It looks like we cannot explain things by logic here," he remarked.

Seboxia didn't show any surprise and merely pressed his palms together.

"We have no choice but to go along with the flow. Mr. Downey, please lead the way."

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1189 -

### Chapter 1189 Outsiders

As the three of them strolled along the rocky path, the villagers lined up on both sides, their faces filled with reverence and respect.

Jonathan made an observation about the villagers' apparent fascination with their clothes and couldn't help but comment on it. "It seems like the people in your village place a lot of importance on our clothing choices. I wonder how capable the people in Yannopolis must be to instill such fear in you."

Greyson's expression changed abruptly when he heard Jonathan's remark.

He immediately created a spiritual energy shield to ensure their conversation remained private. Approaching Jonathan, he spoke in hushed tones. "Jon, you can share your thoughts with me, but please be careful not to let anyone else hear. The residents of Yannopolis are highly capable, and if you offend them, it could put your life in danger. Please refrain from saying such things again. Even those of us who overheard your words may be at risk, let alone you." He emphasized the need for caution and discretion in his reminder.

After that, he quickly retracted the spirit shield and ran ahead as though something else had caught his attention.

Despite Greyson's warning, Jonathan, being a young man from the twenty-first century, was afraid of nothing. He remained unfazed.

"We're all cultivators here. Why should we be afraid? Even if we can't defeat them, we have so many Grandmasters among us. You can kill them by exploding yourselves..."

Suddenly, Jonathan trailed off as something struck him.

He came to a sudden stop and extended his spiritual sense, expanding its reach to encompass a radius of several dozen meters around Mountain Village.

Grandmaster Realm. They are all in the Grandmaster Realm!

Jonathan's gaze swept across the village, his eyes widening with surprise.

As he observed the people in Mountain Village, he noticed something peculiar.

While it was not uncommon for the elderly to possess a high cultivation level in this spiritually abundant small world, what struck him as unusual was the complete absence of any God Realm cultivators.

Despite the numerous Grandmaster Realm cultivators present, the highest level seemed to be capped at that stage.

“Seboxia, will Pryncyp affect one’s advance to the God Realm?”

“Absolutely not,” Seboxia replied firmly. “There is something deeper at play within this village. With such a significant number of cultivators in the Grandmaster Realm, it is highly unlikely that none of them would have advanced to the God Realm if given the opportunity. There must be undisclosed factors at work here.”

As he spoke, he noticed Greyson returning with some people.

“Jon, Seb, this way!” Greyson called out, gesturing at them both.

“This is our village chief, Clinton Yorksland,” Greyson introduced. “He heard about how you saved Stellan and wanted to personally express his gratitude.” Clinton, who stood at a height of around one hundred and seventy-five centimeters, appeared slightly dwarfed amidst the group of Greyson and the others, creating a somewhat peculiar sight.

With a glint in his eyes, Clinton observed Jonathan and Seboxia before taking a step forward and bowing respectfully. His left leg extended as he gracefully lowered his upper body, almost touching his left knee. “Stellan is my grandson, and you two saved his life. You are the saviors of my family. If there is anything you desire as a reward, please do not hesitate to let me know. I am willing to fulfill your request, even if it means sacrificing my own life. I only ask that you spare the lives of the other villagers.”

Despite not knowing the meaning behind Clinton’s bow, Jonathan quickly stepped away.

“Sir, I understand that you are testing me, but I must clarify that I am not from Yannopolis. I come from a world beyond these mountains, and my only desire is to find a way back home. Please, I insist, get up,” Jonathan responded respectfully.

He then glanced at Seboxia, indicating the latter to speak.

However, Seboxia merely turned away.

“I have nothing to say to those in the Grandmaster Realms,” he said calmly.

Although Seboxia didn’t display any signs of disrespect, Clinton and the villagers felt a subtle sense of being looked down upon.

However, the people of Mountain Village didn't show any overt displeasure and remained composed.

They acted like it was normal and merely showed more respect to Jonathan and Seboxia.

In the consciousness field, Seboxia glanced at Jonathan calmly.

"In many cases, disdain can achieve the desired result more effectively than kindness. This situation is a prime example."

In reality, Seboxia stretched his hand out and pointed at midair.

The dense spiritual energy in the surroundings coalesced into a visible white rope, which descended into Jonathan's hand.

Seeing that, the villagers surrounding Jonathan synchronously stretched their left leg forward and bowed deeply, displaying their utmost respect.

Even Greyson and the rest who conversed with Jonathan amicably along the journey also lowered their heads in fear.

"Stop joking around." Jonathan gazed at Seboxia in exasperation.

Seboxia approached Clinton and declared, "Look up and answer me."

"I dare not," Clinton responded humbly, bowing even deeper. "Sir, please feel free to ask any questions. The villagers of Mountain Village are committed to fulfilling your demands."

Seboxia was exasperated to see how obedient Clinton was.

"I have a question for you. Where are the God Realm cultivators in your village? Why aren't they here to welcome us?"

Seboxia asked the question with the intent to intimidate the villagers of Mountain Village, but to his surprise, Clinton's response was filled with genuine fear.

Trembling profusely, he placed his hands on his forehead and spoke with urgency. "Sir, I swear there are no God Realm cultivators in Mountain Village. If anyone manages to surpass the Grandmaster Realm, I would willingly sacrifice myself to atone for my mistake!"

Hearing that, the villagers of Mountain Village placed their hands on their forehead and exclaimed in unison, "We swear!"

Jonathan gaped in disbelief as he observed the villagers who were gripped with fear.

He could sense how scared they were, as though advancing to the God Realm was a serious crime.

Judging from Clinton's reply, he realized that these villagers dared not advance to the God Realm despite being able to do so.

How terrifying must Yannopolis be for it to exert such a suppressive influence on the villagers, preventing them from advancing to higher realms?

Jonathan was about to ask that question when a sharp bird whistle was heard from afar.

He raised his gaze and witnessed a colossal avian creature soaring toward him, its massive wings propelling it swiftly through the air.

"It's a God Realm creature," Jonathan said coldly, fixing his gaze on the deadly beast that was hovering above his head.

Right after Jonathan said that, a figure leaped down from the bird and landed on the ground across from him.

Jonathan's eyes fixed on the man before him, who donned an unusual ensemble consisting of cloth shoes, a suit, and a necktie wrapped around his waist.

After landing, the man glanced at the villagers of Mountain Village before fixing his gaze on Jonathan.

"Ha! You must be outsiders, huh?"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1190 -

### Chapter 1190 Strange

Witnessing the man's evident arrogance, Jonathan and Seboxia exchanged knowing smiles.

"I bet this cultivator is from Yannopolis," Jonathan announced cheerfully.

Seboxia glanced at the strangely dressed cultivator and pressed his palms together.

“Sir, I can sense that we are fated. Can you approach me so we can talk?”

Those who knew Seboxia well would immediately turn away and run upon hearing his words.

Alas, the cultivator in front of them didn't know anything about Seboxia.

As Jonathan and Seboxia showed no fear toward him, he pulled out a long sword tainted with blood.

“I must be incredibly fortunate today. Not only did I manage to apprehend a God Realm cultivator from outside, but now I have come across two more God Realm cultivators. It seems that the time has come for me to make a significant contribution—”

Bang!

Before the God Realm cultivator could finish his sentence, a sudden gust of wind kicked up clouds of dust, enveloping the entire street.

The villagers from Mountain Village quickly retreated in fear.

After the smoke settled down, Jonathan stood up, holding a heavy hammer.

“Pfft!” he spat and flashed a smirk.

With the heavy hammer hoisted onto his shoulder, he taunted, “You're quite nimble, aren't you? Escaping in such a hurry.”

To the one hundred and eight villages, Yannopolis had always been an indomitable force that was impossible to defeat.

The villagers were naturally shocked to see Jonathan taking action without hesitation.

“Jon—”

Greyson was about to remind Jonathan, but Clinton gave his arm a quick tug. The villages had always disliked Yannopolis.

Despite their dissatisfaction, they dared not go against the formidable force.

The spiritual energy within the small world was abundant, making it relatively easy for the villagers to achieve the God Realm cultivation level.

Moreover, several hundred years ago, there were numerous God Realm cultivators scattered among the one hundred and eight villages.

However, the number of God Realm cultivators among the villagers significantly decreased after a massive wave of beast attacks, with many losing their lives in the ensuing battle.

Afterward, Yannopolis took a series of actions to exert control over the villagers of the one hundred and eight villages, resulting in the presence of God Realm cultivators being limited to Yannopolis alone.

Similar to the concept of boiling a frog, Yannopolis gradually exerted control over the villagers, who became increasingly unaware of their loss of freedom.

By the time they realized the situation and attempted to resist, it was already too late, and they found themselves stripped of their strength.

As a result, they found themselves simmering in anger but were too fearful to fight back for several hundred years.

Some villages secretly gave support to cultivators, aiding them in their journey to reach the God Realm as a hidden source of power.

However, when Yannopolis became aware of their actions, they slaughtered all the God Realm cultivators and their families as a means of retribution.

Some even went as far as killing the administrators of lower-level and intermediate-level villages by subjecting them to brutal torture at the hands of ferocious beasts.

They would seal off the victims' cultivation level and feed them to the deadly creatures.

Yannopolis even went to the extent of recording everything using memory crystals and played the videos at the one hundred and eight villages for a period of six months.

After that, the thirty-six intermediate villages exerted continuous pressure on the lower-level villages, aiming to avoid getting entangled in any trouble.



Everyone was naturally upset, but they had lost the chance to fight back under tight surveillance.

Clinton learned from Yannopolis's envoy that Jonathan and Seboxia weren't the only outsiders, and that gave him hope.

He only had to wait patiently for Jonathan and Seboxia to reveal their strengths.

As Jonathan and Seboxia battled Yannopolis's envoy, the fate of the villagers in Mountain Village hung in the balance. If the two outsiders emerged victorious, the villagers could place their hope in them.

However, if they were to lose, the villagers could claim that they mistakenly assumed the outsiders were from Yannopolis due to their outfits. Mountain Village would then be absolved of any responsibility for the misunderstanding.

They wouldn't suffer any losses.

Thus, he wasn't about to let Greyson stop that from happening.

Jonathan had no idea that the elderly man had that idea in mind. Jonathan took notice of the astonished God Realm cultivator on the rooftop. Without hesitation, he set aside his hammer and conjured another magical item—a staff.

“You're quite capable, huh? At least you reacted faster than any other middle-phase God Realm cultivator.”

The cultivator opposite Jonathan panted as his expression turned solemn.

When he encountered fellow cultivators from Upriver Village who were at the same cultivation level as him—middle-phase God Realm cultivators—they proved to be no match for him in combat.

It seemed that their foundations were unstable, driven by their eagerness to achieve a breakthrough.

While their attacks appeared formidable, he soon realized that their true strength was lacking.

Little did the cultivator know that it wasn't a matter of the outside cultivators having weak Kores.

The abundance of spiritual energy in the small world allowed the cultivators to have remarkably stable Kores.

In fact, the spiritual energy was so potent that it could even materialize into physical form.

Even if the cultivators were in the same Realms, without any unique techniques or abilities, the outsiders would always find themselves at a disadvantage when facing the cultivators of the small world.

Jonathan, however, couldn't be explained by logic.

After all, Jonathan had earned a reputation for defeating cultivators of the same rank and was also given the title of the top God Realm cultivator outside.

However, he was not alone in this regard. There were others like him, such as Joshua and similar cultivators, who possessed a certain edge over their enemies after entering the small world, despite not having the same favorable cultivation environment as the small world.

The Yannopolis envoy held up his bloody long sword and gazed at them menacingly.

“Die!”

After roaring out loud, the man turned into an afterimage as he dashed toward Jonathan.

“Charge!” Jonathan roared fiercely, hurling his staff toward his adversary with a menacing whoosh.

Crack!

Jonathan's staff was broke into half.

As the bloody long sword lunged toward Jonathan, a radiant golden light burst forth.

Clang!

Following the loud clang, Jonathan was sent flying backward and crashed into a store by the road.

Amidst the rubble, a gold light leaped up and landed by the side of the road.

Jonathan wiped the corner of his lips, his gaze fixated on the blood staining his fingers as a flicker of excitement gleamed in his eyes.

Standing aside, Seboxia frowned and questioned, “Jonathan, do you need my help?”

Hearing that, Jonathan shook his head and smirked, dismissing the protective shield of the bronze handbell.

“The cultivators here are exceptionally strong and wield peculiar weapons. I wonder if all the cultivators from Yannopolis are like this or if this is just a minority.”

Tossing away the broken staff, Jonathan summoned his Heaven Sword.

Glancing at the Yannopolis envoy, he chuckled aloud. “You won’t have another chance!”