

The Legendary Man Chapter 1191 -

Chapter 1191 Rule

During the clash earlier, at the same time the weapon broke, Jonathan clearly felt the malevolent aura within his opponent's blade.

Surprisingly, that thing had a powerful inhibiting effect on weapons.

However, now that he was using Heaven Sword, he didn't believe the other party's blade could still hold him back.

The opposing cultivator also fathomed Jonathan wasn't easy to deal with. He wielded his knife and stared at Jonathan and Seboxia warily, then discreetly fished out an emerald badge and crushed it in his hand.

"It's a communication emerald!" Welrun, the youngest among the group, exclaimed.

However, right after he finished saying that, Clinton, standing beside Welrun, covered the latter's mouth.

Seboxia stepped forward, rubbing his hands together, and a sliver of life force emanated from the spiritual beads in his palms, dissolving into the air and enveloping the space ahead of them.

Seemingly having sensed something, the envoy from Yannopolis stared at Seboxia fearfully, his eyes brimming with terror. "Y-You are..."

"Don't get distracted during a fight!" Jonathan bellowed.

Wielding Heaven Sword, he rapidly traversed a distance of thirty meters and appeared next to the cultivator.

The cultivator was startled. He instinctively reached out to parry the incoming attack with his knife.

However, there was simply no way the envoy's weapon could defend against the sharpness of Heaven Sword.

The blood-stained long sword was broken in two, and Heaven Sword pierced the envoy's right chest without making a sound.

Bam!

The envoy from Yannopolis collapsed to the ground, his face contorted with agony. Jonathan crouched beside his opponent while gripping his sword.

Looking at the blood gushing out continuously from the envoy's mouth and nostrils, Jonathan pressed down harder on Heaven Sword.

Blood flowed down the envoy's suit without stopping as he gritted his teeth and grasped the blade of Heaven Sword, attempting to push it out.

"You're still resisting?" Jonathan stood up and lifted his foot to step on the hilt of Heaven Sword.

"Ugh!" the envoy grunted.

Heaven Sword plunged deeper into the ground, pinning the envoy on the floor.

"If you move again, I'll make sure you suffer a fate worse than death."

Jonathan stared at the envoy coldly before shifting his attention to Seboxia.

"Seboxia, what did you catch?"

At that moment, Seboxia was holding a small, green light orb. Inside the ball of light, waves of ripples undulated continuously.

Jonathan moved closer. His expression changed slightly when he saw the ripples. "Seboxia, don't tell me this is Pryncyp?"

"No. Pryncyp cannot be materialized and compressed into a piece of emerald, but this thing seems to have some form of connection with Rule," Seboxia replied indifferently.

At that point, Seboxia paused and looked up at the sky.

It was daytime, and the sky was filled with gentle and warm sunlight, much like the weather in Doveston in April or May, which was not too cold or dry. Everything was just right.

However, strangely, the small world had no sun, moon, or stars in the sky during daytime or nighttime.

Seboxia gazed skyward for a long time before turning to Jonathan and speaking again. "Although this small world doesn't possess Heavenly Pryncyp

like the outside world, it has day and night and can host the survival of living organisms. Flowers and trees can flourish here, and demon race and human cultivators are also able to live and reproduce in this place. Hence, there must also be certain Rules operating in this small world, and this light orb is one of the very peripheral applications of the Rules.”

Jonathan slightly furrowed his brows after listening to that. Even though Seboxia didn't elaborate, Jonathan understood what he meant.

Jonathan had previously discussed many peculiarities of the small world with Seboxia, and one of them was the lack of Pryncyp.

That resulted in Seboxia being able to move around outside by transfiguring into a spiritual energy form without having to endure the risk of getting eliminated by Pryncyp.

At the same time, the lack of Pryncyp also signified Divine Realm cultivators couldn't exist in the small world.

That was the primary reason Jonathan and Seboxia dared to act so brazenly.

Without Divine Realm, no one could harness the power of Pryncyp.

As long as they weren't surrounded by a large group of enemies, the party consisting of Jonathan and Seboxia could pretty much do as they pleased in the small world.

However, at that moment, Seboxia had discovered that the people in the small world had actually devised a method to utilize the Rules within the small world.

Jonathan reckoned that was definitely not a good sign. Indeed, no one should be underestimated even if they come from a small world that is completely isolated from the outside world. Although their technology is not as advanced as the outside world, as a member of this small world, these people have never stopped exploring their surroundings.

Theoretically, a small world was a perfect space within a formation established by special methods after resisting the power of Heavenly Pryncyp.

Hence, the framework of the space must be made up of some extremely important Rules, which formed the basis for the continued existence of the small world.

The manipulation of these Rules was similar to how a hacker acquired the authority of an administrator of a program. Being able to put the small world's Rules to use within that space was actually another form of Pryncyp exploitation.

Seboxia focused on sensing the energy fluctuation within the life force with all seriousness. Then, he clenched his right hand and destroyed that power.

"It looks like we need to practice caution in the future," he uttered nonchalantly.

Jonathan nodded solemnly in response.

After all, that information was crucial to them.

If they hadn't met the cultivator from Yannopolis, the two would have continued exploring the small world, overly confident and full of themselves, which would've been truly dangerous.

Jonathan turned to look at the cultivator, who was pinned to the ground.

He walked up to the latter and squatted down while wearing a smile. "Brat, you're going to answer my every question. Let's not waste each other's time, all right?"

"You're courting death!" the envoy from Yannopolis said while coughing up blood. "Are you aware that harming me means you're waging war against Yannopolis—"

Blood splattered everywhere as Jonathan punched the envoy's face without hesitation, causing him to pass out.

Noticing the shattered bluestone on the ground, Jonathan grabbed the envoy's head by his hair and roused him awake using spiritual energy.

Pfft!

The envoy spewed a mouthful of blood and even spat out a dozen teeth. “Why aren’t you lowly villagers helping me kill the two of them? If you don’t take action, I’ll have the soldiers from Yannopolis—”

While threatening the villagers of Mountain Village, he noticed Jonathan’s slightly raised left arm. When he paused in his speech, the envoy saw Jonathan was already wielding a razor-sharp dagger.

“W-What are you doing?” the cultivator asked in horror.

Jonathan smiled at the cultivator. “It’s nothing. You can keep talking. I just want to retrieve something.”

As he responded casually, Jonathan brought down his left arm with all his might, plunging the dagger into the ground and cutting off the cultivator’s middle finger.

He then removed the black ring from the severed finger. “It’s all right. You can go on.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1192 -

Chapter 1192 Two Hundred God Realm Cultivators

A smile was playing on Jonathan’s lips as though he was chatting with an old friend, and he looked relaxed and casual.

The more he acted that way, the more the villagers regarded him as a monster.

The cultivator who Jonathan had pinned to the ground earlier was consumed by fear.

From the moment he was born, he was an elite presence in that world.

His position might be a lowly guard in Yannopolis, but upon leaving the city limits, the hundred-and-eight villages treated him like a God.

All those years, he continuously wandered from one village to the next.

Regardless of where he was, he had absolute dignity. He could kill any villagers who treated him with even the slightest disrespect, let alone disobeyed him.

He never thought he would end up in such a pitiful state.

Fear engulfed him at Jonathan's cheery expression.

His body quaked, and he lost control over his bladder and bowel movements as he looked up at Jonathan with reverence.

"I'm sorry, sir... I'll tell you anything you want to know. I'm only asking you to please spare my life—"

Crack!

Before he could finish his plea, Jonathan had stomped on his knee with a smile.

"I already said that you're to answer me only when I asked a question. Have I started asking?"

Jonathan stared down at the man icily.

Extorting a confession was a skill and knowledge in itself. Regardless if the technique used was gentle or harsh, the final goal was to break the interrogatee's mind.

Only at that moment would Jonathan believe the cultivator's words.

The cultivator's eyes were filled with despair, yet he didn't dare to make a sound.

Seeing that, Jonathan demanded, "Your name!"

The cultivator answered with trembling lips, "I'm not worthy of a last name, so I only have a first name. It's Huga."

"What's your job at Yannopolis?" Jonathan asked again.

"I'm a guard in charge of collecting goods from the villages. I have the lowest rank in the military."

A soldier of the lowest rank has this level of cultivation?

Jonathan pondered briefly before questioning, "How many soldiers are there in Yannopolis? Who's the person in charge?"

Seboxia and the surrounding villagers of Mountain Village all perked up their ears to listen.

"I don't know."

Nobody expected that answer from the frightened soldier.

The dagger in Jonathan's hand plunged into the slab between the cultivator's legs.

"Are you playing games with me? You're a soldier of Yannopolis, so how is it possible that you don't know how many soldiers are in Yannopolis? I'll cut off your manhood if you continue lying to me."

The soldier immediately shook his head fervently.

"Have mercy, sir! I really don't know! Yannopolis is split into Outer City and Inner City. The Outer City is divided into the northern and southern regions. I come from a village in the northern region along the border, Leeven Village. Ten years ago, I was taken from there and sent to the southern region of Outer City to be the lowest of guards. I've never taken a step into the Inner City even till now. I really don't have an answer to your question!"

Jonathan was stunned by the cultivator's words and turned to look at Greyson, who knelt not far away. He then waved his hand gently.

"Greyson, is this person telling the truth?"

Greyson heard Jonathan call his name and immediately shot to his feet and bowed.

"We're unsure about that, Mr. Goldstein. We're just a village at the border. No villagers had ever entered the city before, but there was one thing he said that was true. From time to time, Yannopolis will dispatch an envoy to each village to recruit a few lucky Grandmasters in the absolute phase. I heard the Grandmasters are taken to Yannopolis for intensive training. However, no one knows if that's true since these Grandmasters never show up again once they leave."

Greyson had just finished his explanation when the envoy from Yannopolis hurriedly added, "We're the ones that were taken away! All one-hundred-and-eight villages are divided into northern and southern regions by the river. The Yannopolis envoy will recruit cultivators from both regions, then exchange them via a portal formation in the Outer City. Once achieving a breakthrough to God Realm, they'll be assigned as guards to supervise villages in the other region."

A gist of Yannopolis' organizational structure formed in Jonathan's mind at their description.

Inner City and Outer City. Yannopolis is shaped like a target. The cultivators from the northern region will supervise the southern region and vice versa. After having gone through severe oppression by the cultivators of the other region, the villagers will surely take revenge against the latter once they become cultivators themselves. This kind of oppression will foster vengeance in every new envoy. It's an endless loop. The authority in Yannopolis doesn't even need to make a decree. The envoys from the northern and southern regions can form an oppressive environment among the hundred and eight villages, preventing the villagers from having thoughts of rebellion. Meanwhile, cutting off all connections between the Outer City and Inner City can conceal the Inner City's true abilities. That unknown is the root of all one hundred and eight villages' fear.

Jonathan glanced at Seboxia with a grave expression.

"The person in charge seems like a difficult fellow to deal with, regardless of that person's identity."

Seboxia answered indifferently, "That's why we should leave this world as quickly as possible."

Despite knowing it was hopeless, Jonathan still asked the envoy, "Do you know where the chaos portal is?"

"What chaos portal? I don't understand."

Jonathan let out a resigned sigh upon hearing the envoy's nervous answer.

I thought I had captured a significant figure. Even though I failed to find the location of the chaos portal, at least I gained a rough understanding of this

entire small world's structure. Yet, it looks like he's nothing more than a puppet of Yannopolis, a dispensable character.

Jonathan grabbed the hilt of Heaven Sword and slowly pulled the sword out of the ground.

"I have a feeling that the portal to the outside world lies in the Inner City of Yannopolis, Seboxia."

Seboxia replied airily, "Let's hope that's not the case. It'll be troublesome otherwise."

"There's nothing troublesome about it."

Jonathan beckoned his finger to summon the dagger on the ground.

"If the portal truly lies within the Inner City, we can just band together with the other cultivators that came here with us. With dozens of Divine Realm cultivators and a hundred over God Realm cultivators, the odds look pretty good no matter the location."

Seboxia shot Jonathan a glance and pointed at the surrounding Mountain Village villagers.

"In this place where any person can become a God Realm cultivator as long as they learned the cultivation method, what can you do with less than two hundred God Realm cultivators?"

Jonathan laughed.

"Those that aren't much help can aid us by being cannon fodder. That's all the help we need!"