

The Legendary Man Chapter 1195 -

Chapter 1195 Aerial Magical Item

Jonathan watched the kneeling villagers around him with a frown.

If the chaos portal was located where he guessed it was—at Yannopolis—then the only way he could leave this place was to enter the city.

Furthermore, with Mountain Village's current state and the impression he got about Yannopolis' chief from the envoy, it seemed like the only way outsiders like them could enter Yannopolis was to fight their way there.

If a battle were to break out, the chances of them losing were high, for they had less than two hundred people.

What Seboxia was doing was formulating his backup plan.

If the oppressed villagers of the hundred and eight villages in the small world could become God Realm cultivators, then they would have over a million God Realm cultivators. Not even valkyries would pose a problem for them, let alone Yannopolis.

They had entered the village together, but Seboxia had turned into the villagers' spiritual leader in the blink of an eye. It seemed ridiculous to Jonathan.

Seeing the way Seboxia was preaching Seboxiasm, Jonathan scoffed and walked over to Yannopolis' envoy.

“Say, mister. Still trying to escape?” Jonathan muttered before snatching a small bag from the other cultivator. “Oh my. You even have a storage bag here. What a rare thing to come across.”

As he held the storage bag with one hand, he forcibly dispersed the spiritual sense on it before reaching in to scour through the bag.

In the next second, Jonathan widened his eyes.

As it turned out, the average-looking storage bag had another three storage rings in it.

A storage magical item like storage rings could not be kept within another storage magical item due to the limits of arcane arrays.

Previously, when Jonathan was still at Remdik's Eastern War Zone, he had obtained an emerald badge belt that a Team Alpha member had hidden on their waist after killing Antoine.

Every emerald on that belt was a gigantic storage space that contained ten storage rings each.

In his cultivation journey thus far, Jonathan had only encountered a special storage magical item like that once.

After that, Jonathan had dismantled the emerald badges and distributed them to various warzones to be used as strategic magical items.

Although magical items like those bore neither offensive nor defensive capabilities, they were excellent utility items.

A good example of its use would be in the River Onxy's battle.

If they had done their logistics transportation the traditional way, their transportation route would have been exposed to Remdik's satellites, and they would have been at a high risk of getting struck by Remdik's missiles due to the long distance between Harfush and Doveston.

However, with the storage magical items Jonathan had gained, Asura's Office's members only needed to put the required resources in them and take a flight to their destination.

Even if they encountered bad weather or were heading toward places where no vehicles could reach, cultivators could continue bringing the resources in that storage magical item toward their destination.

It was an extremely efficient way to transport their resources.

A while back, Jonathan had been stumped about how he could promote these items on a large scale.

To his surprise, he was now bumping into another magical item of a similar caliber.

"Hey, where did you get this from?"

By then, the envoy's face was ashen, for his spiritual sense was damaged. "It's easy to get. Every envoy in the Outer City has one. If you want one, I can get it for you as long as you let me go. I'll get anything for you as long as you let me leave!"

As Jonathan listened to the envoy's pleas, he hung the storage bag by his waist.

"Didn't you find outsiders a while back? Where are they?"

"At Upriver Village!" the envoy blurted out, not daring to keep anything from Jonathan. "There were two. I stripped one of them. The other escaped, and the rest of the envoys are going after the escapee."

Jonathan's interest was piqued by that.

"How many envoys work in one team? I'm surprised two outsiders managed to escape you."

When Jonathan asked those questions, he thought that the envoys had encountered Divine Realm cultivators from the outside world.

However, the response that left the envoy's mouth made Jonathan jump to his feet in surprise.

"We usually work in teams of over a dozen members every time. Our number should have been enough for two God Realm outsiders, but when we surrounded them, the one who escaped took out a strange magical item," the envoy said as he gestured in the air. "That item was as tall as a person. It's sharp on one end and looks like an arrow's fletching on the other end. What's strangest is how that magical item is capable of detonating midair despite having no spiritual energy fluctuation. It even explodes with a gigantic ball of light. A few of our envoys were injured by that magical item. We were caught off guard, and that's how they ran off."

Jonathan stared at the envoy with a gaping mouth.

With the envoy's description, he had realized one thing. That was no magical item.

If it was sharp on one end and equipped with fletching-like wings on the other end, it was definitely not a magical item.

Jonathan let his spiritual sense sink into his storage ring before waving and summoning a missile as tall as a person.

“Was this what you saw?”

The second the envoy saw the missile in Jonathan’s hand, he turned pale.

“Why do you have this magical item too? It’s exactly the same!”

In the next second, Jonathan shot out his hand to grab that envoy’s hair.

“Are you sure it’s the exact same thing? Are there no differences at all?”

The envoy had already been frightened out of his wits by then, and he could not help but nod fervently at Jonathan’s question.

“Yes! I swear they’re identical!”

A glint flashed across Jonathan’s eyes. “What does that person look like? Do they have their hair just past their ears? Are they a cultivator with a magical item that makes really loud noises and can kill from afar?”

“Yes, yes, yes! Every time he makes a move, he’ll train that magical item on us—”

“Seboxia, it’s Hayden!”

Before the envoy could finish his sentence, Jonathan was already shouting at Seboxia.

Seboxia immediately came to Jonathan’s side. By then, Jonathan was already slowly lowering the envoy to the ground.

“The two you captured are our friends. Tell me where the other envoys are, and I’ll let you go,” Jonathan said as he took out the huge Golden Herb.

The flow of pure spiritual energy on it made the envoy stiffen.

“Before... Before I came to Mountain Village, they were at Upriver Village. However, as a few of them are injured, they might already be on their way back to Outer City.”

Hearing that, Jonathan turned to Greyson.

“Do you know where Upriver Village is located?”

“I do. It’s three hundred miles northeast,” Greyson answered, standing up.

The envoy then cast a pleading look at Jonathan.

“I’ve told you everything, so can you please let me go—”

Shik.

It was the sound accompanied by Jonathan’s action of stabbing his Heaven Sword into the envoy’s head.

“Seboxia, we need to save them!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1196 -

Chapter 1196 Unlucky Hayden

Although the Yannopolis envoy had not mentioned Hayden’s name, from his description, Jonathan was almost certain that the one who escaped was Hayden.

Although they were all outsiders and Hayden wouldn’t be the only one to have a sniper rifle, the identical missile that the escapee possessed was proof that it was Hayden.

After all, the missiles that Jonathan had were not readily available for purchase anywhere.

Instead, it was retrieved from the weapons arsenal of the Eastern Army’s long-range strike units. It was a newly developed armament, and its specific model had not yet been publicly disclosed.

Before entering the small world, Jonathan had only given the missiles to Hayden and Joshua.

If the escapee had bombs and a sniper rifle as well, then it surely had to be Hayden.

Both Joshua and Hayden had entered the chaos portal first. If Hayden was the one who escaped the envoys, then the one who was captured was highly likely Joshua.

Seboxia looked at Jonathan with a frown.

He was in the middle of preaching Seboxiasm to the villagers, so he was clearly unhappy about Jonathan’s interruption.

“Save them? Save who?” Seboxia queried in confoundment.

“Joshua and Hayden,” Jonathan said as he used his spiritual energy to pull Greyson over.

“Lead the way now. We’re heading to Upriver Village as quickly as possible.”

Just as those words were out of Jonathan’s mouth, someone gripped his shoulders.

Turning around, he realized Seboxia was standing behind him with his hands clasped together before his chest.

Jonathan realized that the spiritual energy restraint on his shoulders was from Seboxia, so he questioned, “What are you trying to do, Seboxia?”

Seboxia shook his head.

“I’ve seen Joshua and Hayden on River Onxy’s battlefield before. One doesn’t have a stable cultivation base, and the other is a scheming man who even I’m wary of. However, their capabilities are merely mediocre here in the small world. In fact, in the face of Yannopolis, they are as powerful as wriggling worms. I don’t understand why you’d risk your life to save people like them. I want an explanation from you,” Seboxia said to Jonathan, his confusion visible in his eyes.

Jonathan stared at Seboxia, baffled for a second, before recalling something.

“Oh right, you lost consciousness after the Lightning Tribulation.”

After recollecting his thoughts, Jonathan continued, “Let me summarize it for you. This small world is the Whitley family’s ancestral land. Over two thousand years ago, the Whitley family’s forefathers left this place. Hence, it’s very likely Joshua has a way to leave here. Perhaps we won’t need to fight Yannopolis after all.”

“Let’s go.”

Without saying anything else, Seboxia channeled his spiritual energy to grab Greyson and dash toward the northeast.

However, Jonathan glanced at Clinton and reminded him, “Remember what Seboxia said. You have to work hard on the cultivation. No slacking off.”

Once the two men were gone, the Mountain Village villagers bowed and thanked them again.

Meanwhile, hundreds of miles away, Hayden was lying in wait in an ancient tree deep in the mountains.

In his hand was a palm-sized triangular formation plate that spun non-stop.

That was a miniature masking array. With it in his hand, he would be able to minimize his spiritual energy's fluctuation.

Above him, the shrill bird-like cry of a beast sounded out, scaring the rest of the animals in the woods.

Hayden held his breath and concentrated on his senses to adjust the intensity of his spiritual energy.

This was his third day in the small world and the third day of him running for his life.

Before entering the small world, Joshua had promised him that he would not mistreat Hayden and the Zink family once he retrieved the Whitley family's inheritance.

Hayden thought that he would be able to have a leisure trip in the small world with Joshua, enjoying the scenery while they looked for the inheritance. After that, they would then make a grand return.

While the Whitley family returned to its former glory, Hayden would be able to make the Zink family a true member of The Untouchables.

Even if the Zink family was going to rely on the Whitley family to survive in the future, they would still be on the top. He would have his name written down in the history of Chanaean cultivation.

The mere thought of that excited him.

Alas, it was all Hayden's fantasies. Reality was much more cruel. The moment he entered the small world, he had landed by the edge of a river.

Before he could figure out where he was, a giant demon beast that looked like an alligator started attacking him frenziedly.

In his panic, Hayden fled into the woods, but just as he lost the alligator-looking demon beast, he was targeted by a huge snake dozens of meters long.

After a day of running, Hayden finally bumped into the first person he met in the small world.

It was none other than Vicador, the general of the Remdikian Southern Army.

The two were enemies during the River Onxy battle, but when they met in the unfamiliar small world, they felt as if they had met kindred spirits.

The two of them began helping each other out and traveling together. On the morning of the third day, they finally came across a town with human activity.

That place was Upriver Village.

Like Jonathan and Seboxia, the people in Upriver Village assumed that Vicador and Hayden were envoys from Yannopolis, so they were extremely respectful and polite toward them.

Unfortunately, they were not as lucky as Jonathan and Seboxia. They soon encountered a team of patrolling envoys.

When the fourteen God Realm cultivators made their moves, they easily gained the upper hand.

In no time, the two were surrounded by the envoys. Vicador resisted to the best of his ability, and he ended up having his cultivation destroyed by the envoys.

On the other hand, Hayden was slyer. When he realized that he could not defeat them, he quickly humbled his demeanor and offered them treasures in exchange for mercy.

Of course, what he offered was the missile.

Once he grievously injured a few envoys, he swiftly escaped Upriver Village. Now, he was trying to avoid the envoys.

Above him, a dark silhouette flew across the sky in an arc.

Hayden looked at the sky through the foliage of the trees and saw a figure with a spear on the top of the flying beast.

As the two of them were close, Hayden could even sense the other person's spiritual sense washing past him.

Hayden did not dare to move an inch.

All he could do was have faith in the masking array in his hand.

Only when the spiritual sense was gone did Hayden slowly let out a sigh of relief.

I guess they didn't notice anything strange.

Right as that thought formed in his mind, he heard the sounds of demon beasts running toward him from three different directions.