

The Legendary Man Chapter 1197 -

Chapter 1197 First Entry Into Upriver Village
Crap! I've been made!

Hayden's heart abruptly clenched. Springing to his feet, he sprinted toward the tree at the side.

Roar!

As a howl split the air, the tree where he was hiding previously was knocked down by a green and white wolf more than ten meters long.

Stepping on the tree trunk that was as thick as a barrel, the green wolf stared at the man across from it coldly.

On its back sat a God Realm cultivator with tanned skin and his upper body bared.

Snap! Snap!

In the other two directions, vegetation broke. In the next heartbeat, another two gigantic wolves came into view.

Thus, three men and three wolves all surrounded Hayden in their midst.

In the sky, the demon bird continued circling and squawking relentlessly. In other words, envoys from all four directions blocked off the latter's escape every which way.

"Outsider, we're envoys of Yannopolis! If you give up resistance now, we'll spare your life!" the shirtless envoy of Yannopolis across from Hayden shouted.

Putting away the masking array in his hand, Hayden guffawed as he eyed the man.

"Do you think I'm a fool? I personally witnessed you destroying my companion's cultivation. Yet, you're now claiming that you won't make a move against me? Are you taking me for a three-year-old kid?"

While saying that, he took a sniper rifle out of his storage ring with a flick of his hand.

Then, he continued, "You're simply courting death to make yourself such big targets!"

Aiming the sniper rifle in his hand at the gigantic demon bird in the sky, he pulled the trigger without hesitation.

"Cripple him!"

At almost the very instant he did so, the tree trunk across from him snapped and splintered. On top of it, the gigantic green wolf blurred into an afterimage as it streaked toward him.

Blood sprayed in all directions.

Amidst all three wolves' agonized howls, Hayden swung his saber at the shirtless envoy.

Clang!

As their weapons collided, they zipped past each other.

The shirtless envoy stepped on the back of the green wolf hard, knocking it to the ground at a rapid speed from mid-air.

Drawing from that boost, his figure vaulted into the air again. He whirled around and pursued Hayden, who had broken free of the encirclement.

"This is for you!"

Following Hayden's bellow, a black object flew toward the envoy's face.

Alarm bells rang within the envoy. Even as he sent the black object flying with the weapon in his hand, he swiftly landed and backed away frantically.

Hayden had tossed out such a weapon back then. It exploded and injured six members of their team.

As such, he was inexorably terrified at the sight of the same tactic.

After he had landed, however, he discovered the absence of the expected explosion.

The object Hayden lobbed at him merely released a burst of thick and acrid smoke that could have all been blocked with a bit of assistance from a spirit shield.

In the sky, the gigantic demon bird dived down into the forest with a shrill screech.

Before it had even landed, a figure jumped down before the three men.

Seeing the three green wolves whose necks had been severed, the young man on the demon bird wore an exceedingly grim expression.

“That outsider planted a dozen fine and sharp magical items here beforehand, sir! All our green wolves died from them,” an envoy reported, holding out a magical item that was even finer than a strand of hair to the young man.

At the sight of the blood droplets on the fine thread, a sneer bloomed on the young man’s face.

“This outsider has a great many magical items that are pretty diversified. Contact Outer City and ask for backup. Also, send word back and tell all the villages that if they dare conceal news of an outsider’s presence and not report it, Outer City will send envoys to carry out a large-scale cleansing upon discovery. Even mid-level villages will be held accountable.”

Although Upriver Village was an outlying village like Mountain Village and had to guard against attacks by waves of demon beasts, it was much larger in size.

Not only was its area twice that of Mountain Village, but its population also exceeded that of the latter by about twenty thousand, almost totaling forty thousand residents.

Considering its scale, it was even on par with some villages near Yannopolis, let alone those in the outlying areas.

For that reason, it naturally became a mid-level village on the fringes.

The two villages managed by Upriver Village was none other than Mountain Village and Oxen Village.

All this time, the bulk of the pressure on Mountain Village and Oxen Village came from Upriver Village's oppression.

Take Greyson and the others' forage into the wilderness to gather medicinal herbs this time, for example. It was initially a task from Outer City to the Upriver, Mountain, and Oxen Villages.

However, after Upriver Village had received that order, they pushed the task onto Mountain Village and Oxen Village.

Worse still, the quantity Upriver Village demanded was far greater than what Yannopolis actually asked for.

Only by doing so would they be able to profit, gathering more resources for their village and improving their lives.

Unfortunately, if that situation were to persist, it would create a situation whereby the strong would always remain strong and vice versa. It would make it impossible for a village like Mountain Village to turn the tide around.

Greyson stood on top of the mountain, gazing down at the village enshrouded in mist below with a rather bleak expression on his face.

"That's Upriver Village, sirs."

Throughout the journey, he had explained the general situation of Upriver Village to Jonathan and Seboxia.

As a mid-level village on the fringes, Upriver Village was no different from the towns in the outside world and was significantly more prosperous than Mountain Village.

Its central area, especially, bustled with shops.

Residents from the dozens of villages nearby all visited Upriver Village to purchase supplies they needed or sell off whatever they obtained from the mountains.

Right then, Jonathan asked Greyson for a set of native clothes made from animal skin.

After all, he was there on a rescue mission this time and had no desire to be targeted by those infernal envoys.

As for Seboxia, who had been appearing in his spiritual energy form, he tactfully chose to return to the coffin in Jonathan's elixir field.

The reason for his choice was none other than the fact that he could not accept putting on a loincloth made from tiger skin.

Anyhow, that made no difference. No matter what Seboxia and Jonathan wore, those envoys from Outer City would never show them any mercy when going up against each other for real.

Besides, Seboxia's spiritual energy form was still not as realistic as the demigod's they encountered previously, though it was incredibly similar.

The fact that he had then returned to the coffin actually improved Jonathan's safety by far.

Jonathan checked his attire carefully before following Greyson down the mountain and into Upriver Village.

No sooner had they stepped into the village than he caught sight of a huge, luminous stone tablet.

Walking up to it, he stared at the shaky writing on the stone tablet blankly.

"What's written on there, Greyson? I can't read."

Before Greyson could even answer that question, a burly middle-aged man over two meters tall at the side sneered, "I can tell that you're a piece of trash from a low-level village at a single glance. No wonder your cultivation level is only the beginner phase of the Grandmaster Realm!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 1198 -

Chapter 1198 Not Leaving This Place Alive

The burly man's voice was booming. The instant his words rang out, they attracted the gazes of those around them.

"Who's that? And which village is he from?"

"No idea. I don't think I've ever seen him before."

“I know the man next to him. If I’m not mistaken, that’s Greyson Downey, and he’s from Mountain Village.”

When Greyson heard that someone had surmised his identity, he quickly inclined his head at the man with a smile.

“Yes, that’s right. We’re from Mountain Village. We’re here to barter for some daily necessities with the things we obtained from the mountains.”

His tone was very light and carried a trace of friendliness. In fact, it even sounded somewhat weak.

Alas, it was precisely such ingratiating that had those around them bursting into laughter.

“You know what? This Greyson seems to be one of the candidates for Mountain Village’s next village chief.”

“Are you serious? Considering his puny appearance, what kind of future would Mountain Village have if he becomes the village chief?”

“Future? What future?”

“Exactly! A village like Mountain Village deserves to be trampled underfoot!”

Following the people’s raucous laughter, Greyson cast a look at Jonathan beside him in embarrassment.

“L-Let’s go, Jon. It’s best that we rush back before night falls after bartering. Otherwise, it’ll be dangerous.”

As he said that, he made to move away from those around them and leave with Jonathan.

Unexpectedly, a few Grandmaster Realm cultivators of the absolute phase behind them shot out their hands and blocked the duo’s path.

“Excuse me, my fellow friends—”

Greyson’s expression changed slightly as he regarded the few men.

Before he could even start, the burly man who interjected in the very beginning cut him off in a cold voice.

“Who are your fellow friends? You’re merely a trivial character from a low-level village. How are you worthy of being our peer?”

Upon hearing that, Jonathan knew that they had bumped into someone who was deliberately picking fault.

In the world of cultivators, capabilities superseded everything.

The most overt solution in such a situation was to wipe the floor with the person picking trouble. Verily, it was beyond simple.

Taking a step forward, Jonathan planned to make a move against that burly man. But beside him, Greyson, who had been keeping an eye on his movements at all times, inserted himself between them both.

“We’re only here to barter for some daily necessities, sir. Please take mercy on us and allow us to leave. Thank you in advance!”

While saying that, he took a step forward with his left leg and bowed low.

That was an extremely major gesture in the small world, almost equivalent to going on a single knee in the outside world.

He did that in hopes that the other party would allow them to leave.

After all, Seboxia had only imparted cultivation methods to Mountain Village a while ago. Hence, time was what they needed right then.

At that moment, however much they had to back down did not matter. As long as Mountain Village was given a few years’ time, they could obliterate Upriver Village anytime.

Regretfully, Greyson’s desire to smooth things over did not translate to the same for the other party.

Looking down at Greyson’s bent body, the burly man sneered. Then, he lifted his hand to bring it down on the back of the former’s head.

Smack!

A crisp smack rang out, and the burly man’s wrist ended up in Jonathan’s firm grasp.

“D*mn it! You’re making a fuss about nothing! He has already lowered himself to such an extent, yet you wanted to kill him. Don’t you think you’re going too

far?”

Jonathan’s figure was proportioned. While he would not be considered well-built in the outside world, neither would he be deemed puny.

In that small world, however, all cultivators had been nourished by the spiritual energy of heaven and earth since young and consumed untold magical herbs, so they were all strapping.

Consequently, Jonathan appeared rather scrawny and delicate before them.

When the burly man saw that Jonathan managed to keep a hold on his wrist, his face promptly contorted in a mask of fury.

After a few attempts of furtively exerting force to withdraw his wrist but to no avail, a trace of somberness showed in his eyes.

“So what if I pick on him? In this world, one’s capabilities take absolute precedence. Their cultivation level is below others, so they deserve to be trampled underfoot! Let go of me!”

As he said that, he jerked his right arm hard in an attempt to send Jonathan flying.

Under that burst of intense strength, the latter’s figure was thrown into the air. But before he could gloat, he realized that Jonathan’s grip on his right wrist remained as firm as ever.

“It’s your turn now!”

With that low cry, Jonathan landed steadily on both feet. Twisting his waist, he lifted the burly man high into the air.

Bam!

The burly man’s figure formed an afterimage in the air before slamming on the bluestone ground heavily.

Cough!

While lying on the ground, he spat out a mouthful of blood, terrifying those around him so badly that they all backed away incessantly.

“Jon...”

Greyson wanted to step forward and urge Jonathan to let things slide, but when he glimpsed the indifferent look in the man's eyes, the words on the tip of his tongue got stuck in his throat.

"I cultivated for such a long time for no other reason than to have no one walk all over me! If I were to keep comprising, why should I continue cultivating to extend my lifespan? It'd be far better for me to die!"

Snap!

A hard twist of Jonathan's wrist resulted in a series of crisp snaps from the burly man's arm.

Ignoring the agonized howls, he turned and looked at the villagers of Upriver Village around him.

"So, which of you would also like to give it a try?"

As the man's impassive gaze swept over them, everyone present involuntarily backed away.

Subsequently, Jonathan took out a hook serpent's claw and pierced it through the burly man's shoulder.

Hoisting the latter up, he suspended him before the stone tablet.

"I can't read. Tell me what's written on it. If you dare omit a single word, I'll kill you right here and now!"

The claw of a hook serpent was not only sharp but also highly venomous.

The burly man could sense the change within his body then and was so petrified that he did not dare show a hint of temper.

"Please don't kill me! It's written that any village found to have failed to report the presence of outsiders will be purged by envoys from Outer City on a large scale. Interlinked villages will also be similarly punished as accomplices."

Jonathan turned to Greyson at the side. It was only when the latter gave a slight dip of the head that he put the burly man down with a snort.

"Let's go!"

He unleashed a burst of spiritual energy to blast off the bloodstains on the claw before spinning on his heel to leave.

Just after he had taken a few steps away, a hoarse voice pierced the air.

“You want to leave after getting physical and killing someone in Upriver Village, you lowly peasant from a low-level village?”

Jonathan snapped his head to the right. Atop a house by the street, a young man with a spear was eyeing him and Greyson with a smirk.

At that, Jonathan turned and threw a look at the burly man who had collapsed on the ground.

“I wounded him in self-defense. That aside, such injuries won’t kill him.”

Although he had manipulated the claw to release some venom earlier, it was not lethal, merely stripping the burly man of his mobility.

Therefore, he was not going to shoulder the crime of murder.

Little did he expect that just as his words rang out, the spear in the young man’s hand blurred into an afterimage and stabbed right into the burly man’s heart.

He gaped at the burly man who was gradually dying, his eyes as wide as saucers.

Meanwhile, the young man jumped down from the house. Landing beside the burly man, he yanked the spear out forcefully.

“I said you killed him, so that’s the veritable truth! You’re not leaving this place alive today!”