

The Legendary Man Chapter 1199 -

Chapter 1199 A Reward From Yannopolis

The young man grabbed his spear, which had fresh blood dripping off its sharp tip.

As for the villagers of Upriver Village, all of them bowed cordially toward the young man.

“Greetings, Prefect!” the villagers greeted respectfully.

When Jonathan looked around, he noticed that everyone, except for himself and Greyson, had kneeled down in front of the young man as a sign of respect.

“Prefect? From Outer City of Yannopolis?” Jonathan asked curiously as he scrutinized the young man.

“He isn’t an envoy from Yannopolis but a prefect of Upriver Village,” Greyson informed Jonathan from behind him. “A medium-sized village like Upriver Village has ten vacancies for God Realm cultivators to administer and suppress all its subordinate villages. These ten qualified cultivators are given the title of prefect. Their job is to maintain the affairs related to the three villages.”

Upon hearing Greyson’s explanation, Jonathan nodded with a chuckle.

“I understand. He’s essentially a lapdog of Outer City.”

No sooner had the words left his mouth than a grim look descended upon the God Realm cultivator’s face.

“I don’t suppose you’re from Mountain Village?” the prefect asked as he pointed the spear right between Jonathan’s eyes. “A person as tough as you would never have been produced by that cowardly place.”

A vibrant smile subsequently emerged on Jonathan’s face.

With a slight shift in his feet, Jonathan unreservedly channeled his spiritual energy into the ground.

When the prefect sensed the spiritual energy waves in the ground, he deployed his spiritual energy force field by reflex. Even though he didn’t know

what Jonathan's intentions were, he adopted a vigilant stance due to the recent arrival of outsiders.

The moment Jonathan's spiritual energy crashed into the prefect's force field, the earth beyond a ten-meter radius of the prefect suddenly soared into the air.

"Seal!"

Extending his right hand, Jonathan proceeded to clench it forcefully, causing the four walls that had been raised to congregate toward the center.

Boom!

The moment the walls closed in on each other, the soil from the top spilled down from a height of tens of meters, just like a river that had burst its banks.

The sight of the falling soil sowed panic among the villagers and caused them to flee the area.

Staring at the miraculous scene before him, Greyson wanted to say something to Jonathan but quickly realized that the latter had disappeared from his side.

Underneath the river of falling earth, the prefect was holding a robust-looking shield over his head in order to protect himself from the soil dropping from above.

He had reacted a split second slower and consequently lost the opportunity to escape.

It wasn't until all the soil had fallen to the ground that the prefect heaved a sigh of relief.

However, before he could break out of the layer of earth, he felt something strange going on beneath his feet.

Inside the spirit shield, the prefect plunged his spear directly into the ground.

However, as if something had gotten a grip on it, the spear was pulled deeper into the soil.

"Let go!"

Tightening his grip on the spear with both hands, the prefect sent waves of spiritual energy toward its tip.

The spiritual energy was subsequently dispersed into the surroundings in the form of ripples.

With both his hands holding the spear, Jonathan could see blood from his hands ooze into the earth around him.

“Are you challenging me?”

When Jonathan raised his head to look up, the soil above him seemed to come alive and clear a path for him.

Meanwhile, the prefect fell downward once the ground beneath his feet disappeared.

As for Jonathan, he threw aside the spear and smashed the prefect’s spirit shield with his bloodied hands. Thereafter, he grabbed the prefect by his feet and smashed him against the earthen walls.

“Come out now!”

As the prefect let out a roar, the space in front of Jonathan began to distort. Thereafter, his spiritual sense detected the emergence of a huge figure that appeared out of nowhere.

It turned out to be a giant green wolf.

As the underground space that Jonathan controlled was limited in size, the appearance of the giant green wolf separated Jonathan and the prefect on two different ends.

Pushed against the earthen wall by the green wolf’s size, Jonathan had no space to move at all.

As for the green wolf, who had been summoned into such a dark space, it began to struggle vehemently in its attempt to escape.

“Five Elements of the Dragon Deity! Earth, activate!” Jonathan cried out under his breath before unleashing a burst of spiritual energy into the ground around him.

However, before he could use Earth Extrication Technique to free himself, the green wolf in front of him let out an agonized cry and exploded into pieces.

The green wolf self-destructed!

The surface of the ground at the entrance of Upriver Village began to shake uncontrollably while the shockwave from the green wolf's explosion sent a huge chunk of earth flying into the sky like a geyser.

In the meantime, the prefect, who was standing by the plaza at the village entrance, had made a seal with his hand while keeping an eye on the epicenter of the explosion.

Within the crater, the smell of the soil mixed with the stench of blood as they permeated into the atmosphere.

Meanwhile, two figures approached rapidly from afar and arrived at the village entrance.

"Frank, what happened?" a man asked the prefect after getting off the back of a green wolf.

With a solemn expression, the prefect stared at the huge crater formed by the green wolf self-destructing.

"There's an outsider with a cultivation method so strange that he's capable of manipulating earth for his attacks. As I was trapped, I had no choice but to free myself by blowing up my green wolf," Frank explained while wiping the blood off the corner of his lips.

Although Jonathan didn't exhibit the power of a God Realm cultivator in their duel, the fact that he had slammed Frank against the earth had caused the latter's vitality to rage turbulently and his body to suffer devastating internal injuries.

As a result, despite the arrival of his two allies, Frank didn't dare act on impulse. He continued to scan his surroundings vigilantly, not knowing when or where Jonathan would strike next.

"An outsider?"

Frank's companions lit up in delight the moment they heard his words.

The envoys from Outer City of Yannopolis had captured a few outsiders so far.

Moreover, they had offered a handsome reward to anyone who captured outsiders and handed them over.

In fact, one would even be given the opportunity to become an envoy of Outer City.

It was the highest position that could be achieved by the villagers of the small world.

In that role, one would be given the authority to take or spare a life, a sign of achieving true freedom.

Not everyone enjoyed killing, as there were those who were born with a kind heart.

Unfortunately, they only had two choices in the world they lived in.

Between being the oppressed or the oppressor, no one would ever choose to be the former.

It went without saying that Frank and his companions knew what capturing Jonathan meant. Upon exchanging glances, they nodded at each other knowingly.

“Everyone, run along now! Whoever speaks of this will be punished with death!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1200 -

Chapter 1200 Trailing Joshua

As prefects, the three of them held the most authority in the village.

Taking Frank as an example, he had killed a villager in front of tens of other men, but no one dared to show him any disapproval.

Consequently, the presence of three prefects terrified the villagers even further, causing them to disperse without any resistance.

The three of them had only one goal now—to capture Jonathan and claim credit for it.

That was also why Frank didn't call for help upon detecting Jonathan's presence.

The first reason was that they had managed to capture Vicador and Hayden easily.

Due to the huge difference in concentration of spiritual energy within and without the small world, a cultivator from the small world would be significantly stronger than one of the same cultivation level from outside.

As a result, Frank felt that he could eliminate Jonathan by himself.

The second reason was the reward offered by Outer City of Yannopolis.

Every year, the envoys of Outer City would recruit cultivators from various villages, but the vacancies available were extremely limited.

The selection process was so competitive that a prefect from a medium-sized village like Upriver Village didn't stand a good chance of being picked at all.

As a result, if news of Jonathan's arrival got out and the other prefects arrived to capture him together, Frank's chances of being chosen as an envoy of Yannopolis would drastically decrease.

That was also why the two prefects who subsequently arrived made the same decision as Frank.

Since Jonathan was a formidable opponent, they figured that their combined efforts would be enough to bring him in, and there was no need to get others involved.

They were well aware of what it meant for the credit to be split three ways instead of among ten other prefects. Yet little did they know that their greed would become the very reason for their undoing.

Meanwhile, a small blade of grass began gradually sprouting out of the ground.

It might be doing so slowly, but its progress was still visible to the naked eye.

Along the corner of the deep crater formed by the exploding green wolf, the grass grew to the height of half an adult human within a short while.

During that period, the empty space around Upriver Village's entrance was suddenly filled with lush greenery.

"What's going on?"

When the two recently-arrived prefects looked at Frank, all they saw was a clueless expression on his face. Evidently, he had yet to sense the impending danger.

The next moment, the ground began to churn as Jonathan's figure gradually rose up from the crater before settling down on the surface.

"My fellow cultivators, it seems that fate has brought us together!" Jonathan remarked with a slight smile as he scanned the three prefects.

Staring blankly at Jonathan, Frank shouted, "Isn't that—"

Before he could finish, the grass at his feet suddenly wrapped around his legs and seemingly turned into sharp knives.

As blood spewed into the air, Frank stomped on the ground to leap into the air.

"On top of you!" the prefect opposite him shouted while pointing above his head.

Unfortunately, it was too late for him to react.

"Down with you!"

Upon hearing a cold snort, Frank felt as though his shoulder had been shattered to pieces. Before he realized what was going on, he turned into an afterimage as he slammed onto the ground.

Despite spewing out huge amounts of blood from his mouth and nose, he didn't dare remain in the same spot.

With his right shoulder broken, Frank intended to flee by using his left hand.

However, two blades of grass drifted past him and caused him to collapse helplessly onto the ground.

As for his left arm, it was already cut into three pieces.

Meanwhile, a figure dropped down from the air and pierced a long sword into Frank. With the sword tip bursting out from right above his abdomen, Frank was essentially nailed to the ground.

Staring at himself from afar, Jonathan let out a chuckle.

“Seboxia, that transfiguration of yours is pretty cool!”

Standing at the edge of the crater, Seboxia gave Jonathan a calm look before a shift of his body transformed him back to his original form of a bald monk in a white robe.

“There’s two more of them. Let’s see if you’re faster than I am.”

No sooner had Seboxia spoken than his body reappeared more than ten meters ahead.

In response, Jonathan formed a seal with both his hands and emerged right beside Seboxia, covering more than twenty meters with a gentle tap of his feet.

“Call for backup!”

Watching Seboxia and Jonathan charge at them, one of the prefects realized that they had messed with the wrong people.

Unfortunately, the epiphany came too late.

With a gentle tap of Seboxia’s foot, a green flash of light filtered into the ground below. Massive vines began to burst out of the ground and flew toward the prefects as if they had taken on a life of their own.

As for Jonathan, his method lacked any fanfare. He simply drew Heaven Sword and thrust it in the direction of his enemies.

Instead of containing any particular technique, the attack was filled with loopholes. Yet when one of the prefects thrust his spear right between Jonathan’s eyes, Jonathan dodged slightly to the side with a grin on his lips.

“Earth Shrinking Technique!”

Above the ground, rays of purple light shot into the air.

The distance of more than ten meters between them was shrunk to half a meter amidst the dazzling light.

As the spear whistled passed Jonathan's ear, he plunged Heaven Sword through the armor of the enemy cultivator.

At the same time, an agonized howl rang out beside them.

When Jonathan turned to look, he was greeted by Seboxia walking toward him with his hands pressed together.

Following behind him was a creeping vine that had pierced through the other prefect, whose body was shriveling at a rapid pace.

"I've lost. You can have him."

Jonathan threw the cultivator—who was still alive—at Seboxia's feet.

Without any hesitation, Seboxia grabbed the man by his face and absorbed his life force.

"The life force of those living in the small world is significantly more potent than those outside," Seboxia remarked after throwing the shriveled corpse aside.

Then, he turned to stare at the distant Frank, seemingly still unsatisfied.

Meanwhile, Jonathan pointed at the ground and curled his finger gently, summoning from the ground a chessboard that was the size of his palm.

"I still have some use for him. You can kill him later."

Jonathan leaped to Frank's side and kneeled down beside him.

"I have a question for you. Answer me, and I'll give you a quick death."

Frank's right shoulder was shattered while his left arm had been cut off. With his elixir field pierced through by a long sword, he had undoubtedly become a cripple.

In such a state, he would choose to kill himself even if Jonathan decided to let him go, as he had committed many wicked deeds during his years as a prefect.

Torment would be the only thing waiting for him in life now that he had lost his cultivation.

“Go on. I’ll tell you everything that I know.”

Frank was sprawled on the ground, his eyes showing a sense of calm acceptance instead of the fear of death.

“I heard that you have captured an outsider. Where is he?”