

The Legendary Man Chapter 1226 -

Chapter 1226 The White Family Of Yannopolis

The meteor hammer, which was the size of a basketball and had an iron chain trailing behind it, turned into an afterimage and smashed toward Jonathan's face.

Jonathan shifted his body slightly, allowing the meteor hammer to fly past him.

"We're using weapons now, huh?" Jonathan sneered. With a flip of his wrist, Heaven Sword appeared in his hand.

The meteor hammer missed its mark and, under the manipulation of the male cultivator, returned swinging back towards Jonathan.

"I'll destroy you!" Jonathan shouted angrily as he forcefully swung Heaven Sword down on the meteor hammer.

Heaven Sword was razor-sharp. Although Jonathan did not know what material the blade was made of, it had never once failed him ever since it came into his possession.

With a single strike, the meteor hammer was easily split into two.

Jonathan grabbed the chain of the meteor hammer and yanked hard, pulling the male cultivator towards him.

"You're dead!"

Jonathan thrust his sword into the chest of the male cultivator.

However, at that moment, the spiritual energy across the entire village square froze.

Jonathan's gaze shifted from the male cultivator suspended in mid-air to the sage standing behind him.

"You don't want to fight anymore?"

"Enough!"

The sage extended his hand, gripped the male cultivator's neck, and slowly pulled him backward.

Heaven Sword slowly slid out of the male cultivator's chest. If the sage had delayed even a second more, Jonathan's sword would have completely severed the male cultivator's heart.

At that moment, Seboxia appeared behind Jonathan.

Seboxia had sensed that the sage was not someone that Jonathan could handle.

Although no one could break through Divine Realm and master Heavenly Prynycp in the small world, it was still possible for a cultivator who had been stuck in Divine Realm for long enough to fully comprehend the technique.

For example, the force field emitted by the sage at that moment.

In the outside world, cultivators emitted their own spiritual energy force field when they were in their own realm.

A cultivator entering another realm just needed to expand his force field and he would be able to move freely in that realm. However, when the sage had cast his force field earlier, he had managed to also freeze Jonathan's body for a moment.

The most terrifying part of all was that Jonathan always kept his force field deployed during battles.

In other words, Jonathan was always within his own force field, but it was not enough to resist being controlled by the sage.

If the sage had intended to kill Jonathan, he would have already become a lifeless corpse.

“Spiritual transfiguration!”

A devious glint flashed in the sage's eyes, followed by a satisfied smile directed at Jonathan.

“Young man, this sword... Where did you get it from?”

Jonathan took a step back, watching the old man cautiously without saying a word.

He could not decide whether the person in front of him could be trusted.

If it had been just a simple test, then the male cultivator had not held back at all during their fight earlier.

If he had been even slightly slower in his reactions, he would have suffered severe injuries or even death.

However, it did not make sense if they had wanted to kill him. After all, as Stellario had said, the two of them were meant to die in a snake den.

Since they had spared his life, they must have a reason for it.

“Don’t be scared.”

The old man smiled at Jonathan and said, “I’m just curious about the blade in your hand. Can you show it to me?”

“No,” Jonathan replied firmly.

“I need to know your true intentions. Why did your subordinates bring us here?”

The old man looked at Jonathan. Then, he waved the others away.

“Leave us. I want to speak to our two young friends here in private.”

“Yes!”

Following the sage’s orders, Abraham and the others swiftly stood up and retreated from the square.

Even the two guards flanking the old man withdrew themselves.

Only the three of them were left in the square alongside the sage who seemed to be aging before their very eyes.

“Speak up if you have something to say!” Jonathan exclaimed impatiently.

Stellario stared coldly at the sage and said, “If it wasn’t for you using that force field just now, I would have gotten that beast under control and killed that female cultivator!”

Stellario was consumed with rage after being relentlessly pursued by a woman.

The old man looked at each of them in turn. His gaze finally settled on Jonathan.

“Perhaps too much time has passed, and many things have been lost in the river of time. What I know now are only the fragments left by our ancestors. Our village, located outside the one hundred and eighty villages, is the one hundred and ninth village established by our ancestors to escape the oppression of Yannopolis. Since its beginning until now, this place has undergone countless changes. We once gathered our strengths and declared war on Yannopolis, but those brave men who dared to resist all died on Yannopolis soil and never returned home. In truth, it was not always like this. At first, all the one hundred and eighty villages thrived under the leadership of Yannopolis, jointly resisting the invasion of the demon beasts. However, about two thousand years ago, a major rebellion occurred in Yannopolis, resulting in a transfer of power. The White family, which originally ruled over Yannopolis, completely disappeared during that rebellion. It is rumored that they went outside the realm to seek assistance for revenge. Since then, a prophecy has circulated throughout the entire small world. It is believed that the day the outsiders descend upon us will be the day the walls of Yannopolis crumble. However, this happened a long time ago, and this prophecy has long been forgotten. Only very few people remember it.”

Stellario nudged Jonathan sharply in his ribs.

“Why does this story sound so familiar?” he asked.

Jonathan sighed.

“Do you think the disappearance of the White family overlaps with the emergence of the Whitley family?”

Stellario blinked in surprise. Then, he excitedly wagged his finger at Jonathan.

“I knew it! I’ve always wondered how the Whitley family suddenly appeared in history. They must be the descendants of the White family who disappeared!”

Jonathan nodded in agreement.

Joshua had revealed some of the secrets of the Whitley family to him before.

Looking at the two events from the two realms, it was almost certain that the Whitley family is the White family of Yannopolis.

They must have changed their last name to hide their identities.

What kind of monster could the eight families have wiped out?

The Legendary Man Chapter 1227 -

Chapter 1227 Greed

Listening to their conversation, the old man, standing opposite them, narrowed his eyes at Jonathan and asked curiously, “The Whitley family? Do you know something?”

After hearing that, Jonathan fell silent for a dozen seconds before he spoke again. “What I know is merely some speculation, but at our place, there is a family that suddenly appeared two thousand years ago. Moreover, I’m acquainted with the descendant of the family. According to him, his family originated from here.”

As soon as Jonathan finished his sentence, the old man dropped his cane and grabbed Jonathan’s arms.

“Where are they?” the old man asked with a trembling voice.

Seboxia discreetly emitted a trace of green aura from his fingers, turning it into a thin thread that wound around the old man’s arms.

If the old man made any sudden movements, Seboxia could sever his arms in an instant, effectively neutralizing most of the old man’s combat power.

Jonathan slightly shook his head at Seboxia.

Then, he shifted his attention to the old man and slowly lifted his arms. “Sir, please control your emotions. We haven’t established a trusting relationship. If you continue to act so agitatedly, we may have to defend ourselves, even if it means you’ll kill us.”

Only then did the old man notice the thin threads wrapped around his arms.

He looked at Seboxia, standing behind him, and warily took two steps back.

Although Seboxia hadn't made any move since his appearance, the old man could sense Seboxia could pose a threat to his life if a fight were to break out.

"I-I was too eager," the old man explained sheepishly. "However, if a member of the White family has truly returned, that will be the key to destroying Yannopolis because some restricted arcane arrays in Yannopolis can only be unlocked by the White family's bloodline."

Jonathan and Stellario exchanged glances, both sensing a hint of caution in one another's eyes.

The old man's attitude toward them had been constantly changing since he showed up there.

Furthermore, even after he told them about the prophecy related to the small world, Jonathan and Stellario could tell the old man was still holding back a significant amount of information.

Jonathan took out Heaven Sword and wielded it in his hand. "Sir, you've been asking to see my Heaven Sword. I wonder if you know about this sword's origin?"

Having acquired the sword in a dangerous place, Jonathan named it Heaven Sword since there wasn't any inscription on the blade.

However, from the old man's reaction earlier, it was evident that he recognized the sword.

In the past, Jonathan had been drawn into a mysterious illusionary realm by Heaven Sword more than once. Hence, he was curious to learn the sword's origin.

With Seboxia there, Jonathan wasn't scared of the old man stealing the sword, so he decided to take out Heaven Sword and handed it over.

The old man received Heaven Sword with both hands and repeatedly stroked the blade with trembling fingers while uttering excitedly, "There's no mistake... This is the White family's Devil Slaying Sword. It was an item possessed by the past generations of the head of the White family! I'm sure of it! Outsiders have entered the small world, and the White family has returned. The

prophecy has truly been fulfilled. The time for Yannopolis to meet its downfall has finally come!”

Devil Slaying Sword? Taking in the old man’s demeanor, Jonathan reached out to retrieve Heaven Sword.

A strange feeling surged within Jonathan as the divine weapon he had obtained was suddenly recognized by another person.

The old man stared longingly at the storage ring on Jonathan’s hand. “You mentioned earlier that members of the Whitley family had entered the small world. May I know how many of them have come?”

“One.”

“One?” The old man looked at Jonathan in utter disbelief. “How can there only be one of them?”

“The Whitley family underwent a great change ten years ago, and there’s only one surviving member now.” Jonathan shifted his gaze onto Stellario somewhat awkwardly as he spoke.

If The Whitley family was genuinely the White family from the small world, the eight respectable families annihilating the Whitley family ten years ago had practically thwarted the White family’s two-thousand-year-long scheme.

“Why are you looking at me?” Stellario scratched his head guiltily. “Ten years ago, I was only thirteen years old. I didn’t kill them.”

A hint of suspicion flashed across the old man’s gaze as he listened to their conversation, but he remained silent.

The trio chatted about some trivial matters. Subsequently, the old man turned around and left. Abraham and the others returned and apologized to Jonathan and Stellario before guiding the two to a small house at the edge of the village to rest.

After bidding goodbye to Abraham and the others, Jonathan took out several formation banners from his pocket and stuck them around the room. Then, he quickly set up a simple soundproofing arcane array.

Only after doing all that could Jonathan rest assured and lay on the bed to relax.

Stellario sat beside the table, looking at the fruits and beverages on it. After contemplating briefly, he turned to look at Jonathan. "Do you have any mineral water? Give me one bottle."

Jonathan met Stellario's gaze and casually tossed the latter a bottle of mineral water.

"How odd. You, the successor of the Mallory family, an expert in utilizing poison, yet you're afraid they might poison you?" As he spoke, Jonathan sat up and regarded Stellario with an amused expression. "You fear them poisoning you, but aren't you afraid I might do the same?"

Stellario sat down beside Jonathan, laughing merrily. "Let me tell you. I'm worried they might poison me because I'm wary of the existence of unique toxins in this small world. As for you... Even if you were a cultivator specializing in using poisons, I wouldn't be scared. The parasites inside my body can consume even arsenic as health supplements. Well, it's not so easy for you to poison me."

Looking at Stellario's smug expression, Jonathan rolled his eyes speechlessly. "That's enough. Let's talk business!"

Jonathan took several packets of beef jerky from his storage ring and chucked them at Stellario. "Since you're not eating the things they're providing us, I suppose you must've noticed there's something off about this village. How much of that old man's words do you think we can trust?"

Chewing on the beef jerky, Stellario shook his head slightly. "It's hard to say. That old man revealed too much information, especially regarding the White family's departure. I'm sure things are not as simple as it seems."

Jonathan nodded after hearing Stellario's words, sharing the latter's sentiment. "Actually, the thing I find most unsettling is the expression in that old man's eyes when he looked at Heaven Sword. That old man portrays himself as a hero who resists the oppression of Yannopolis, but I sensed greed in his eyes. I don't know if it's just my imagination."

"It definitely isn't your imagination." Seboxia's figure gradually materialized beside Jonathan. "Although I couldn't read his mind, I was able to sense the fluctuation in his vitality. When discussing your Heaven Sword, that old man's aura underwent strange changes."

The Legendary Man Chapter 1228 -

Chapter 1228 The Decoy

Seboxia specialized in handling life force and was extremely sensitive to the movement of vita.

Even Jonathan could sense that something was amiss with that elderly man. Something's not right about this place.

Stellario fiddled with the small knife in his hand. "Jonathan, since we all agree that there's a problem here, why don't we go on a night walk?"

"A night walk?" Jonathan pondered Stellario's words and nodded slightly. "All right then. Let's proceed with the idea."

It was already evening when the two arrived. By the time they finished taking a break, the sky had completely darkened.

"It's about time, Jonathan," Stellario whispered a reminder.

Jonathan assumed a seated position on the wooden bed, subtly stretching his muscles and joints upon hearing the words. "What's happening out there?"

Stellario had a cluster of small insects surrounding him.

The Mallory family's art of manipulating parasites for their benefit was truly enchanting. Not only were they able to employ parasites to vanquish their adversaries, but the fact that Stellario utilized them for investigative purposes also opened Jonathan's eyes to their capabilities.

"Just as you expected, this village may seem calm, but it's heavily guarded. There are at least thirty advanced-phase God Realm cultivators stationed just a few meters away," Stellario reported.

"Thirty..." Jonathan's face changed.

Although thirty individuals might not seem like a formidable number, they were more than enough to dominate strategic positions from all directions, effortlessly sealing off any possible escape routes for the two of them. What are those villagers afraid of?

Jonathan's fear continued to grow.

He had an ominous premonition that if they did not leave, both he and Stellario might meet their untimely end.

"Proceed with the original plan!" Jonathan said, simultaneously reaching out and tossing the bronze handbell to shield them from above.

After confirming that their spiritual energy was contained within the handbell, Stellario extended his hands. From the back of his hands, a swarm of black insects swiftly emerged, taking over the two wooden beds.

In just a few moments, those densely packed insects, under Stellario's control, gradually took the form of two people lying on the beds.

"I need your blood essence!" Stellario uttered.

A surge of spiritual energy traced a cut across Jonathan's fingertip, and he flicked his hand, letting his blood fall onto one cluster of insects.

Stellario, too, followed suit by dropping his blood essence onto another group of insects.

As their blood mingled with the insects, it was as if drops of water had fallen into sizzling oil, causing the insects to fiercely compete for nourishment.

Stellario then performed a hand seal, causing the two groups of insects to undergo a transformation, gradually taking on the likeness of Stellario and Jonathan.

Jonathan closed his eyes and took a moment to sense the situation. Then, he looked toward Stellario in astonishment.

He could sense that the two clusters of insects closely resembled them in terms of aura and spiritual energy. If one were to rely solely on spiritual energy to detect their presence, it would be impossible to discern whether they were real people or not.

"The Mallorys are indeed good at exercising such terrifying tricks." Jonathan gave Stellario a thumbs-up.

Stellario casually popped a couple of Spirit Rejuvenating Pills into his mouth and let out a chuckle. "You haven't seen the more terrifying ones!"

Jonathan controlled the protective range of the bronze handbell above their heads, narrowing it down to only encompass himself and Stellario. Then, he slowly released the two forms.

Cautiously, they waited for several minutes, attentively listening for any signs of activity outside. Only when there was no other noise or movement did Jonathan proceed to form hand seals, activating Elemental Extrication Technique.

The two of them gradually sank into the ground, descending to a depth of about thirty meters.

Inside the small world, God Realm cultivators' spiritual sense could extend a few meters underground at most.

Nonetheless, the distance they had traveled was sufficient to ensure their safety.

Beneath the ground, Jonathan proceeded forward for quite some time, walking for over ten minutes before slowly ascending toward the surface. The house that the old man had arranged for them was situated on the outskirts of the village. Although they had not traveled a great distance, they were considerably far from the village center.

Upon returning to the ground's surface, Stellario released his grip on Jonathan's arm. "What kind of technique was that? You could freely move through the ground, yet I had to hold onto your arm. That's just weird!"

"Do you think I enjoy being gripped by a man?" Jonathan retorted with a scowl on his face. "Enough with the banter. If we want to leave safely, we have to return to the cave by the cliff. When we arrived just now, I had Seboxia keep an eye on the portal formation. It's a two-way portal, so we should be able to return to the pond."

Stellario let out a helpless sigh after hearing that. "Had we teamed up with Seboxia during the day and gotten rid of Abraham and his men, we wouldn't have needed to go through this trouble and ventured out in the middle of the night."

"You're just a Monday morning quarterback," Jonathan scoffed, "I mean, sure, Seboxia can handle them during the day, but how would we escape from the snake den?"

“How about the time we were on our way here?” Stellario retorted.

“Why didn’t you suggest earlier?” Jonathan asked indifferently while staring at Stellario.

Speechless, Stellario could only tilt his head and glance around.

He observed that the village was nestled amidst a unique topography, with peaks encircling it like the mouth of a volcano.

As for the cave connected by a ropeway, it was easily noticeable by simply lifting one’s gaze upward.

The two swiftly made their way through the fields outside the village and soon arrived beneath the ropeway.

“Jonathan, no one has used this ropeway since we arrived. Wouldn’t it be too bold for us to escape using it?” Stellario questioned.

“Feel free to stay if you don’t mind dying here!” Jonathan responded nonchalantly.

He then swiftly took out a slender device that resembled a lower leg with four wheels.

Utilizing his spiritual energy as an extension of his arm, Jonathan ascended swiftly, skillfully landing on the steel cable.

Click.

The crisp mechanical sound seemed exceptionally clear in the darkness of the night.

Stellario looked at the device on the cable, feeling a bit bewildered. “What exactly is that thing?”

“It’s a rope-climbing device—one of the special tools used by the special forces,” Jonathan replied with a cheerful grin.

He then flipped his hand and produced a magical rope, giving it a light swing before wrapping it around the device.

“Hold onto the rope!” Jonathan instructed with confidence.

“This is what happens when cultivators fail to keep up with technological development,” Jonathan remarked.

With that, he lightly pressed the button in his hand, and the rope-climbing device emitted a sharp sound, propelling them swiftly toward the end of the steel cable.

“That’s cool!” Stellario suppressed his excitement.

It would have taken them at least twenty minutes to run up the cable toward the cave in the distance, but the rope-climbing device brought them closer to the cave nestled within the clouds and mist in no time.

In less than three minutes, they found themselves in close proximity to the cave.

As Jonathan retracted the magical rope, he and Stellario landed gracefully.

At that speed, even if someone had noticed, the two of them had already left far behind.

However, just as their smiles of relief were about to grace their faces, Jonathan suddenly felt a chilling gleam shoot directly at him, targeting his face.