

The Legendary Man Chapter 1234

Chapter 1234 Faith

Jonathan's gaze was frosty as he looked into Marilyn's eyes.

Around ten seconds later, he heaved a helpless sigh and said, "If even you don't know where we are, we're doomed."

With that, Jonathan rose to his feet and scanned his surroundings. After that, he whipped out a military flashlight from his storage ring.

He initially wanted to look for clues in their surroundings, but the moment he switched on the flashlight, he saw a white mark on the opposite wall under the layer of moss.

"There are words here!" Jonathan walked toward the wall with the flashlight.

It was too dark before that, and they couldn't unleash their spiritual energy there. Hence, none of them noticed the markings on the wall.

Seeing that there was a clue, Stellario quickly approached the wall. "The words are covered by a layer of moss. We need to remove the moss."

With that, Stellario reached out to scrape off the layer of moss using a knife, but Jonathan immediately stopped him and said with a frown, "The words aren't deeply engraved in the wall. If you use a knife, you might scrape off the words as well."

After that, Jonathan placed his palm on the layer of moss and channeled his spiritual energy to remove the moss.

In an instant, the moss on the entire wall fell off while the spiritual energy in Jonathan's body depleted greatly. In fact, at least a third of his spiritual energy was used up when he did that.

It was important to note that such a simple move would normally only consume less than one-thousandth of Jonathan's spiritual energy at most.

At that moment, however, a third of his spiritual energy was consumed when all he did was remove the moss. Needless to say, the place they were in was terrifyingly peculiar.

Yet, he couldn't be bothered by that because the words on the wall were all exposed after the moss fell off.

The handwriting was so bad that it seemed more like a drawing than a series of words.

To make things worse, the words were written on the uneven stone wall, making them appear crooked and harder to comprehend.

Jonathan and Stellario frowned deeply and struggled to understand those words. After moments of staring at it, they only managed to deduce the overall meaning of some of the words. They couldn't even connect the words together and form an actual meaningful sentence.

Merilyn, on the other hand, froze when she saw those words.

Her lips moving slightly, she perused the words on the wall before her body started swaying unsteadily. Surprisingly, she then lost her balance and fell forward as if she was drained of all her energy.

Stellario pulled Merilyn into his embrace in the nick of time and asked anxiously, "What's going on? You understand the words on the wall, don't you, Merilyn?"

While leaning against Stellario's chest, Merilyn grabbed his arm firmly and kept her eyes glued to the words on the wall.

"What on earth is going on? Tell us!" Stellario asked, panicking.

"She doesn't look okay." For some reason, Jonathan grew concerned when he saw Merilyn staring at the wall. I don't understand a word on the wall, but I know these words are definitely bad news since they're giving Merilyn a nervous breakdown.

"Those words on the wall..." Merilyn trembled slightly as she held Stellario and uttered slowly, "Those are the last words of a former commander in our village... According to him, the rebel faction wasn't defeated outside of Yannopolis. Instead, they were tricked by a sage! All the commanders and soldiers of the rebel faction were sent here to be kept imprisoned. Also, the existence of our village wasn't meant to rebel against Yannopolis' oppression. Instead, Yannopolis had been using our village to give hope to the villagers in Village 108. Our village served to gather all the rebels that escaped from

Village 108, and once the rebel faction had gained enough power, the sage would lead them into Yannopolis' trap for them to be massacred and toyed with by the powerful figures of Yannopolis..."

As soon as Merylyn finished talking, she spat out a mouthful of blood in despair and fainted in Stellario's arms.

Jonathan and Stellario then exchanged helpless and frustrated glances.

At that point, even Jonathan didn't dare to wake Merylyn up.

After all, she deeply believed that the village she grew up in was meant to topple Yannopolis one day, but the cold, hard truth cruelly destroyed all her beliefs.

The village that existed for hundreds of years was nothing but a huge lie, and even the sage they admired was nothing but a lapdog reared by Yannopolis.

Everything Merylyn had fought for her entire life had just crumbled before her eyes. Hence, it was only normal for her to have trouble coming to terms with it.

Upon placing Merylyn on the ground, Stellario gritted his teeth and said to Jonathan, "*Fck! I knew that the old man was a bstard!* He even has a f*cking turtle's shell on him! I should've killed him!"

"First of all, that's the form of a Dark Tortoise, not a turtle's shell. Secondly, if we were to take the risk and wait for Seboxia to kill that old man, we would've surely died in the cave." Jonathan shot Stellario a look.

Upon hearing that, Stellario rolled his eyes and refuted, "I just wanted to vent. What's wrong with that? Why are you such a boring person?"

Jonathan snickered and turned around to walk toward the prison bars. "Why don't you focus on figuring out a way to get us out of here instead?"

As soon as those words fell, someone in the opposite prison cell uttered in a hoarse voice, "There's no way you're getting out!"

Startled by the sudden voice, Jonathan immediately pointed his flashlight in the direction of the voice.

Stellario got up and stood next to Jonathan to see where the voice came from.

The bright light illuminated the opposite cell and allowed them to see a naked, scrawny old man cowering in the corner. He was as skinny as a rake and was practically almost reduced to a skeleton.

The old man reached out his trembling arm when the light hit him. “What a splendid magical item... It’s been ages since I last saw light...”

“This is not a magical item. It’s a flashlight,” Jonathan replied flatly. “Who are you?”

The old man turned around slowly. His unkempt hair, which hadn’t been groomed for years, was all jumbled up and matted together like a layer of thick felt.

Under the light, he resembled a desiccated corpse.

“I’m a prefect from Colstrax. I was imprisoned for investigating Yannopolis,” the old man answered.

“Colstrax?” Stellario turned to glance at Jonathan.

Jonathan then quickly whipped out a map and looked for the place the old man mentioned.

“It’s here!” Jonathan pointed at the center of the map. “Colstrax is a neighboring village to the Outer City of Yannopolis. It’s a huge village! The entire southern side of the village is one of the most prosperous spots in the area.”

Jonathan then paused and froze because he suddenly remembered something.

“Did you say you were caught because you were investigating Yannopolis? Are you saying that we’re currently in Yannopolis?” Jonathan abruptly lifted his head to look at the old man.