

The Legendary Man Chapter 1236

Chapter 1236 Prison Guard

“There’s a fighting arena here?” Stellario gazed at the cultivator opposite him in a daze.

Based on the layout of the small world Jonathan had pictured in his mind, Yannopolis functioned like the capital, and the Outer City was like a garrison camp.

The residents of the Outer City consisted of soldiers who were known as Yannopolis envoys. Jonathan figured that place should just be an uninteresting and high-pressure fortress. Unexpectedly, a fighting arena existed there.

Subsequently, the cultivator ignored Jonathan and Stellario and merely stared intently at the beef stew on the floor in silence.

Taking in the cultivator’s demeanor, Jonathan nodded slightly at Stellario.

Stellario used his spiritual energy to summon a few insects from his fingertips. The insects carried the beef stew and crawled toward the opposite side.

That cultivator stretched out his withered hands to pick up the beef stew and started wolfing down the food, disregarding how hot the stew was.

Seeing the way the cultivator devoured the beef stew, Jonathan and Stellario felt sorry for him. How hungry must one be to gobble up food in such a desperate manner?

In the outside world, the worst food shortage Jonathan had ever experienced was when he was trapped inside the mountain with Karl and the others for nearly twenty days while restoring peace at Doveston.

During that period, however, they could at least fill their stomachs with potatoes and sweet potatoes.

As for Stellario, he was the successor of the Mallory family, so he had never starved once since childhood.

Therefore, how could he possibly understand the bitterness and sufferings endured by the cultivator before them?

Jonathan took out a bottle of mineral water and tossed it into the opposite cell.

“Here’s some water. Unscrew the cap to drink,” he uttered.

However, after he finished his sentence, rustling noises and the dragging sound of iron chains rang in the surroundings.

Jonathan shone his military flashlight to both sides and noticed countless haggard, lifeless faces emerging, crowding at the bars of the cells opposite.

Those seemingly empty cells were actually filled with imprisoned cultivators.

“Water...”

“Food...”

“Please give me something to eat...”

“Please...”

A series of feeble pleas sounded, causing Jonathan to feel as if he had suddenly plunged into the depths of hell where all those sentenced to eternal starvation were being punished.

“Jon...” Stellario looked to his left and right in bewilderment.

Although he couldn’t see the situation on his side of the cell, there were several withered arms sticking out on the walls of both sides of the cell.

Those hands belonged to the people locked up inside the neighboring cells.

Jonathan and Stellario exchanged troubled looks after staring at the seemingly endless stretch of prison cells.

They couldn’t help but wonder how many people were being held captive in that dungeon.

Just then, the crisp sound of a gong echoed inside the dungeon.

Gong!

As the noise rang out, waves of ripples spread quickly along the corridor of the dungeon.

Caught off guard, Jonathan and Stellario were hit by the ripple and thrown backward.

Bang! Bang!

They slammed into the wall in the back and slumped to the ground.

Stellario, ashen-faced, got up from the floor. "Pryncyp? How could the power of Pryncyp exist here?"

He gazed outside the cell vigilantly. Even if they encountered danger at that moment, they didn't dare to retaliate.

Even retrieving something from their storage ring would consume dozens of times more spiritual energy than usual.

Putting aside whether they could win if a fight broke out, the absorption of spiritual energy by the formation in Yannopolis Outer City was a force they couldn't resist.

Jonathan got to his feet, carefully perceiving the shockwave that had struck them earlier. "This is not the power of Pryncyp. It should be a utilization of the formation in the entire dungeon."

Amidst their conversation, they heard a shrill voice echoing in the dungeon's long corridor. "What's going on? Are all of you trying to start a rebellion?"

Jonathan and Stellario looked at each other, fathoming the voice outside most likely belonged to the Outer City envoy who was in charge of that dungeon as mentioned by the cultivator in the opposite cell.

"You should change your clothes." Jonathan tossed a storage bag to Stellario as he spoke.

Jonathan had snatched the storage bag at Upriver Village earlier. The bag didn't contain much, but there were several sets of beast skin clothes inside.

Anyone who wasn't blind could tell at a glance that Stellario was an outsider by looking at his appearance at that moment.

Although the duo didn't know if there was any difference in treatment received by natives and outsiders in the dungeon, they figured Yannopolis openly arresting outsiders was undoubtedly bad news.

Without hesitating further, Stellario hastily took out a set of beast skin clothes and put it on.

Then, he removed his cap and tousled his hair.

As long as he kept quiet, it would be hard for others to tell whether he was an outsider.

“You gluttons! Shouldn't you be aware of the mealtime by now? We'll only feed you once every three days. Your last meal was provided two days ago, so what's with the fuss?”

The voice grew clearer as the newcomer approached.

Jonathan squatted in one corner of the cell, holding his breath and waiting in silence for the other party to come closer.

Stellario, on the other hand, crouched next to Marilyn, holding her arm and examining her wound quietly.

“D*mn it. What smells so good?”

The prison guard wrinkled his nose as he moved nearer to Jonathan and Stellario's cell.

Following the scent, the prison guard, holding a whip, gazed into the cell opposite Jonathan and Stellario. “Marmount, what are you eating?”

Marmount? Is that the cultivator's name? Squatting in the corner of his cell, Jonathan mused while staring coldly at the prison guard.

Marmount had been starving for a long time, so now that he had the luxury of savoring delicacies from the outside world, there was no way he would hand over the food.

Hearing the prison guard's shout, Marmount immediately poured the remaining beef stew into his mouth.

Seeing that Marmount paid no attention to him, the prison guard raised his whip and lashed the man in the cell.

Smack!

A crisp sound rang out, followed by Marmount's wails echoing in the hushed dungeon.

As he shrieked in agony, Marmount spewed out the food he had yet to swallow on the ground.

"D*mn it! I'm talking to you!" the prison guard bellowed while pointing at Marmount.

However, at that moment, Marmount, seemingly having lost his mind, disregarded everything and knelt on the floor, swiftly picking up the food he had spat out and stuffing them back into his mouth.

The prison guard's anger intensified as he witnessed that scene.

He repeatedly flogged Marmount's back with the whip, splitting the latter's skin and flesh with every strike.

Perhaps due to his emaciated figure, the whipping resulted in lacerations so deep that even Marmount's bones became visible.

Yet, even so, Marmount ignored everything that was happening and focused only on eating, behaving as if he would be satisfied even if he were to die after finishing that meal.

Taking in Marmount's miserable state, Jonathan gradually rose to his feet. "Stop beating him. I was the one who gave him the food."