

The Legendary Man Chapter 1237

Chapter 1237 The Prison Guard

The prison guard gave a start when Jonathan's voice suddenly rang out.

Turning around frantically, he finally noticed Jonathan and Stellario's presence.

After pausing for a few seconds, the guard approached Jonathan's cell.

"Haha, I didn't expect that old fogey, Lebron, to send someone over so soon."

While speaking, the prison guard scrutinized Jonathan and Stellario from head to toe.

When his gaze finally fell upon the unconscious Merilyn, an inexplicable glint of contempt flashed across his eyes.

"I suppose the three of you must have been ostracized in the village, isn't that right? Just look at how skinny you are. Did Lebron send you here just to make up the numbers?"

Lebron?

Jonathan recalled the old man the villagers saw as a sage. Even though he didn't have any proof, he was sure that the old man was who the prison guard was referring to.

"I knew it. That old man is up to no good," Stellario murmured.

The prison guard then lashed his whip at the prison bars and asked, "Say, when I brought food here two days ago, this cell was still empty. When were you transferred here? Was it yesterday or today?"

Just as Stellario was about to reply, Jonathan stepped forward and bowed at the prison guard.

"Sir, we were brought here a short while ago and have no idea what's going on. All we did was kill an outsider and somehow ended up here. Our village sage can vouch for us."

The guard chuckled at Jonathan's words before pointing at the writing on the wall.

"Since you have seen the words on the wall, you probably know the reason for your village's existence. So, what's the point in bringing up the sage now?"

Jonathan turned around to glance at the wall before heaving a sigh. When he looked at the guard again, the deference he displayed earlier was long gone.

"Fine. In that case, I would like to know what's going to happen to us."

"You'll die here!" the guard sneered.

"Do you know why we don't bother about prisoners leaving markings on the wall? That's because knowing the truth won't change your fate. I don't mind telling you that ever since this prison was built, it's rare for anyone to walk out alive. As for you lot, haha, there won't be any exceptions."

Taking note of the guard's arrogant demeanor, Jonathan questioned coldly, "In other words, it's still possible for us to get out of here, isn't that right?"

The guard stopped laughing abruptly and shot Jonathan a wary look.

Throughout his years working as a prison guard, he had seen thousands of prisoners.

Some were apathetic, while others behaved haughtily. There were also those who mentally collapsed and went crazy.

Nevertheless, this was the first time he saw someone as calm as Jonathan.

"Is this why Lebron sent you here? I would feel unsettled too if I had subordinates like you."

Thereafter, the prison guard gave Jonathan an inquisitive look and said, "If you want to leave, it's certainly possible. It'll depend on what you can give me."

Upon hearing the guard's reply, Jonathan threw two storage bags onto the ground.

During his journey through Upriver Village and Mountain Village, he killed around twenty to thirty cultivators and took all their storage bags. Giving two up at that moment was no big deal.

Looking at the storage bags in hand, the guard let out a snort after conducting a quick check with his spiritual sense.

“Are you trying to bribe me just with this? It isn’t enough.”

Hearing that, Stellario, too, handed over the storage bag Jonathan had given him.

“This is all we have. There’s nothing more for us to give if you’re not satisfied.”

Unfortunately, the guard gave them a similar response. After scanning the bag with his spiritual sense, he shook his head with a smile.

“It still isn’t enough. These worthless objects might be worth something in the villages, but to us envoys of Yannopolis, obtaining them is a piece of cake.”

When the prison guard hurled all three bags back into the cell, Jonathan gave him an icy stare.

“I want to participate in the fight. Isn’t that one of your rules?”

The guard gave Jonathan a look of surprise.

“That’s surprising. I didn’t expect you to find out about our rules so soon! Looks like Marmount has told you a lot!”

After turning around to give Marmount a look, the guard seemed to have thought of something and returned his attention to Jonathan, smiling.

“What was Marmount eating just now? You mentioned that you had given something to him.”

“Help me register for the fight, and I can give it to you too,” Jonathan flatly replied.

“Hehe...” The guard sneered at Jonathan. “Know your place! You’re in no position to negotiate at all.”

He then continued, “Be patient. I’ve seen plenty of people like you. After three months of torment, you’ll come around once you have lost your spiritual energy and have nothing to eat. By then, you’ll automatically show me the right attitude.”

Just as the guard was about to turn and leave, Stellario snapped, “You b*stard, I’ll teach you a lesson for speaking so rudely!”

Stellario’s voice might be soft, but he utilized his spiritual energy as he spoke, causing his voice to reverberate through the entire quiet dungeon.

His insulting words were a challenge to the prison guard although they weren’t particularly provocative, and at the same time, what he said resonated with the pent-up emotions that the prisoners felt all this while.

Rustling noises sounded in the dungeon as the prisoners popped their heads out of their prison cells one by one.

Gritting his teeth, the prison guard turned around to face the listless gazes that fell upon him.

“No... I’m the king in this place. How dare you challenge my authority? Do you have a death wish?”

The guard ripped a gong off his waist and lashed it with his whip. Boom!

“What are you looking at? Go back into your cells!”

Once again, Jonathan and Stellario were swamped by the energy waves from the gong’s vibration.

However, since they were both prepared this time, they stood their ground and didn’t budge a single inch, enduring the excruciating pain.

Jonathan focused on both the physical and spiritual aspects of his cultivation ever since he began cultivating.

Hence, his physical body was extremely tough, especially with Seboxia, the ancient deity, living inside him.

Even though he had suffered serious internal injuries from the gong’s sound, he managed to quickly recover with the help of his life force.

As for Stellario, who was bleeding out of his nose and mouth, his injuries were quickly healed by the swarms of parasites living in his body.

After wiping the blood away from the corner of his lips, Stellario broke into a smirk.

“You b*stard, is that the best you can do?”