

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1238 -

### Chapter 1238 Devoured By Parasites

To the prison guard, Stellario's hostility felt like a thorn that pierced through his heart.

Most of the cultivators who were imprisoned were rebels who were dissatisfied with Yannopolis' rule.

It was just that their fervor for resistance was doused by the long-term torment they suffered.

The emergence of new blood to lead them reignited the indignance within their hearts.

One by one, they trudged laboriously toward the prison bars, dragging their weak, painful bodies.

The listless look in their eyes was now replaced by one of burning rage.

Although the prison guard knew that the prisoners couldn't break out of their cells to harm him, their predatorial stares still sent a chill down his spine.

The prisoners' spiritual energy might have been exhausted, but all of them were, at the very least, a God Realm cultivator still.

With their aura still present, they continued to exude an air of dominance.

Now that their murderous intent was once again released after being sealed away for ages, the icy tension in the air would strike fear into anyone who shared the same space as they did.

"Mutiny! This is downright mutiny! D\*mn it! Do all of you have a death wish?" the prison guard yelled at the top of his lungs.

Despite his loud voice, the prison guard's fear didn't go unnoticed by everyone.

In the cell opposite Jonathan's, Marmount's voice gradually rang out.

“What’s the point of living when we have lost our dignity? Even if we don’t resist, we’ll still die after being tortured by you.”

Crack!

As the crisp sound of the whip echoed out in the cell, Marmount was sent flying backward.

His lifeless body slumped to the ground after crashing into the wall.

Jonathan looked at Marmount and saw that the latter’s neck was snapped by the whip.

Marmount’s dead! He lost his life after being tortured for an indeterminate period of time and eating a bowl of cheap beef stew. Is that how a God Realm cultivator is supposed to meet his end? That’s just downright pitiful.

As the sound of the whip rang out continuously, Marmount’s corpse was whipped into mush, as if it was a torn rag doll.

At the same time, the sound further intensified the tension within the prison.

The concentration of murderous intent from countless prisoners might not be noticeable to an ordinary person, but the prison guard was so pressured by it that he found it difficult to even swing his whip.

He then gulped as he turned to face Jonathan and Stellario.

“Since you have awakened their desire to rebel, you will be responsible for ending it. By killing the two of you, I’ll snuff out whatever hope they are harboring!”

Crack!

The moment the crisp sound rang out, the whip was stopped and entangled by a ray of green light in front of Jonathan.

Even though Yannopolis Outer City’s formation could suppress all spiritual energy, Seboxia’s life force was a league above spiritual energy and unaffected by the formation at all.

Seboxia would need to gather spiritual energy if he wanted to materialize, but there was no stopping him from unleashing his life force through Jonathan's body,

"H-How is this possible?"

The prison guard gaped at Jonathan.

"Come over here!" Jonathan barked as he reached out to grab the whip and pulled the shocked guard up to the prison bars.

Before the guard could react, Stellario had already gotten a hold of his collar.

Pfft!

He spat a mouthful of blood into the guard's mouth.

That was more than just a disgusting act. Stellario, as a parasite specialist, had just injected the guard's body with the parasites that he had cultivated in his body.

When the guard opened his mouth to scream, Stellario slapped the guard's mouth and channeled spiritual energy from his palm. The guard clutched his throat and stared at Stellario in horror as a surge of spiritual energy was thrust into his mouth.

"How much spiritual energy have you lost?" Jonathan asked Stellario in an indifferent tone.

"At least thirty percent!" Stellario stared at the guard who had collapsed onto the ground.

"This place absorbs our spiritual energy at a crazy rate. Using only a little would allow it to strip a lot of it away from us. We'll probably go mad here in three days, let alone three months."

By then, the guard had let go of his whip. Leaning against the prison bars, he stared at the two men in horror.

After working there for more than ten years, this was the first time his weapon was seized from him.

On top of that, the blood Stellario had spat into his mouth had been pushed down into his stomach by the former's spiritual energy.

By using his inner vision, the guard could observe within his blood, tiny parasite eggs that were almost imperceptible.

Moreover, the eggs, with the help of the burst of spiritual energy earlier, had grown active.

Retch!

Kneeling on the ground, the guard began to use his spiritual energy to induce vomiting.

Unfortunately, Stellario began ringing the bell he was holding in his hand.

“It’s too late!”

Ring ring ring...

The crisp sound of the bell echoed in the dark dungeon.

When the guard threw up a mouthful of blood, he could see more than ten round beetles that were the size of a wheat grain swimming in it.

Fists tightly clenched, the guard grimaced in pain as he looked up at Jonathan while sprawled on the ground.

“Jon, do you want to keep him alive?” Stellario asked once he stopped ringing the bell.

“Kill him. Someone else would come here.”

With that, Stellario showed no mercy by ringing his bell vehemently again.

As the guard stared at Stellario with widened eyes, he attempted to beg for mercy, but all that came out of his mouth was an endless swarm of beetles.

With that, Jonathan and Stellario watched as the prison guard was devoured by the beetles and reduced to nothing but bones.

The terrifying beetles were so relentless that they even sucked clean the blood on the floor.

Jonathan subsequently gave Stellario a complicated look.

“The Mallory family’s cultivation method shouldn’t have existed. For ordinary cultivators, killing another cultivator of equivalent skill requires a certain amount of effort. But all you need is a few parasites to achieve the same result. I finally understand why the divine being exiled all of you to Centum Mountain of Yorksland a thousand years ago.”

“Horsesh\*t!” Stellario let out a snort. “What do you mean by we were exiled? The ancestors of the Mallory family decided to stay at Centum Mountain because it was a good place to raise parasites, all right? Besides, we are the descendants of an ancient wizard. Do you think it’s that easy to extinguish us?”

While both of them were speaking, the beetles on the ground stopped moving.

These beetles relied solely on spiritual energy and the consumption of flesh and blood to sustain themselves. Now that they had consumed everything available and lost their source of sustenance, death naturally came to them.

“What are we going to do next?” Stellario asked with furrowed brows.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was sitting in meditation with his legs crossed.

“We’ll wait. We’ll wait for them to discover that the guard is dead and allow us to participate in the fight!”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1239 -

### Chapter 1239 Competition

The theft of both the Soul Calming Gong and the Divine Whip was a matter of utmost gravity.

Such an incident had never occurred before since the establishment of the prison in Yannopolis’ Outer City.

That very night, teams of cultivators clad in armor arrived at the prison cell.

The underground prison of Yannopolis’ Outer City had never been this lively.

There was an envoy standing guard outside every prison cell.

The flickering torches illuminated the otherwise dark and gloomy cells.

Among the muscular cultivators, a tall young man clad in a loose robe stepped out.

In a world that idolized muscular men, this slender man would have typically faced ostracism. However, the surrounding cultivators regarded him with respect and admiration.

Clearly, he was their leader.

The man clumsily made his way toward the remains of the prison guard.

After glancing at the bug corpses scattered on the ground, he began chugging from a bottle of wine.

Jonathan frowned. He had seen people like this in the outside world.

From an outsider's perspective, the man appeared to be nothing more than a mere alcoholic. Despite his disheveled appearance and dependence on alcohol, he possessed a commanding presence that could control the armored cultivators of the Outer City.

The respect and cautiousness displayed by the surrounding cultivators affirmed his reputation as a heartless and resolute individual.

After finishing the alcohol, the man shook the empty bottle and burped in satisfaction.

"The prison guard was devoured by bugs, so the culprit must be a descendant of the witch race. Who did this?"

The man glanced at Jonathan before approaching the prison cell, raising his hand in a subtle gesture. As if responding to an invisible command, the sturdy bars of the cell quivered before crumbling into fine dust.

Pointing at Jonathan, the man's voice slurred slightly as he spoke slowly. "You... Ha! It's not you."

He then turned to Stellario. "Be honest with me. Why did you kill our prison guard?"

"To be free," Stellario replied nonchalantly.

“I’ve heard of a rule that exists here—if a prisoner manages to win thirty consecutive fights, they can earn their freedom.”

The man gave Stellario a smile and nodded. “Yes, there is such a rule. However, I still don’t understand why you’d kill my guard.”

Stellario pointed toward the three storage bags lying on the ground and responded, “When I told him I wanted to register my name, he attacked me instead, intending to take my life.”

Hearing that, the man quickly squatted down to check the three storage bags.

They had stolen the storage bags from their deceased owners and didn’t mark the bags with their spiritual senses. As a result, the bags were now unclaimed and without an owner.

The man examined the stolen storage bags using his spiritual sense, confirming the contents within. However, upon discovering that the bags did not contain anything of value, he discarded them with a disappointed expression.

“You don’t even have any alcohol. No wonder you can’t even afford to bribe a mere prison guard.”

Rising to his feet, the man held Stellario’s chin.

At the very same time, the man gripped Stellario’s right hand with his left hand.

The dagger came to a stop an inch before the man’s belly. No matter how much force Stellario exerted, he failed to stab the dagger into the man’s stomach.

Black dots appeared underneath Stellario’s skin, indicating that the parasites were ready to burst out.

Right when Jonathan thought he would see the man getting devoured by a massive wave of parasites, he heard Stellario moan out loud.

The man tightly gripped Stellario’s wrist, crushing his energy field barrier.

Stellario needed his spiritual energy to activate the parasites. With the energy field blocked, the parasites in Stellario's body ceased their hatching process, unable to access the necessary spiritual energy.

The most horrifying thing was, Stellario was using his body to feed the parasites. He relied on his spiritual energy to isolate and suppress them, but with his energy field sealed off, he was unable to maintain control. If the seal remained for too long, the parasite eggs would grow active and start consuming him instead.

Stellario had always known that the day would come when he would succumb to the devastating backlash of the parasites he had willingly nurtured within his own body.

Yet, when that day finally arrived, an overwhelming fear gripped him entirely.

"You killed my subordinate, so it's only fair that you offer me an equivalent compensation. What do you say?"

The man burst out chuckling before shoving Stellario to the ground.

Free from the suppression, Stellario finally regained control of his spiritual energy.

Wasting no time, Stellario swiftly assumed a cross-legged position on the ground, channeling his spiritual energy to deal with the hatching parasites within his body.

One by one, small black parasites, no bigger than grains, crawled out of Stellario's body, their numbers seemingly endless.

These parasites which had hatched earlier would feed on his blood essence, posing a grave threat to his well-being if they weren't expelled from his body.

The man looked amused as he stared at an obviously flustered Stellario.

Reeking of alcohol, he stepped closer to Jonathan and said in a low voice, "I am aware that you hail from the outside world, but it matters little to me. If you bow down to me and become my loyal servants, I might consider sparing your lives."



At that moment, Seboxia slowly materialized in Jonathan's consciousness field.

"Jonathan, be extra careful with this man. When he took action earlier, I couldn't detect any spiritual energy or other forms of energy. In fact, I didn't sense anything in him that could restrain the formation of the prison. There could only be two possibilities. First, he possesses an ability that allows him to transcend the rules. Second..."

Before Seboxia could finish, Jonathan's spiritual sense materialized beside him.

"It might be because of his pure physical strength?" he asked Seboxia calmly.

Hearing that, Seboxia nodded.

"That's exactly what I was going to say. If that's the case, then the man's power is truly terrifying."

"Am I his match?" Jonathan asked yet again.

"If we are talking about physical strength alone, then no, you are not his match. You'd be crushed by him," Seboxia replied without hesitation, not saving Jonathan any face. "Even I have to be cautious of him in this small world, let alone you. The saying 'One cultivator is capable of annihilating ten enemies in one go' has long existed in the cultivator world. However, did you know that though it is difficult for someone with pure physical strength to advance to the next level, they would become unstoppable if they were to enter the Great Prynycp with pure strength."

The conversation in the consciousness field happened in an instant.

Although they exchanged a wealth of information, in reality, less than a second had elapsed.

The man was still waiting for Jonathan's answer.

However, Jonathan merely gave him a smile.

"I have a carefree nature and am capable of anything. However, I am also stubborn and refuse to submit to anyone."

The man was initially surprised to hear Jonathan's response, but he quickly burst out laughing.

"Oh, that's interesting. I've been here for five years, and anyone in this prison to whom I've made a request has never refused me. If you desire freedom, I can grant it to you. Tomorrow, I'll arrange for you to participate in the arena fights. I'm curious to see the extent of your capabilities that have made you so arrogant."

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1240 -

### Chapter 1240 Competing With Others

The man said nothing further and made no move to punish Jonathan and Stellario for the death of the prison guard. After giving them one last glance, he swiftly turned on his heels and departed from the scene.

Over ten minutes later, Stellario got to his feet, his face pale.

He took out two Spirit Rejuvenating Pills from his storage ring and swiftly consumed them. With the pills in his system, he activated the cultivation method passed down in the Mallory family, extracting the meager amount of spiritual energy contained within the pills before the prison's formation could get to it.

"Jon, there is something strange about that man. He didn't use any spiritual energy but managed to seal my elixir field and energy field."

Jonathan glanced at Marmount's body in the prison cell across from them and let out a soft sigh.

"That man just now could be using pure physical strength, so be careful."

"Pure physical strength?"

Stellario's expression tensed up briefly before he shook his head.

"Don't joke around. If he could suppress me using only his physical strength, why didn't he kill us earlier?"

"Why would he kill us?" Jonathan furrowed his brows, fixing his gaze on Stellario.

Stellario cast a quick glance at the scattered bones outside the prison cell. “Hey, have you forgotten already? We just killed one of the prison guards here.”

“Yes, we did kill a prison guard.” Jonathan still sounded confused. “Even so, why would he kill us over the death of a mere prison guard?”

Stellario gaped at Jonathan incredulously.

“Isn’t that enough reason? We killed his subordinate!”

“Are you talking about an Outer City envoy?” Jonathan responded calmly. “Did you forget how they come about?”

Stellario stared at Jonathan, obviously dumbfounded.

Previously, Jonathan had shared all the information with him, including details about the envoys in Yannopolis.

These so-called envoys were actually selected from the villagers of Village 108. They were given the opportunity to advance into the God Realm. After that, the cultivators from the southern region and northern region would swap places at Yannopolis’ Outer City.

It meant that every villager of the small world could become a Yannopolis envoy if they were lucky enough.

“Do you understand now?” Jonathan asked Stellario, who looked dazed.

“A prison guard holds the lowest position regardless of where we are. This is especially true in the small world, where human lives are of little value. As long as we are deemed more valuable than the prison guard, the one in charge wouldn’t take our lives.”

“Are you suggesting that...” Stellario’s voice trailed off, his eyes searching Jonathan’s face with uncertainty. “You had already deduced all of this before we made our move?”

In response, Jonathan merely flashed a smile.

“That’s not a deduction. I’m just going along with the flow.”

Seeing how calm Jonathan looked, Stellario turned around and approached Merilyn, who was still unconscious.

Despite knowing Jonathan meant well, Stellario couldn't shake the feeling that he was being used as a mere pawn in Jonathan's plans.

Sensing Stellario's displeasure, Jonathan made no move to explain himself.

Their partnership was solely based on necessity, and it was not like they were in a romantic relationship. Jonathan believed he didn't owe Stellario an explanation for every detail of his plans.

Stellario gently combed Merilyn's disheveled hair.

He chuckled softly and muttered, "I have concerns about whether the eight respectable families can truly rival the power of Asura's Office. Luckily, people like you are few and far between. Once we get out of here, regardless of the intentions of the other families, the Mallory family will surely make a move against Asura's Office."

Stellario appeared to be murmuring quietly, but both Jonathan and Stellario were well aware that he didn't mean it.

The Mallory family was not alone in their intentions. Had it not been for the sudden emergence of the small world, diverting the attention of the eight respectable families, they would have united forces after the River Onxy battle to confront both Asura's Office and the Yaleview Army.

Their collective goal was to seize control of Chanaea's military power and bring about a significant shift in the balance of power.

However, the small world introduced a new variable into the already complex situation in Chanaea.

Jonathan was not the only ordinary cultivator being suppressed in this realm. The eight respectable families exerted their dominance over the cultivation resources in Chanaea, effectively monopolizing them. They also held a firm grip on various hidden sects.

In the recent few hundred years, cultivation resources were getting scarce, causing the hidden sects to scramble to survive.

The hidden sects, once possessing imperishable inheritances that could rival the power of the eight respectable families thousands of years ago, had been

compelled to submit to the control of the families due to their non-confrontational method.

Take, for example, the Fantasy Sword Sect, where Lauryn was a cultivator.

Once renowned for their imperishable inheritance, they had now become a private training institution under the control of the eight respectable families.

Their primary objective was to ingratiate themselves with the families and secure meager cultivation resources.

Nearly all sects had to grovel and compromise in order to ensure the continuation of their inheritances within the complex web of feuds among the eight respectable families.

Of course, there were sects who refused to give in like Phoebus Sect from Summerbank.

In the end, the once prestigious sect that had stood for over two thousand years met its downfall.

The highest-ranked cultivator of the entire sect was merely a Grandmaster.

Though a Grandmaster was capable of establishing their own sect, Jonathan had dealt a severe blow by destroying the core inheritance of the sect.

In Chanaea's current cultivation environment, such sects could never make a comeback.

However, the emergence of this small world gave them hope.

Indeed, while the small world presented its own dangers, it also held boundless opportunities within its vast expanse.

It was a realm brimming with valuable treasures waiting to be discovered.

If one could gain a head start within the small world, even if it was merely a single rare opportunity, one would have the potential to shift the balance of power in Chanaea.

Too many people had entered the small world.

However, everyone who was here was focused on their own objectives and lacked a comprehensive view of the entire situation.

Even Jonathan, renowned for his strategic thinking and foresight, was only able to grasp a fraction of the larger picture due to the constraints of limited information.

Leaning against the cold wall, Jonathan recalled what Stellario told him earlier.

Did he say people like me are few and far between? He's wrong, though.

Contrary to what he believes, there are indeed others like me. Joshua possesses remarkable strategic skills, and being in the ancestral land of the Whitley family grants him a significant advantage. Then there's Wilbur, who should have already left Yaleview when the small world opened. It's been days since I arrived here, so he should have received news about it.

Furthermore, I can't ignore the fact that the Divine Realm cultivators from the eight respectable families will undoubtedly plot against me.

As Jonathan thought back to the various formidable cultivators he had encountered, a sense of pressure and self-doubt began to weigh on him.

He acknowledged that while he possessed some unique abilities and perspectives, he was still far behind the exceptionally talented cultivators he would encounter.

In this treacherous small world, merely surviving would be considered a stroke of luck, let alone competing with others.