

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1241 -

### Chapter 1241 Fill Your Stomachs

Although unable to sense the alternating day and night outside, as a cultivator, Jonathan could calculate the passage of time through various means.

The rhythm of calm breathing, the pulsation of the circulatory system, and even the completion of the rotation by training every meridian in his body could be used for timekeeping.

After all, in the world of cultivators, controlling the frequency of one's own circulatory system and the timing of one's breathing was as familiar as an ordinary person knowing how many fingers they had. It was something etched into every single cultivator's instinct.

After about twenty hours, the sound of chaotic footsteps once again echoed through the empty corridors of the prison.

Stellario opened his eyes and looked at Jonathan, who nodded slightly at the former.

"They must be here to take us up," Jonathan then remarked.

Following his words, Marilyn, who was beside Stellario, slowly opened her eyes.

Realizing that she had fallen asleep leaning on Stellario's shoulder the whole night, Marilyn jumped up as if she had stepped on a mouse.

However, due to her sudden use of spiritual energy, she triggered the prison's formation. It rapidly stripped away the spiritual energy in her body, causing her legs to give way beneath her.

Stellario hurriedly reached out to catch her, but she instinctively tried to avoid him. The two ended up colliding with each other in a flustered state.

"Are you all right?" Stellario fell to the ground, using his own body as a cushion as he held Marilyn securely in his arms.

However, what Stellario failed to notice was that at this moment, he had inadvertently grabbed Merilyn's bosoms while the woman had her back turned to him.

Even Jonathan, who had seen his fair share of awkward moments in his life, was shocked. He gaped at the sight before him.

Merilyn, who was lying in Stellario's arms, was stunned for a moment before she immediately stood up and punched Stellario.

"You pervert!"

In response, Stellario curled himself up in the corner of the cell while Merilyn chided him.

Jonathan quickly stepped forward to check on Stellario's condition.

"My goodness. Are you okay? We still have a fight later. Don't tell me you're rendered disabled at a time like this."

Jonathan pried Stellario's hands away to reveal Stellario's bloody and tear-stricken face.

"Do you even have a heart? I only held you because I was worried you'd get hurt. Are you trying to kill me?" Stellario said, sobbing piteously.

Jonathan, however, was unfazed as he let go of Stellario's arms and said in annoyance, "Since you can still flirt with girls, you're most probably fine. Drop the act and get on your feet!"

At that instance, Merilyn realized that she had misunderstood Stellario's intention and hurriedly knelt down beside him. With her face flushed, she said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you..."

Stellario, who was still lying on the ground, opened his eyes to take a peek at Merilyn.

Her cloak was long lost, so all she was wearing was an animal-skin tube top. From this angle, her undulating curves were a feast for Stellario's eyes.

"Okay, okay. I was just teasing you." Satisfied by the visual feast, Stellario sat up from the ground.

With practiced ease, he jammed his pinky finger into his nostril while pressing his crooked nose with his other hand before giving it a forceful push to realign his broken nose bridge.

He then spat out a mouthful of blood and flicked his finger to stop the nosebleed.

“I’ve endured much worse beatings in my childhood. Don’t worry, I’m fine,” Stellario assured Merilyn in a rather nonchalant tone.

Despite that, Merilyn was well aware of how much strength she had used just now. She hadn’t gone easy on him.

While she didn’t use spiritual energy when punching him, Stellario, too, made no attempt to defend himself.

It was a pure collision of force, and her punch was powerful enough to knock down most of the cultivators in their village.

Tears streamed down Merilyn’s face as she looked at Stellario, who was still wearing a silly smile despite the blood on his face.

“Please... don’t leave me behind,” Merilyn pleaded.

Jonathan had wanted to discuss their upcoming plan with Stellario but was caught off guard by Merilyn’s words.

He shook his head slightly as he looked at Stellario.

Merilyn had indeed saved his life, but he reckoned that their debt toward her was already repaid twice over, considering the fact that he and Stellario had spared her life twice.

Jonathan had never considered including Merilyn in his plan for the upcoming arena fight.

He didn’t care about her well-being in the prison cell. After all, to him, whatever connection they had had already been severed when Merilyn swung her blade at him.

Stellario, on the other hand, didn’t share Jonathan’s sentiment. A hint of hesitation flickered in his eyes as he glanced at Merilyn.

Shaking his head slightly, he took a step back and reached out to hold Merilyn's hand.

"Jon, I want to take Merilyn with me."

His sudden proposal left Jonathan momentarily stunned.

Even Merilyn, who had been weeping, glanced at Stellario in a daze.

"Stellario, don't tell me you've fallen in love with Merilyn at first sight. Both you and I know there are plenty of girls who are more beautiful than her out there. Besides, I refuse to believe that you are someone who would forsake your own interests for the sake of a woman," Jonathan snapped.

However, Stellario shook his head again.

"Jonathan, I came to this decision out of consideration of my own interests. I admit that my chances of survival will greatly increase by staying with you, but don't forget how our partnership was established. Compared to your cunning nature, I'm more inclined to trust Merilyn. There's hardly any suspense about who will win when the two of us team up against others, but then again, even without you, I may not necessarily lose. Now, you only have two options—either take Merilyn with us, or we part ways."

As Stellario spoke, he grabbed Merilyn with his left hand and shielded her while using his other hand to perform a hand seal, getting ready to fight Jonathan.

"He knows I won't take action rashly right now," Seboxia said amiably, materializing in Jonathan's mind. "I can't kill him, but I can make him suffer to teach him a lesson."

Jonathan was about to respond when a shout came from outside the prison cell.

"Prisoner in cell number one, your application for the arena fight is approved! Time to eat! Open the door!"

Jonathan turned his head in the direction of the voice.

He noticed that the number of prison guards had increased to around forty people and wondered if it was because they killed a prison guard yesterday.

One of the guards yelled at the top of his lungs while another was holding an exquisite lunchbox.

“Which one of the three of you will be fighting?” the guard asked.

Before Jonathan could say anything, Stellario declared aloud, “All three of us will be fighting together!”

“All three of you?” The guard holding the lunchbox was slightly stunned before a derisive smile appeared on his face.

Opening the lid of the lunchbox, the guard took out three steamed potatoes and threw them into the cell.

“Eat up! Fill your stomachs before you meet your doom!” the guard said, sneering.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1242 -

### Chapter 1242 Bun

Set off on a full stomach?

Stellario frowned at the cultivator.

“What are you trying to imply here? Is this the last supper or something?”

“The last supper?” the prison guard repeated, slightly surprised. “That’s a nice way to put things. It’s quite befitting. Very well, the food here will be called ‘the last supper’ based on your suggestion.”

As he spoke, he kicked the three buns that looked more like potatoes.

“Eat up since this would be your last meal. You don’t want to die on an empty stomach.”

When Stellario heard the guard’s words, he took a step forward and stomped on the buns.

“I don’t need your food! What are your rules? Can we have a competition or not?”

One of the potato-like buns that got flattened exuded pure spiritual energy into its surroundings.

“Huh...”

Stellario initially thought the food was just a protocol before death. Never did he expect it to contain so much spiritual energy.

Beneath the appearance of a plain bun was a delicious and juicy meatball that contained exquisite spiritual energy.

The moment Stellario stepped on it, an incredible meaty aroma filled the prison cell.

Even the prisoners in the other cells were captivated by the aroma, and they pressed themselves against the bars, staring in Stellario’s direction.

“What...”

Stellario lowered himself to study the meatball.

Within a matter of seconds, the spiritual energy from the meatball was completely absorbed by the prison’s formation.

“What’s going on?” asked Stellario curiously, controlling the urge to stuff the flattened meatball into his mouth.

The guard’s expression turned cold when he saw the food getting stepped on.

“This is to replenish your spiritual energy, but it looks like you guys don’t need it. Let’s just go to the arena then,” said the guard as he lifted his leg to step on the two unharmed meatballs. Before he could do it, however, Stellario snatched the meatballs away.

“This is some good stuff. Let’s not waste it.”

Stellario chortled and handed one to Jonathan.

“Let’s have one each, Jon.”

“That’s made of human meat. Don’t eat it.” Seboxia’s voice rang out in Jonathan’s mind, sending a chill down the latter’s spine.

Jonathan shook his head in response and turned around to walk out of the cell with the guard.

As his spiritual sense materialized in his consciousness field, he asked Seboxia, "How did you know it's made of human flesh?"

"I'm familiar with the scent," was all Seboxia said.

That one sentence was enough to make Jonathan stiffen.

Fortunately, it did not take long for him to recover from the surprise.

It makes sense. Seboxia's Coffin is more than ten meters long. He's definitely not a human. Him eating humans is no different from humans eating animals.

With the guidance of the dozens of guards, the trio arrived at the end of the prison, which was unlike what Jonathan had imagined. They had not come to the surface but had arrived in front of a huge stone wall.

"Why is this a dead end?" asked Stellarario with a frown.

He had already finished the meatball and given the second one to Marilyn.

She, too, had eaten half of it due to hunger.

Seeing the two had eaten the buns, the guard turned around to chuckle at Jonathan.

"Are you sure you're not going to have one? The fight later is going to be tough. You'll be in danger if you don't have enough spiritual energy."

With that, the guard took another bun out of the container.

"This is the last one. Eat up. Your chances of surviving the battle will be higher."

Jonathan merely shook his head while eyeing the bun in the guard's hand.

"I don't need it. I might as well die if that's what will happen if I don't eat one."

The guard was about to say something in response to Jonathan's refusal when Stellarario stepped up with a grin.

“I’ll take it if he’s not eating.”

Stellario reached out to grab the bun, but the guard swiftly dodged the former’s hand.

“There’s only one for each. There’s no use giving it to you, anyway.”

A snort escaped the guard’s throat before he stored the bun away and pointed at the wall.

“Stand there. I’ll activate the portal formation and send you guys to the arena. Whether or not you survive will depend on your fate.”

The idea of teleportation filled Stellario’s heart with a sense of dread.

Every time he teleported was a harrowing experience for him.

More importantly, they were getting teleported to the arena. It would be dangerous for Stellario if he puked and was unfit to fight for the time being.

As if sensing Stellario’s worry, Merilyn gave him the unfinished half of her bun.

“I might not be as skillful as you guys, but I can help you hold off the attacks for some time.”

Merilyn took so much time to eat the bun that all of the spiritual energy in the bun was absorbed by the prison’s formation.

Nonetheless, Stellario accepted the bun and took Merilyn’s hand.

“Okay.”

With that simple answer, the two approached the stone wall fearlessly.

Jonathan, however, knitted his brows into a frown before standing beside Stellario.

When the trio was no longer moving, the guard took out an emerald badge and tapped it gently. Immediately, the markings on the wall behind them lit up.

With a great flash, Jonathan and his companions disappeared from the prison’s passageway, leaving the guard staring at the empty wall with an expression that gradually grew cold.



Turning to another guard beside him, the prison guard ordered coldly, "Tell him one of them didn't eat a bun."

When the bright light faded, Jonathan felt the scene before him brighten.

Puzzled, he used his spiritual sense to examine the surroundings. When he looked into the distance, he realized he was in a forest.

Aren't we supposed to arrive at the arena?

Stellario, on the other hand, vomited intensely while Merilyn guarded him.

As Jonathan turned to look at Stellario, he found the latter vomiting tiny white insects instead of the bun he had earlier.

That's more like it.

Jonathan grinned at the pile of wriggling worms on the ground.

After all, Stellario had been extremely careful in Merilyn's village, so much so that he dared not take a bite out of the fruits in the house.

Hence, he would never simply accept buns from someone else.

It might look like Stellario had eaten the bun, but in reality, they were digested by the worms in his stomach.

That means Merilyn is the only person who ate the bun with human flesh.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1243 -

### Chapter 1243 Tiger Flies

Jonathan scoffed inwardly as he kept his eyes fixed on Stellario.

All that talk about love at first sight was rubbish. Stellario was only faking his love. The white worms had confirmed Jonathan's suspicions.

Merilyn was just someone Stellario needed to help him test things out.

He might appear to be affectionate toward her, but in reality, he was only using her to face the unknown on his behalf.

Merilyn would be the first to die if something dangerous happened.

It did not take long for Stellario to get used to it as he had experienced the function of portal formations frequently recently.

This time, he only puked a few times before finally getting to his feet.

Staring at the wriggling worms on the ground, Stellario took out a vial from his storage ring and scattered some powder on the insects.

As soon as the worms touched the powder, they stopped wriggling and lay motionless on the ground.

“Your family is really weird. Why can’t you just let these worms fend for themselves?” asked Jonathan.

In response, Stellario turned to Merilyn and chuckled, shaking his head.

“It’s better to deal with these things properly. Who knows what kind of problems they’ll bring in the future?”

“Exactly,” Merilyn piped up. She then dug the ground with her blade and buried the worms in the soil.

“It’s best to clean up all traces in the wilderness to avoid beasts from discovering them.”

The naive woman truly believed Stellario was only referring to the traces, but Jonathan knew that was not the case. What Stellario truly meant was that he was drawing a line between him, who did not eat the bun, and her.

Even so, Jonathan did not expose Stellario’s intentions.

After all, they had a pact.

Like what Stellario had said, they were working together for the time being to stay alive in the small world.

The same could not be said once they were out of that place or had found a way out.

As long as Jonathan was sure the other party had no one to help them get out of the small world, he would definitely eliminate Stellario and the eight respectable families.

That was because Asura's office would be in danger if they got out.

There was no hope of mending the relationship between the eight respectable families and Asura's Office.

Of course, Stellario was aware that Jonathan had seen through his intentions. Keeping Marilyn standing in their frontline would do nothing but benefit the latter. Hence, Stellario was sure Jonathan would keep quiet about it.

They had no idea where they were teleported to, but there was one thing they were sure of—their spiritual energy had returned.

Realizing that, Jonathan summoned a fireball and stared at it as it floated steadily.

"We're not stripped of our spiritual energy, so this isn't an illusion array. We were actually teleported out of the prison's formation."

Following Jonathan's words, Stellario hatched a worm and placed it on the tip of his finger.

"The spiritual energy here is at least thirty percent weaker. We may have left the prison, but we should still be in a formation."

Jonathan agreed with Stellario's words.

The people of Yannopolis would never let the trio leave so easily.

"I've taken a look around. We're on a mountain. I'm going to the peak to have a look. This small world is just too bizarre. Didn't they say we were going to an arena? Why did they dump us here? Heaven knows where the arena is."

With that, Jonathan ran to the top of the mountain with Stellario and Marilyn following closely behind.

The mountain was not too tall, but its peak was the highest point in the area. It did not take long for the three to arrive at the top.

Shock flooded them the second they looked over the ridge and into the distance.

A sea of mountains surrounded them, but they were not endless. Somewhere in the distance was something that resembled a black spirit shield that seemed to enclose all the mountains within it.

On top of the black spirit shield was a magnificent dome-like structure.

“It’s too far. I can’t see what that is,” commented Stellario while studying the black spirit shield.

Just then, Jonathan fished out a pair of high-power binoculars from his storage ring and gazed ahead.

Precisely a minute later, Jonathan threw the binoculars to Stellario.

“We’ve become monkeys.”

Stellario caught the binoculars with confusion before the look on his face changed.

The black spirit shield in the distance was not the border of the formation but a massive wall.

Above the wall was a huge observation deck.

As Stellario looked through the binoculars, he saw a crowd of humans occupying the observation deck.

Jonathan was right. The three of them had become monkeys—subjects for entertainment.

This isn’t the wilderness. It’s a large arena encasing the mountains. This must be the arena the guard was talking about.

While the men were busy observing the surroundings, Marilyn shouted, “Look down!”

Instantly, the two looked down to find themselves surrounded by a dozen of demon beasts that looked like stray dogs. The beasts were merely dozens of meters away from them.

The second the trio whipped out their weapons, the demon beasts charged toward them. More importantly, they had increased from a dozen to more than thirty beasts.

As their numbers increased, they grew bolder.

“They’re lynxes!” shouted Merylyn with surprise.

“Be careful. They’re hard to get rid of, especially when they appear in a group. They’ll be in sync with each other,” added Merylyn.

On the contrary, Jonathan and Stellario were extremely calm.

“Are you going to deal with them, or shall I do it?” Jonathan asked Stellario with a frown.

Stellario grabbed a glass bottle filled with black liquid from the storage ring and tossed it.

“I’ll take care of them. There’s no need for us to waste our spiritual energy on such a large group of demon beasts.”

While saying that, Stellario crushed a pill, and a pungent smell emanated from his body.

The glass bottle thrown to the foot of the mountain shattered on a lynx.

Its black liquid scattered all over the lynx and quickly spread. In just the blink of an eye, the lynx had slammed into a rock.

Jonathan inhaled sharply when he watched the black liquid spreading rapidly on the lynx.

“What kind of parasite is that?”

A smile tugged at Stellario’s lips.

“Tiger flies. With enough spiritual energy, I can take out one million soldiers in three hours.”