

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1246 -

### Chapter 1246 Grand Commander

The cultivators from the outside world were heading toward Ascension Peak to seek a chance to survive, while the cultivators from the smaller world were hoping to become Yannopolis' envoys, and only eight people would reach their final goal.

Every single soul in the arena was fighting for their desires.

There was no room for negotiation in this battle.

"These three are a little too skilled, aren't they?" said a disheveled man in a robe on the observation deck above as he stood on a complex array. "Your Majesty, these outsiders don't seem like ordinary people."

The man's smile widened as he directed his gaze toward the air. Above the arena, eight translucent screens displayed the battle scenes of Jonathan and the eight cultivators from the outside world.

In fact, Jonathan and his group's battle scene was prominently displayed on a larger screen, making it apparent that they were receiving more attention than the other participants.

Despite the grandeur of the arena, it was merely a complex and immense formation. The disheveled man stood prominently on the control section of the formation, clearly in command of the proceedings.

On the upper platform, positioned behind the man, rested a colossal three-headed lion, measuring approximately twenty to thirty meters in length.

There was also a towering fat man right beside the lion.

As the man reclined on the three-headed lion, his attention remained fixed on the screens. Two seductive women beside him sensually moved their bodies, providing massages and catering to his every need.

The man indulged in a fruit of unknown origin before groping one of the women, eliciting a twisted response from her.

Then, the man chuckled and clapped his hands in satisfaction.

“Neil, mark their locations and issue the order. Each of their heads can be exchanged for three envoy positions in Yannopolis.”

Neil slowly turned around to query, “Three? Your Majesty, if we do this, I’m afraid these peasants will form teams to go after those three. In that case, odds-wise...”

Before Neil could finish his sentence, the smile on the fat man’s face dissipated.

“Neil, are you questioning me?” the fat man asked in a calm voice.

Hearing that, Neil swiftly stuck out his left foot before bowing before the other man.

“I wouldn’t dare. I just...”

Again, before Neil could finish speaking, a foot knocked him off balance and sent him to the ground.

Although his nasal bone was broken, Neil dared not utter a word in protest.

The fat man continued wriggling his foot on the back of Neil’s head.

“You call them peasants, but what about you? You’re a peasant too. If I didn’t bring you away from that pile of dead men back then and raise you, you would’ve been eaten alive by the green wolf. You’re but a mutt. How dare you start questioning your master? Believe it or not, but I’ll kill you without hesitation. I’ll let you join the dead men in their pile.”

The fat man, weighing several hundred pounds, possessed enough weight to render an ordinary person unconscious with a single stomp, even without utilizing any spiritual energy.

In addition, the fat man showed no restraint as he mercilessly stomped on Neil, causing the ground beneath him to crack in a web-like pattern.

Yet, Neil remained still in the pool of blood, too fearful to even channel spiritual energy to defend himself.

“Of course, Your Majesty. Please bestow upon me the appropriate punishment,” Neil loudly replied to the fat man despite the humiliation he was suffering.

Hearing that, the fat man froze. Then, he started laughing boisterously.

“You’re obedient! Come, sit up. Sit like a dog.”

Once the fat man lifted his foot, Neil swiftly scrambled to his feet and assumed a crouched position on the ground, his head lowered in a submissive gesture akin to that of a dog.

Clearly, it was not his first time doing that.

The fat man started laughing again.

In the next second, he slapped Neil’s cheek and sent the latter soaring dozens of meters away.

After crashing onto the ground, Neil scrambled up and quickly sat down on the ground again.

“Please bestow upon me the appropriate punishment,” Neil repeated.

The fat man parted his lips to say something about Neil’s submissive behavior, but in the end, he settled with a snort.

“Spineless. How boring,” the fat man muttered before moving to sit on the three-headed lion.

“Your Majesty…”

As the fat man began to depart, the two maidservants were about to continue their flattering remarks. However, to their horror, two heads of the three-headed lion swiftly descended, snapping downward and devouring both women in a gruesome display.

Their screams of agony abruptly stopped.

Viscous blood trickled from the lion’s mouths, yet the man astride it chuckled maniacally.

“There are three heads but only two people. This isn’t enough. Come on, we’re going to find more food for you. Feel free to pick anyone to be your meal in Outer City. These peasants are only worthy to be your food.”

With a thunderous roar, the three-headed lion leaped down, covering a distance of over a hundred meters in a single bound. It continued to bound forward, disappearing from Neil's view after a few leaps.

Neil only slowly raised his head when the lion was gone.

The submissive look he had in his eyes earlier had turned icy.

Straightening his body, Neil let a wave of spiritual energy roll over his body, dusting away the dirt on him.

A cultivator ran over before cautiously starting, "Grand Commander..."

Taking a piece of cloth from the cultivator, Neil wiped his bloody face.

"I'm fine. Inform the others that the odds will be tenfold if these three survive."

"Tenfold?" The cultivator turned to look at Jonathan's group's screen in shock. "Isn't tenfold a little too much?"

Neil turned to the screen as well, but he shook his head.

"If they survive and reach Ascension Peak, not even a hundredfold will be enough. This trip is one where they will be dancing with the grim reaper in hell."

At that, the cultivator said nothing else. Once he reeled in from the shock, he nodded and turned to leave.

However, he only managed to take a few steps before Neil stopped him, seemingly recalling something.

"By the way, I went to the dungeon last night. Find out who had gone there with me at that time."

The cultivator inclined his head.

"Grand Commander, can I ask a question? Why are you seeking their identities?"

Neil chuckled.

“It’s just that His Majesty’s foul temper today must be related to my trip to the dungeon last night. Just find out who went with me. I’d like to know who might have been the one to spill the beans.”

At that, the cultivator quickly bowed.

“I’ll definitely gather those people as quickly as I can to let you deliver the appropriate punishment to them.”

“Punishment? What punishment?” Neil muttered, fixing his nose with spiritual energy. “Don’t let any one of them go. Kill them all.”