

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1253 -

### Chapter 1253 Death Match

Newmont and his men hesitated to engage in combat with Jonathan as they stared at the latter's sharp sword.

It was then they recognized how extraordinary Jonathan was. If any of them charged toward him recklessly, they would probably be targeted by him while other teams reaped the benefits.

That presented Jonathan a window of opportunity.

He dashed toward Merilyn's side. At that point, she was on the verge of death. "Seboxia..."

"Her soul is still intact! She can still be saved!" replied Seboxia.

Soon, Jonathan felt the life force in his body speeding into Merilyn.

A few seconds later, life returned to Merilyn's countenance, and she woke up. "Jonathan..."

When she noticed Jonathan was hugging her, she glanced at her chest, somewhat bewildered.

Even though the spear was still lodged between her breasts, she couldn't feel any pain, thanks to the life force pouring into her body. "Am I dead? Are you also dead?"

Merilyn stood and surveyed her surrounding with curiosity.

Just as she stood still, Jonathan slapped the spear in her chest out.

"Ah!" A piercing screech escaped her mouth. That agony almost caused Merilyn to faint once more.

A moment later, Merilyn peered at the gaping, bloody hole below her neck, dumbfounded.

Her wound closed rapidly as she inhaled sharply.

In the blink of an eye, her chest was back to normal.

“He didn’t use any medicine.” Newmont’s pupils constricted. “If you aren’t doing this with a special medicine, how are you accomplishing this feat?”

Jonathan turned his cold glare at Newmont before bolting toward Hayden while dragging Merilyn.

“Kill him!” roared Newmont before pursuing Jonathan. “Only two types of people can leave this arena. You’re either chosen and leave here as an envoy of Outer City or carried out without a heartbeat. If we don’t kill him, we’re all dead!”

His words reminded his team members of the stakes. He’s right! Since the day we were selected from one of the one hundred and eight villages, we were taught God Realm techniques. Then, we were told the requirement to be chosen as an envoy of Outer City, which was to complete the selection and step out of the arena alive. Isn’t the theme this time to take the head of the outsiders? We shouldn’t be fearful of that Jonathan right now. Otherwise, we’ll just be wasting time! We may die if we attack him, but our doom is guaranteed if we don’t. Why are we hesitating when this choice doesn’t require any consideration?

“Use this to end the battle quickly,” said Jonathan as he removed a silver-white spear from his storage ring and handed it to Merilyn.

Magical items carved with arcane arrays were rare in the small world. As such, most residents in the one hundred and eight villages used primitive beast bone weapons.

Merilyn only had a broken sword and a spear.

Since she lost her spear while attempting to save Jonathan earlier, he naturally couldn’t let her battle empty-handed.

“Let me handle the left one.” Upon receiving the spear, Merilyn giddily leaped toward the cultivator to the left of Hayden.

Meanwhile, Jonathan tightened his grip around Heaven Sword. He raised both his hands and unleashed the Fantasy Sword Sect technique he learned from Lauryn, Skywards!

Jonathan expected a tougher fight, but he handily sliced the person in front of him in half with Heaven Sword.

As for Merilyn, she needed only three swings of her weapons to destroy her opponent's sword and throat.

Newmont deduced the trio's intention based on their beacon.

Hence, his group deliberately trapped Hayden first, driving him to launch a distress flare. That way, they could kill Jonathan and the other two together.

Once Jonathan had arrived, Newmont left two cultivators with the lowest cultivation level in his team to eliminate the bait, Hayden.

Unfortunately, their plan failed, and it allowed Jonathan and Merilyn to rescue Hayden much more easily.

When the two hostile cultivators died, Hayden almost fell.

Even though the group of nine trapped him earlier to make him bait, they didn't show him any mercy.

There were dozens of minor and severe injuries on Hayden's body. Even if his important organs had remained untouched, the amount of blood he lost was fatal.

"What a godd\*mn friend you are, Jonathan. You finally came to rescue me." Hayden cackled while he was being carried by Jonathan.

"Save your breath and adjust your internal energy." Jonathan pressed his hand on Hayden's body and injected life force into the latter.

"Here it comes! Yes, this is the feeling I'm waiting for!" exclaimed Hayden wildly as his wounds patched themselves speedily. "This feels too good, Mr. Goldstein! Please give me more!"

Staring at the energetic Hayden, Jonathan petulantly tossed the former aside. "What do you think this is, huh? There's no more for you!"

As he spoke, he examined the environment. "Where's your sniper rifle?"

"Broken." Hayden sighed with heartache. "It cost over two million. What a shame."

"I'll lend this to you, then." Jonathan tossed a quality sniper rifle toward Hayden.

Shocked, Hayden accepted the weapon. “You sure have anything inside that storage ring of yours, Mr. Goldstein.”

A second later, Jonathan hurled two boxes of bullets at Hayden. “I borrowed the gun from Eastern Allied Army. If you damage it, you’ll need to buy a new one for them. It cost eight million.”

“God d\*mn. Eight million? Why don’t you—” he interrupted himself as he stared at the ammunition boxes on the ground.

Armor-piercing bullets, explosive bullets... It seems there are many types of bullets in these two boxes. There’s even a detailed explanation on the surface about each bullet type. Wait, is that... He narrowed his eyes at the most intriguing name on the box. “Spiritual destruction bullet? Mr. Goldstein, is this firearm specifically designed to combat cultivators?”

Jonathan smirked. “It’s not just this gun. There’s a whole crate of them back in the army warehouse.”

“A whole crate...” Sighing, Hayden inserted the spiritual destruction bullet into the magazine. “I bet the eight respectable families are regretting going against you.”

Jonathan, Hayden, and Meryl stood in a triangle inside the valley.

It wasn’t that they didn’t want to leave. It was that they couldn’t.

Newmont and his men stalled them long enough for three other teams to reach there.

Around forty to fifty local cultivators were standing on both sides of the valley and gazing at Jonathan’s group icily.

“Hey, we discovered them first!” one of Newmont’s subordinates shouted at the other teams of cultivators.

The cultivator on the other side guffawed. “Are you all idiots? This is a death match! Their heads belong to whoever seizes them first!”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1254 -**

Chapter 1254 Kill Newmont

At that moment, Hayden, Jonathan, and Marilyn were like animals trapped in a zoo and watched by visitors.

Frankly, the three of them were quite a rare sight to the people in the small world.

For over a thousand years, only Yannopolis and the one hundred and eight villages existed in the small world.

To the native cultivators, the outside was just a savage land roaming with beasts. It was a forbidden area for humans.

After the White family from Yannopolis was defeated, the people had a better idea of what the outside was like.

The later head of the White family claimed that the people's preconception about the outside land was formed by their family's scheme. They disclosed that there wasn't any outside land.

It was just rumors fabricated by the White family to scare others.

If such a thing had happened on Earth, perhaps everyone would think it was a joke.

However, from the perspective of the local cultivators who never left the mountains, they took that lie as an indisputable fact.

The appearance of Jonathan and others from the outside world undoubtedly fulfilled the prophecy the White family weaved two thousand years ago.

None of the natives could resist the temptation of taking a gander at Jonathan's group. After all, it was the equivalent of a group of Martians landing on Earth.

At that moment, Newmont and the other groups were irritated by each other's presence. Yet, they couldn't stop studying Jonathan and Hayden.

"Those two don't seem that different from us except looking pretty weak."

"Yeah. The outside world seems to be a barren place."

"Can people like them really survive in the savage land where demon beasts roam?"

The crowd on both sides of the valley couldn't help but comment on the foreigners.

At that moment, a subordinate of Newmont's arrived by his side. "More are coming, Boss."

"We can't wait anymore." Newmont peered at the beacon above Jonathan's head.

Without warning, he bolted toward his targets.

The other local cultivators also charged toward Jonathan's group when they witnessed that.

All of them knew that the longer they took, the more people would gather at the person with the beacon. At worst, a massive battle might break out as people attempt to snatch the heads of Jonathan and his pals for themselves.

Bang!

A deafening gunshot was heard.

The group leader who argued with Newmont earlier suddenly turned into a cloud of bloody mist after they jumped into the air.

The spiritual destruction bullet was specifically made to kill cultivators. Thus, a single shot with that bullet was powerful enough to shatter the cultivator's armor and punch a hole through half of their chest.

Hayden, who was kneeling when he fired the shot, was blasted to the ground by the recoil.

He stared at the sniper rifle in his hand with widened eyes.

That shot not only slayed the group leader, but it also frightened every other surrounding cultivator. They all retreated fearfully behind large stones and ancient trees, unwilling to show their faces easily.

A technological wonder like the sniper rifle was something the locals couldn't understand.

Although, they at least grasped the fact that the "magical item" was a deadly weapon. Any armament capable of instantly slaying a God Realm cultivator was enough to instill fear in their hearts.

Hayden excitedly loaded another bullet into the firearm. “This sniper rifle is capable of killing even God Realm cultivators with a single bullet! Why didn’t you use it during the battle of River Onxy? If a few thousand soldiers wielded these babies, the Remdikian cultivators could’ve been wiped out easily!”

With Heaven Sword in hand, Jonathan scanned his surroundings. These hostile cultivators aren’t marching forward only because they’re afraid of Hayden’s firearm. However, once they figure out the slow fire rate of that sniper rifle, we’ll be quickly surrounded. “I wanted to equip every cultivator from Asura’s Office with a sniper rifle like this. Unfortunately, it’s difficult for everyone to keep up with the speed of a God Realm cultivator.”

In response, Hayden nodded with a sigh. That’s true. As powerful as this sniper rifle is, it’s useless if the person using it can’t hit the target. The speed of God Realm cultivators is reduced here due to the many restrictions in this small world. Hence, we can only move about a dozen meters per step. In the outside world, though, a God Realm cultivator can travel around thirty to forty meters per step. At such terrifying speed, even a Grandmaster Realm cultivator will have trouble tracking a God Realm cultivator. Additionally, there are many factors a sniper need to take into account before they can fire a shot. In fact, they have to predict their enemy’s movement to shoot their targets accurately. Therefore, theoretically speaking, only a few Grandmaster and God Realm cultivators can kill a God Realm cultivator with a sniper rifle. Realistically, it’s much easier for a God Realm cultivator to do battle with a melee weapon than with a sniper rifle. After all, a real battle has many more varying factors one must consider.

“It seems this sniper rifle of yours is only suitable for a God Realm cultivator like me. While my cultivation isn’t as powerful as my peers, if we can use this firearm, we’ll pose a great threat to other God Realm cultivators. It’s a shame that people like those aren’t common.” Hayden grinned, put away all the bullets, and aimed the barrel at an ancient tree on the slope.

Bang!

The bullet instantly blasted a section of the ancient tree apart.

Screams could be heard from behind the tree before they abruptly ceased.

“His weapon can pierce through trees and rocks! It’s pointless to hide, so we must rush in and kill him!” a random cultivator shouted before charging forward with a shield.

In a group battle, once someone led the charge, the others would follow suit soon after.

Due to the delay, two more teams arrived at the scene.

Around fifty people gathered at the location in a few short minutes.

There were enough people there to overcome the threat that the sniper rifle in Hayden’s hand posed.

“Use Earthly Escape now!” Hayden shouted at Jonathan.

“I can’t do that, you moron! This arena is installed with a special arcane array that prevents escape with that technique! Otherwise, I would’ve used it to reach Ascension Peak!” Jonathan tossed out the Divine Chessboard and expanded it to twenty meters in size. “Don’t leave the range of the chessboard!”

Swiftly, Hayden killed a third enemy cultivator.

The other cultivators dashed toward the trio like madmen.

“Kill!” roared Jonathan before suddenly appearing at the Divine Chessboard’s edge.

The area inside the chessboard was Jonathan’s domain.

The instant Jonathan emerged beside a native cultivator, he stabbed Heaven Sword into the latter’s skull through the neck.

Upon removing his blade from the corpse, he reappeared behind another person.

“Raise your spiritual energy force field! He can change his position in a blink of an eye when he’s on the chessboard!” warned Newmont when he witnessed that scene.

“Merilyn! Kill him!” Jonathan waved his finger, instantly relocating Merilyn, who was battling against two cultivators, to Newmont’s back. We must kill



Newmont as quickly as possible. If not, his intelligence will result in dire consequences for us!

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1255 -**

Chapter 1255 Follow Me

Even though Marilyn felt somewhat uncomfortable due to the sudden teleportation, she still thrust her spear forward.

Due to her momentary bewilderment, her initially powerful spear strike lost much power.

Newmont waved his long sword and manifested an icy spirit shield.

A crisp clashing sound was generated when their weapons came in contact with each other. It contained unlimited murderous intent.

Even though Marilyn was ostracized since childhood, she had always been cultivating hard.

While she was mighty in her village, she wasn't an invincible warrior.

On the other hand, Newmont expeditiously became a group leader due to his combat capabilities after he was chucked into the arena.

Therefore, even with Jonathan's formation as support, he wouldn't be defeated by Marilyn easily.

After Newmont parried Marilyn's spear away, he swung his blade toward her abdomen.

"Come!" Jonathan gestured a technique with both his hands. A purple light exploded before he switched position with Marilyn.

Clang!

The crisp sound of a bell reverberated on the battlefield. Jonathan's bronze handbell successfully blocked Newmont's slash with the spirit shield it generated.

As Newmont, a God Realm cultivator, poured nearly all his strength into that strike, it caused Jonathan to spurt out blood.

If not for Seboxia, he wouldn't have taken the risk due to the powerful backlash.

At that moment, Newmont understood that Jonathan's defense came at a price. Without delay, he swung his blade toward Jonathan again.

"Kill!" roared Newmont.

At that moment, Jonathan put away his bronze handbell.

"Within Reach!" spat Jonathan to increase the distance between him and his opponent hastily.

Originally, Newmont's blade would've landed on Jonathan's countenance. However, his attack was smacked on the tough chessboard instead.

When Newmont raised his head and caught the look in Jonathan's eyes, an uneasy feeling bubbled in his heart. I need to leave the chessboard as soon as possible.

Without hesitation, Newmont sprinted out of the chessboard.

At that moment, Jonathan emerged beside Newmont with nary a warning. "Earth Shrinking Technique!"

Pfft!

Jonathan's Heaven Sword stabbed into Newmont's right waist and out from the left chest, turning the latter into a skewer.

"You..." That assault not only pierced Newmont's energy field, it also severely wounded his internal organs.

His death was sealed as he didn't have a powerful entity like Seboxia supporting him.

"Who are you people?" Newmont's life force was rapidly drained from his body. A bony hand abruptly emerged from Jonathan's arm and grabbed Newmont's hand, absorbing the latter's life force.

Newmont's buff body was rapidly sucked dry by Seboxia's spell.

In less than a second, Newmont, a warrior, was transformed into a pile of rotten flesh, no longer possessing any aura.

Jonathan tossed the corpse to the side and wiped Heaven Sword clean. "We're modern humans."

The battle on the chessboard concluded swiftly. After Newmont was dealt with, Seboxia joined the battle.

After losing nearly thirty cultivators, the surviving group members left the chessboard range cautiously.

Seboxia wasn't stingy with his life force as he promptly patched up Jonathan's group with life force. They were back in tip-top shape in a flash.

Seeing that his arm was regenerating at an insane rate, Hayden staggered to the side while covered in blood.

He picked up his severed limb on the ground and removed the ring on his former finger. Then, he put it on his new finger and removed the sniper rifle kept within.

"Oh, thank goodness the gun's still here." Grinning, he wiped the firearm.

During the skirmish earlier, Hayden suffered the most severe injuries, seeing that his arm was sliced clean. Yet, it helped him understand that the foundation of a cultivator lay within their cultivation and not any external tools.

A God Realm cultivator was mighty when engaging in long-range battles with a modern firearm. However, those weapons were useless during close-quarter combat.

After all, they could kill three or four hostiles in the time it took to reload a gun.

At that moment, Jonathan wasn't staring at Hayden.

Instead, his attention was focused on the slope.

The cultivator, who was assaulted by Marilyn with a spear earlier, rapidly healed the bloody hole in their abdomen. While the speed wasn't as fast as Seboxia's life force, it was still pretty quick.

Jonathan recalled what Newmont had said earlier. Now, I'm certain that there's likely medicine capable of resurrecting the dead in this small world.

"Can you two still fight?" he asked, gazing at Hayden and Marilyn.

Hayden sighed while hugging the sniper rifle. "I'm good with my spiritual energy, and I've got no more injuries on me. However, I expended a lot of mental energy."

Upon hearing that, Marilyn nodded in agreement.

The three main foundations of a cultivator were their spiritual energy, body, and spiritual sense.

Spiritual energy determined the strength of the cultivator's spell; the body was the medium in which a cultivator unleashed their technique, and spiritual sense determined their reaction speed.

A cultivator must possess all three aspects. If they lost one, then their battle was already decided.

At that moment, Hayden and Marilyn appeared as if they hadn't slept for ages.

While their bodies weren't exhausted, their reaction speed would fail to keep up if they continued to engage in battle.

However, they were in a death match. Hence, none of the local cultivators would allow them to rest.

If they didn't leave immediately, the arena would be their graves.

Knitting his eyebrow, Jonathan turned to Seboxia. "Can you restore spiritual sense, Seboxia?"

"No." Seboxia shook his head. "Life force can only heal physical injuries. A person may feel refreshed when life force floods into their bodies, but it's only akin to splashing cold water onto someone in slumber. They'll feel rested, but it doesn't do anything to relieve the strain on their spiritual sense."

More people continuously arrived at the edges of the valley.

Jonathan and his group had killed over thirty people, and their kill count was still increasing.

The other cultivators didn't dare to approach the group because of the corpses on the ground.

Everyone wanted to become an envoy of Outer City. However, none of them wanted to die like the thirty-odd men in the valley and let others mooch off their efforts. They would be foolish to do that.

"Can we sprint out of here, Seboxia?" asked Jonathan with a frown.

Seboxia answered, "We can."

The moment Seboxia said those words, Jonathan turned his sight toward Hayden and Merilyn.

Seboxia's reply was only audible in Jonathan's consciousness field. As such, Jonathan speculated that the entire group might not survive. It was likely that Seboxia could only guarantee his safety. After a brief moment of contemplation, Jonathan sauntered toward Merilyn and Hayden. "Follow close behind me!"