

The Legendary Man Chapter 1256 -

Chapter 1256 Run

Two invisible ribbons made of spiritual energy spawned from Jonathan's body. Then, they wrapped themselves around Hayden's and Merylyn's body. Since Seboxia says he can protect me, he definitely can. In that case, I can use my own body as a knife to cut through a path for the other two. Honestly, after Seboxia destroyed my Pryncyp of Slaughter, I've been searching for a new one. It wasn't until much later that I understood Slaughter was the only Pryncyp suited for me. However, I've only been cultivating my Pryncyp based on the one recorded in Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. Thus, while I'm capable of wielding Heavenly Pryncyp, I'm walking the path of another person's Pryncyp. That was why my Pryncyp was so easily destroyed by Seboxia. Now, I must reforge the Pryncyp of Slaughter so I can wield it again. It won't be as easy as rebuilding a collapsed structure. It requires more than just time to be reconstructed. Honestly, I don't know where to start when Pryncyp is untouchable and invisible. Although, I did gain a glimpse of insight during the battle of River Onxy at Beshya. I've already obtained the recognition of the Pryncyp of Slaughter. All I need to do now is to reclaim the right to wield it. Infuriatingly, I can't even take the first step. It's like I'm locked outside the door. To embody slaughter, one must bear no attachment and do whatever they please without restriction. Only then will I be able to grasp the Pryncyp of Slaughter. The problem is that I have too many things and people I care about, whether it be Josephine, Asura's Office, or even a frenemy like Xavion. I can't shed my bonds with them. Although, once one has too many bonds tying them down, they'll become overcautious. How can they do whatever they want in that case?

As he closed his eyes, his thoughts continued, Ever since my Cor was shattered, I've been thinking about that problem. Honestly, even if Seboxia didn't appear, I doubt I'd be able to become a Divine Realm cultivator. For a long time, my cultivation level has stagnated. I just can't make any progress. At first, I thought it was because I was lacking in spiritual energy or that the opportunity didn't appear. I should've realized earlier on that it's because I've reached the end of someone else's path. The path to Pryncyp recorded in Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique isn't something I can comprehend, as powerful as it may be. Since I didn't grasp it myself, how can I earn the recognition of Heavenly Pryncyp and become a Divine Realm cultivator?

He turned to Marilyn and Hayden with a complicated look. F*ck it. If I can't achieve my breakthrough, then so it shall be. It's not like I can abandon the most basic trust humans possess. If I do, then what's even the point of me becoming a Divine Realm cultivator?

"Let's go!" Holding the Divine Chessboard, Jonathan rushed forward while using it as a shield.

The moment the trio moved, hundreds of cultivators from both sides of the valley charged toward them.

Hundreds of people were competing against each other for seven slots. It wasn't hard to imagine how chaotic the battlefield became.

Seboxia crushed a green-colored spiritual bead, turning its pieces into tiny green lights enveloping the trio.

"Your indecisiveness will spell your doom one day, Jonathan." Seboxia spoke in Jonathan's consciousness field.

If Seboxia only needed to protect Jonathan as they left, then they would most likely escape unscathed.

Unfortunately, Jonathan couldn't abandon the other two and kept blocking attacks for them.

As such, Seboxia had no choice but to protect the whole group with his spell.

While it was doable, it drained his energy greatly.

"Once I can't protect myself, I will abandon them, just not right now," stated Jonathan as he glanced at Seboxia.

Because of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, Seboxia could no longer control Jonathan.

At that moment, Jonathan was threatening Seboxia with his own life.

Therefore, Seboxia could do nothing but obey.

Slowly, Seboxia's figure vanished from Jonathan's consciousness field.

Unbeknownst to Jonathan, Seboxia was smiling eerily inside the coffin within the former's elixir field.

Meanwhile, the countless blinking green lights were protecting the trio diligently.

Whenever the cultivators broke the trio's defenses, the green light would instantly appear beside the trio and drive the hostiles away.

With Seboxia's aid, Jonathan's group was able to fend off all the people surrounding them. In fact, they successfully escaped the valley and bolted as far away from there as they could.

"Holy crap, Mr. Goldstein! This is insane!" exclaimed Hayden after he slayed a cultivator with his saber.

With Seboxia's life force supporting the trio, they could ignore defense and focus on the offense.

Sadly, their opponents weren't chumps. There was no way they would stand there and allow the trio to eradicate them.

As the chase continued, the trio only killed a dozen cultivators, despite expending enormous energy.

On the mountaintop, they could survey their surrounding clearly. Countless cultivators were speeding toward them from below.

Fear crept into Jonathan's heart. With Seboxia around, I can handle dozens of people. I can even survive a skirmish against a hundred people. However, there's no way I can defeat hundreds or even thousands of cultivators this powerful. It's simply impossible.

"I'll cover you both!" Merilyn uttered coldly after stabbing her spear through a cultivator.

"You and Stellario saved my life. Besides, I'm not a hunter, nor am I an outsider. I can't murder the two of you to obtain the right to pass through Ascension Peak and survive. In other words, I'm dead either way, so I will use my life to protect you two." As she shouted, she dashed beyond the range of Seboxia's spell with her spear.

“No!” Jonathan grabbed Marilyn’s arm. “It’s not the time yet. There’s still a chance for us all to live.”

Without delay, he plunged his spiritual sense into his storage ring. A gigantic missile about a dozen meters tall was hidden in the deepest corner of the ring.

That was his last trump card. It was the ultimate weapon he had deposited in his storage ring after he was slapped away by the Divine Realm cultivator in West Region.

Initially, he planned to use the weapon against a Divine Realm cultivator. Although, he didn’t mind detonating it at that moment when it could wipe out hundreds of God Realm cultivators.

“Move aside! Let me through!” A familiar voice shouted in the distance.

The crowd turned to the origin of the voice and saw a figure zooming past them. Before they could react, the figure arrived before Jonathan.

“Stellario?” Marilyn was delighted.

“Told you he’s not dead.” Jonathan grinned before his expression shifted slightly. “Did you... God d*mn it, don’t tell me you caught the bug queen again.”

Stellario nodded excitedly and glimpsed behind him. “They move fast, so we should run now. Otherwise, we’ll be dead!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1257 -

Chapter 1257 Race

After saying his piece, Stellario darted forward.

Due to his unexpected interruption, the chaotic fight surrounding Jonathan and the others inexplicably came to a standstill.

Despite identifying Stellario as one of the bounties that were worth three coveted envoy positions, no one attempted to stop him.

The reason being the man appeared completely detached from the ongoing battle, showing no interest or involvement in the fight.

In other words, he was actually making his escape in an unnaturally smooth and effortless way.

After all, it was highly unusual for someone to voluntarily rush into this encirclement.

However, not only did Stellario charge in on his own, but he also chuckled and uttered a few words before running out again.

What was even more puzzling was the last sentence that he said, implying that staying put would mean facing certain death.

The crowd wondered what could push a guy to charge into a circle of over a hundred people. What could possibly be chasing after him that is even more terrifying than the present company?

Perched atop the mountain, a curious onlooker looked toward the direction in which Stellario was sprinting from.

All they could see were several figures swiftly approaching from the mountaintop.

It was evident that before his arrival, Stellario was being pursued by several God Realm cultivators.

However, the difference between a few individuals and a group of over a hundred people was glaringly obvious to anyone with even a modicum of intelligence.

As such, it didn't make sense for Stellario to flee from the few cultivators chasing him from behind when he showed no fear in the face of the current situation.

Among the crowd, it was Jonathan and Merilyn who were the quickest to react.

After all, they had personally witnessed the terror unleashed by those bugs on Mount Boisvista firsthand.

The moment Stellario darted away, the two swiftly turned on their heels and fled without hesitation.

Even Seboxia instinctively retreated into Jonathan's body, choosing not to get involved in the impending battle, for he knew that his presence was no longer necessary.

What Jonathan and his two companions needed to do at that moment was focus on finding a way to escape.

Meanwhile, Hayden, still oblivious to what was happening, found himself being hauled forward by Jonathan. He stumbled through the forest, his face stinging from the tree branches lashing at his face, causing him to yelp in pain.

He cursed, "What the h*ll? Mr. Goldstein, do put me down first. What is happening? What could possibly frighten you all like this?"

"Bugs," Jonathan responded, using his spiritual energy to guide Hayden and help him regain his footing. He then used strands of spiritual energy to pull the latter along as they continued their mad dash forward.

The local cultivators around them stood frozen in disbelief, unable to comprehend the reactions of Jonathan and his companions.

All four of them are running away in such synchronized movements that it seems as though they're being pursued by some demonic entity hell-bent on claiming their lives.

Although the crowd was baffled by their actions, they were determined not to let the group slip away so easily.

After all, the combined bounty on their heads could secure ten envoy positions. With such a golden opportunity right in front of them, they couldn't just stand by and watch them escape.

Thanks to Seboxia's spell, Jonathan and his companions effortlessly evaded the oncoming assault of blades and projectiles.

Meanwhile, ahead of them, Stellario could be heard cursing vehemently. "F*ck you all! Are you people out of your minds? Why are you still chasing after me? If we don't make a run for it, we'll be goners!"

Shielded by Seboxia's spell, Jonathan and his companions easily brushed off the attacks around them as they swiftly closed in on Stellario.

"Come on! Let's go!"

As he spoke, Jonathan hurled a magical item that tightly coiled around Stellario's waist. With a firm tug, he swiftly pulled the man toward him.

"You're as reliable as always, Jon!" Stellario exclaimed, his eyes fixed on the shimmering green specks of life force surrounding Jonathan. A wave of relief washed over him, for he knew that the Divine Realm deity residing within Jonathan had come to their aid.

The four of them broke through the blockade of local cultivators and swiftly made their way toward Ascension Peak.

As for those cultivators who had surrounded Jonathan and the others earlier, they were now left bewildered as they tried to keep up.

They couldn't comprehend the motivation behind Jonathan and his group's reckless sprint.

They didn't even fight with such tenacity when they were on the brink of death, surrounded by over a hundred assailants just moments ago. What could have happened to these outsiders in such a short period for them to act like this?

However, their confusion was swiftly replaced by terror as agonizing cries emanated from behind them. The local cultivators' faces fell, their expressions a mix of fear and shock.

When the crowd looked back, they witnessed a dark mist-like entity descending from the ridge, sweeping through the terrain with an ominous presence.

As the black mist swept over them, the affected cultivators began thrashing their arms frantically before collapsing on the ground in a matter of seconds.

"It's the hidden-wing insect!" a cultivator exclaimed in a terrified voice as he used his spiritual energy to restrain one of the small black bugs.

Hidden-wing insect...

Those three simple words were enough to send shivers down the spines of everyone present.

For the local cultivators in the small world, their activities were restricted to a specific area.

Although the small world boasted vast lands, the regions beyond the border villages, such as the Mountain Village, remained largely uncharted.

As for the seemingly expansive territories between the villages, they had long been thoroughly explored and mapped by cultivators.

Mount Boisvista, where the hidden-wing insect resided, was one of the few forbidden areas in the southern region of the small world where entry was strictly prohibited.

Despite their fearsome reputation, the hidden-wing insect has never ventured beyond the boundaries of Mount Boisvista. So how could they have made their way here? Moreover, judging by the current situation, it appears that these insects have already multiplied and formed a sizable population. Could it be that someone intentionally released them in the arena? But that's ridiculous, isn't it?

Even though the local cultivators found the whole thing hard to believe, the presence of these insects right before their eyes left them with no choice but to accept the truth.

While it might be true that each cultivator could easily crush one or two of these small insects without much effort, once they form a swarm, these hidden-wing insects would become an overwhelmingly terrifying presence.

With their sheer numbers, they could devastate and annihilate any living creature with ease.

At that moment, all the cultivators had the same thought flashing through their minds. We need to run!

A flurry of figures dashed up from the hillside, their movements filled with a sense of urgency as they raced toward the distance.

Meanwhile, the spectators in the arena stands were left utterly dumbfounded as they witnessed the chaos unfolding below.

Being an arena with a history veiled in mystery, the people only knew that the place existed in ancient tales and legends.

However, never before had anyone witnessed such astonishing events unfold within its hallowed grounds.

Without engaging in any battles or fights, over two hundred God Realm cultivators seemed to have gone mad, running frantically in all directions.

Is this an arena or a track meet? They're supposed to fight, not run like madmen.

As the events unfolded, Neil, the influential ruler of Outer City, wore an unsettling and enigmatic expression on his face as he watched from his seat in the highest section of the arena's grandstand.

"These outsiders sure know how to stir up troubles! If this continues, the arena will be completely ruined."

In front of Neil, thousands of holographic screens were displaying scenes from different areas of the arena.

Among these screens, dozens of them showed the presence of the hidden-wing insect.

As a result of losing their queen, the swarm of insects created by Stellario had already begun to divide and multiply.

The ones chasing after the cultivators were merely the largest cluster of insects.

As for the remaining insects that had separated from the main force, they started to multiply rapidly, spreading across the entire arena like a rampant tide.

The Legendary Man Chapter 1258 -

Chapter 1258 Reaching Ascension Peak

Neil gazed at the live footage in front of him with a slight headache.

He performed a hand seal and channeled streams of spiritual energy into the massive arcane array beneath his feet.

Subsequently, dazzling columns of light rose in the colossal arena. Those light pillars were used to isolate certain areas of the arena.

The formation of tens of such light pillars sealed off close to half of the arena, completely trapping all those hidden-wing insects within them.

Neil was concerned that he might miss out on some of the insects, so the area he sealed off was significantly more extensive than the parts where the hidden-wing insects were found. As a result, many cultivators were also trapped within the columns of light.

Those cultivators bumped into the invisible barrier and started pounding at them madly, desperate to escape.

However, there was no way the formation in the arena could be broken so easily by those cultivators.

The hidden-wing insects rushed over in a black swarm, resulting in the deaths of many people.

Those corpses would then serve as new breeding grounds, hatching more hidden-wing insects, adding more numbers to the colony.

The hidden-wing insects landed on the invisible barriers and incredulously started gnawing at them.

Neil couldn't help but sigh, staring at the countless small hidden-wing insects on the screens. "Fortunately, these things can't escape Mount Boisvista. Otherwise, not to mention the one hundred and eight villages, even Yannopolis will be wiped out by these insects."

He performed different hand seals and stomped forcefully on the formation beneath his feet.

Spiritual energy circulated within the formation before spiraling down into one corner.

Within the area, towering flames erupted in those areas sealed off by the barriers.

Jonathan turned to gaze behind him.

The group of hidden-wing insects pursuing them was the largest and covered the greatest expanse.

Hence, the isolation arcane array formed in the arena encompassed three small hills behind them.

Over a hundred cultivators trapped within the barriers were also sacrificed in the process.

The billowing blaze burned from the foot of the mountain all the way to the transparent formation dome atop the arena, turning everything within the isolation formation into ashes.

They could still feel the scorching temperature even as they stood several hundred meters away.

“Phew...” Hayden breathed a long sigh of relief.

“All those insects and people chasing after us are dead now. We can finally take a break.”

“Like h*ll we can!” Stellario snorted at Hayden. “Look behind us. There are still dozens of people in pursuit. If you slow down even a little, those people will catch up and kill you.”

Stellario and Hayden had no direct connection between them, but due to their special statuses, Stellario would help the Osborne family get rid of Hayden if they were to run into each other in the outside world.

That was the rule agreed upon among the eight respectable families. Once any member of their affiliated families turned against them, they would be hunted down by all eight respectable families.

Only such a united threat could deter those subsidiary families, rendering them obedient like trained dogs.

In fact, the eight respectable families did regard their subsidiary families as mere lowly beings.

Even though Jonathan was the only God Realm cultivator in Asura's Office previously, and the eight respectable families could've effortlessly wiped out Asura's Office, both parties never crossed paths.

Moreover, Asura's Office possessed weapons that posed a direct threat to the eight respectable families.

Another factor the eight respectable families didn't try to harm Asura's Office was because of Jonathan's charisma.

Putting aside their differences, Jonathan's capability to manage Asura's Office brilliantly within three years, turning it into a significant military power with influence encompassing the entire nation alone, deserved the eight respectable families' respect.

Hence, during their confrontation, representatives from the eight respectable families had always regarded Jonathan, Wilbur, Joshua, and even Karl, who managed only the Eastern Army, as equals.

As for cultivators like Hayden, regardless of how advanced his cultivation level was, as long as he didn't break through to Divine Realm, he would always remain a lowly being.

To Stellario, conversing with such a person as peers could even be considered an insult.

Naturally, Hayden fathomed Stellario's thoughts. He loaded his sniper rifle and sneered. "Stellario, the Zink family has now joined Asura's Office. If you wish to target us, you'll have to seek Mr. Goldstein's permission first."

Stellario turned to look at Jonathan.

At that moment, Jonathan also shifted his gaze onto Stellario.

The two remained silent, but both realized the war between Asura's Office and the eight respectable families was inevitable.

Once everyone left the small world, between Asura's Office and the eight respectable families, only one side could continue to exist.

"Mr. Goldstein, grab onto me!" Hayden uttered as he leaped into the air.

Jonathan wrapped his magical rope around Hayden's waist and sped forward like he was flying a kite.

In mid-air, Hayden aimed his rifle and pulled the trigger. The forceful recoil from the shot sent him flying sideways.

Behind them, a cultivator's chest exploded, and another was crippled.

After eliminating two cultivators with one bullet, Hayden landed and counted the casualties before nodding smugly at Stellario.

"Ha!" Stellario pointed ahead of them. "If I were you, I'd focus on the targets in front of us."

In front? Hayden turned to look ahead.

The four of them had sprinted all the way to the foot of Ascension Peak.

At first glance, Ascension Peak measured only about a few hundred meters tall.

However, dozens of figures gathered at the foot of the mountain.

They were the cultivators who had arrived early and were waiting below the mountain.

A spear was stuck to the ground before the group of cultivators, and the head of a blonde man with blue eyes was skewered at its tip.

That man was one of the eight foreigners.

Those native cultivators had obviously formed some kind of alliance. However, the heads of only a few people were definitely not sufficient to be divided among them.

How they would decide on the quotas would be a matter to be discussed later, but at that moment, those indigenous cultivators had joined forces.

"The rules mention that as long as one reaches the top of Ascension Peak, they'll earn the right to live, right?"

Stellario uttered through gritted teeth as he leaped up. Then, he performed a sequence of hand seals and spat out several black arrows at the people in front of him.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Those native cultivators effortlessly deflected those black arrows.

“Jonathan!” Stellario shouted at Jonathan.

“I’m coming!”

Jonathan’s countenance blurred. A green light shone as Seboxia’s face seemed to overlap with Jonathan’s.

As he took a step forward, ripples of emerald green life force spread outward, turning into fine threads that wrapped around the scattered black arrows.

“Revive!”