

The Legendary Man Chapter 1261

Chapter 1261 Stellario And His Tricks

Hayden fixated his gaze on Jonathan, who stood opposite him, appearing somewhat dazed.

After a considerable period of time, he couldn't resist the urge to give Jonathan a thumbs up, exclaiming, "D*mn! Mr. Goldstein, you guys are really something. You and Joshua are more cunning than the next. So, you staged this whole act just to have Stellario scout the path for you?"

Upon hearing those words, Jonathan raised his beer and promptly tilted his head back to take a long swig.

Such intricate plotting was definitely viewed as cunning if used on comrades or allies. However, when applied to others, it transformed into a strategic approach.

Furthermore, what Jonathan desired extended beyond just these things.

From the moment the beacon materialized above his head, Jonathan was acutely aware that the disheveled man who had attempted to recruit him the previous day, and who had transformed into an illusion to announce the rules today, likely possessed the means to monitor the entire arena.

Considering the circumstances surrounding the extermination of the hidden-wing insects through separate, controlled burns in various regions, it became evident that the disheveled man possessed not only the ability to monitor every area but also the freedom to manipulate changes in the entire formation at will.

The realization that his every action was under constant surveillance weighed heavily on him. The sensation of being both watched and manipulated was undeniably unsettling.

Most importantly, based on the man's attempt to recruit Jonathan the previous night, it was clear that despite his outwardly unbridled demeanor, this man always left Jonathan with the distinct impression that he was anything but ordinary.

To say the least, in comparison to the other aboriginal cultivators he had encountered, this man was undeniably far more dangerous.

Hence, he wanted to see what the man's reaction would be after realizing his disappearance.

At the same time, Stellario and Merilyn had reached the summit of Ascension Peak.

What lay before them was an immense square, measuring three hundred square meters in width.

Right at the center of the square, eight seals hovered in mid-air.

“Eight? That should be the qualification to leave this arena.” Stellario fixed his gaze on the seals in the distance and spoke in a low, resonant voice, but he refrained from venturing into the square.

That was because the square was populated with clusters of cultivators, some seated while others stood, scattered throughout. There were easily over a hundred of them.

These individuals had all arrived at the peak well in advance, gathering as cultivators with the sole purpose of anticipating the arrival of Jonathan and his companions.

“One hundred and thirteen people.”

Stellario nonchalantly consumed a few Spirit Rejuvenating Pills and let out a long, concerned sigh.

“The odds aren’t in our favor.”

Following his words, successive waves of spiritual energy swiftly coalesced above the square, gradually taking on the form of that disheveled man.

“Stellario Mallory, you truly live up to my expectations. You’re the first to arrive, and you’ve certainly made me quite a fortune,” remarked the disheveled man.

Stellario fixed his gaze upon the disheveled man, reaching for the small knife at his waist. He allowed a trickle of his own fresh blood to seep out and be absorbed by the blade.

“Did you orchestrate this grand spectacle?” As Stellario asked that question, he held the palm-sized black knife, and his fresh blood was swiftly absorbed by it, as though the blade were a sponge.

Following that, he assumed an unusual stance.

Nourished by the fresh blood, the small knife started to grow at a rapid pace. In a matter of moments, the once petite knife had metamorphosed into a saber nearly as tall as a person.

With the saber held before him, Stellario cast a cold and unyielding gaze upward at Neil, the disheveled man.

“What’s your name? I believe I should at least know who is responsible for subjecting me to such a harrowing near-death experience, shouldn’t I?” he asked.

“My name is Neil, the Grand Commander of the entire South Outer City of Yannopolis,” Neil said with a chuckle.

“Once you secure the seal in the center, you will inevitably encounter my true self, and you will also acquire the privilege for complete transcendence. Allow me to witness the genuine prowess of a legendary outlander. Spare no effort,” Neil declared.

Upon concluding his statement, he turned to address the aboriginal cultivators who stood behind him. “If you desire to attain the qualifications to become envoys, then eliminate him.”

Following that, his figure faded away.

The aboriginal cultivators, one after another, charged toward Stellario as if they had gone mad.

“Stand aside. A battle of this magnitude is far beyond your capabilities,” Stellario roared, then launched himself into the air with several jet-black, fur-covered claws bursting forth from his back.

With a swift slash of the saber in his hand, Stellario skillfully severed the weapon of a cultivator who stood before him.

The moment the two came face-to-face, one of the claws on Stellario’s back had already pierced through the cultivator’s throat.

“Attack!”

Stellario yelled, observing as the wriggling insects on the claw, guided by the path of fresh blood, burrowed their way into the cultivator’s throat.

He then pivoted and began to walk away, once more wielding his saber to deliver a slashing strike to the side.

“Stellario...”

Merilyn, standing behind Stellario, intended to lend a hand but was startled before she could even say a word.

Behind Stellario, the cultivator he had previously killed astonishingly staggered back to his feet.

Even though Merilyn was a God Realm cultivator, she was momentarily taken aback by the eerie sight of someone seemingly rising from the dead.

However, at this very moment, Stellario appeared oblivious to Marilyn's warning, simply focusing on advancing forward without so much as a glance backward.

More and more aboriginal cultivators across from them began to take notice of the anomaly occurring behind Stellario.

"Their lives should have already been extinguished! They should be dead!" someone shouted loudly.

Those who recognized the supposedly deceased individuals started to call out their names.

Nevertheless, regardless of how loudly they shouted, those who had risen from the dead appeared utterly unresponsive, akin to lifeless wood.

And in the midst of this bizarre scene, stood Stellario, who was at this moment gradually turning around, his body soaked in blood.

He was a cultivator who specialized in parasite utilization. Direct combat had never been his strong suit.

At this critical moment, confronted by an onslaught of dozens of adversaries, Stellario had engaged in only a few skirmishes. Despite managing to eliminate nearly twenty individuals consecutively by leveraging the deadly claws protruding from his back and the sharp saber in his grasp, he was already teetering on the brink of exhaustion.

Nevertheless, at this juncture, he remained at the edge of the arena, hardly having shifted an inch.

If Jonathan were present, given his capabilities, he likely would have secured the seal by this point.

For reasons he couldn't quite comprehend, Stellario found himself involuntarily thinking of Jonathan.

Realizing his own musings, Stellario erupted into hearty laughter.

"Now I know how Jonathan was capable of developing a massive force like Asura's Office in such a brief period. Undoubtedly, he possesses an indescribable personal charm," Stellario acknowledged as he laughed out loud, and in a swift motion, he flung a glass bottle with a backhanded throw.

"Marilyn, take the pills and keep your distance."

Merilyn seized the glass bottle without a moment's hesitation, shattered it, and promptly ingested the yellow pill contained within.

Stellario followed suit, swallowing the yellow pill. Upon doing so, his body started emanating tendrils of unusual spiritual energy.

“Parasitic Slaughter, Control Removal!”

While Stellario executed intricate hand seals, it seemed as though a certain form of constraint surrounding him had been unlocked.

The lifeless bodies that stood behind him, one after another, astonishingly exhibited a glimmer of vitality in their eyes.

However, anyone who dared to observe these seemingly reanimated corpses up close would discern, within the pupils of these lifeless eyes, semi-transparent minuscule entities ceaselessly coursing within.

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Chapter 1262 A Good Show

The moment vitality flickered within the eyes of the reanimated corpses behind him, a peculiar force abruptly rent Stellario's hands, disrupting the seals he was forming.

Among the cultivators of Chanaea, an inherent division existed between those aligned with righteousness and those drawn to darker paths. The Mallory family stood out as one of the most prominent factions straddling this line between the two.

The Mallory family didn't fall completely into either the realm of goodness or malevolence. While their techniques were undeniably perilous and ruthless, the Mallories had, over recent generations, adopted a considerably more restrained and reserved approach.

After all, the entirety of the social structure had evolved over millennia. However, there was a specific cause for why the Mallory family was driven into seclusion within Centum Mountain in Yorksland by the other respectable families.

Nonetheless, they were far from being malevolent. They never proactively sought to inflict harm upon others.

Countless individuals who unwittingly strayed into the Mallory family's territory found themselves unable to forget the experience long after departing. Some were so captivated that they even risked their lives to become a part of the family.

Furthermore, whenever someone found themselves embroiled in trouble, the Mallories always stepped in to help resolve the issue.

Consequently, throughout centuries, the public's opinions of the Mallory family had perpetually remained a blend of praise and criticism.

In an effort to maintain their standing, the Mallory family had consistently instilled discipline in their descendants, dissuading them from acting recklessly.

Nevertheless, the decision to refrain from rash actions was always a choice rather than an obligation.

As the major clans of Chanaea underwent changes in power, the boundaries of influence for the remaining prominent clans became more distinct. The Mallory family's large-scale endeavors also dwindled in frequency over time. Eventually, their presence became a rarity beyond the confines of Yorksland, but that didn't mean they'd given up on some important traditions that were passed down in the clan.

And now, Stellario was employing one of the most reviled techniques among the Mallory family's forbidden techniques—the Corpse Manipulation Technique.

A dozen or so afterimages streaked past Stellario's side. Those who had been previously deceased not only came back to life at this moment but also exhibited a swiftness that surpassed their prior capabilities.

While alive, humans' physical speed and agility are subject to numerous constraints, including factors like muscle strength, explosive power, and one's inherent endurance limit.

However, at this moment, these resurrected corpses were free from any pain or discomfort, entirely unburdened by concerns about whether their limbs could withstand the strain or not.

Although, at this velocity, it was highly probable that the muscles and bones of these reanimated corpses would be entirely torn asunder within a short duration, their current speed was more than sufficient under such circumstances and distance.

The cultivators surged toward the crowd at breakneck speed. Though their movements appeared disorganized, their velocity was simply too swift to be easily countered.

Screams of anguish reverberated in the surroundings, and before the aboriginal cultivators could react, they were successively assailed.

Merilyn arrived at Stellario's side.

“Stellario, these people...”

“They’ve been infested by corpseworms,” said Stellario, gritting his teeth. “Corpseworms exist in only two states: one being sealed, the other being awake,” Stellario explained.

“When the seal of these corpseworms is removed, they stimulate their host to seek sustenance, gathering the extensive energy required for their own reproduction. Those who are active become their new targets for parasitism.” Countless types of insects and beasts inhabited the small world, but Marilyn had never heard of such terrifying insects.

Upon hearing Stellario’s words, she immediately looked around nervously.

“If that’s the case, we...”

“We’re safe,” Stellario reassured her. “The fragrance emitted by that yellow pill is the very thing that corpseworms detest the most. It poses a significant threat to them, so they won’t target us.”

Stellario stepped forward with Marilyn in tow.

“Corpseworms are highly contagious,” he continued. “When a living individual is parasitized, their vitality is swiftly sapped, transforming the body into a breeding ground for the worms. If a corpse becomes infected, it results in what you’re seeing right now. The deceased are revived, and they rampage, attacking anything in their path.”

At this juncture, the peak of Ascension Peak was in a state of complete turmoil.

The contagion carried by the corpseworms was exceedingly potent. Even the most minor contact with these reanimated corpses could lead to the transmission of worm eggs.

Even in the absence of a lethal injury, those insect eggs would swiftly bore into the cultivators’ bodies and start absorbing nutrients.

Exterminating these corpseworms, while not exceptionally challenging, still demanded some degree of effort.

And amidst the distraction, those cultivators driven by the corpseworms would seize the opportunity to attack.

As this cycle persisted, approximately twenty to thirty cultivators found themselves transformed into new corpses in a brief span of time, causing the number of the undead to swell once more.

Meanwhile, the cultivators in the rear, uncertain about the fate that had befallen their comrades, hesitated to advance. They opted to expend their spiritual energy by casting spells to combat the reanimated corpses instead. At that precise moment, on a narrow path from the other side, a stout man, panting heavily, ascended to the summit of Ascension Peak and entered the arena.

Due to Stellario's tricks and the chaos he had incited among the aborigines, the flustered victims only spared the burly man a brief glance before they stopped paying him any attention.

Some even shouted at the burly man, asking him for help.

At this moment, the burly man was also vigorously waving his hand in their direction.

As the burly man arrived at the square's center, he heaved a sigh of relief. Then, with a swift leap, he snatched one of the seals from mid-air.

His action stunned everyone present.

These seals were specifically prepared for eight outlanders and were not something they could touch at all.

Before Stellario and his group arrived, some among them had been unable to resist the temptation to touch the seals. However, the moment they made contact, they were promptly repelled by the formation, catapulted a considerable distance, and tumbled down Ascension Peak.

Since that incident, no one had dared to covet those seals. Surprisingly, this burly man managed to effortlessly grasp one in his hand.

"What in the world?" someone questioned aloud.

"What?" The burly man holding the seal spoke indifferently. "Nothing to see here. I can survive now."

As the burly man spoke, an astonishing transformation overtook him. The flesh on his face started peeling off relentlessly, with sizable chunks dropping incessantly.

What was revealed behind the flesh was not the sinews and bones of a burly man, but a face smeared with blood.

The man let out a long sigh of relief. "I thought it would be difficult, but turns out, all it takes is a simple disguise to get the seal, haha..."

The bloody figure was still continuously shedding pieces of flesh from its body.

Meanwhile, Stellario also recognized the woman who took on the form of the burly man.

It was Kathleen, the only woman among the eight outlanders in this arena.

She was a woman of charm, but her act of killing someone then peeling off their skin and attaching it to herself as a disguise was rather nauseating.

An aboriginal cultivator lunged at Kathleen with a knife, but before he could reach her, a protective shield materialized, thwarting the cultivator's weapon.

Kathleen waved the seal in her hand, and surprisingly summoned a large bucket of water to start washing off the blood stains on her body.

"Go ahead and continue your fight. I'm quite enjoying the spectacle."

Kathleen, only in her underwear, casually watched the drama unfold, showing no intention of lending a hand.

Stellario merely chuckled.

"All right. Today, I'll give you a good show!"

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Chapter 1263 Without Warning

As Stellario spoke, his hands were busy forming new hand seals.

Necromancy and Pestilex inherently subverted the natural order. Upon release, it would initially harm the user and subsequently bring death to others.

As Stellario cast his spell, it felt as though an external force was attempting to force his hands apart.

Even the areas where his hands made contact unexpectedly emitted an unceasing plume of blue smoke, tinged with a faint scent of meat, generating an extraordinarily horrifying spectacle.

Kathleen stood at the center of the square platform, appearing nonchalant as she wiped her body clean. However, her gaze remained steadfastly fixed on Stellario.

Among the eight respectable families, the two most mysterious ones were the Gray family and the Mallory family.

These two prominent families seldom showed themselves. Aside from the decade-old siege against the Whitley family, the surviving members of the six respectable families had scarcely witnessed the disciples of these two families engage in action.

Despite their current predicament of being trapped within this enclosed realm with no means of escape, they all recognized that, regardless of the vastness of this small world, their true battleground was beyond its confines.

The war between Asura's Office and the eight respectable families was inevitable, but once they stepped out of this small world, Asura's Office would not be their only enemy.

The alliance among the eight esteemed families was far from being genuinely reliable.

The evolution of respectable families in Chanaea commenced over two millennia ago, boasting an unbroken lineage that extended back for hundreds of years before that.

As time progressed, however, three hundred years ago, only nine families persisted, one of which was the Whitley family, comprising fifteen branches in total.

And presently, the Whitley family, which had once controlled half of the expansive Chanaea territory, had been utterly eradicated.

Phoebus Sect of Summerbank, once an immortal lineage, had also undergone a profound transformation, reduced to a mere husk reliant on offerings and donations for survival.

When the small world opened, only six of the formerly fifteen secret sects showed up. Furthermore, the strength and number of the cultivators they deployed were not even as formidable as those of the eight respectable families.

Every factor was proclaiming to the world that the evolution of Chanaea's entire cultivation realm had deviated onto a weird, deformed crossroad.

The opening of the small world would signify a momentous turning point.

All the eight respectable families were thinking about seizing this opportunity to complete the final reshuffling.

At this juncture, any alliances or unions appeared exceedingly fragile when confronted with the entirety of Chanaea.

Meanwhile, Kathleen wished nothing more than to strip Stellario bare and thoroughly examine the trump card of this prodigy in whom the Mallory family had placed such high hopes.

By doing so, in the event of wars in the future, she would be able to employ a strategy of single-point attack to suppress the Mallory family on a broad scale.

Stellario's face reddened as he found himself facing dozens of God Realm cultivators, his hands already charred.

His forceful spellcasting was exceptionally potent. The reanimated corpses had now utterly relinquished their sanity, each one madly attacking their former comrades.

While the corpses grew even more frenetic, the remaining aboriginal cultivators had managed to shake off their initial panic. They began deploying long-range spells one after another to keep the rampaging undead at bay.

"There are insects within these corpses! Expand your spiritual fields to protect yourselves!" Finally, someone had discerned the flaw in the Corpse Manipulation Technique. While the concept of controlling the deceased may have appeared novel to the aboriginal cultivators, there was always a method to fathom the intricacies of any spell.

Upon hearing that instruction, the rest of the aboriginal cultivators began to unleash their spiritual field one after another.

Successive layers of spiritual shields unfurled, effectively barricading the parasites from entering. Within the spiritual field, which could be seen as an extension of their bodies, everyone finally got a sense of what these parasites looked like.

However, at this very moment, a cruel smile crept up Stellario's lips.

"The legacy of the Mallory family cannot be countered by a mere shield. Destroy!" Following Stellario's command, those under the influence of the corpseworms all leaped high above the crowd's heads.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With each muffled noise, the bodies exploded one by one in mid-air.

In an instant, it was as if a shower of blood had cascaded upon the square platform at the summit of Ascension Peak.

Under the protection of the seal, Kathleen stared blankly as pieces of flesh continued to fall from above.

How could these bodies self-destruct when they don't even have a shred of spiritual energy? Stellario is controlling those bugs to self-destruct, causing the corpses to explode. But these bugs can't penetrate the spiritual fields of these people at all. What is the point of doing this?

To her surprise, moments later, the aboriginal cultivators began grimacing, as

though they were in severe agony.

“The blood can contaminate our spiritual energy! Quick! Retract the force field!” someone shouted out before sealing their own acupoints and continuously consuming magical herbs to protect themselves.

However, it was too late.

One after another, the aboriginal cultivators collapsed. Stellario’s hands trembled slightly, and tiny insects suddenly materialized around the scorched skin of his palms, a result of the spell’s backlash.

The tiny insects voraciously gnawed on Stellario’s hands, completely consuming all the charred, numb areas.

Subsequently, they surged upward like a stream, morphing into a black substance resembling a glove, which encased and shielded Stellario’s hands.

“Stellario...”

On the side, Marilyn was gasping heavily, pointing at her own throat.

Stellario tossed a black pill into her mouth.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let you die.”

He then turned his head to look at Kathleen in the center of the square platform before promptly extracting the black blade from the ground and walking toward her.

“We’re allies, yet all you did was stand here watching me fight. You’re not very reliable,” he said.

Kathleen had finished cleaning herself by then. The blood on her body was thoroughly cleared off, once again revealing her fair skin.

Clad in a silk nightgown, Kathleen unabashedly displayed her stunning figure.

“What are you talking about, Stellario? You’re still perfectly fine even though I didn’t help you, right? But I am genuinely curious about how many cultivation methods your family possesses. I’m not going to take orders from you without something in exchange. Let’s find somewhere quiet to have a good chat.

What do you say?” As Kathleen spoke, her body was almost pressed up intimately against Stellario’s.

Despite so, Stellario could sense that, although Kathleen appeared unrestrained, she was actually keeping a good distance from him.

The material of the nightgown she wore, in particular, was unquestionably exceptional. If he attempted to make a move on Kathleen, he would likely fail.

The trust that had been established among the Henderson, Leeson, and Mallory families had always existed in an unstable balance. Now, this single small world was enough to completely shatter that trust.

“Kathleen, once we get out of here, let’s find ourselves a large room with a king-sized bed by the sea. Then, I’ll tell you everything. I’m just afraid you won’t be able to handle the truth after hearing it!”

Laughing sinisterly, Stellario leaped forward, reaching out to grab one of the

seals, but at that precise moment, a spear thrust out without warning from behind him, piercing directly through his lower abdomen. Kathleen stared expressionlessly at the person who had made a move. The person was none other than Meryllyn.

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Chapter 1264 Whitley

“Ah!”

Accompanied by an agonized scream, Stellario heavily crashed onto the platform.

The elixir field was the foundation of a cultivator. At that moment, Stellario’s elixir field had been pierced by a long spear, and the spiritual energy within his body was rapidly dissipating.

Just now, Stellario single-handedly faced over a hundred aboriginal cultivators and managed to slay them all using his spells. Such a feat could indeed be described as earth-shattering and unparalleled.

A significant depletion of spiritual energy had left Stellario, who was already at the end of his tether, even more drained.

At that point, having suffered such a heavy blow, he no longer had any strength left to resist.

He lay on the ground and watched the dark red blood slowly seeping out of him.

There was nothing but despair in Stellario’s eyes.

“Why...”

Watching the bare feet that had walked up to him, Stellario’s voice was almost trembling.

Ever since he entered the arena, he had faced life and death several times. Now, the seal was just about ten meters above him, but he would never have the chance to get it.

The person who stepped forward was none other than the kind-hearted Meryllyn.

He didn’t understand why that was happening. “You saved me, but I also protected you. I don’t understand. I am truly sincere toward you. Why must

you act this way.”

Upon hearing that, Marilyn slowly crouched down and then took the black dagger, which represented the Mallory family’s legacy, from Stellario’s book.

“As the descendant of the Great Sorcerer, there should be more to your abilities than this. Perhaps the Divine Realm cultivators in the Mallory family might have inherited some genuine legacy.”

Stellario, using poisonous insects and deadly toxins, managed to incapacitate over a hundred people in a short period.

Such an achievement, whether in the small world or outside, was enough to be recorded in the annals of the cultivation world.

Despite such a track record, at that moment, it was merely referred to as a trivial accomplishment by Marilyn.

Not to mention Stellario, even Kathleen was completely dumbfounded at that moment. How could a girl from such a small world utter words like these?

Besides, she’s just an advanced phase God Realm cultivator. Moreover, if it hadn’t been for Stellario just now, Marilyn might not have even survived. What on earth is going on with this woman?

“You’re not Marilyn...”

“Seboxia!” Stellario roared in anger, while Kathleen, upon hearing the name of Seboxia, instantly leaped backward, creating a distance of several tens of meters between her and Marilyn.

The eight respectable families had long begun investigating the origin of Jonathan’s extraordinary combat power. Increasingly, the evidence pointed to the possibility of an old monster residing within him.

Especially on the previous Battle of River Onxy, the fierce battle between Jonathan and Quintus against Ivanov further confirmed that speculation.

With so many spies from the eight families within the Eastern Allied Army, identifying Seboxia’s identity wasn’t too difficult.

Especially since Seboxia’s identity was legendary. He was the powerful figure who established Seboxiasm, the world’s largest religion.

Someone who should have died sixteen hundred years ago suddenly reappeared and was now attached to Jonathan. Naturally, that would draw everyone’s attention.

How could such a person not instill fear in Kathleen?

Marilyn looked at Stellario on the ground, her gaze as calm as ever.

With her hands clasped together in front of her chest, Marilyn finally uttered those classic words once again.

“You are wise, Mr. Mallory, but sadly, our karmic connection has come to an end. I will now help you transcend, guiding you toward rebirth in the ultimate bliss.” Seboxia spoke, raising his hand and swiftly striking toward Stellario’s head.

Kathleen stood at a distance, not daring to step forward. All she could do was watch Stellario meet his tragic end.

At that point, Stellario also chose to accept his fate.

The path of a cultivator must eventually come to an end. It was just that for him, Stellario, that small world was his final destination.

A surge of spiritual pressure descended, and Stellario closed his eyes without putting up any struggle.

The pain he had anticipated did not come. Stellario opened his eyes, only to find a seal had fallen in front of him, blocking Seboxia's attack.

And behind Seboxia, the man who called himself Neil had appeared once again.

"An expert who can utilize the spiritual energy form is rare." With a cheerful grin, Neil strolled over to Stellario. With a light tap in the air, the seal in front of Stellario fell into the latter's hand.

"I like your performance. You can live on." Neil spoke to Stellario in a casual manner as if discussing something of little importance.

Neil, the Grand Commander of Yannopolis' South Outer City, was the actual person in charge of the entire Outer City.

At that place, he was the "God" who ruled over everything.

Neil stood up and looked at Seboxia. "I am quite fond of this little girl. Would it be possible to spare her life?"

Seboxia's Spirit Possession Technique was incredibly domineering. When using Jonathan's body, he needed to negotiate with the latter out of fear that it might harm Jonathan's Anima.

However, occupying Marilyn's body, Seboxia clearly didn't have the patience to give him a heads-up in advance.

Looking at Neil, Seboxia gave a slight smile.

Then, he took a step forward, and a figure emerged from Marilyn's body. The man held spiritual beads and was draped in a white robe, radiating a jade-green glow.

Marilyn fell to the ground as if on cue while Seboxia stood by, lightly stomping the ground with his foot.

"You've watched enough of the show. It's time for you to step on stage." As Seboxia spoke, the few people lowered their heads to look at the ground beneath their feet.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A series of cracking sound rang out.

Boom!

With a booming sound, Jonathan and Hayden sprang out from beneath the square platform, landing steadily beside Seboxia.

"You guys..."

Stellario was momentarily taken aback as he gazed at the spirited duo but quickly understood the ins and outs of the situation.

“Ha! Jonathan, you sure are cunning!”

“Don’t say it like that,” Jonathan said, looking at Stellario, whose cultivation was ruined, and waved his hand. “I really did block the pursuers for you at that time. It was you who chose to abandon me, wasn’t it?”

Upon hearing that, Stellario let out a cold laugh but chose not to argue further. Meanwhile, Jonathan’s gaze fell upon Seboxia.

“Hey, Seboxia, didn’t we agree? We’ll sound out his true intentions before I show up to wrap things up. You’ve exposed yourself now, making things difficult for me.”

Seboxia, on the other hand, was unfazed. “We can’t sound anything out. His current appearance is just a transfiguration in this arcane array. Even I pose no threat to his existence.”

That was the first time Jonathan heard Seboxia admit that he was at his wit’s end.

Looking at Neil, Jonathan wore a face full of curiosity. “I really want to know, what exactly are you planning? What is it about Stellario and me that you are interested in?”

As Jonathan spoke, he lightly leaped up, picked up a seal, and then handed it over to Neil. “We’ve been given a chance to survive. Isn’t it time you revealed your true intentions?”

Neil took Jonathan’s seal in his hand and immediately turned to Stellario with a hearty laugh.

“I’m not killing you because someone is interested in you. That person’s family name is Whitley.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1265

Chapter 1265 Meeting Joshua Again

“The surname is Whitley?”

Upon hearing this, Hayden could not help but exclaim in surprise.

“I knew that Joshua...”

As Hayden was speaking, he was abruptly silenced by an unseen force.

Looking up, he saw Neil across from him, his gaze as cold as ice, seemingly ready to strike at any moment.

“You’re out of line. Should you dare to spout nonsense again, I’ll kill you now.”

The initially cheerful Neil seemed like a completely different person at this very moment, his whole body exuding an aura of murderous intent.

This sudden change truly gave Hayden quite a scare.

Seeing that Hayden and the others had fallen silent, Neil lightly tapped his

foot, and the shattered parts on the square platform surprisingly restored themselves after a moment of shaking and blurring.

Then, a series of flickering formation markings continuously lit up on the ground, gradually converging into a massive arcane array.

“These individuals have emerged victorious in this competition by securing the seals. For the remaining two outlanders, the rules of survival remain unchanged. As for the rest, if you wish to become envoys of Yannopolis, proceed with the previous rules. I will return in a day to collect those who succeed. This time, we only need fifty people!”

As Neil’s words fell, a flash of white light appeared before Jonathan and the others, then vanished at the summit of Ascension Peak.

On top of the towering mountain, a radiant white array of light was in full effect.

Several figures appeared. It was Jonathan and his group.

Over the past few days, Jonathan had been using the portal formation a bit too frequently. By now, he had thoroughly adapted to the discomfort of spatial transformation.

Even while teleporting, Jonathan still had the leisure to observe the formation markings of the portal formation under his feet.

“Outside the teleportation circle, there’s a trap formation, a killing formation, and an illusion formation layered above each other. You sure are careful,” Jonathan remarked with a chuckle while cross-referencing the formations in the ancient books.

He gazed around and looked slightly surprised as he saw beyond the extending peaks.

“I thought you were going to send us back to the dungeon,” he commented, chuckling lightly.

“I’ve told you. I have a friend who is interested in you,” Neil said lightly. Immediately after, he waved his hand, using his spiritual energy to guide Marilyn and Stellario forward.

Seboxia had already returned to Jonathan’s body. He, Hayden, and Kathleen started down the mountain following Neil’s footsteps.

Along the way, they passed by innumerable formations.

Is this even a mountain anymore? This is clearly hell!

Even with Neil leading the way, the three people behind him trod carefully, fearing that one wrong step could lead them into an irretrievable disaster.

“Mr. Goldstein, when he mentioned someone surnamed Whitley, do you think he was referring to Joshua?” Hayden carefully asked as he trailed behind Jonathan.

“I think so,” the latter replied while staring at Neil’s back.

“Only this can we explain why they showed us mercy. But what I can’t figure out is why Joshua spared Stellario. Logically speaking, he should want to kill Stellario.”

Jonathan and Hayden felt completely relieved upon hearing Neil mention that he had a friend with the surname Whitley.

The possibility of the person behind this not being Joshua was simply too low, given that they could still hear this surname across two worlds, and that person had Neil spare Jonathan and the others.

Compared to the relief of the two, Kathleen, who was following behind, felt much more grim.

Unlike the others before her, she earned her qualifications through her own merit in the arena.

For her, it would be better to fall into the hands of the aboriginal cultivators than to confront Joshua.

After all, if Neil, who set the competition rules, did so out of personal will, then his decision to keep her must serve a purpose.

Even if he coveted her beauty, it was still a form of value.

In the realm of the cultivators, being valuable meant one could live.

Now that the person likely behind all this could be Joshua, how could she not panic?

The eight respectable families conspired to wipe out the Whitley family back then, slaughtering over thirty thousand people. Joshua had endured such a deep-seated hatred for ten years to seek an opportunity for vengeance, and Kathleen’s only value to Joshua was to vent his anger!

This was from a public standpoint. As for the private... When Joshua was in Yaleview acting as a pawn for the eight respectable families, they used countless methods to test the depth of his abilities.

Kathleen herself went to great lengths to humiliate Joshua.

Based on that past incident, if Kathleen were in his place, she would kill her. It was clear the extent she had driven him to, and now, she could only reap what she had sown.

After trekking for about ten minutes through the terrifying mountain path filled with formations, they finally spotted a uniquely designed courtyard in the distance, located halfway up the mountain.

Neil quickened his pace before leaping up and vaulting over the high wall of the small courtyard in a single bound.

Following closely behind, Jonathan was a beat slower. However, he did not even glance at the wide-open door. Instead, he leaped into the courtyard right after Neil.

Even his figure and trajectory were identical to that of Neil in mid-air, demonstrating an extreme level of caution.

Neil stood in the courtyard and cast an amused glance at Jonathan, who landed behind him.

“You really are as cautious as Joshua said you were.”

As Neil spoke, he waved his hand, pushing Stellario and the unconscious Meryl to the side.

“Help stabilize their injuries. I want them alive.”

Two figures emerged from the nearby thatched house and caught the pair before entering the house once more.

Neil looked at Jonathan. Then, he extended his hand toward the main house ahead.

“Joshua is inside. Go ahead.”

Upon hearing this, Hayden was about to go in, but he was stopped by Jonathan’s outstretched hand.

“Let me do it.”

The latter took a deep breath and then, without any hesitation, walked toward the thatched house.

At this stage, it’s meaningless to doubt Neil as long as he isn’t a psycho. If he seeks to kill me, he’ll surely do it in the arena. There’s absolutely no need to go through all this trouble to lure me and others here.

With a forceful push, Jonathan opened the wooden door and intently gazed inside the house.

After guessing it was Joshua, Jonathan had imagined many scenarios of their reunion, but never had he thought it would be like this.

In the spot directly facing the door, a small tree swaying with fiery red leaves was now on the verge of withering.

Beneath that small tree lay a man missing an arm and a leg, his body covered in herbal poultices. It was none other than Joshua.

Seboxia suddenly appeared beside Jonathan.

“I can’t believe this person is still alive despite sustaining such severe injuries. He possesses immense luck and a great destiny.”

“Save him,” Jonathan said lightly.

“He is the main key to completely unraveling the mystery of this small world.”

Upon hearing this, Seboxia pressed his palms together and looked toward Neil outside.

“Mr. Goldstein, saving him isn’t difficult for me, but I want this Flaming Tree.”

Neil glanced at the nearly withered small tree in the room about half a person tall. After a moment of thought, he gave a slight nod.

“As long as you can save Joshua, even ten trees wouldn’t be an issue, let alone one.”