

The Legendary Man Chapter 1266

Chapter 1266 The Capabilities Of Neil Ten?

Jonathan turned his head to look at Neil behind him.

Flaming Tree was a divine tree capable of reviving the dead and healing the gravest of injuries. If there really were ten of them, then Joshua's current injuries would be nothing. Even if his injuries were more severe, it wouldn't be a problem.

Seboxia probably wanted it to harness the pure life force within it.

However, Flaming Tree held more importance to Jonathan.

Back in Summerbank, Jonathan acquired Summerbank Abyss' formation plate after eliminating Vladimir and his disciple.

But within the Summerbank Abyss, Flaming Tree, one of the formation foundations of the Four Symbols Formation trapping the ancient beast, Joselle, had withered entirely due to the excessive exploitation by Vladimir and the others.

In other words, the Four Symbols Formation was missing a formation foundation. Although it could temporarily seal Joselle, it was not as sturdy as it used to be.

If it weren't for the eerie white fog outside, she would likely have gotten out a long time ago.

At present, although she was still trapped, Jonathan knew that as long as she was given time, she would undoubtedly be able to shake the unstable formation foundation and free herself.

The only solution was to find another Flaming Tree to supplement the formation foundation of the Four Symbols Formation.

The formation was already in place. It was merely a matter of replacing one of the formation foundations, and it should be quite an easy task.

The tricky part of the matter lay in the Flaming Tree itself.

It was a rare treasure of the universe. Even in ancient times, it was an incredibly precious thing.

With it being a miraculous healing elixir capable of reviving the dead, the moment all cultivators laid eyes on Flaming Tree, they couldn't help but yearn to extract every drop of its juice.

They would never allow such a unique tree to go untouched.

All along, Jonathan had always believed that it was an impossible task to accomplish.

But upon seeing signs of Flaming Tree again in that small world presently, Jonathan was inexorably shocked inwardly.

While Seboxia was skeptical about Neil's claim, he did not hesitate but turned around and entered the thatched house to start treating Joshua's injuries.

Meanwhile, Jonathan walked over to Neil.

"Were you serious about having ten Flaming Trees, Buddy?"

Neil settled into the rocking chair beside him, stretching languidly before lying down on it.

Eyeing Jonathan and the others, he took off the hip flask at his waist and poured the liquor into his mouth.

"Why would I lie to you all?"

Despite his nonchalant demeanor, Jonathan wasn't annoyed.

Instead, he sat on a nearby bluestone and chuckled softly.

"I just don't understand it. Even if you had just one Flaming Tree, it would be enough to heal Joshua. But all there's in the house right now is mere saplings. What you said doesn't matter much, but that bald guy inside is not someone to mess with. If he heals Joshua but doesn't see the ten Flaming Trees you mentioned, it might be difficult for you to explain things to him."

Neil wiped the liquor from the corner of his mouth, the look in his eyes as he stared at Jonathan gradually turning icy cold.

"As I said earlier, why should I explain myself to you? He's just a Divine Realm cultivator. In this small world, none of us can connect with Heavenly Pryncyp. We're all the same here. Why would I owe him any explanation?"

His words had Jonathan stiffen slightly.

At the same time, the look in his eyes as he studied Neil also carried a trace of wariness.

Back when Stellario and Neil had a duel in the underground dungeon in Outer City, the latter wiped the floor with the former.

Both Jonathan and Stellario assumed that it was due to the suppression of the formation in Outer City.

But from the look of things then, that was seemingly not the case.

The fact that the man standing before them could casually speak of Seboxia's Divine Realm cultivation and not take it seriously at all made it clear that he definitely had the capability to back it up.

Most surprisingly, he was clearly aware that the world he was in was within a small world.

Judging from his expression, there wasn't the slightest hint of surprise on his face either. It was as though he had known it all along.

Hmm, how could he behave thus? Even if he learned about the truth from Joshua, he shouldn't be this calm and composed.

As Jonathan scrutinized the man before him, his guard heightened even more.

From the moment he appeared, he has been acting in such an unpredictable manner that he's almost impossible to figure out. Who exactly is he?

At that precise moment, a trembling shriek rang out from within the thatched house.

Jonathan turned and saw a burst of vibrant green life force from the thatched house. The green glow flickered slightly before everything returned to its usual tranquility again.

"Where... Where am I?"

Joshua's voice came from inside the house.

At the entrance of the thatched house, Seboxia had already emerged, clutching the completely withered Flaming Tree sapling.

"This one doesn't count," Seboxia said, casually tossing the sapling to Neil.

While treating Joshua earlier, he casually devoured Flaming Tree in an instant. Right then, he tossed the waste onto the ground. It swiftly turned into dust and scattered with the wind.

"I want the ten Flaming Trees right now."

With a hearty laugh, Seboxia walked over to Neil and voiced that demand.

Neil looked up at Seboxia before bursting into hearty laughter and shaking his head.

"I don't have them right now."

"Our meeting in this small world is indeed fateful. It would be best not to make such a joke haphazardly."

Seboxia clasped his hands together, his entire person radiating an unusual sense of humility. However, Jonathan turned to look at Hayden upon seeing that. Almost in concert, both of them reached into their storage rings.

Neil was something else. Even after learning about Seboxia's cultivation level, he remained fearless and confident. As such, he was definitely no easy prey.

Moreover, Seboxia's current state indicated that he was about to make a move.

Even though Neil had saved them, Jonathan was still more inclined to trust those he had formed an alliance with outside of the small world.

Perhaps Neil was an exceedingly important figure, but if the man threatened their lives, he would not hesitate to kill him.

"Thinking of starting a fight?" Neil asked coldly, his eyes fixed on Seboxia and the others.

"You're merely courting death!"

Crack!

The rocking chair under Neil shattered with a loud crack.

At the same time, Hayden swung his saber at the broken rocking chair.

Jonathan, on the other hand, slashed backward with Heaven Sword in hand, treating the long sword like a saber.

Seboxia, who was between them both, was the most direct. As he stood in place, two arms suddenly emerged from his back and clenched into fists.

Without any warning, he threw two punches behind him.

It was precisely when those two punches shot out that Neil's figure appeared right behind him.

At that moment, the reactions of Jonathan and the others clearly showcased the gap in capabilities.

Bang!

With a muffled thud, Neil was sent flying.

He smashed right the thatched house where Joshua currently inhabited.

The gleam of a blade swiped at him, and the shadow of a sword flashed by.

Hayden's and Jonathan's attacks both missed by a hair's breadth.

As Neil tumbled through the air, figures clad in animal skins leaped into the courtyard from outside and joined the trio.

Jonathan turned and looked around. In the small courtyard, dozens of cultivators came into sight, and many others materialized on the hillside in the distance.

Casting his eyes as far as he could see, he saw a great crowd of no less than hundreds of people.

The Legendary Man Chapter 1267

Chapter 1267 The Promise Of Two Thousand Years

"We're all on the same side here. Let's call it quits." Just as the crowd in the courtyard started getting hostile at one another, a hoarse voice echoed from within the thatched house.

"Joshua!" Hayden exclaimed excitedly.

Instantly, everyone turned and stared at the entrance of the thatched house where a figure slowly emerged. It was none other than Joshua.

Joshua's left arm and right leg appeared extremely delicate and tender. They had just regrown, thanks to the life force within him. His skin was as smooth as that of a newborn baby.

He walked toward Jonathan and the others. Afterward, he thrust his upper abdomen and, to everyone's surprise, his face turned red as he spat out a storage ring from his mouth.

Joshua reached out to receive the ring, not minding if it was dirty, and casually slipped it onto his own finger.

"Seboxia, thank you for saving my life." While speaking, Joshua clasped his hands and bowed deeply before Seboxia.

It was a grand gesture second only to kneeling in the world of cultivators.

Jonathan then looked in the direction of the thatched house. Right then, Neil was coming out of the house, holding a long halberd that was entirely bright red.

Neil spat out fresh blood from his mouth, his eyes filled with murderous intent.

"So this is the power of Divine Realm? It's clearly more powerful than God Realm."

As Neil spoke, he held his halberd horizontally in front of him, his spiritual energy fluctuating, indicating he was ready to strike at any moment.

With weapons in their hands, Hayden and Jonathan kept their guards up.

Meanwhile, Seboxia, who was standing in the middle, flashed a smile at Neil.

"Mr. Whitley, you still owe me ten Flaming Trees, yet you carry on with such an attitude. This isn't right."

Joshua stood up and turned his head to look at Neil, who was behind him, and then cast a glance at Jonathan.

"Flaming Tree?"

"This one." Jonathan pointed at the dark brown pieces on the ground and said, "Neil agreed to give Seboxia ten Flaming Trees to save you."

"Ten?"

Joshua turned and stared at Neil, his lips twitching.

The Flaming Tree is an invaluable elixir known for its ability to revive the dead, and Neil had just promised to give away ten of these precious treasures! What madness is this?

“No worries. You guys don’t actually have any of it. It’s all just empty promises. He won’t be able to compensate much anyway,” Jonathan chuckled.

At that moment, Joshua shook his head. His expression was dead serious.

“No, Jonathan. You’re wrong. We do have it.”

Upon hearing Joshua’s words, Jonathan was taken aback. At that moment, a glint of shrewdness flashed across Seboxia’s eyes, which usually appeared placid.

“Where is it now?” Seboxia asked the two softly.

He waved at Neil, signaling him to put down the weapon in his hand.

“Neil, you’re not familiar with what’s going on. If we want to reclaim Yannopolis, these people will be our greatest allies. We shouldn’t rush into using force.”

Neil looked at Jonathan and his companions for a long time before withdrawing his murderous intent and returning to his usual calm demeanor.

“Alright, we won’t fight if that’s your decision. I’ll respect it.”

Neil waved his hand, and the cultivators surrounding them one by one leapt up and disappeared into thin air.

Meanwhile, Neil retrieved a recliner from his storage ring and reclined on it leisurely.

“As much as I respect you, you still need to keep them in check. If they dare to brandish their weapons, I won’t let them off so easily.”

“You—”

Upon seeing how Neil blatantly disregarded them, Hayden became so angry that he wanted to confront the former right away, but Joshua stopped him.

“Hayden, we’re all on the same team. There’s no need for this.”

Hayden looked at Neil icily and made a targeting gesture at him. The latter chuckled as he casually raised his hip flask at Hayden.

His arrogance instantly ignited Hayden's rage.

"Darn it! Who do you think you are?"

Hayden was on the verge of striking Neil with his saber, but once again, Joshua intervened, preventing the attack.

"He has his uses to all of you too. Starting a fight now won't benefit you."

From the very beginning, the Zink family had pinned their hopes on Joshua. He was Hayden's initial choice to follow.

Even though Hayden was seething with anger at that moment, he still managed to restrain himself in front of Joshua.

Joshua cast a deep glance at Kathleen, who had been standing by the side all along. He then casually tossed out a few wooden boxes, offering them as makeshift seats for everyone to sit down.

A few of them who were battling in the arena were experiencing immense exhaustion.

After settling into their seats and confirming that everyone was safe, they began to take food out from the storage ring to replenish themselves.

Without any hesitation, Joshua asked Jonathan for two large pieces of smoked meat.

"I know you must have a lot of questions right now. Go ahead and ask. I promise to tell you everything I know," Joshua said in a cold tone while chewing on the smoked meat.

This fellow has indeed held back information from me. Jonathan thought as he looked at Joshua, who was sitting across from him.

He and Hayden had inquired about the situation within the small world, but to their surprise, Joshua was just as clueless as they were. He knew nothing when they asked.

"Sure. Since you want to share, we won't stop you. Let's talk about it and everything in the small world. By the way, is your last name White?"

The question asked by Jonathan was rather vague, but Joshua understood it clearly. At that point, Joshua was already starting to feel displeased.

After frowning and thinking for a while, Joshua finally put down the smoked meat in his hand, took a deep breath, and began to speak.

"You're right, the Whitley family is indeed descendants of the White family from Yannopolis. My return this time is to reclaim what once belonged to our family."

As soon as Joshua said those words, the expressions on everyone's faces varied greatly.

Jonathan's journey upon entering the small world could be described as extremely exciting. It was during then that he gradually pieced together a rough idea of what the small world was all about.

On the other hand, Hayden and Kathleen were completely blank. They were

totally unable to comprehend Joshua's words.

Joshua did not bother to keep anyone in suspense. Instead, he began to recount the history of the Whitley family.

According to the records of their family history, the ancestors of the Whitley family were the Whites who ruled over Yannopolis in the small world.

Over eighteen hundred years ago, the White family was betrayed by the other four vassal families from Yannopolis. Left with no choice, they had to flee from the small world.

Although the small world was separated from the main world, both worlds were still connected through a portal.

To escape their pursuers, some of the Whitley family's ancestors sacrificed themselves to shield their clan's retreat. They forcefully modified the arcane array within the small world, sealing it off entirely.

Some of the Whites who managed to escape the small world changed their last name to Whitley in order to evade pursuit. They then settled down in Central Land.

Before the ancestors of the White family went their separate ways, they made an agreement to reopen the entrance to the small world every fifty years as a way to welcome back any White family members who had escaped.

However, the chaos portal to the small world had never been reopened since then.

To date, it had been exactly two thousand years!

The Legendary Man Chapter 1268

Chapter 1268 Drastic Changes

As Joshua was recounting these matters, Jonathan and the others all felt an immense heaviness in their hearts.

The White family and the Whitley family, these two families that spanned 'two worlds', their circumstances were surprisingly similar.

All were in their prime, and all were betrayed by other families.

However, the details in Joshua's account were somewhat vague. There were many specifics that were glossed over, and it was unclear whether Joshua did this intentionally or not.

"Joshua, I didn't quite catch what you said."

Hayden scratched his head.

"So what you're saying is, the White family split into two groups. One group escaped and is now what we know as the Whitley family. As for the second passerby, he was entangled with the rebel forces of the four vassal families and had completely shut down the chaos portal linking the inner and outer of the small world."

“What exactly is this vassal family?”

No sooner had Hayden’s words fallen than Neil, who was leisurely lying on a rocking chair in the distance, began to speak.

“The Whites the kings, and vassal family serves them. Two thousand years ago, all four vassal families were subordinates to the White family.”

“They came into this small world with the White family. You can understand their roles as... slaves!”

The moment the word “slave” was spoken, the gazes of Jonathan and the others instantly turned toward the one who asked the question, Hayden. Those four vassal families, and the Zink family, The Untouchables, did indeed bear a striking resemblance to each other.

Not only in terms of positioning but also in what Hayden and his team were doing right now, they were extremely similar.

Hayden resisted the Osborne family, voicing various grievances. Jonathan and everyone else unanimously agreed that the Zink family’s resistance was justified and that they should indeed stand up against them.

The four families of Yannopolis were resisting the White family, namely the Whitley family. Because of Joshua, everyone subconsciously believed that the four families deserved to die and that the Whitley family was the rightful lineage.

Even though it was the same situation, two completely contradictory results were obtained due to everyone’s different statuses.

Sometimes, that was just how things were in this world. It’ was not about right or wrong. It was simply a matter of differing perspectives.

“Why the hell are you all staring at me? It’s not like I’m against your White family or something.”

Seeing Hayden’s face turn red with fury, Jonathan could only helplessly shake his head.

“Joshua, according to what you’ve said, the chaos portal that connects the small world to the outside world should appear once every fifty years. Why did it take two thousand years to reappear?”

Joshua shook his head slightly at the news.

“I’m not sure. All I know is that Great-grandpa once said that the Whitley family members visit the Delisgar Ridge every fifty years to inspect the chaos portal. There was even a time when the Whitley family sent people to

Doveston to lie low for ten years in advance and then waited another ten years after the time the chaos portal was supposed to open. Even after a full twenty years, the chaos portal has yet to open. No one knows what happened in the small world, but one thing we can be sure of is that the White family, which was in the small world, definitely no longer exists. As for the opening of this chaos portal, I also don't know the reason. I only found out when I received the signal that the chaos portal had opened a year ago."

As Joshua spoke, he subconsciously glanced at the ring in his hand.

At this moment, Jonathan also looked toward the Heaven Sword in his hand.

Before entering the small world, Jonathan had already concluded that the weapon in his hand must have originated from the ancestors of the Whitley family.

At this point, it was absolutely certain that these weapons and accessories, shimmering with a green glow, must have some inexplicable connection with the small world.

Having fallen into the illusionary realm several times, Jonathan had once mobilized the entire intelligence network of Asura's Office in an attempt to find it.

However, even after searching high and low across the vast expanse of Chanaea, there was not a single shred of news.

From the looks of it now, the illusionary realm could very well have reflected the small world.

Not far away, Neil saw a few people fall into silence and unexpectedly burst into hearty laughter.

"What's there to ponder over? The opening of the chaos portal is due to the absence of the most crucial element in the rule array of the small world, which has started to collapse."

Neil's relaxed words immediately drew sidelong glances from several people.

Neil's personality was very similar to Xavion's, embodying the type of character that went with the flow in all matters and believed in no taboos.

While Xavion carried an air of nonchalance about him, Neil, on the other hand, exuded an endless sense of languor.

"Who exactly is this guy?"

Jonathan watched as Neil asked Joshua a question.

“This is one of the trump cards left by the White family from years ago, the Grand Commander of South Outer City, Neil Yarnell.”

Joshua looked at Neil, introducing him with a smile.

“The history of the Whitley family that I know of, is all passed down orally by our ancestors. He is the true inheritor of the White family’s past.”

Upon hearing Joshua’s words, Neil repeatedly waved his hands.

“Don’t say it like that. The one who inherited the legacy of our White family’s ancestors is not me, but my forefathers.”

Neil spoke up from his seat, surprisingly setting down his hip flask with a solemn expression on his face.

“Many years ago, my ancestor saved a young master from the White family in the vast wilderness. That young master later became an important figure in the White family, and my ancestor became the young master’s only friend. However, due to their respective statuses, the two of them, despite being connected, rarely met. It was precisely because of this that they were able to evade the scrutiny of the four families and carry on the legacy left by the ancestors of the White family. From that day forward, we began to constantly strategize, expanding our influence, waiting for the return of the White family. We’ve been waiting until now.”

When Neil spoke these words, his gaze was fixed on Joshua.

Meanwhile, Hayden, on the side was extraordinarily excited.

Looking into Neil’s eyes, the hostility from before was nowhere to be found.

Instead, they were filled with anticipation.

“So, are all these people you’ve gathered here to help Joshua reclaim Yannopolis? I see you have quite a few people here. Do you have any specific plans?”

Hayden spoke enthusiastically, but Jonathan, on the side sensed that something was off with the atmosphere.

Looking into Neil’s eyes, Jonathan let out a sigh.

“Neil, you don’t really plan on helping Joshua, do you?”

“Why should I help him?”

With a cold gaze, Neil asked Jonathan.

As soon as these words were spoken, Hayden, who was standing nearby, was slightly taken aback.

Meanwhile, Joshua himself was calmly watching Neil without uttering a word.

Neil scanned the few people in front of him.

“My ancestors and the White family’s ancestors were as close as brothers. In the face of such a great enmity, we should be willing to risk our lives to help each other, and so did my ancestors. Generations upon generations have been preparing for the return of the White family. But what does that have to

do with me?”

Neil stood up, looked at the few people, and slowly extended two fingers. “Two thousand years have etched their mark. Whatever favors or whatever grudges, no longer matter. Do you really think I would care about any sentimentality between our ancestors once it comes to me?”

With a cold laugh, Neil looked at Joshua and said, “Even if I take a step back and strictly follow the team training, who exactly are you asking me to help? Out of the entire White family, you’re the only one who can’t even enter Outer City. What a disgrace. Tell me, is there hope for victory?”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1269

Chapter 1269 Legacy Of The White Family

Neil was being blunt, but at that moment, it left Joshua at a loss for words. Indeed, the White family was once betrayed by the four vassal families, forcing them to flee far beyond the small world. Even if they were to return, it should be after a period of recuperation and recovery.

But now, Joshua was the only member left in the Whitley family.

Even if Neil were to wage war against Yannopolis with schemes and strategies that have been in the making for two thousand years, would it still be considered an attack from the Whitley family?

Why should thousands of people die for Joshua’s sake when he had emerged several generations after the betrayal?

Hayden turned to Kathleen standing beside him.

“Look. This is all because of you eight families. If you had destroyed the Whitley family, we wouldn’t be in such a predicament right now.”

Upon hearing this, Kathleen rolled her eyes at Hayden.

“Who do you think you are? Don’t forget, two God Realm cultivators from the Zeigler family also participated in the war that annihilated the Whitley family years ago. Do you really believe that you’ve suddenly become the embodiment of justice? In the conflicts between the great clans where interests always come first, there’s no such thing as right or wrong and good or evil.”

Joshua stared at Neil wordlessly.

In the end, he hung his head in helplessness.

“He’s right. The Whitley family no longer has the right to bring up the past. We’ve been cut off for two thousand years. We’re not worthy, nor do we have the strength. Neil had risked a lot to get me out of the Outer City of Yannopolis. I already owe him a great deal.”

He bowed slightly at Neil as he spoke.

“Neil, you’re right about what you said, but I still want to ask you for a favor.”

Neil gave Joshua a look before he took a seat on the rocking chair.

“Well then, why don’t you tell me about it? And what’s in it for me if I help you?”

“Do you have no shame?” Hayden raised his voice at Neil. “Your two families have shared a bond that spans two thousand years. Hasn’t the Yarnell family also upheld this bond for two thousand years?”

Neil sneered at Hayden.

“Kid, I figured you were all in it together, so I brought you here out of respect for you. If you continue to provoke me, I’ll have you buried here.”

Neil emanated spiritual energy as he spoke.

Jonathan and the others knew Neil well enough to know that he wasn’t joking.

“What exactly do you mean? Please clarify so we know how to work together.” After a long silence, Jonathan, who was sitting by the side, finally spoke up.

He had been observing Neil’s reaction ever since Joshua started recounting the history of the Whitley family.

Even though Neil appeared indifferent, Jonathan could clearly sense a faint spiritual sense emanating from Neil.

It clearly showed that he didn’t want to miss out on any detail of what Joshua was saying, even going so far as to capture Joshuan’s body language.

Hence, Jonathan could conclude that Neil was definitely not as he appeared to be.

Joshua would definitely be of great use to him.

Neil looked at Jonathan before turning to Seboxia, who was standing next to him.

“I don’t like you, you’re too good at reading people’s minds.”

Neil's words left Jonathan at a loss.

Even though he was good at strategizing, he would never be able to beat Joshua when it comes to mind games.

A man who single-handedly played the eight great families for a decade. Just the fact alone was enough to put many on their guard.

At that moment, Joshua looked surprisingly sorrowful and desolate. He bit into the beef to vent out his frustrations.

D*mn it. I've been used by Joshua again.

Jonathan couldn't help but sigh in exasperation as he watched Joshua acting like an idiot.

He was sure Joshua could sense Neil's spiritual sense since he could. Joshua must also know that Neil wasn't his average Joe, yet he had waited for Jonathan to speak up.

He was probably feigning weakness to lower Neil's guard against him.

At this moment, Joshua also lifted his gaze toward Jonathan, and Jonathan instantly understood.

Joshua already knew that Jonathan had seen through his motives, yet he wasn't worried about being exposed.

Because I yearn to escape this small world, I have no choice but to tie my fate with his.

"Hehe..."

Jonathan chuckled. However, only he and Joshua understood the meaning behind this chuckle.

Jonathan looked at Neil.

"So, since you said I can read people's minds, that means I'm right, aren't I? We still have a chance to collaborate, don't we?"

As he spoke, Jonathan casually tossed Neil a bottle of strong liquor.

"Drink this, just twist to open. It's much tastier than the wine you have here."

As Neil was an alcoholic, he eagerly opened the bottle and took a big gulp.

Even seasoned drinkers dare only to sip it in small mouthfuls as it contains a high percentage of alcohol.

At this moment, Neil seemingly consumed about two hundred milliliters as he

gulped it all down.

“Sigh. Good stuff!”

Neil spoke loudly with the wine bottle in hand.

“That’s not good wine...” Hayden murmured.

Alcohol, without a doubt, was a significant tool for rapidly strengthening bonds between men.

Everyone appeared to be genuine friends, at least until the round of drinks was finished, whether they were merely pretending or not.

Neil sat down next to Jonathan, reaching out to grab a piece of smoked meat from the table and popping it into his mouth; while Jonathan took out a bag of peanuts from his storage ring with a cheerful smile, followed by a few bottles of strong liquor which he placed in front of Neil.

“Have it with the food.”

Neil accepted it all without question. His eyes widened as if he had discovered a new world when he tasted the peanuts.

“Since you want to collaborate, show me your sincerity. Let me see what you can do to help me. That’s not too much to ask for, is it?”

“Not at all,” Jonathan said with a chuckle. “Friendship is all about mutual benefits, isn’t it? There’s just one thing I don’t quite understand. Right now, Joshua is the only remaining descendant of the White family. Even if you join forces with him, the meaning has changed. As for Joshua’s cultivation level, it doesn’t really play a substantial role in the overall scheme of things. What is it that you desire?”

Neil glanced at Joshua, who paled, and a hint of mockery flashed in his eyes.

“Hehe... I only want two things. First, I want to gain the support of the hundred and eight villages using the reputation of the White family. And second is the legacy of the White family!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1270

Chapter 1270 Formation Spell

As Neil spoke, everyone’s gaze instantly turned toward Joshua.

The greatest legacies in Joshua’s hands were nothing more than the three magical items of the Whitley family: Hailstorm Fan, Formation Crusher, and Troop Summoner.

While those three magical items were indeed powerful, their effectiveness was largely dependent on the external environment, where high-level cultivators were scarce.

In that small world, although spiritual energy was abundant, cultivators could use the three magical items without worrying about depletion.

However, similarly, due to the abundance of spiritual energy, the high-ranking

cultivators there were also plentiful.

With the right cultivation method, even a dog could break through to God Realm.

That situation had turned the three magical items into something useless. Of course, if one could harness the Prynycp of Strength as the source to drive the three magical items, they could definitely unleash immense power. However, the problem was, in that small, isolated world, it was impossible to sense Prynycp.

Therefore, Jonathan and the others were somewhat puzzled, wondering what exactly Neil wanted.

At that moment, Joshua also took out the three magical items that those in the outside world had yearned to possess for ten years.

“All I’ve inherited from my great-grandpa are these three magical items.”

Kathleen’s heart was filled with indescribable excitement as she looked at the three magical items in front of Joshua.

Those were the treasures the eight respectable families all desired and fought over. It was a pity that they were currently in the small world. Otherwise, she would do whatever it took to snatch at least one piece and run away.

Jonathan picked up Formation Crusher, examining it from both sides, then promptly handed it over to Neil.

“What’s the use of you taking this thing?”

“Why do I need these?” Neil reached out and pushed Formation Crusher aside. “What I want is the White family’s formation spell.”

Jonathan looked at Joshua and asked, “Formation spell? What on earth is that?”

At that moment, Joshua appeared somewhat bewildered, gently shaking his head.

Looking at Joshua’s expression, Jonathan was momentarily unable to discern whether Jonathan honestly didn’t know or if he was putting on an act.

“What formation spell? I really don’t know about this,” Joshua said with an innocent look on his face.

“Back then, the eight respectable families suddenly turned against the Whitley family. Even though the Whitley family had sensed something amiss earlier and had sent me, their hidden card, out in advance, we were still caught off

guard by the eight respectable families. When my great-grandpa passed these things on to me years ago, he only briefly instructed me to be patient and endure. He also gave me this ancient book. That's all." As Joshua spoke, he took out an ancient, severely damaged book. "What is recorded here is everything I just shared with you. Over the past decade, I've read this book inside and out countless times, yet I've never come across any formation spell."

Before Joshua could finish his sentence, Neil had already snatched the ancient book from his hand.

With his spiritual energy supporting the ancient book, Neil quickly scanned through its contents. After a few moments, he casually tossed the book onto the table.

"Impossible! The White family would've surely passed down the formation spell. Even though this small world is incredibly intricate, in essence, it's nothing more than a space similar to a formation. For a space to function, it must adhere to certain Rules. The White family members possessed the skill to master these Rules. After the four vassal families betrayed the White family, they seized control of Yannopolis, but their usurpation of power was merely accomplished through brute force. They never truly gained control over this small world."

Control the small world? Jonathan was slightly taken aback by Neil's words and immediately turned his gaze back to Joshua.

Jonathan mused. If I have the means to control this small world, will I reveal it? Absolutely not! So, whether it's an act or genuine ignorance, there's no way Joshua is going to let anything slip.

The cooperation between both parties had reached a stalemate.

Neil watched the silent Joshua for a long while before he slowly rose to his feet.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to. It will also save me the trouble of going all out. Now, I can comfortably remain as the Grand Commander. Although I don't have the carefree life of the four families, this is already sufficient for me. You all need to think this through. After all, the chaos portal only allows for one-way transmission. If you want to leave, it's actually quite simple. All you need is for someone from the White family to take control of

the formation, and you can open the inner and outer doors of the small world at any time.”

As Neil spoke, he turned and headed toward the small courtyard outside.

“I’m giving you a day to think it over. If the answer isn’t what I’m looking for, then you hold no value to me. Whatever you do, don’t leave the courtyard unless you can counter the formation that has been in place for two thousand years and the thousands of God Realm cultivators outside.”

As Neil spoke, he was about to walk out of the gate, but Seboxia’s avatar appeared silently in front of him. “You still owe me ten Flaming Trees.”

Neil looked at Seboxia with gleaming eyes.

Neil pointed at Joshua and said with a hearty laugh, “The Flaming Trees are in the heart of Yannopolis. Even if you kill me now, I can’t give it to you. If you want the Flaming Trees, you have to ask him.”

With his hands clasped together, Seboxia hesitated for a moment before he finally decided to disperse his form and return to Jonathan’s side.

Neil left, and Hayden moved closer to Seboxia. “Sir, why didn’t you finish him off?”

Seboxia shook his head slightly. “I can only threaten him with his life, but for this man, life and death have long been irrelevant. Such a person cannot be threatened.”

The courtyard fell silent, with only the faint sounds of eating piercing the quiet. No one spoke.

After a good half hour, Jonathan finally leaned on the low wall and looked toward Joshua. “Joshua, what’s your plan?”

Joshua frowned and said to Jonathan, “What are you saying?”

“At this point, it’s no fun to keep up the act,” Jonathan said with a chuckle. “We’ve jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire. It’s clear that Neil is no pushover. If you keep clinging on to the information stubbornly, we’re all going to end up dead.”

What Jonathan said was frightening, but his nonchalant demeanor made it

seem like he didn't care at all.

It was not that Jonathan was pretending to be calm but that he was truly unafraid.

Even though he was surrounded by thousands of God Realm cultivators at that moment, Jonathan had Seboxia as his trump card for support.

Putting everything aside, just the massive coffin of Seboxia alone was enough for the two of them to level the formation outside.

Therefore, Jonathan really wasn't anxious.

However, Hayden and Kathleen were not so composed.

Seeing Joshua remaining silent, Hayden couldn't help but lean in closer to speak.

"Joshua, you should consider us too. I, the talent that the Zink family has painstakingly nurtured, have been protecting you since the eight respectable families hunted you. We share a bond as thick as blood. You can't just stand by and watch your friend die before you, right?"