

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1276

### Chapter 1276 Tactics

No one truly knew the extent of Neil's influence.

Even though there were thousands of cultivators hidden in the mountains outside the small courtyard, they were certainly not the full extent of Neil's backup plan.

The moment Joshua set the plan, Neil immediately disseminated all the information.

What Neil could do was to spread that news to the sixty villages south of Colstrax in the small world.

According to the analysis of Jonathan and others, those cultivators who entered the small world might randomly appear in the remote wilderness. However, the arrangement of Yannopolis and one hundred and eight villages followed a certain logical pattern.

As long as those cultivators did not perish, they would eventually pass by those nodes and discover those villages.

By then, they would receive that information and launch an attack on Yannopolis.

Neil set off to arrange the dissemination of information. Meanwhile, Joshua didn't idle either. He walked up to Stellario.

"Stellario, stop hiding. It's time to contact the Mallory family."

At that moment, the few people in the courtyard were essentially under house arrest by Neil. Jonathan and the others had originally planned to rest and recuperate there while waiting for the right opportunity.

Unexpectedly, Joshua blurted out such words without any reason.

Jonathan slowly straightened his body and looked toward Joshua.

"Joshua, what do you mean?"

"I mean what I said in the literal sense," Joshua said to Jonathan.

That statement left Jonathan even more confused. "You're asking him to contact the Mallory family? How is that possible? There are no satellites or base stations here, so how could he possibly get in touch with the Mallory family?"

Joshua looked at Stellario with a cold gaze.

"There are many things that only we, the disciples of respectable families, know. The nine respectable families are the top Chanaean clans that have

withstood the test of time, evolving over two thousand years through trials and tribulations. According to what you're saying, if we were in an era without cell phones, our families would be scattered and disorganized when we go out on missions? Among the respectable families, each clan has its own unique secret language. It allows us to quickly establish contact with our kin. These are the exclusive secrets of the eight families."

Upon hearing Joshua's words, Jonathan looked at Stellario with a peculiar expression. "So... from the very beginning, you were never really lost, were you? So, you've been lying to me all along? Ha! Now I realize that making a move on you was indeed a wise decision!"

Hearing the back-and-forth between Joshua and Jonathan, reminiscent of a well-rehearsed duet, Stellario could only clench his fists and grit his teeth as he glared at Jonathan. "Jonathan, you're full of cr\*p! I've been lying to you all along? It's you who messed up my plans, all right?"

At that moment, Stellario looked at Jonathan with such intense hatred as if he wanted to tear him apart and swallow him whole. "Jonathan, do you have any idea that before I ran into you, I had already received a message from Florian? I also agreed that after catching the queen bug in Mount Boisvista, I would follow the guide to meet up with them, but you *fcking imprisoned me. After four transmissions within three days, even our family's method of communication was completely severed. Do you have any dmn idea how much trouble you've caused?*"

Stellario spoke, and surprisingly, he began to stride toward Jonathan, appearing as if he was ready to fight the latter to the death.

"Um..." Jonathan kept stepping back, his lips twitching as he waved at Joshua. "Crush it! Hurry up and crush the jade pendant!"

Looking at Jonathan's demeanor, Joshua couldn't help but feel a headache coming on.

No one expected that Jonathan, by sheer accident, would disrupt the plans of the Mallory family, forcibly kidnapping their future successor.

However, Joshua was somewhat speechless seeing Jonathan's flustered retreat. How on earth did such a person become the boss of Asura's Office? Asura's Office really couldn't produce a better candidate?

In the small courtyard, chaos reigned. Stellario, the child forced into disappearance, ultimately couldn't defeat Jonathan and was ruthlessly suppressed once again.

Then, despite his reluctance, under the threat of Joshua, Stellario had no choice but to start casting his spell.

As the spell was cast, a wisp of extremely faint black smoke dissipated into the air from the tip of Stellario's finger.

Those were the Mallory family's messenger parasites, specifically used for transmitting information.

That type of parasite was extremely sensitive to the spiritual energy fluctuations of the Mallory family members. It could clearly sense the location of the Mallory family members from a great distance and deliver the information it carried to them.

Meanwhile, Kathleen, standing nearby, had no choice but to cast a spell as well. However, her method was unique as she took out a talisman.

As the hand seal was drawn, the talisman rose, transforming into a streak of fire before vanishing into the horizon.

"My magic can only locate the members of the Henderson family within a certain range. If they are beyond that range, I'm powerless," Kathleen said lightly.

Joshua smiled faintly upon hearing that. "That's already enough."

On the side, Hayden carefully whispered to Joshua, "Joshua, we have no idea what information they're passing along. These people wouldn't be plotting some scheme against you, would they?"

Joshua looked at Stellario and Kathleen, then let out a chuckle. "Now that's what I call a transparent strategy. Even if they know my entire plan, they can only follow my lead. If one is always hesitant and overly cautious, then these cultivators would not have attained their current cultivation level."

Joshua was playing mind games. Yet, those who entered the small world weren't without their own means.

The cultivators from the eight respectable families and six sects, who were originally transported randomly into various corners of the minor world, were now gathering in the directions they had agreed upon.

Although some might suffer some injuries during the process, once the forces fully coalesced, they were enough to turn any village in the small world upside down.

Atop the mountain ranges, a figure with a backpack was swiftly running. That person was none other than Caleb.

As the representative of the most mysterious Gray family, Caleb rarely made public appearances. Right before entering the small world, he was still struggling with his university courses.

Whenever that young cultivator appeared in front of everyone, he always had the demeanor of a sunny student, giving off the boy-next-door vibe.

But now, there was a hint of madness in Caleb's eyes.

A kraken swiftly swam behind him, leaving a trail of broken trees and shattered rocks in its wake, painting a picture of an apocalyptic scene.

In the blink of an eye, Caleb swiftly threw chunks of emeralds, embedding them into the surrounding ground.

Gazing at the cliff ahead, Caleb quickened his pace even more. Without hesitation, he shattered the edge of the cliff with his foot and leaped forward.

The kraken roared toward the sky, charging at Caleb like an arrow released from its bow.

In mid-air, Caleb slowly turned around, his fingers moving subtly. "Trap formation, Corpse Binding Rope!"

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1277**

Chapter 1277 Unanimous Direction

Crack! Crack! Crack!

As Caleb whispered, the emerald stones he had inserted into the mountainside shattered one after another on the mountain he had just passed.

Spiritual chains made of solidified spiritual energy, without any warning, began to entwine themselves around the kraken.

In front of that several dozen meters long kraken, those spiritual chains as thick as an arm were pitifully thin.

Although it managed to entangle the body of the kraken, it only contained the kraken for less than half a minute before it broke apart in all directions.

For Caleb, the time it bought was already enough.

With a wave of his hand, a black arrow as thick as a thumb shot out from his sleeve cuff, piercing directly into the gaping mouth of the kraken.

And on that black arrow, there was also a thread as sturdy as a strand of hair attached to it.

In the midst of the air, at the very moment when the kraken winced in pain, Caleb had already swung back up on that thin thread, returning once again to the top of the cliff.

Although the kraken was terrifying, it couldn't fly. In its pursuit to kill Caleb, the kraken even leaped toward the edge of the cliff, plunging straight down the precipice.

Caleb gathered the fine threads from his arm into his pouch, then deftly pulled out three javelins from his storage ring and stuck them into the edge of the cliff. After that, he quickly dashed toward the back.

Roar!

Beneath the cliff, the roar of the kraken echoed, its sound growing from distant to near, as if it was swiftly ascending.

Caleb was perched on an ancient tree, gently pressing the remote control.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Three thunderous explosions echoed, and with those three spears as the boundary, the entire cliff was completely shattered. Millions of tons of boulders crashed down below.

The furious kraken's angered roars eventually turned into a wail of despair.

Caleb landed lightly on the ground, looking at his wristwatch and calculating the time.

"I can't believe this beast wasted ten minutes of my time!"

As he spoke, Caleb reached into his storage ring and pulled out a black box, which was about the same size as the backpack behind him, and hung it on the nearby tree trunk.

Picking up his phone, Caleb quickly started to configure it and made a call.

"Hey, Great-grandpa, can you hear me clearly? No worries, no worries. I just ran into a snake, which held me up for a few minutes, but it's all sorted out now. Well, you see, I major in information engineering. I have five small base stations here, and they will be installed as soon as possible. Don't worry, I'll join you as soon as possible."

Caleb hung up the phone, then immediately looked around.

“If we only maintain the most basic short-wave communication, a base station every fifteen kilometers is sufficient. The mountain over there seems to be just the right distance away.”

As he spoke, Caleb once again started to run wildly toward the cliff edge.

With a bold leap, a number of mechanisms sprung out from the front sides of Caleb’s backpack, transforming it into a glider.

In Caleb’s hands, two objects appeared, resembling iron rods.

Upon flipping the switch, two small thrusters were activated. Just like that, Caleb soared into the sky, rushing toward the distant mountain peaks.

From the very beginning of its establishment, the Gray family had been renowned for its mastery of the art of mechanisms.

The tactics employed in combat are endless and ever-evolving, and the myriad of overt and covert attacks make it impossible to defend against everything.

As society progressed, the Gray family was far from old-fashioned. Under the leadership of successive generations of family heads, the descendants of the Gray family were completely at the forefront of many fields.

The Gray family, a colossal entity, monopolized more than half of Chanaea’s cutting-edge technology market.

This was the family that stood at the forefront of everyone, the first in the world to fully integrate martial arts and technology.

However, due to the Gray family’s adherence to pacifism, they seldom ventured out into the world.

From the last time they plotted against the Whitley family, it became evident that these people posed a threat second only to the currently most powerful Salladay family and Osborne family.

There were even rumors that the Gray family was the strongest among the eight families.

However, no one could verify those rumors.

On the banks of Colstrax, Wilbur was sitting on a giant rat, feeling the

terrifying spiritual pressure emanating from the depths of the water.

“If I can swim to the other side from here without dying, I might truly break through and reach Divine Realm!”

Upon hearing Wilbur’s words, the mouse trembled all over, scared as if it were a baby weighing over one and a half tons.

Wilbur gently patted the mouse’s body with his hand when he felt its fear.

“Rest assured, I won’t kill you as long as you faithfully serve as my mount.”

Laughing, Wilbur lightly leapt to the ground and began walking toward the rear of the mouse.

On the tail of a mouse, a few cultivators, who were all bloodied, were tied to a spiritual rope.

These people were all captured by Wilbur, and were dragged for tens of kilometers before they finally arrived here.

There was a total of thirteen people, all tied up with ropes.

Among these people, there were blond-haired, blue-eyed Epeans, as well as aborigines dressed in animal skins, and even some with Chanaean faces who were clearly outlanders.

However, at that moment, those people were hanging by a thread, their vitality nearly drained. Being dragged for tens of kilometers had cost them more than half their lives.

Seeing Wilbur approaching, everyone instinctively tried to move away.

A Chanaean cultivator gritted his teeth and asked Wilbur, “Wilbur... What are you trying to do?”

This person was from the Salladay family, and had previously met Wilbur together with Eva. The two of them have had some interactions before.

He didn’t expect to encounter Wilbur in the small world and get captured after being defeated.

Wilbur had always been incredibly good at keeping his abilities hidden.

Wilbur looked at the person from the Salladay family and chuckled as he replied, “I told you before, I want the secret communication technique of the Salladay family.”

Upon hearing this, the man sneered. “Heh... Will you spare me if I give you the secret technique?”

Wilbur gently shook his head and said, “No, but I can grant you a peaceful death without pain.”

The descendant of the Salladay family was quite straightforward. Upon hearing this, he simply laughed and asked, “If I can’t even trade it for my life, why should I tell you?”

“Then you can die.”

Holding the cultivator from the Salladay family, Wilbur casually tossed him in front of the enormous rat.

“Take your time eating, don’t gulp it down all at once.”

Although the mouse had gained spiritual awareness, it could only perceive some basic emotions at most.

To fully comprehend the meaning of human language, it would require a considerable amount of time.

The rat lifted the cultivator, tilting its head back to start chewing. The man only had time to let out a single scream before he was completely silenced.

Several people looked up, and all that was left in front of the rat was a twitching arm. Their faces were filled with unparalleled fear.

Another nobleman from the Salladay family looked at Wilbur with a ghastly pale face. The moment their eyes met, the man shuddered all over.

“I’ll tell you everything I know!”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1278**

### Chapter 1278 The Collaboration

Wilbur was among the latecomers of the small world.

Unlike other cultivators, Wilbur had endured a series of intense battles before entering the small world, narrowly escaping death at the hands of cultivators from the eight respectable families’ Divine Realm.

This entire incident began with the opening of the chaos portal to the small world, followed by the cultivators of the eight respectable families leading their teams into the small world. However, no one had emerged from it alive until now.

In the past, there had been precedents for the opening of small worlds.

Aside from a few that were similar to the West Region, where small worlds were used as prisons for ferocious beasts and, once opened, offered few opportunities except for the beasts to escape, and subsequently be obliterated by the West Region Army with special ammunition, most small worlds were like private gardens for divine beings.

This was easy to understand. After all, if one possessed the means, opening a small world and stashing away important people, treasures, or powerful elixirs within it was the safest approach.

Many powerful divine beings knew that after their death, their cultivation methods or even their magical item would become targets for others.

Therefore, many would exhaust their cultivation base to open a small world before their end approached, using it as a sanctuary.

This has led to most small worlds having a limited size, typically just a few square miles or dozens of square miles at most.



The vastness of Delisgar Ridge's small world exceeded everyone's expectations.

Because no information about the small world was available, major forces had stationed guards at its entrance.

The foreign powers weren't much of a concern, given the considerable distance from Chanaea. Even if they arrived in Doveston, they remained passive spectators, causing minimal disruption.

However, the eight respectable families and secluded sects had different intentions.

Despite each of the eight respectable families having their territories within Chanaea, they didn't consider themselves subordinate to one another.

However, there was a unique trait among Chanaea's cultivators—an innate inclination to label themselves in the face of external threats: "I am Chanaean! I am a master of this land!"

This phenomenon became apparent in Doveston.

The River Onxy campaign had transitioned from an initial invasion into a full-fledged conventional war.

The various factions of Doveston's allied forces, including the over thirty thousand troops from Yaleview Army that Wilbur had led out of Yaleview, were now fully integrated under the command of Leslie.

Through her almost unrelenting discipline, this force of over a million soldiers had become a unified entity.

Despite the constantly shifting front lines, they had pushed the enemy back to both sides of the River Onxy, and there were even hints of a counter-offensive against the Remdik invaders.

However, neither the Remdik nor the Chanaean side had seen a single God Realm cultivator participating in the war.

All the high-end combat forces of both countries were mobilized and had entered the Delisgar Ridge area.

When Wilbur entered the small world, it wasn't just the God Realm cultivators from Remdik who arrived.

Jetroina, West Region, West Epea Alliance, and even Anglandur from the other side of Earth had dispatched representatives as well.

This was a standard rule of the small world.

Although the chaos portal in the small world was divided by territory, the spaces they contained didn't belong to any single country or faction.

Of course, if one stumbled upon a small world while keeping it secret, one could potentially gain a fortune discreetly.

However, as soon as other powers learned about it, the inheritance within became fair game for anyone and everyone.

Whether one could actually take it away depended on one's individual strength.

Due to the presence of foreign powers, even the eight respectable families didn't dare to monopolize the small world and engage in conflicts with various national-level forces.

However, for Wilbur within Chanaea, the eight respectable families evidently had no intention of letting him off lightly.

This wasn't because the eight respectable families were bullying the weak, but because everyone understood that once the small world issue was resolved, the conflict between Asura's Office and the eight respectable families would escalate completely.

By then, Wilbur's Yaleview Army would be a crucial force capable of significantly restraining Asura's Office.

So, the eight respectable families wanted to unite with Wilbur, though it was more accurate to say they intended to coerce him.

Despite Wilbur having earned his place in the Chanaea chessboard, he was perpetually considered a lower-tier entity compared to the eight respectable families.

Therefore, rather than calling it a union, it was more like manipulation.

How could Wilbur be someone who would be easily manipulated if he had managed to reach his position at the current time?

So, outside the chaos portal of the small world, a fierce battle erupted between Wilbur and the God Realm cultivators of the eight respectable families.

Thanks to the presence of various foreign powers outside the small world, the Divine Realm cultivators of the eight respectable families held back from taking direct action. This gave Wilbur a slight chance to enter the small world. Otherwise, with Divine Realm cultivators involved, no matter how skilled Wilbur was, there would have been no chance of escape.

Then, the current scene wouldn't have happened.

He nearly lost his life, but he managed to enter the small world.

Once inside, Wilbur witnessed the strangeness of this small world and realized his own insignificance.

At the same time, he recognized the tremendous opportunity this world presented, one that comes along once in a lifetime.

This world, preserved through the ages, would either make many people achieve greatness or plunge countless others into the abyss.

Wilbur was confident he would be among the former.

Facing the cultivator from the Salladay family, Wilbur drew his broken sword and said, "Speak up. If you dare deceive me, I will make you understand what true misery means."

Sometimes, people could be like that.

When they have companions around, they can draw upon each other's strength and motivation, even in the face of hardships. They are less likely to do anything treacherous because they are held accountable by their peers.

However, when they are all alone, their determination might waver.

All the convictions they hold may not matter as much when there is no one to witness them.

Death hovered as a threat, and stubbornness seemed pointless. Loyalty mattered not at that moment.

Under the threat from Wilbur, the Salladay family's cultivator revealed the Salladay family's secret communication technique without hesitation.

After listening, Wilbur pondered for a moment, then reached out to untie the ropes binding the Salladay family's cultivator. "You see, if you had spoken earlier, I wouldn't have had to drag you for miles."

Wilbur then said, "Come on, have something to eat to replenish your spiritual energy, and then help me find out where the Salladay family's cultivators are. We have a cooperative relationship with your family, and once we locate them, we can act together."

The Salladay family's cultivator looked at Wilbur skeptically.

He turned his gaze to his comrade on the ground, still bleeding from the severed hand, and couldn't help but shudder. Who had ever seen such a brutal form of cooperation? Who would believe in Wilbur when he had tortured the Salladay family's men without batting a lash? Watching the Spirit Rejuvenating Pill in Wilbur's hand, the Salladay family's disciple slowly picked it up and swallowed it. "Fine, I'll contact the family for you. Since it's cooperation, please make sure to spare me."

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1279**

Chapter 1279 The Salladay Family

"Don't worry." With his eyes squinted, Wilbur looked at the cultivator from the Salladay family and laughed. "I may look a bit intimidating, but in reality, I'm quite easy to get along with."

Wilbur's words were surprisingly gentle, but paired with the massive, fierce scar on his face, it somehow gave off a sense of absurdity.

At that point, the people of the Salladay family also had no other choice. Even an ant cherishes its life, let alone a full-fledged human being.

Feeling the spiritual energy within him rapidly recovering, the cultivator from the Salladay family formed a seal with both hands. Subsequently, a palm-sized, intricate, arcane array slowly took shape in front of him.

"I am Finnley Salladay, currently with Wilbur. He wants to form an alliance with us. Let's go." After uttering a few simple words, the cultivator from the Salladay family gently touched the arcane array in front of him with his right hand.

Under this single touch, the arcane array quickly disintegrated, then transformed into countless glowing lights that flew forward.

The moment the firefly shot out, the people of the Salladay family felt a chill in their hearts, followed by their entire bodies being enveloped by a strange warmth.

That was the illusion brought on by a belly full of blood.

Looking down, Wilbur had already plunged the dagger into the person's circulatory system.

"You promised us..." The people of the Salladay family stared with wide eyes, speaking in disbelief.

"I've agreed." With a dagger in hand, Wilbur forcefully twisted it, completely shattering the man's circulatory system. "It's my fault for not keeping my word. I apologize to you."

As Wilbur spoke, the man's eyes slowly closed, and he ultimately collapsed weakly to the ground.

Watching the direction where the light had just faded, Wilbur pulled out a pistol from his pocket. He then started firing continuously at the remaining few people.

Even as those people pleaded incessantly, claiming they could help Wilbur connect with their families, Wilbur did not show the slightest hint of hesitation.

Surveying the bodies strewn across the ground, Wilbur methodically removed their storage rings, one by one.

Those individuals were renowned cultivators of the God Realm, each with their own reputation. Any one of their names, if called out, represented the cornerstone of major powers.

At that moment, however, in front of Wilbur, all they could do was meet their end.

With a casual gesture, Wilbur tossed those people in front of the rat, saying, "All of these can be eaten."

The rat sniffed at the bodies with its nose. Seeing that Wilbur made no objections, it began to feast heartily.

Although rats were omnivores, it was extremely rare for them to taste such delicious human flesh.

Those were God Realm cultivators, so their bodies had been tempered by spiritual energy through years of constant practice. It was the same principle as how humans enjoyed eating some precious spirit animals.

The bodies of several people were quickly devoured completely by the enormous rat.

Seeing the rat still eagerly licking the blood-stained dirt on the ground, Wilbur chuckled. "Haven't had enough to eat yet? If you let me ride on you, you'll have endless flesh and blood for you to feast on."

Wilbur spoke as he flipped over to sit on the rat's back, then pointed in the direction where the light from the arcane array in the hands of the Salladay family's cultivator had disappeared.

"Let's go. We'll head that way." Wilbur gently patted the rat, chuckling as he spoke.

The rat touched the ground with its four paws, transforming into a grey phantom that vanished into the forest.

Meanwhile, in another village, a few members of the Salladay family were heartily devouring chunks of beast meat, their feet resting on the unrecognizable figures of several beaten individuals.

"So, this is what you call an envoy?" Eva said with some uncertainty.

The Salladay family consisted of nine members. After entering the small world, they all scattered. Apart from the two who were killed, the remaining seven had now fully regrouped.

These seven cultivators, consisting of one Divine Realm and six God Realm, entered the small world, where they could be said to be unstoppable. Even when they arrived at Tillydrone Village and encountered the envoys from the Outer City of Yannopolis, they showed no restraint. They even directly defeated those people, leaving them bloodied in front of everyone.

Across from Eva, a woman holding a dish was trembling, completely stunned by the scene unfolding before her eyes.

For these villagers, the envoys from the Outer City held power over their lives. However, these individuals had just appeared all of a sudden and trampled all over those envoys upon the first encounter. That was why the villagers were terrified.

"Y-Yes!"

The woman carefully placed the meat in her hand onto the table, intending to retreat, but Eva reached out and grabbed her wrist.

"What are you afraid of? These people have already been subdued, and you are also a cultivator. How can you be so timid?" Eva questioned.

"Cultivator?" The woman looked at Eva nervously. "Aren't we all cultivators?"

Uh... Upon hearing the woman's words, Eva was taken aback, soon realizing she seemed to have overlooked many things. In the outside world, every cultivator who manages to reach Grandmaster Realm has undoubtedly endured countless hardships. Even for those born into respectable families, despite having ample access to potent medicinal resources, breaking through to the Grandmaster Realm remains an incredibly challenging feat. Therefore, in the outside world, every reputable cultivator has a strong Cor. In this small world, cultivation can be done rather easily. Aside from the authorities controlling the cultivation methods for those above the God Realm, one can freely cultivate any techniques below the Grandmaster Realm. In essence, anyone can be a cultivator of the Grandmaster Realm. It's because their spiritual energy is abundant. Reaching the Grandmaster Realm is merely a matter of time for them. Moreover, due to the stagnation of technology, the minds of the people in this small world are incredibly pure, without too many other thoughts. Therefore, when these people practice, each of them has clear thinking, and everything is so natural.

Thinking about that, Eva couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy toward the aborigines there as she reflected on the hardships she endured during her cultivation in her younger years.

"Forget about it. It seems like nothing I say to you will make sense. How about this? We've heard about these so-called envoys committing terrible acts against you before. Today, I'm giving you a chance to kill them with your own hands. What do you say?" The words of Eva were spoken with terrifying simplicity.

However, those words gave the villagers standing outside quite a start. The woman who was serving their meal was even more frightened by Eva's words. She dropped the plate in her hand and, astonishingly, stepped forward with her left leg to bow to the people in front of her. "Please, I implore you all, do not proceed in this manner. If these people were to die, our entire village would face severe repercussions."

"Just now..."

The woman spoke, pausing slightly at this point, then looked at the imprisoned divine messenger on the ground as if she were afraid of something. "Just now, I saw all the divine messengers crushing their communication emeralds as they were being defeated. I'm sure that from Yannopolis, someone must have already been dispatched to come here. You guys better run while you can!"

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1280**

Chapter 1280 The Terrifying Arrow

As the woman spoke, Eva's gaze grew piercingly cold.

She looked down at the supposed envoy lying at her feet, bound up tightly by the long cord of the magical item.

Without hesitation, she let go of the sharp blade in her hand, driving it straight through the cultivator's shoulder.

"Trying to play tricks in front of me, huh? You're courting death!"

Eva stepped on the weapon, firmly pinning the envoy to the ground.

Right then, a streak of azure light flashed from the doorway and pierced through the space behind Eva.

Behind her, a white-haired elder clad in a pristine robe reached out and lightly tapped the glowing sphere."

The azure orb shattered and dispersed, coalescing in mid-air to create a peculiar arcane array.

As the arcane array took shape, Finnley's voice unexpectedly echoed from within. "I'm Finnley Salladay, and I'm currently with Wilbur. He wants to form an alliance with us. Let's go."

Eva turned her head to look at the old man.

"Grandpa, where's Finnley? We're just waiting for the two of them now. That brat is always a step behind..."

As Eva was speaking, she noticed the elderly man across from her had a murderous look in his eyes.

"Wilbur! You must have a death wish!"

The elder gazed at the arcane array in his hand, and with a surge of spiritual energy coursing through him, he forcefully lifted the entire roof of the room.

Eva had never seen her great-grandfather this furious before. She promptly gathered the nearly dissipated magic array into her hand.

Just one glance was all it took for her eyes to widen in astonishment.

"Finnley and the others are dead..."

Eva's words left the remaining disciples of the Salladay family in shock.

However, they could tell that it must be true, or else Gregory wouldn't be this enraged.

The Salladay family had a rather unique communication method.

Since the Salladay family was second only to the Whitley family and was renowned as the mightiest among the eight families, they naturally harbored concerns about becoming the target of the other seven families.



As such, they made numerous adjustments to guard against potential infiltrations and intelligence leaks.

This included the addition of a second set of alterations to their formation methods.

According to the message just relayed by Finnley, the changes in the formation clearly indicated that he had already met his demise.

Moreover, the message he transmitted was directed straight to Gregory. Finnley's goal was clear—to lure Wilbur to Gregory's side and let the latter seek vengeance on his behalf.

Suddenly, a sharp bird's cry pierced the air.

The disciples of the Salladay family looked up, only to see dozens of enormous birds swooping down from the sky.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Subsequently, a group of God Realm cultivators descended from the flying beasts, shattering chunks of bluestone upon landing. Slowly, everyone began to rise to their feet.

"Sir, these are all outlanders! Please save me!" the cultivator that was pinned to the ground by Eva cried out to the envoys.

Eva glanced down at the envoy, then raised her foot and firmly pressed it onto the back of the long blade.

The long sword that was originally lodged in the cultivator's shoulder was knocked down, cleaving off the envoy's head.

Blood gushed from the severed carotid artery of the decapitated body and sprayed onto Eva's combat boots, staining them a vivid shade of crimson. "Perfect timing. I've been itching for a fight with nowhere to vent. Before Wilbur arrives, you bunch of sc\*mbags can serve as our warm-up."

With a fierce shout, Eva dashed forward and kicked The Hundred Beasts behind her into the air.

Guided by her spiritual energy, The Hundred Beasts spiraled into a hundred-foot-long scroll mid-air.

“Attack!”

Eva clasped her hands and leaped into the air. From the scroll behind her, the figure of a ferocious tiger tore through the confines of the painting and charged out.

Furthermore, in a matter of moments, a relentless stream of savage beasts burst forth from the scroll, instantly transforming the previously pristine street into a chaotic wasteland of debris.

Meanwhile, behind Eva, the remaining disciples of the Salladay family wasted no time in dispatching the captured divine messengers. They then soared into the air one by one before seamlessly integrating themselves into the ongoing battle.

As for Gregory, who was brimming with spiritual energy, he stood at the center of the battle formation. With each strike, he sent a divine messenger flying.

It didn't take long for all seven cultivators from the Salladay family to completely overwhelm the dozens of God Realm cultivators.

While the battle was ongoing, on the mountainside overlooking the village, Wilbur was perched atop a rat, peering through a spyglass, taking in everything unfolding below.

While the secret communication methods of the eight families are indeed mystical, they do have their limitations. These spells derived from Pryncyp could only detect individuals sharing the same bloodline within a range of a few dozen kilometers. Once one of them strays too far, beyond the reach of their kin's aura, the spell will quickly dissipate, returning to the cosmos. The reason why Finnley's spell could be transmitted swiftly was because both parties were situated at the very edge of the communication's range. Wilbur had raced all the way there, and upon seeing a village, he exercised caution. Standing atop the mountain, he first assessed the situation below. Surprisingly, it was precisely this habit of caution that ultimately saved his life. Watching Gregory's swift and efficient moves, which sent one cultivator after another tumbling to the ground, Wilbur's expression quickly grew grim. At the moment, the members of the Salladay family were acting like they were pumped with adrenaline, treating their adversaries as if they were mere targets to be obliterated.

It was obvious that they had been thoroughly provoked.

If I'm right, something must have gone awry when the disciple of the Salladay

family was delivering the message earlier. It seems that these major families are really being cautious.

Wilbur dismounted from the rat's back, took a deep breath, and reached into his storage ring to pull out a palm-sized, emerald-green wooden rod.

His spiritual energy surged throughout his body, converging into his left palm before gushing forth and being absorbed by the small rod.

Once the small rod had absorbed enough spiritual energy, it began to slowly expand.

The scene was akin to the budding of willow branches in spring. The two ends of the small rod continued to elongate, gradually transforming it into a longbow.

Wilbur extended three fingers on his right hand and placed them lightly on the non-existent bowstring of the longbow.

However, as he exerted pressure while drawing the bow, a tangible emerald-green string materialized.

He crouched and braced himself, gritting his teeth as he slowly drew the longbow in his hand.

The runes on the longbow continued to glow, and gradually, a beam of light took shape.

“Fire!”

With a furious roar from Wilbur, accompanied by drops of blood, the arrow made of light vanished from his sight without a sound.

The longbow disappeared as well, transforming back into a small wooden rod once again.

Wilbur stored it away and then proceeded to apply some medication to his right hand's fingers.

“Is this thing truly intended for human use? Its power seems a bit excessive. If I were to fire a few more arrows in quick succession, my fingers might just explode.”

Boom!

As Wilbur murmured to himself, a muffled sound emanated from the distant village.

The deafening noise originated from the direction where the Salladay family and the envoys from Yannopolis Outer City were clashing in combat.