

The Legendary Man Chapter 1281

Chapter 1281 Formation Carvings

In the midst of the tumultuous crowd, Gregory held his ground at the center, consistently intervening to protect endangered members of the Salladay family.

While confronting dozens of adversaries with just six individuals was as precarious as tossing straws into the wind, Gregory had sensed something awry from their previous encounter with the divine messenger.

Even though the cultivators in the small world possessed a sturdy and robust foundation, when they took action for real, their techniques and routines appeared exceedingly simplistic.

This was actually quite easy to explain. After all, thousands of years ago, the earth was abundant with spiritual energy.

Cultivators had no reservations in battle as they could recklessly absorb spiritual power from the heavens and the earth.

During that era, cultivators employed a myriad of techniques, including formations.

Nevertheless, only a minuscule fraction of cultivators possessed the innate ability and insight required to delve into such realms.

After all, making any substantial headway in these domains demanded a specific level of talent and acumen. Simply dedicating a few years to their study would not yield benefits; instead, it would squander spiritual power cultivation, leading to a loss rather than gain.

All cultivators held high regard for various cultivation methods like formations because of the current cultivation environment.

The outside world lacked heaven and earth, and the spiritual roots were destroyed let alone spirit stones.

Even locations with spiritual energy levels less than one-tenth of that found in the small world would often become objects of desire and contention among major powers.

Every cultivator in battle yearned to achieve the greatest results with the least amount of spiritual power.

In such an environment, those distinctive and unconventional cultivation methods persisted, evolving and thriving.

At this particular moment, even though the six members of the Salladay family found themselves encircled and assailed by the divine messengers, they

displayed resilience by utilizing a range of techniques at their disposal. In the face of imminent peril, they persisted with unwavering determination.

At the center of the crowd, Gregory also intended to take this opportunity to train these young members of the Salladay family.

If they weren't in danger, he would absolutely not intervene.

They still lacked a comprehensive understanding of the small world's true nature.

Nonetheless, Gregory grasped the concept that within this small world, peril and advantage went hand in hand.

This locale was undeniably hazardous, yet it harbored substantial prospects. The Salladay family's disciples' potential gains hinged entirely on their own efforts.

Just as the disciples of the Salladay family began to develop a hint of tacit understanding, Gregory suddenly lifted his gaze toward the distant mountains.

"Move aside!"

After letting out a mighty roar, Gregory summoned a treasure seal in the blink of an eye. Without uttering another word, he hurled it forward.

The treasure seal grew larger as it faced the wind, instantly transforming into a gigantic object spanning tens of meters.

Right after the seal expanded, a beam of emerald light already struck it.
Boom!

Gregory coughed out a mouthful of blood, and the Quadrant Seal, treasured by the Salladay family, instantly returned to its original palm-sized form and tumbled out in a flurry.

"Grandpa!" Eva let out a startled cry as she quickly stepped forward to support Gregory.

Gregory steadied himself, his gaze firmly fixed on the mountain peak outside the village.

With a serious expression, Gregory looked ahead and spoke. "There's an expert nearby. Protect Samson!"

With a swift change of hand seal, Eva abruptly retracted the long scroll spiraling in midair. It hovered above everyone, casting down rays of golden light.

A hint of regret flashed through Wilbur's eyes as he witnessed such a scene through the binoculars.

"He's still alive. How terrifying."

Leaping onto the back of the rat, Wilbur turned and left.

"I should really get down to business first. Where on earth has that guy gone? It makes no sense that he hasn't shown up yet."

At this moment, Jonathan was lying on a rocking chair in a small courtyard halfway up the hill, watching the drifting clouds. His face was filled with worry. It had been five days since he entered this small world.

At this point, he remained oblivious to the events unfolding in the external world. If the Battle of River Onyx had indeed been lost, Jonathan would bear the blame of the entire Chanaea.

Jonathan meticulously reviewed all the intelligence he had collected from the Battle of River Onyx before he entered the small world, endeavoring to form a rough estimation of the battle's progression.

Just then, a grinning face suddenly appeared before him.

Hayden stood in front of Jonathan, grinning as he greeted, "Hey, Mr. Goldstein! What are you doing? Missing Mrs. Goldstein again?"

Jonathan cast a bored glance at Hayden's playful and smiling countenance. Then he shifted his gaze to Joshua, who sat beneath a distant tree, diligently honing his skills, and found himself at a loss for words when comparing the two.

Sitting up, Jonathan gestured for Hayden to take a seat.

"Say, Hayden."

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein," Hayden replied cheerfully.

Jonathan pointed toward the other few people in the small courtyard.

"Look at the man before you, Stellario, the direct descendant of the Mallory family in Yorksland, the designated heir to the village chief position. What is he doing now? Studying parasites. Over there, that's Kathleen. Despite her impressive physique, she remains humble, constantly honing her magical items. Look at Joshua, the true master of this small world, the heir of the White family. But what is he doing now? He's busy cultivating himself. You, on the other hand, are born into an affiliated family of respectable families, a

beginner phase of God Realm with the help of pills, yet here you are, laughing and joking around. Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

Upon hearing this, Hayden shook his head and responded, "Of course not. You see, those who surpass me, those with greater potential, they are all still striving. So even if I try my best, I can't catch up to them. So, why shouldn't I just take it easy?"

Listening to Hayden's words, Jonathan was tempted to offer a rebuttal but found himself at a loss for words. He gazed at Hayden, somewhat dumbfounded, and conceded, "Fine, you win. What do you require from me?" Hayden instantly pulled out that high-precision sniper rifle.

"Mr. Goldstein, I suppose you could say I've committed myself to Asura's Office at this point, correct? So, how about you consider giving me this gun as a gesture of goodwill? I understand that money isn't a significant concern for you. Additionally, regarding the bullets, could you procure an additional two thousand for me? I'm gearing up for a war, and it's evident that I don't have an ample supply of ammunition."

"Why don't you just rob a bank?" Jonathan regarded Hayden with incredulity.

"Dude, do you realize how valuable these bullets are? Each one is etched with formation markings of spiritual destruction. Crafting them requires the expertise of a formation master. You should consider yourself fortunate to have a few boxes of them. Do you genuinely believe there's a readily available production line for these right now?"

Hayden had no idea that making these things would be so complex.

However, Jonathan's words did provide him with a new line of thought.

"Mr. Goldstein, are you saying that these bullets are powerful because of the formation attached to them?"

"Indeed," Jonathan replied with indifference. "Regardless of their origin, bullets remain fundamentally the same. They cannot penetrate the defenses of high-level cultivators. Apart from cultivation techniques, are there any alternative methods?"

Hearing Jonathan's reply, Hayden slowly nodded, then asked a question that would change his life forever. "Mr. Goldstein, do you think it would be useful if I carved my own formations on the bullets?"