

The Legendary Man Chapter 1336

Chapter 1336 The Grand Array Of Heavenly Performance

Upon hearing the conversation between Jonathan and the latter, Sirius, who was standing nearby, approached with a worried face.

Reaching out, Sirius gently placed his hand on Joshua's wrist, carefully examining it. Then, with a sigh, he subtly shook his head.

"Jonathan's assessment is correct. This is a typical reaction to a damaged spiritual sense."

"If we're outside, I can take him back to the Blackwood family's Spiritual Nourishing Valley. In this small world, unless we find a similar place, it's going to be difficult for him to recover."

Upon hearing Sirius's words, Hayden was instantly invigorated.

"Is what you're saying really true?"

"This is the first time I've heard that a spiritual sense can be healed. Is your Spiritual Nourishing Valley really as miraculous as you say?"

Jonathan also harbored some doubts about Sirius's words.

The Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique he had acquired, after such a long period of verification, it could be confirmed that the grade of its cultivation method was superior to the existing cultivation method of the eight families.

Moreover, the wealth of information recorded within could be aptly described as an encyclopedia of the ancient world.

However, even so, the method of recuperating from a damaged spiritual sense was only briefly mentioned in four words in the medical section of the book.

Nurture warmth, heal thyself!

Of course, all spells and potions were created by the cultivators.

There would also be the possibility that in the years following the completion of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, someone could devise a method to cultivate spiritual sense.

For instance, the emergence of the small world was a concept proposed by Emperor Fehohr in the years following the ancient times. It was then perfected and brought into existence by countless powerful.

The innovation of those spiritual cultivation techniques was akin to the accumulation of scientific knowledge.

By relying on the overlay of formations and the application of Pryncyp, one could continuously experiment and accumulate experience.

However, the restoration of spiritual sense was completely untraceable.

It was intangible, beyond sight and touch. One could create a formation or a spell and could perhaps be heading in the right direction by providing an extremely subtle nourishment to the spiritual sense. Yet, one simply couldn't perceive the changes.

Unless, by some stroke of luck, someone could create a formation that could significantly repair the spiritual sense to the extent that it could be easily perceived by others.

Nevertheless, the chances of that happening was even lower than winning the lottery ten times in a row.

Setting aside the complex spiritual sense restoration array, even the establishment of the simplest Three Formations required the formation master to fumble through thousands, if not tens of thousands of times, before determining the final arrangement method.

The words of Sirius could be said to have no credibility at all.

Seeing the doubtful gazes of Jonathan and Hayden, Sirius furrowed his brows.

"I, Sirius, have never lied in my life. Don't you trust my character?"

Cough Cough! Jonathan cleared his throat. "Well, neither of us are saints. Even if you swear a poisonous oath, I'd have to weigh whether it's a trap or not. Let's not discuss character anymore, shall we? How about this? Tell me about the Blackwood family's Spiritual Nourishing Valley. How was it set up, or when did it come into existence?"

A sanctuary for nurturing the spiritual sense, whether in ancient times or after the natural order was shattered. It would undoubtedly remain the supreme treasure in the realm of cultivators.

Even if the Blackwood family truly had it in their possession, such a secret was bound to be leaked.

Although discussing matters of the outside world seemed pointless in the small world, the conversation had already reached this point, and Jonathan wanted to know whether these things were true or false.

Upon seeing their doubts, Sirius huffed coldly.

“Of course, I can’t tell you where that valley is. But I can say with certainty, within a radius of three meters of the very heart of that valley, it’s absolutely possible to nurture one’s spiritual sense. After participating in the great battle against the Whitley family, my ancestor returned home wounded. It was in that valley where he recovered from his injuries. It’s a place shaped by the forces of nature. We don’t understand the principles behind it. But after all these years, the only ones who know about the secret valley are less than twenty people from the core of the Blackwood family. The rest has no idea. And to safeguard that valley, we tread with utmost caution every time we enter. Even within our clan, there’s a strict rule, breaking even a single twig inside is considered a grave offense. If you disrupt the mountain’s terrain or the course of water, then it’s a death sentence!”

Hayden stared at Sirius, dumbfounded.

“D*mn, are the people in your family freaks or what? Even with the knowledge that only the core members are aware of that valley, you still managed to impose a death penalty. What’s the matter? Are you afraid of your clan becoming too powerful and decided to start a plan to reduce the number of cultivators?”

At this moment, Jonathan was frowning as he stared at Sirius.

“If that’s what you’re saying, then I might actually believe you.”

Hayden turned to look at Jonathan before he sat down next to Joshua, feeling speechless.

“Oh, Joshua, you’re really out of luck. Look at these two, each one more crazy than the last. How about I just bury you and save you from the suffering of being a vegetable?”

Jonathan looked at Hayden in amusement.

“You don’t know jack! Let me tell you, whenever we encounter a grand formation naturally created by heaven and earth, we must find a way to protect it. For instance, the Three Ultimate Formations of Summerbank encompasses an area with a radius of tens of kilometers. This has created a forbidden zone that no person can enter. If a mountain is blown apart, the spiritual energy loses its ability to circulate, and the formation will be broken.”

Hayden listened to Jonathan’s explanation with a slight frown on his face.

“Mr. Goldstein, as you’ve said, we must blow up a mountain peak to break that formation. Just now, Sirius mentioned that damaging even a twig would be punishable by death. He was just bluffing, wasn’t he?”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan shook his head again.

“The Three Formations of Summerbank is just the most basic formation. The foundation of the formation is made up of three mountains. Naturally, if you want to break it, you need to destroy one of the mountains. However, according to Sirius, their family’s Celestial Evolution Formation can nurture the spiritual sense. That must certainly be a treasure that rivals the heavens and earth. For such a large formation, even picking up a stone from the slope could potentially destroy the entire array. Until everyone fully understands the evolution of the formation, no one should interfere with anything in that valley.”

For such a large formation, even picking up a stone from the slope could potentially destroy the entire array.

Upon hearing these words, a look of envy flashed in Hayden’s eyes.

“Ah, the respectable families! They really do monopolize a lot of good places, don’t they?”

“Mr. Goldstein, how long will it take for the formation experts to figure out that valley?”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan slightly shook his head, then turned to look at Sirius.

“The mastery of formations is hard to grasp. It could take three days, or it could take forever. The pace depends on the skill level of the formation master.”

“Sirius, how much have the Blackwood family deduced from that valley?”

“If you know, you can tell me. Maybe I can replicate it. Waking Joshua up earlier would also be helpful for us.”

Upon hearing this, Sirius shook his head.

“That’s impossible. The valley has been under the study of formation masters for the past thirty years, and yet, less than one percent of it has been completed.”

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Chapter 1337 Splitting Loot

“Darn it!”

Annoyed, Hayden cursed under his breath. “What’s the point of all this talk? It doesn’t help Joshua’s condition one bit, you know.”

Sirius frowned as he looked at Hayden. “Did I ever say it was useful? All I said was that it would be easier if we were outside. If you keep challenging me, I swear I’ll take you down right now.”

Sirius was powerful. Coupled with the Rune-Enhanced Body Mastery on his body, even Jonathan wasn’t entirely confident that he could defeat Sirius in a short amount of time.

Moreover, even when Sirius was doing nothing, he still emanated an extremely dangerous vibe. It was unclear if that was due to his constant gun practice.

At that moment, when Sirius uttered those words, Hayden was immediately frightened. He somersaulted up and pulled out his saber to respond carefully.

“Let me tell you, I’m not a pushover either. If it really comes down to it, I’m not afraid to take action!”

Watching the two men, lively as fighting roosters, Jonathan couldn’t help but sigh in resignation. He sat beside Joshua and began sorting through his storage ring.

From the moment they entered that small world, a unique theme had gripped everyone, which was slaughter.

Jonathan had been leading a fulfilling few days. He had to face the chaotic power struggles and outside cultivators seeking treasures in the small world, but it wasn’t all bad.

Unfastening the storage bag from his waist, Jonathan poured out more than two hundred storage bags from within.

That was the convenience of the storage device in the small world. It could be infinitely stacked. As long as one had enough storage bags, one could pack everything one saw like nesting dolls.

Even Sirius, who had always been cold and indifferent, couldn’t help but be surprised by the mountain of storage bags. “Um... Jonathan, these storage bags of yours...”

“All these are from the divine messengers we killed before!” Jonathan laughed. “Haven’t you guys collected any?”

Sirius took out three pitifully small storage bags.

As for Hayden, he had been constantly targeting the enemy from behind. Coupled with his cultivation level barely being enough to protect himself, he didn’t have the leisure to pick up any storage bags. In fact, he didn’t manage to pick up a single one.

At that point, they could only watch as Jonathan unboxed the storage bags.

In truth, Jonathan was always at the heart of the battle. Only when he was about to leave would he use his spiritual energy to pull the storage bag around him into the ground.

If it weren't for the urgent need to escape, the number of storage bags Jonathan managed to get his hands on would probably be no less than five hundred.

At that thought, Jonathan couldn't help but sigh. "What a pity. There are still so many storage bags we didn't manage to get."

Hayden looked at Jonathan with a face full of envy. "You've got around two hundred bags, Mr. Goldstein. That's quite a lot already, isn't it?"

Upon hearing that, Jonathan sighed again. "You don't have a family, so you don't understand how much I need. I wish I could strip those Black Armor soldiers from head to toe. Don't just stand there. Come and give me a hand. Help me sort out the stuff in here. Place the weapons on the left, medicines in the middle, food at the back, and clothes and miscellaneous items on the right."

As Jonathan spoke, he manipulated his spiritual energy to divide the storage bag in front of him into three parts. He then pushed two of the parts toward Sirius and Hayden.

Seeing Jonathan in that state, Hayden and Sirius didn't hesitate. They immersed their spiritual sense into the storage bag and continuously threw out the items inside.

A total of two hundred and thirty-one storage bags were completely emptied in less than ten minutes. The contents were neatly sorted and piled together.

"There are over fifteen hundred pieces of various weapons and armor in total. However, most of them are of inferior quality. They are, however, suitable for the average practitioner to use. For God Realm cultivator though, the quality of these things is somewhat too low." Hayden spoke with a hint of disdain.

Sirius brandished an obsidian spear with great force.

"These are all standard weapons in the army. The ability to equip every soldier with lower-grade magical instruments is simply unthinkable in the outside world. We've got so much now. We should be content."

Jonathan looked at the two, their eyes filled with envy. After some thought, he finally spoke.

“You can each choose three weapons that suit you best from these. As for the magical herbs, each of you can take ten percent. Prepare for the upcoming battles, so you’re ready for any unexpected needs. As for food, feel free to choose whatever you like. It seems that in this small world, we’re really not short of things to eat. I’m going to put everything else away. I hope you understand.”

Upon hearing the words, Hayden burst into hearty laughter and dove into the massive pile of weapons. “What do you mean, ‘understand’? These things were yours to begin with. I’m already extremely grateful for this little bit you’ve given me, okay?”

Meanwhile, Sirius, who was standing nearby, forcefully thrust his obsidian spear into the ground. “I’ll take this top-grade magical item. This one is more than enough.”

“If you say so!” Jonathan said with a hearty laugh.

Sirius reached out his hand. Waves of spiritual energy surged as he deposited various medicinal pills into his storage bag. Then, he turned around and sat down next to Jonathan. “Jonathan, are you planning to arm Asura’s Office with these weapons?”

Upon hearing those words, Jonathan didn’t respond. He turned his head to look at Joshua, who was sound asleep next to him.

“There’s only one Asura in the Asura’s Office, but that’s too few. Before, I believed that as long as I stood at the pinnacle, I could change the world. Eventually, I came to realize that if I fail, then the tens of thousands from the Blackwood family will also fail. To change the world, what we need are countless ‘Asura’s’. Only when everyone understands the injustices of this world will they rise in rebellion. Only then can the order of our world be changed.”

Upon hearing that, Sirius nodded slightly, then promptly took out a cigarette and handed it to Jonathan. “You want to create more of these ‘Asura’?”

Upon hearing that, Jonathan grinned. “Being an Asura is not about physical strength, but a state of mind. However, this mindset can only be liberated when one is strong. These items are merely the stepping stones to my goal. Once I’ve achieved it, the eight respectable families will be having a headache.”

Upon hearing that, Sirius slightly shook his head.

“Let me tell you a secret. The core members of our family have already dispersed around the world under different identities. This arrangement has been in place for nearly a century. Our influence extends to Remdik, Anglandur, Western Epea, and even Alendor.”

“Kore was shattered, and the spiritual energy revival seemed only to be an illusion. This is merely a sudden spurt of activity prior to the world’s foundation collapsing. I believe that in a few decades, Divine Realm cultivation will become only a legend, and no one will be able to break through it anymore. We, the Blackwood family, need to accelerate this process as much as possible. Before everyone else catches on, we must establish our footing in the new world first.”

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Chapter 1338 The Fish That Came Ashore

It was only at this moment that Jonathan finally understood what the real secret of the Blackwood family had been all along.

Even though the Blackwood family and Asura’s Office had secretly formed an alliance long ago, Jonathan couldn’t understand why the Blackwood family, a respectable family that had established itself through cultivation, was committed to democratizing cultivation and spreading it to the masses.

Upon hearing Sirius’ words, Jonathan finally understood. The entire world of cultivation is like a slowly drying pond. According to the Blackwood family’s theory, the drying up of this pond is now irreversible. One day, the water inside will completely evaporate, leaving only the parched riverbed behind. And these cultivators are like fish swimming within. The Blackwood family is determined to be among the first to reach the shore. Their aim is to firmly establish their footing before the other families can react and then do everything within their power to thwart any forces that attempt to follow them ashore. While it may not entirely prevent everyone from reaching the shore, one thing is certain. The Blackwood family will undoubtedly seize the initiative in this process.

After connecting all the previous events together, Jonathan sighed and asked, “So, are you willing to support Asura’s Office unconditionally, even if it means

giving us a large amount of broken spirit stones and risking the wrath of the other seven families?”

Sirius shook his head slightly. “What you’re saying is both right and wrong. We gave you the broken spirit stone, certainly hoping to establish a good relationship with Asura’s Office before you even set foot on shore. After all, in the face of dwindling spiritual energy in the future, the highest Realm of cultivators will be continuously compressed. In this way, the military powerhouse, Asura’s Office, will truly become the ruler of Chanaea.”

Upon hearing Sirius’s words, Jonathan couldn’t help but chuckle in satisfaction. “So, it seems like you’re quite optimistic about the development of Asura’s Office, huh? When it comes to alliances, no bond is too tight as long as there are benefits involved. The Blackwood family and Asura’s Office are old friends by now. How about we tighten our alliance? Once we get out of here when the hatred between Asura’s Office and the eight respectable families reaches its boiling point, we could collaborate once more. What do you say?”

Sirius looked at Jonathan, a rare hint of amusement rising in his gaze. “I know what you’re thinking. You want the Blackwood family to pull the rug out from under the other seven families, don’t you?”

Jonathan quickly nodded in agreement. “What I mean is, if we join forces, we might just stand a chance to take down the seven respectable families.”

Upon hearing that, Sirius didn’t respond. He simply handed Jonathan a cigarette and lit it for him. “Jonathan, let go of that idea. Once we’re out, in the war between you and the eight respectable families, the Blackwood family can at most step aside. But as for helping you with this matter, we simply can’t do it.”

Jonathan furrowed his brows, exhaling a puff of smoke, his eyes filled with confusion as he looked at Sirius. “Sirius, you’re really being unreasonable. We’ve faced life and death together several times. We can certainly trust each other with our lives. Moreover, the Blackwood family has been helping us, even providing us with broken spirit stone. Isn’t all this to help Asura’s Office become stronger quickly? Since you’re fond of Asura’s Office, why not increase your investment? When the time comes and we really win, won’t it be even more beneficial for the Blackwood family?”

At this point, Hayden, who was standing nearby, had also chosen the weapon he wanted and stepped forward. “Mr. Goldstein, I’ve made my selection and picked out five magical items.”

With a casual wave of his hand, Jonathan let him go. He wanted to continue discussing cooperation with Sirius, but he heard Hayden couldn't help but interject from the side.

"Mr. Goldstein, there's no need to persuade him anymore. These respectable families are all unprincipled scoundrels. If they don't see any tangible benefits, they won't cooperate with you," Hayden said.

Sirius looked at Hayden. Jonathan thought he would argue, but to his surprise, Sirius remained silent for a moment before giving a slight nod. "Hayden is right," Sirius said. "We don't do things that don't benefit us. Fully supporting Asura's Office is simply a pointless endeavor for us."

Jonathan looked at Sirius, speechless.

"Dude! Just now, you were saying that Asura's Office is the future," Jonathan said.

Upon hearing that, Sirius quickly waved his hands. "I never said that Asura's Office is the future. What I meant was that the technological warfare model represented by Asura's Office is the trend of the future. You need to understand, the depletion of spiritual energy is not something that can be reversed in a day or two. It requires a long period of evolution. Even with the backing of the Blackwood family, or the continuous support from cultivators associated with the Blackwood family, this process is bound to be extremely lengthy."

As Sirius spoke, he gently waved his hand in front of him. The grass on the ground was neatly cut, and the scattered blades of grass formed an upward arc in mid-air. "For thousands of years, everything in this world, at its peak, must eventually decline. This is a truth that Emperor Fehohr comprehended thousands of years ago. All beings in this world, after their prime, inevitably head toward decline. Flowers, plants, and trees, after their bloom, naturally start to wither. The rise and fall of imperial power and national strength are just so, and the destiny of our cultivator world will also follow this rule. Just like the process of aging, ordinary people start to physically decline after the age of thirty. However, this aging process is incredibly slow, so much so that it's hard for one to notice it themselves."

As Sirius spoke, he simultaneously manipulated his spiritual energy to extend the arc formed by the green grass, gently growing it downward. "At that point, even if there is a decline, it's not easily noticeable to everyone due to the limited speed. However, if this person were to fall seriously ill or suffer a significant misfortune, their physical condition would rapidly deteriorate. This is an unalterable fact. And we, the Blackwood family, are committed to continuously propelling the realm of cultivators in Chanaea, swiftly toward this

turning point. Only in this way can we ensure others lose their advantage in the face of lightning-fast developments. But now, even as the ones who set the stage, we have no idea when this turning point will actually occur. It could be three months or several decades. Before this turning point, the world is still dominated by the eight families. Asura's Office has no chance of victory. Let me tell you something simple. Even if we don't count the Blackwood family, the number of cultivators from the other seven families who have reached the God Realm is definitely over two hundred. Do you, the over one million members of Asura's Office, have any strategies to deal with these two hundred God Realm cultivators?"

Sirius' spiritual energy dissipated, and the fragments of grass in the sky scattered with the wind, landing on Jonathan's face. It felt as if sharp arrows were piercing Jonathan's heart.

"I can take people out of the small world!" Jonathan replied with a serious look on his face. Before this, I was uncertain about the impending war. Now, there isn't much to worry about. In this small world, there might be a shortage of other things, but when it comes to God Realm cultivators, there's more than enough!

The Legendary Man Chapter 1339

Chapter 1339 Asking For A Beating

Although Jonathan and the others had enemies everywhere in the small world, there were many villagers he could persuade.

Jonathan believed in his own abilities. He might not be able to persuade hundreds of thousands of people from several villages to switch sides, but gathering two to three hundred God Realm cultivators to follow him was still quite an easy feat to accomplish.

Ever since Jonathan figured out the situation in the small world, he had been constantly scheming.

It was just that there was quite a bit of scheming involved in that matter. If he could persuade the aborigines there, others could certainly do the same thing. The eight respectable families were not fools. They all would work together to recruit cultivators under their command. Once they found the way back, Jonathan, on his own, could never outmaneuver the dozens of people from the eight respectable families.

And this was precisely why he was going all out to help Joshua.

After discussing the topic of the chosen with Seboxia, Jonathan had already assumed Joshua was the chosen for the small world.

After all, the small world was Joshua's ancestors' territory. The magical items, cultivation methods, formations, and hidden secrets were all under the control of Joshua.

It would be unreasonable for him not to be the chosen one under such circumstances.

Jonathan's plan was that he could use Joshua's luck to allow himself to bring a group of people out of the small world after he helped Joshua regain control of Yannopolis.

That matter would be easily achievable once Joshua gained power. After all, the people from the eight respectable families also had a grudge against Joshua.

It would be strange if Joshua didn't seize that opportunity to eliminate everyone who entered the small world.

But now, Joshua, in his current state, had injured his spiritual sense and was sleeping like a log. The turns of events had completely disrupted Jonathan's plans.

Sirius followed Jonathan's gaze to look at Joshua. "You can drop the idea of bringing people out of here."

Jonathan furrowed his brows and asked, "Why?"

Sirius pointed at himself.

"I'm not sure about the other families and factions, but speaking for my Blackwood family, we have definitely already sent people to guard the entrance of the small world by now. Do you really think my grandpa and the others would just stand by and watch other families bring out a string of God Realm cultivators from the small world?"

Jonathan was a smart man. The reason he hadn't considered those matters before was because there wasn't a second cultivator in the entire Asura's Office who could compete with the eight respectable families. So, he never even considered what could possibly happen at the entrance of the small world. "In other words, the eight respectable families would never stand by and watch any members of the other respectable families lead the cultivators from the small world to the outside world. This results in a vicious cycle. The eight families will form an alliance outside, slaughtering all the cultivators who venture out from the smaller worlds in order to maintain the current balance of the eight families."

Upon hearing that, Sirius gave a slight nod. "You're a smart person, so I'll tell

you this. Even if you really manage to escape, your Asura's Office would definitely not stand a chance in a battle against the eight respectable families."

Upon hearing those words, Jonathan fell silent. After a few seconds of contemplation, he turned a cold gaze toward Sirius. "This is a stalemate. In the face of absolute power, I have no way to break the stalemate."

"I know." Sirius said calmly, "But if you and Hayden can disguise yourselves, I can get you out safely."

Although the Blackwood family couldn't assist Asura's Office, Sirius himself didn't want the two geniuses, Jonathan and Hayden, to just die at the exit of the small world.

The interests and strategies of respectable families were shaped by the prevailing trends of the world.

As an independent individual, Sirius truly cherished his "friend," Jonathan. He might not be able to save Asura's Office, but he could certainly save Jonathan.

With a smirk, Hayden toyed with the saber in his hand, turning his gaze toward Sirius.

"You're planning to save us so we'll, in turn, serve you?"

"I simply want to save you, that's all," Sirius said lightly. "Believe it or not, I want to save you two. After all, it's you who saved my life."

Jonathan lifted his head to look at Sirius. "I appreciate your good intentions, but I'm curious about something. You seem to have already decided that our Asura's Office will lose in this conflict. In that case, why did you send over fifteen hundred tons of broken spirit stones to Asura's Office? Even though these are considered inferior products produced from your family's spiritual mines, and you disdain to use them, if they were to be sold, they would still make a significant profit. Yet, you gave all those stones to us? That doesn't seem to align with your 'self-interest first' rule."

Sirius stubbed out the cigarette butt in his hand on the ground. "The fifteen hundred tons of broken spirit stones weren't a gift to you, Jonathan, but for Asura's Office. There are nearly two million of you in the Asura's Office. Even if you truly lose, it's impossible for all of you to be killed. Consider our Blackwood family as having planted a seed. Whether it will bloom and bear fruit in the future depends on the methods of the other seven families."

As Sirius was speaking, he suddenly felt a surge of spiritual energy fluctuating intensely from Hayden, who was standing beside him.

Ding!

Hayden sidestepped. The saber in his hand gleamed as it collided with an incoming arrow.

Jonathan rolled forward on the ground, activating the bronze handbell on top of his head to lower a golden spirit shield to protect himself and Joshua behind him.

With a lift of his foot, Jonathan kicked Joshua into the coffin. Only after closing the lid and hoisting it onto his back did he feel slightly at ease as he looked up toward the top of the valley.

There, surprisingly, were two Adrunians donning breezy attire.

Sirius, holding a spear, stood beside Jonathan, his aura bursting forth.

“Adrunians? Has the West Epea Alliance received the news?”

“Perhaps even further. They could be people from Anglandur,” Jonathan said lightly.

Sirius was unexpectedly locked up in the dungeons of North Outer City without getting to explore much of the small world. Naturally, he found it peculiar to see the Adrunians at that time.

However, Jonathan had witnessed Adrunians being forced to participate in the South Outer City arena previously.

Hayden, holding a severed arrow in his hand, walked up to the two of them.

“These two guys are somewhat condescending. They’re not using spiritual energy. This arrow is made of carbon fiber materials, which are a dime a dozen for two hundred bucks outside. It’s just like toys from an amusement park.”

Jonathan glanced at the arrow, dyed in all sorts of colors, then lifted his gaze to the people above.

Those two Adrunians were standing atop the valley, laughing and chatting about something. Due to the distance, Jonathan couldn’t quite make out what they were saying.

It seemed like they were laughing at the accuracy of the arrow they had just shot.

The two of them chatted and laughed for a bit, then leaped toward the base of the mountain.

The valley wasn’t very deep to begin with. With just a few leaps, the two of them had already reached the front of the three individuals.

Upon reaching the pile of weapons and magical items, the two young men looked at the trio as if they had discovered some sort of treasure.

“This... mine... you all... run for your lives...”

“Yours?” Hayden looked at the two of them with a scoffing laugh.

“I’ll just have to accept that I can’t beat the heirs of the eight respectable families, but you two little runts think you can strut around in my place? It seems you’re asking for a beating!”

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Chapter 1340 Cultivators From Adrune

With a soft shout, Hayden lightly tapped his foot. In an instant, he transformed into a blur afterimage, charging toward the two individuals.

“Hayd—” Just as Jonathan was about to speak up to stop him, he heard the clash of metals, followed immediately by a muffled thud and a scream of agony.

Hayden passed by Jonathan, slamming fiercely into the slope behind him. Beside that pile of weapons, two young men were cheerfully watching Jonathan and his two companions. “I-I said I’d let you go, b-but if you make a move, I won’t h-hesitate to kill you.”

“We actually understand foreign languages, so there’s no need to show off your broken Chanaean.” Jonathan spoke fluently in the foreign language. Upon hearing that, the two young men burst into hearty laughter. “You find it strange to hear us speak Chanaean. We feel the same when you speak our language.”

“You’re quite an interesting person,” he said. “Here’s the deal. Leave your storage magical item behind, and I’ll spare the three of you.”

Sirius, standing nearby, glanced at Jonathan and his companions. Then, he whispered something into Jonathan’s ear. “What are you guys talking about? I can’t understand a single word.”

Jonathan cast a bewildered look at Sirius. “You’ve never studied a foreign language? You’re from a respectable family, aren’t you? I’m surprised.”

Sirius knitted his brows. “Why should I learn that? I haven’t even fully grasped Chanaean yet. Hurry up and tell me, what are these two foreigners talking about?”

Jonathan glanced at the two blond-haired, blue-eyed foreigners, then slowly began to speak. “He cursed at your mother.”

Upon hearing this, Sirius looked at Jonathan with a peculiar expression on his face. "Jonathan, I may not understand, but I'm not a fool. He's been talking for quite a while, but I didn't hear him mention the word 'f*ck' at all."

Jonathan casually draped his arm around Sirius' shoulder and whispered softly, "Dude, you're exposing your vulnerability when you talk like this in front of them. It's like knowing we all call the toilet 'WC', but in conversation, we stick with 'toilet'. This is about contextual grammar, something you haven't explored. Even if I tried to explain it to you, it might not make sense. Just trust me on this, he was definitely hurling insults at your mother."

Sirius looked at Jonathan with suspicion. "Why does he only scold me?"

"They've scolded me too," Jonathan said matter-of-factly. "But both my parents are gone, so they can scold me however they want."

"I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to teach them a lesson right now," Sirius declared, gripping his newly acquired spear. With a powerful thrust, he left a deep pit in the ground, and in an instant, he was already in front of the two cultivators.

Bang!

The sound of a solid collision rang out. Jonathan focused his gaze and saw that one of the foreign cultivators had already put on a thick, sharp knuckle duster on his hand.

The cultivator unleashed a punch, releasing waves of spiritual energy. Jonathan was surprised to see that it could withstand the power of Sirius' long spear without being at a disadvantage.

Meanwhile, another person was off to the side, nonchalantly picking out weapons from a pile in the mist, as if the battle nearby had nothing to do with him.

"D*mn it, I'm going to kill you." Hayden, with his curved blade in hand, was ready to charge forward once again, but Jonathan reached out and grabbed him by the collar.

"You're no match for these two. Haven't you noticed their techniques?" Jonathan reasoned. "They might appear disordered, but every strike is aimed at Sirius' vital points. If I'm not mistaken, these two individuals are likely assassins. You're still inexperienced in dealing with monks of this kind. Stay

back and watch. Head up to the valley and check if any of them are lying in ambush.”

Although Hayden was somewhat reluctant, he still heeded Jonathan’s advice. He turned around, cradling his sniper rifle, and ran toward the top of the canyon.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was carrying the Coffin on his back, heading in the direction of Sirius and his group.

“Young man, if that thing is not yours, it’s best to leave it where it is.” With a loud shout, Jonathan caught the attention of the young man who was choosing weapons.

The young man looked up at Jonathan. “Do you mean to say these things are yours?”

“Of course, they’re mine,” Jonathan responded with a grin.

“All right. Here you go.” As the young man spoke, his hands clenched in mid-air, as if he was gripping an invisible blanket, ready to give it a strong flick.

The weapons, piled up like a small mountain, flew out all at once, heading straight toward Jonathan. “You think this is a child’s play, huh?”

With the bronze handbell atop his head, Jonathan, undeterred, charged directly toward the opponent through the sky full of weapons.

“Charge!” The young man reached out and firmly grasped Jonathan’s hand. Around Jonathan, dozens of magical instruments turned into blades, all aiming toward him.

Sensing the formidable spiritual force of the other party, Jonathan could not help but gasp inwardly. Spiritual control cultivator! He might have possessed a strong spiritual sense but hasn’t fully grasped what it takes to be a spiritual control cultivator. What a pity.

The power of an army does not lie solely in its numbers but in its quality.

The cultivator’s ability to control thirty weapons simultaneously might seem impressive, overwhelming, and taxing for the eyes to follow, but when it came to actual combat, his lack of power became evident.

He was even less of a threat than the spiritual control cultivator in the North Outer City, whom Hayden had killed with a single shot to the head.

Clink! Clink! Clink!

A series of collision sounds echoed around Jonathan.

Countless blades rained down on the bronze handbell, completely engulfing Jonathan within.

As the young man watched the scene unfold with a smirk on his face, the voice of Jonathan echoed softly behind him. "Hey, have you had enough fun yet?"

The young man's expression underwent a drastic change. In the instant he turned around, he swung his hands. The badge on his chest, identical to Captain Anglandur's shield, swiftly expanded, forming a solid barrier in front of him.

Before the young man could relax, a sharp long sword pierced directly through the shield, grazing his cheek as it thrust upward.

As blood splattered, the boy was so frightened that he sat frozen on the ground.

On the grass nearby, there lay a bloody ear.

Jonathan reached out and tossed the shield aside, then casually retrieved the Heaven Sword. With a hearty laugh, he looked at the young man. "Based on your appearance, I reckon you're a cultivator hailing from Anglandur, correct?" His tone dripped with disdain. "Western Epea might not be the pinnacle of virtue, but at least they cherish the notion of being a gentleman. You Anglandur folks, on the other hand, are simply incorrigible. Each one of you is more audacious than the last, strutting around as if you're the bee's knees just because you know a few tricks."

At this moment, the boy was so terrified of Jonathan that he kept retreating. Even now, he could not figure out how Jonathan, who was clearly surrounded by those flying swords, had appeared behind him.

Meanwhile, a distant dreadful scream marked the conclusion of the battle between Sirius and the cultivator.

Sirius pinned the cultivator with a knuckle duster to the ground before raising his spear and piercing through the cultivator's spine, rendering him completely incapacitated.

The two young men stared in alarm at the two Aplotian faces before them. "Asura, we realize our mistake now."

Jonathan sighed in resignation. "Many people aim to make a name for themselves by killing me. You're not the first and won't be the last. Now, answer my questions. If you respond well, I'll grant you a quick death."