

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1172

### Chapter 1172 Spiritual Energy Form

Seboxia founded Seboxiasm, and one of its teachings was to refrain from anger.

That was proof of how seriously Seboxia took the virtue of patience.

Thus, the extent of Seboxia's rage became evident when even a person like him began spewing profanities.

Seboxia was targeted by Heavenly Pryncyp for having invoked massive amounts of Pryncyp of Life during his duel with Ivanov. Given no other alternative, he was forced to hibernate.

To his surprise, he awoke to find himself in such a place.

Though Seboxia had never seen the actual formation around him, he had read about it in the ancient scrolls of the West Region.

According to the text, the Demon Zeal Formation was created to seal away demigods and required the sacrifice of innumerable lives.

It was thus powerful enough to keep spiritual sense, spiritual energy, and Pryncyps outside.

The amount of willpower required for such a feat was unfathomable.

A corporeal monk clad in white robes appeared above the ripples of the Demon Zeal Formation before Jonathan. It was Seboxia in his human form.

"You can come outside?"

Jonathan gaped as Seboxia took form.

Seboxia held prayer beads in his hand. His gaze was inscrutably calm.

"The Demon Zeal Formation is the most powerful formation of antiquity. It requires the blood essence of many to become part of it and is used to block Heavenly Pryncyp, spiritual energy, and essence in all things. In here, Heavenly Pryncyp cannot detect my presence."

As Seboxia spoke, he gazed up toward the stone cage suspended from the heart of the stone lotus.

The moment he turned his attention upward, an aura capable of total annihilation spilled forth from the stone cage.

Jonathan raised the bronze handbell and leaped aside to take cover. Only after he arrived at a stone lotus did he feel the suffocating oppression decrease.

He gazed back at Seboxia, who did not seem fazed by the overwhelming pressure. With his hands clasped together before his chest, he stood resolutely on the formation with the air of a seasoned abbot.

“There’s no need for such hostility, sir. Though I don’t know how long you’ve been imprisoned, we must be the only two people you’ve met since you were shut away.”

With his eyes firmly fixed on the dark shadow in the stone cage, Seboxia addressed it in a level tone.

The Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique in Jonathan’s possession had been passed down from antiquity—close to ten thousand years.

According to the records, even a person as powerful as Fehohr did not manage to create a small world.

That is proof that the fellow imprisoned here must have been sealed away after that time.

According to Seboxia, the bodies beneath their feet in the pit of bones were remnants of the lives given for the formation, which was how the place had been sealed off from the world.

That figure up there is very likely a legendary demigod. After all, only a cultivator of that Realm could neither be defeated nor killed. That must be the reason why so many were compelled to sacrifice their lives to trap him there and kill him with the passage of time. Yet, Seboxia can stand face-to-face against such a formidable opponent. He really is something.

Within the depths of the stone cage, a pair of gleaming, crimson eyes were fixed on Seboxia below.

From a gap in the stone cage, a skeletal claw reached out without warning and swiped at Seboxia, who was standing a hundred meters away.

“We are fated to meet, sir.”

Following his proclamation, Seboxia turned and raised his arm, and an immense burst of spiritual energy rippled upward.

Boom!

Following the dull thud, the spiritual energy of the formation rippled.

Seboxia had crushed the terrifying claw to powder.

“By the looks of the bones below, you appear to have been sealed here for three thousand years, at least. Your powers were that of a demigod before, but after three millennia of torment, how much do you have left? I’d hazard a guess that as your cultivation level plummets, the time you have left will also diminish. If you miss your chance with us, you will have no other choice than sit here and await death. Am I right?”

Within the massive stone cage in the cave, the pair of huge, crimson eyes were motionless.

After several seconds, they closed slightly.

From the dark, bottomless depths of the stone cage, a figure emerged, walking slowly to the railing.

It turned out to be a curvaceous woman.

“Can you bring me out of here?”

With a tinkling laugh, the cultivator leaped out from between the gap of the railing and landed lightly on the edge of the formation.

“D\*mn!”

Noticing the woman clad in white robes staring at him, Jonathan turned to run like a cat who had its tail stepped on.

“You killed my pet and ate its egg. Where do you think you’re going?”

The woman extended a slender hand and waved it in Jonathan's direction. An immense vortex appeared behind him and yanked him back.

At the same moment when the woman mobilized her spiritual energy, runic symbols flickered on the stone cage above.

Cracks began to appear all over the white-robed woman. Even her cheeks transformed from that of a beautiful woman's to skeletal remains.

As he flew backward, Jonathan hurriedly produced a grenade from his storage ring and hurled it at the woman.

Before he could do so, however, the woman grabbed him by the throat.

The grenade in his grasp, meanwhile, was wrenched from him.

"There isn't a flicker of spiritual energy in this thing. What magical item is this?"

"Hey!"

Jonathan gesticulated wildly.

"That's a grenade, not a magical item! The three of us will be goners if it blows up!" he shouted in a panic when the woman's right hand morphed into a dagger of bone as she intended to pierce the grenade.

Seboxia was even more direct. He swung an arm toward the woman's, freeing Jonathan from her clutches, then dragged him away in retreat.

Though Seboxia had a way to free the woman, he needed Jonathan to be the host.

If Jonathan were to die, it did not matter how capable Seboxia was; he would be a sitting duck, stuck as a desiccated corpse in his coffin.

That was why Jonathan's safety was his utmost priority.

A dozen meters away, the grenade in the woman's hand exploded.

When the flames cleared, they saw that the woman did not bear any signs of injury. Even the magma-like cracks on her body had disappeared.

"What we see is not its actual body but more of its spiritual energy form. Do not fear it. Pryncyps cannot be invoked in this abyss. If it so much as mobilizes its spiritual energy, the runes on the stone cage will kill it. Besides, it needs your help if it wants to get out of here."