

The Legendary Man Chapter 1173 -

Chapter 1173 Join Forces

Jonathan felt much more at ease after hearing the explanation. However, Seboxia's speech caused Jonathan to give the former a funny look.

Despite his words earlier, in the end, they still need me to help.

Jonathan had the inexplicable feeling of being tricked by Seboxia again.

Yet, he could not help admiring Seboxia's stratagem.

Though the spiritual energy form sounded simple enough, it was a difficult feat to manage.

As its name suggested, the feat was to gather and condense one's spiritual energy through spells and immense binding force into a spiritual body so realistic that it could hardly be discerned with one's spiritual sense.

One usually needed specific magical items and arcane arrays to attain such mastery.

It would require sophisticated control of their faculties if one were to forcibly gather their spiritual and mental energies.

To an old demon like Seboxia, who had lived for over two millennia, his current manifestation was only a partial mirage directed by his mental energy.

The woman, on the other hand, even had distinct eyelashes; she looked no different from an ordinary human being. The contrast between the two was jarring.

"Are you sure we can control this cultivator, Seboxia?" Jonathan said, rather apprehensive. "We might end up dead if we let it out and become careless with it."

"Impossible." Seboxia pressed his hands together before his chest. "From the ancient manuscripts of the West Region, I have a pact that you and it can sign, which would prevent it from causing any trouble."

Another pact?

Jonathan grimaced at Seboxia's words.

He always seems to have a trick up his sleeve.

Ever since the coffin entered his elixir field, his fate was firmly in Seboxia's grasp.

It was not out of kindness that Seboxia had not acted against him but because Jonathan was still of some use.

Now, Seboxia wants me and that ancient cultivator to sign a treaty. From the surface, it looks like I have taken on a powerful ally out of the blue. However, Seboxia can threaten the cultivator with my life, thus achieving his goal of taking control of it.

Jonathan gazed glumly at Seboxia.

This is a request I do not dare agree to.

As Seboxia did not keep his voice down when he spoke, the woman arrived weightlessly before Jonathan with the slightest of exertions.

"Sign a pact with me?"

The woman scanned Jonathan up and down before scoffing.

"A middle phase God Realm cultivator like him is not worthy. However, I am a little curious about who you really are."

The woman grabbed hold of Jonathan. Without warning, she plunged her right hand into his elixir field.

Thud!

Following the thud, she dragged a massive coffin out of his elixir field.

It was Seboxia's coffin.

Jonathan's eyes widened as he gazed at the coffin.

From the day the item entered his body, he had been wanting to get it out.

He had exhausted every possible way to do so and failed, yet the woman had accomplished it so easily.

All Jonathan was thinking about at that moment was to flee.

However, being in a cave so deep underground, there was nowhere he could go.

Asura, the man who had stirred up a tempest in the world outside, is now as meek as a schoolboy before these two ancient demons.

Seboxia did not betray any emotion as he watched his coffin being hauled out by the woman. With his hands remaining pressed together, he regarded the woman with a smile.

“What say we make a wager?”

“What wager?” the woman asked, stroking the coffin as she did so.

Seboxia turned to the coffin. “This coffin will be the stake. If you can open it and gaze upon my true face, I will make the decision on behalf of Mr. Goldstein and release you. If you fail, however, we’ll still let you out, but you’re going to sign the pact with him. How does that sound?”

The woman gazed at the battered coffin that appeared on the verge of rotting. Her eyes glittered enviously.

“Even before I was sealed away, vitaewood such as this is priceless. Only divine beings could get their hands on it. I can’t believe it’s been made into a casket by a mere Divine Realm cultivator like yourself. What a waste.”

As she spoke, the woman rapped the coffin lightly.

“Let’s make it more interesting. If I win, your coffin is mine.”

“It’s a deal,” Seboxia agreed with a grin, his hands still pressed together.

The woman was about to lift the cover, but Seboxia reached out and pressed it down.

“We haven’t even started yet. What’s the rush?”

As Seboxia spoke, he extended his hand slowly and placed his beads on the coffin.

The moment the beads made contact with the wood, the coffin seemed to come alive.

The decaying wood began to recover before their eyes.

In the blink of an eye, the cracks disappeared, and the gaps left by the ravages of time sealed themselves.

Suddenly, the coffin did not bear a trace of damage. Instead, it exuded an aura of renewed vitality.

“Pryncyp of Life?”

The woman gaped in disbelief as she sensed the change in the ancient casket.

“I can’t believe I witnessed one of the four Great Pryncyps here. Seboxia, was it? When I regain my powers upon getting out of here, I will ensure your path ahead lies unobstructed. You will serve me, and the world will be yours for the taking.”

As she spoke, she braced her hands on the coffin lid, and spiritual energy from all over her body poured forth.

Seboxia stood before Jonathan and partially obstructed the woman. His gaze remained calm.

Hum!

A low chant reverberated throughout the cave.

Jonathan glanced nervously at the walls surrounding them. Behind the lotuses carved in the stone, figures were materializing from the flickering light, one after another.

He counted them and found that there were eighteen of them in total.

The chants were coming from the silhouettes on the wall.

Meanwhile, atop the wall, eighteen lotuses shone. Like real lotuses, every petal seemed to sway with a non-existent breeze.

Streaks of indecipherable runes rose from the center of each lotus, turning into chains as they wrapped around the stone cage hovering in midair.

An outpouring of cracks appeared all over the body of the woman, who was materialized from spiritual energy.

As Jonathan gaped at her terrifying appearance, Seboxia's voice sounded in his ear.

"Prepare to join forces with me to kill this demon, Jonathan! If we don't, we'll die here!"

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Chapter 1174 The Gigantic Mouth

Jonathan looked at Seboxia's figure in front of him and tensed up slightly.

"Don't react. I left some spiritual sense in your consciousness field just now. You can focus and communicate with me there," Seboxia explained.

Upon hearing Seboxia's explanation, Jonathan quickly divided his attention and formed his own figure in his consciousness field.

"Seboxia, what did you mean by 'kill it'?" Jonathan looked around, feeling confused.

A thin wisp of mist floated in front of Jonathan. This was the transfiguration form Seboxia took within Jonathan's consciousness field. Due to its thinness, this form could only rely on thoughts to communicate with Jonathan and was not enough to make Seboxia visible.

"I don't have any pact at all. I simply said that just now to buy time," Seboxia explained.

"What?" Jonathan exclaimed upon hearing Seboxia's words.

Back in reality, the woman who was struggling with the coffin lid turned her head and looked at Jonathan as well.

The woman looked at Seboxia. "You're really something, huh? I can't open

this coffin. I lost. You can bring out that treaty now, and I'll sign it with you." Hearing this, Seboxia folded his hands together and smiled, then turned to look at Jonathan.

"Mr. Goldstein, you need to be the one to sign this treaty."

As Seboxia spoke, he communicated again through the spiritual sense he left in Jonathan's mind.

"The opponent's cultivation level is too high, and you can't sense its spiritual sense. Nevertheless, it has been locking onto you," Seboxia explained.

"Before I fell into a deep sleep, I left a mark on your body just in case you encountered an unbeatable enemy. My mark was triggered under its probing. This means that it is beyond the Divine Realm, and it's not something I can explain in a few words. Just remember what I said. If we can't kill it, we'll all die here."

In reality, Jonathan's back was completely soaked with sweat.

Previously, he thought that Seboxia could win in a battle against the woman after seeing how confidently he fought against her. However, now it seemed that everything Seboxia did was just to buy time.

"What should I do?" Jonathan asked urgently, both in reality and the consciousness field.

However, the meanings conveyed were quite different.

In reality, Jonathan reached out to Seboxia, gesturing to receive the technique required for the treaty.

However, in the consciousness field, Jonathan anxiously wanted to know what role he could play in this major battle between cultivators.

Seboxia formed his hands together in a gesture of prayer.

In the consciousness field, Seboxia urgently said, "She wanted to open the coffin and fight me, but that used up too much of her spiritual energy. It also triggered the Demon Zeal Formation, which is now suppressing her. She's at her weakest now. We must seize this opportunity and use your bronze handbell to trap her. Go!"

As Seboxia's voice echoed in the consciousness field, in reality, Jonathan felt his wrist being pulled by Seboxia before his whole body was forcefully thrown forward.

Caught off guard by the sudden force, Jonathan collided with the woman before he could react.

Cracks as thick as thumbs appeared on the woman's cheeks, and within those cracks, an unknown viscous reddish liquid resembling magma oozed out.

With a thought, the bronze handbell appeared in Jonathan's hand.

However, just as his spiritual energy surged but before he could activate the spirit shield of the bronze handbell, he saw a sinister smile curling the woman's lips.

Bam!

With a resounding bam, Jonathan saw a fleeting afterimage before his eyes, only to abruptly collide with the formation in a disheveled heap right after.

Cough...

Spurting out a mouthful of blood along with broken teeth, Jonathan struggled to get up.

To his surprise, the woman had sent him flying tens of meters away with just a casual slap.

"Get up and keep fighting!"

Seboxia's voice echoed in Jonathan's mind once again.

A surge of life force flowed into Jonathan's body, quickly restoring his bloodied face and repairing his injured flesh.

Jonathan gritted his teeth, ignoring the vibrations in his consciousness field. He turned his head to see two afterimages engaging in a rapid battle that he couldn't keep up with on the Demon Zeal Formation.

"I can't keep up with your speed!" Jonathan shouted loudly at Seboxia.

Swoosh...

From the top of the coffin, two spiritual beads flew into Jonathan's eyes.

In just an instant, Jonathan felt as if the whole world had suddenly quieted down.

"The boost from these spiritual beads can only last for a minute at most. Your body is at risk of being shattered every second beyond that. The bronze handbell in your hand is a weapon against spirits. I can only help you hold her off, but whether you can escape from here depends on you." Seboxia's voice resounded, and at that moment, Jonathan also felt something off with his body.

His spiritual energy was surging too fast!

Not only his vitality but even the speed at which his spiritual sense operated had reached a terrifying level.

It felt as if he had activated a fast-forward button, and everything around him seemed to slow down in his eyes.

Seboxia's battle with the woman finally entered Jonathan's sight.

His spiritual sense now covered a range of thirty meters, three times more than before.

Jonathan released his spiritual sense and lightly stepped on the ground. Instantly, he appeared thirty meters away.

His strength had tripled!

As Jonathan felt the changes in his body, his brain raced frantically.

He reached out and grabbed the bronze handbell from the side, then injected his entire body's spiritual energy into it.

Clang!

As the bronze handbell filled with spiritual energy, a muffled clanging sound rang out from within Jonathan's hand.

"Bring her over!"

Jonathan threw the Divine Chessboard out, transforming it into a fifty-meter square board beneath his feet.

Then, holding the bronze handbell, he positioned himself directly in the center of the chessboard.

Meanwhile, Seboxia was fighting with all he had. Even though he couldn't comprehend any Pryncyp of Life due to the formation sealing off this place, the eighteen spiritual beads that he had embedded into the coffin were condensed entirely from life force.

Seboxia tightly held one of the spiritual beads in both hands and crushed it forcefully, releasing an immense wave of life force. It transformed into two giant hands that gripped the woman tightly and hurled her in Jonathan's direction.

"Suppress it!"

The bronze handbell in Jonathan's hand had now transformed into a massive golden bell of light, acting as a spiritual shield.

With a swift movement, Jonathan covered the woman with the bronze handbell.

The woman let out a howl, and two beams of white light burst from her eyes.

Upon locking gazes with her, Jonathan felt his head pounding, and even if he wanted to close his eyes to avoid it, he was a split second too late.

In that slight moment of hesitation, a gigantic skeletal claw had already struck the bronze handbell's spiritual shield with tremendous force.

The impact was tremendous, causing the bronze handbell to slip from Jonathan's hand and fly over a hundred meters, crashing and embedding itself in the cave wall.

In front of Jonathan, the woman's delicate face had suddenly transformed into a giant mouth entirely composed of white bones. At that moment, it was lunging toward him...

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Chapter 1175 The Primordial Beast With Four Claws

“Come back!”

At the critical moment, the life force in Seboxia’s hands wrapped around the woman’s waist, and he forcefully pulled her backward.

As the skeletal jaw closed, Jonathan felt an excruciating tearing pain on his cheek.

Although the giant mouth failed to bite off Jonathan’s head, it had ripped off his entire left cheek along with his left eye, which burst upon contact with the sharp teeth.

After the two spiritual beads entered Jonathan’s eyes, his body rapidly underwent profound changes, and all his senses were enhanced.

The intense pain from his cheek made Jonathan’s head throb, almost causing him to lose consciousness.

Yet, the more intense the pain, the calmer Jonathan’s mind became.

Ignoring the injury on his left cheek, Jonathan formed a spell with his left hand, activating the space-altering formation on the Divine Chessboard beneath his feet.

Without any warning, he appeared behind the woman.

“Die!”

Wielding the Heaven Sword, Jonathan swung it directly at the head of the woman in white.

Seboxia, witnessing Jonathan’s action, appeared somewhat anxious because the woman in front of them was simply a spiritual energy form.

A purely physical attack like the Heaven Sword would have no effect on a transfiguration constructed entirely of spiritual energy and mental energy.

“Go get the bronze handbell!” Seboxia exclaimed.

Two more spiritual beads burst again in Seboxia's hands, causing dense life force to envelop him. The life force transformed into numerous tentacles that flew forward to entangle the woman ahead.

Meanwhile, above their heads, bone daggers emerged from the gaps in the suspended stone cage and swiftly descended toward them.

Seboxia's life force manifested as an invisible shield above his head as he strived to buy some time for Jonathan.

At that moment, the Heaven Sword sliced through the air to strike at the woman's head, which had now transformed into white bones.

With a cry of agony, the woman's head shattered and crashed onto the ground, unable to gather itself to reform into spiritual energy or regain her physical form.

With a keen sensitivity to life force, Seboxia could clearly sense that the woman's head had truly vanished.

Could the Heaven Sword actually annihilate spiritual sense and spiritual bodies?

What is the origin of this sword?

In a state of shock, Seboxia momentarily relaxed his control over the Pryncyp of Life in his hands, causing the woman's body to disperse completely.

"Jonathan, it wants to return to its original form! Stop it!"

Transforming into a blurred afterimage, Seboxia flew toward the sky.

Up in the air, the skeletal claws emerging from the cracks of the stone cage shattered one by one under Seboxia's assault. Simultaneously, the life force in his hands transformed into a massive dome as he attempted to intercept the return of the demon beast's spiritual sense.

Meanwhile, on the ground, Jonathan could no longer hear any sound.

The Divine Chessboard beneath his feet no longer required any intuitive activation; it had fused completely with him.

"Seal!"

A simple word was uttered.

Above the Divine Chessboard, purple formations instantly materialized.

At that moment, the Divine Chessboard resembled a giant purple box, completely blocking the spiritual energy form of the beast.

The spiritual energy crashed against the purple formations several times but failed to break through. It eventually gathered together and transformed into a bizarre primordial beast resembling a spider with four claws.

The primordial beast cowered in a corner of the chessboard while constantly howling at Jonathan with its terrifying mouth.

It seems this is the true form of the woman!

Jonathan quickly skimmed through the miscellaneous records of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique but found no mention of this primordial beast.

Meanwhile, above Jonathan's head and outside the formation of the Divine Chessboard, the entity trapped in the stone cage was nearing madness.

Bone daggers protruded from the gaps in the cage, relentlessly piercing the Divine Chessboard below.

Seboxia, though unsure of how Jonathan managed to trap the creature, understood that Jonathan had found a way to deal with the beast.

Thus, he dutifully stepped on the intricate formation of the Divine Chessboard, acting as a shield to intercept the bone daggers descending from the sky.

Jonathan gazed at the monstrous white-boned beast that continuously roamed within the Divine Chessboard, his eyes filled with icy determination.

"Every application of Pryncyp requires drawing from the Heavenly Pryncyp," Jonathan said. "Here, countless people sacrificed themselves to form a spirit shield, which sealed off everything and disabled the use of Pryncyp. No matter how mighty a cultivator you were in ancient times, you're nothing more than a spiritual energy form now. This chessboard of mine specializes in suppressing great malevolent creatures. It is a relic from one of the ancient divine beings' games. Thus, it has more than enough power to seal someone like you who is devoid of Pryncyp now."

Jonathan spoke while raising his right hand. He then placed it in front of his own face.

As spiritual energy surged, he exerted force to pull something out from his eye sockets effortlessly.

It was the two spiritual beads that had entered his eyes earlier, which he then tossed to Seboxia standing above him.

Without the boost from the spiritual beads, Seboxia and the bone daggers above swiftly vanished from Jonathan's sight.

Meanwhile, the primordial beast on the chessboard seemed to have sensed Jonathan's change. It leaped toward him with a speed far surpassing Jonathan's visual perception and reaction.

However, just as the primordial beast's claws were about to pierce Jonathan's forehead, Jonathan's figure disappeared.

At that instant, the beast was split in two by the Heaven Sword.

The two halves of the primordial beast tried to merge back together, but the chessboard between them continued to elongate.

Jonathan stood on one of the halves, his eyes filled with murderous intent.

"It's clear that this spiritual energy form of yours is crucial to you!" Jonathan remarked.

Crack...

With his words, the Heaven Sword in Jonathan's hand thrust directly into the primordial beast on the ground.

The primordial beast shattered instantly, and on the stone cage above Jonathan, numerous runes lit up. Within the cage, a series of furious roars echoed.

"Jonathan! Quickly deal with its remaining transfiguration!" Seboxia shouted.

Jonathan looked up. Within the light from the stone cage, primordial beasts made from white bone leaped down one after another and landed on the ground. They then crazily charged forward in Jonathan's direction.

“Die!” Jonathan bellowed, his figure flickering as he plunged the Heaven Sword into the last remaining spiritual energy form of the beast.

Boom!

The formation of the Divine Chessboard was disrupted by the exploding primordial beast.

Jonathan also felt an additional chilling aura on him.

Yet, the aura was as fleeting as a shadow passing through a scorching summer sky, so he paid it no mind.

Around him, an uncountable number of primordial beasts formed by spiritual energy assaulted him like a torrent made of white bones, causing his scalp to tingle.

“Stop them!” Jonathan commanded Seboxia, his voice resolute. With his sword leading the way, he swiftly charged toward a distant target—the bronze handbell that had been knocked away!