

The Legendary Man Chapter 1193 -

Chapter 1193 A Challenge

Seboxia looked at Jonathan, his eyes filled with an expression that said, "I already knew it."

"Jonathan, your ability to scheme makes you a perfect candidate for a great villain. I told you before. You represent the death of the Four Honored Pryncyps. I think you should lean more toward that direction," Seboxia suggested.

Jonathan approached Seboxia with a cheerful smile, then whispered in his ear, "Seboxia, when it comes to scheming, I'm nothing compared to you. I'm just an ordinary cultivator trying to make it through this crazy game you and the other old monsters are playing. You guys are the real masters of manipulation who can easily manipulate events that span centuries. I'm not even close to your level."

Clasping his hands together, Seboxia said, "So, Mr. Goldstein, are you saying you don't trust me?"

Jonathan touched his nose and replied, "Let's not pretend to be honest and upright individuals here. If what you say is true, then why did you ruin my Pryncyp?"

Seboxia looked at Jonathan calmly while the latter had a smile on his face.

The two cunning foxes, one old and one young, locked eyes with each other while remaining silent.

The villagers of Mountain Village still had their heads lowered and dared not lift their gazes.

Though they couldn't understand the meaning behind Jonathan and Seboxia's conversation, they could tell that the two held extraordinary identities.

Clinton, who was closest to them, was lost in deep thought.

Being the furthest village on the outskirts, Mountain Village faced greater dangers compared to the other one hundred and seven villages closer to the center.

The vast wilderness beyond the one hundred and eight villages was filled with countless savage beasts.

Every time these beasts went on a rampage, regardless of the scale, the villages on the outskirts were the first to be affected.

They had thought of finding a way to move closer to the center, but Yannopolis gave a strict order to forbid them from doing so.

If they dared to make large-scale migration attempts, Yannopolis' envoys would collectively take action and massacre anyone leaving the village.

According to the envoys, each village was like a nail firmly driven into the ground of a specific spot in the wilderness.

Whoever dared to step outside their boundaries would meet their demise.

However, as cultivators, who would willingly wait for death in the face of known danger?

Nevertheless, Yannopolis ruled these villages with a tight fist.

Over the years, unimportant villages on the outskirts like Mountain Village couldn't find any opportunities at all to change their fates.

Moreover, Jonathan and Seboxia now emerged out of nowhere, even daring to take down Yannopolis' envoys.

According to their conversation, there were over two hundred cultivators similar to Jonathan.

Wasn't this the opportunity that Mountain Village had been waiting for?

Clinton glanced at the Yannopolis envoy struggling to force medicine into his own mouth in order to heal himself. At that moment, he quietly drew a bone saber.

Suddenly, an ear-piercing sound echoed through the air.

Jonathan looked up to see the same demonic bird which had brought the Yannopolis envoy here returning.

It swiftly descended from the high altitude and arrived in front of Jonathan and the others in the blink of an eye.

The Yannopolis envoy on the ground threw a magical item in the form of a rope toward the bird, accurately looping it onto the bird's claw.

"Trying to escape?"

Jonathan brandished his Heaven Sword, but before he could make a move, someone else had already made a dash for the bird.

"Greyson, shoot!"

A furious roar rang out in the air, startling everyone.

Following a piercing scream, the bird quickly ascended and disappeared into the misty mountains in the distance.

In the air, droplets of blood fell, landing on the faces of the villagers of Mountain Village.

However, at this moment, nobody paid attention to that. The villagers' gazes were all fixed on Clinton, who was standing in the middle.

Panting heavily, Clinton stood in front of Jonathan, holding a terrifying large claw belonging to the demonic bird.

It was Clinton who had dashed out earlier. He had used the bone saber to cut off one of the bird's claws—the very same claw that was caught in the Yannopolis envoy's rope.

The Yannopolis envoy holding the other end of the rope was now ashen-faced.

"Clinton Yorksland! How dare you!"

The envoy gritted his teeth and let out a desperate roar.

Summoning the bird back was his last means of escape, but now his opportunity was forcefully severed by Clinton, who had always been submissive to him.

How could he accept this?

Clinton looked at Greyson, who was in a daze with his bowstring still drawn taut. He let out a long sigh and casually discarded the bird's claw.

“Put down your bow. You’re too late; the bird has already gone back to report,” Clinton said.

“Huh?”

It was at that moment Greyson finally realized it was over and slowly released the tension on the bow.

“W-What did Mr. Yorksland do?”

“It seems like he made a move against the Yannopolis envoy...”

“We’re finished... Mountain Village is doomed!”

“The chief has gone mad! Doesn’t he know that attacking the envoy is a clear sign of challenging Yannopolis?”

Surrounding them, the villagers who witnessed Clinton’s actions slowly stood up, looking anxiously at the center.

To the villagers, Yannopolis had always been an indomitable force that was impossible to defeat.

Years of enslavement had even suppressed any thought of resistance within them.

Thus, what Clinton had just done was beyond what they could accept.

In their minds, there was only one thought.

Mr. Yorksland has gone mad! He is leading everyone to our graves!

Yet, Clinton remained unusually calm.

Discarding the cracked bone saber, he once again performed that strange gesture of respect toward Jonathan and Seboxia.

Jonathan looked at Clinton with some confusion.

“You are quite interesting. How could you dare to attack the Yannopolis envoy? Don’t you fear their retaliation?”

“I do,” Clinton said in a low voice, bowing his head. “But I fear even more that the future generations of our Mountain Village will have to live under the constant threat of death.”

Clinton’s voice seemed to possess a certain magical power, echoing through the streets of Mountain Village and silencing all the doubts and discussions around them.

He raised both hands above his head, forming a respectful gesture.

“Mr. Goldstein, though I couldn’t understand much from your previous conversation, there’s one thing I understood clearly. That is, you two are outsiders and not Yannopolis’ envoys. Please, help us and show us a clear path forward. Give Mountain Village and the other villages like us on the outskirts a glimmer of hope to survive. Let our future generations no longer live under the shroud of death!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1194 -

Chapter 1194 Seboxia Plots

As Clinton knelt on the ground, Jonathan’s gaze narrowed, but he remained silent.

Based on the reactions of the Mountain Village villagers and the envoy’s description of Yannopolis, Jonathan had a general understanding of the structure of this small world.

Yannopolis stood at the center, with one hundred and eight villages forming the periphery. In the middle, the two Outer Cities were divided into the north and south regions.

The city layout, especially the arrangement of the thirty-six intermediate villages and seventy-two lower-level villages, was incredibly effective. It was even comparable to modern corporate management models.

Whether it was the exchange of cultivators between the north and south regions or the layout of the intermediate villages, everything seemed to be a way for Yannopolis to redirect the animosity.

The exchange of cultivators between the north and south regions caused pressure on the villages below them, and the “collective punishment” system caused the intermediate villages to bear the consequences of the mistakes

made by lower-level villages. This, in turn, caused the intermediate villages to put a constant source of pressure on the seventy-two lower-level villages, ensuring they wouldn't dare to act out of line.

The lower-level villages resented the intermediate villages, the intermediate villages feared the envoys from the Outer Cities, and all the envoys from the Outer Cities were nothing more than lackeys raised to follow instructions from the Inner City.

This seemingly simple system was actually a tightly woven web of control.

As the outermost village, Mountain Village had no hope of breaking free from this oppressive system, even if they rebelled.

They had no hope—absolutely none!

Noticing Jonathan's silence, Seboxia clasped his hands together and respectfully addressed Clinton.

"Mr. Yorksland, I am curious," he began. "I observed earlier that within a fifty-meter radius from here, there are over thirty Grandmaster Realm experts in absolute phase among you. With such a foundation, it should be a breeze for you guys to break through to God Realm."

While speaking, Seboxia extended his right hand and made a flipping motion.

"What I'm curious about is why all of you don't choose to collectively break through to God Realm. Is Yannopolis so terrifying that even with the collaboration of the dozens of villages around here, there is no hope of resistance?"

Upon hearing Seboxia's question, Clinton, his eyes brimming with tears, quickly stood up. "Sir, it's not that we lack the courage to resist! It's just that we have no way to break through to God Realm!"

"How is that possible?" Jonathan exclaimed in surprise, looking at Clinton. "Your cultivation has already reached a critical threshold. As long as you have a cultivation method, you should be able to—"

At this point, Jonathan froze, and then he suddenly realized what was happening. He nodded his head in understanding.

“I understand now. Yannopolis’ control is so strict that they would have definitely cut off your access to cultivation methods. You don’t have any cultivation methods above Grandmaster Realm, do you?”

Clinton clenched his fists and reluctantly nodded as he turned to Jonathan.

“Several hundred years ago, every village around here had God Realm cultivators. However, after the wave of beast attacks three hundred years ago, the God Realm cultivators in the one hundred and eight villages were all either killed or severely injured. Those who survived were taken away by Yannopolis under the pretense of getting rewarded, and there have been no God Realm cultivators since then.”

Jonathan felt a heavy weight on his chest upon hearing this. “If I’m guessing correctly, those from Yannopolis will continue to remove and get rid of your newly emerged God Realm cultivators along with their cultivation methods, won’t they?”

“That’s right!” Clinton’s expression turned grim as he looked at Jonathan. “In less than fifty years, all the villages have lost the inheritance of God Realm cultivation. Even if some villages managed to keep something hidden, they realized it too late and couldn’t make a difference. We have no way to turn the tide!”

Seboxia walked forward and waved his hand, sending out a stream of spiritual energy. He gently lifted Clinton off the ground.

“You’ve all suffered greatly. All beings are born equal and shouldn’t be enslaved,” Seboxia said.

Jonathan couldn’t help but feel puzzled as he took in Seboxia’s compassionate expression.

If any other follower of Seboxia had spoken such words of compassion, he would have dismissed them as brainwashed.

However, this was coming from Seboxia, so it seemed somewhat ridiculous.

Who was Seboxia exactly?

He was a great cultivator possessing the Pryncyp of Life, but he had never healed or saved anyone other than Jonathan.

Instead, he had used Jonathan's Pryncyp of Slaughter to absorb the life force of those on the brink of death for his own use.

Seboxia was a ruthless creature capable of killing. He had deceived even the Heavenly Way with his schemes. Yet here he was, speaking of equality for all sentient beings in such a sanctimonious manner.

Anyone would find it absurd.

What is Seboxia up to?

The look Jonathan shot Seboxia became increasingly dark.

Nevertheless, he couldn't figure out a clue however much he racked his brains.

Just then, Seboxia unexpectedly beckoned to Jonathan.

In an instant, Jonathan felt a fluctuation of spiritual energy within his elixir field.

With his inner vision, he saw that a corner of the large coffin within his elixir field had lifted by itself.

Within the darkness of the coffin, a shadow flickered. Before Jonathan could react, the object had already flown out of his elixir field and landed in Seboxia's hand.

It was the conversion of illusion into reality!

Jonathan watched Seboxia warily.

Although he had found a way to prevent Seboxia from pulling him into the divine space, and Seboxia had also lost the protection of the Pryncyp of Life in this small world, Jonathan still couldn't break free from Seboxia's grasp.

The biggest reason for that was the spell of illusion conversion.

Seboxia could place the coffin, which was over ten meters long, into Jonathan's abdomen. If Jonathan dared to resist, Seboxia could easily sever him in half by converting the immaterial coffin into reality.

Until now, Jonathan had never come across any records or information about this technique.

Thus, Seboxia still maintained a firm grip on his fate.

Seboxia gripped the black bamboo scroll in his hand.

“Mr. Yorksland, I understand your request. Here’s the first volume of the Book of Seboxiasm. Inside, you will find cultivation methods that will allow you to break through your current realm. With your foundation, becoming God Realm cultivators is easily within reach. The accompanying mental cultivation is equally important and must not be neglected during your cultivation practices. Remember that,” he said.

As Seboxia spoke, he stuffed the bamboo scroll into Clinton’s hands.

Thud!

Clinton held the bamboo scroll with both hands and fell to his knees.

“Sir, thank you so much for gifting us this cultivation method. On behalf of the villagers of Mountain Village, I express our deepest gratitude!”

At that moment, not only Clinton but also the surrounding villagers knelt one after another.

“Sir, thank you for gifting us this method. We express our deepest gratitude!”

The entire Mountain Village was filled with villagers kneeling and loudly proclaiming their thanks. For these villagers, this wasn’t just a God Realm cultivation method—it was a clear path to survival!

Finally, Jonathan understood Seboxia’s purpose. He is using cultivation methods to win over these people!