

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1229 -

### Chapter 1229 Trying To Escape

“Who dares to trespass on this forbidden ground?” Following that deafening roar, the tip of a spear flashed right in front of Jonathan. The sharp point was only half an inch away from piercing his forehead when a fair, semi-illusory arm reached out from his chest and grabbed the long spear’s shaft. It was Seboxia.

Cold sweat beaded Jonathan’s forehead. That person was incredibly quick with his spear. In truth, I had sensed it the moment he attacked. However, the terrifying speed of the attack left me with no time to react. Even though I was already holding the bronze handbell and could’ve summoned it with a single thought, there was no time for me to use it. Had it not been for Seboxia, that spear would’ve probably pierced through my head already, and I’d be dead.

He looked at the person who had thrown the spear. That’s the chief of the guards who had received orders to conduct a security check on everyone when I arrived here earlier today. I thought they were very friendly at the time. Who knew they’d go so hard when attacking? They didn’t even ask why I came here before trying to kill me!

Meanwhile, it was clear that the head of the guards was somewhat taken aback by the sight of the arm that had suddenly appeared out of Jonathan’s chest.

A moment later, however, the man let out a shout and struck the spear’s shaft hard with his left palm.

A strange pattern appeared on the shaft immediately after he did that. As the spear’s red tassel swayed, it produced a destructive force that shattered Seboxia’s arm in the blink of an eye.

Jonathan drew back and retreated to the edge of the cave. Behind him lay an abyss with a thousand-foot drop.

Seboxia slowly materialized next to him, wearing a grim expression. His right arm also gradually regenerated thanks to the restoration powers of spiritual energy. “It’s a spiritual destruction formation. Such magical items are specifically for breaking spiritual energy spells, especially spirit shields. Up against these weapons, spirit shields are about as effective as paper. We must deal with the situation with caution.”

Activating his spiritual eye, Jonathan studied the spear held by the chief guard. The shaft was an inky black color, and its surface appeared to be smooth. However, every inch of it was covered by intricate markings.

It was not just his long spear that carried those markings. Even the blades of the other guards who had rushed over were similarly adorned.

Jonathan was slightly alarmed by the sight. The Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique's chapter on miscellaneous information contains records on refining weapons. A magical item's grading depends on its material, the technique used to make it, and its markings. All three aspects are indispensable.

Even among the magical items currently available outside, including those belonging to the eight respectable families and the hidden sects, most are commonplace armaments made from somewhat better materials.

Some magical items have markings for size manipulation carved on them, allowing one to control the length and width of the weapon through spiritual energy. Those that can produce unexpected attacks are already considered a top-grade magical item.

As for the weapons that these people are wielding, they're all completely covered with markings. Any of them can be an ultimate weapon that powerful forces would fight over.

There's no way what that old man said about these people merely being villagers mistreated by Yannopolis is true. I've seen the weapons used by Greyson and others from Mountain Village.

In poor villages, it's impossible to find proper weapons, let alone ones inscribed with such markings. At most, they'll only be armed with sharpened animal bones.

Standing half in the shadows, Stellario suddenly said to Jonathan in a hoarse voice, "They're people coming from below."

Jonathan turned toward Seboxia and asked, "Can you defeat them?"

"With ease," he replied calmly. Holding the spiritual beads in his hand tightly, he started walking forward.

Meanwhile, Jonathan drew out his Heaven Sword, turned his wrist, and swung it behind him.

A series of agonized howls rang out from the bottom of the cliff.

Despite the God Realm cultivators' impressive cultivation levels, they could not prevent themselves from falling. From that height of over two hundred meters, even someone of their caliber only had a slim chance of avoiding plunging to their death.

"Keep one alive!" Jonathan called out coldly before transforming into an afterimage and charging into the cave.

The guards' weapons bore the markings for spiritual destruction, but Jonathan and the others used other means to avoid casting spiritual energy spells.

Neither Stellario's parasites nor Jonathan's sword and formation plate were affected by the markings.

The only person who did not use any weapon was Seboxia. Instead, he used his reserve of Pryncyp of Life.

Although life force was not a power of Pryncyp, it was the direct manifestation of Pryncyp of Life. In terms of power, life force ranked one level above spiritual energy.

There were twelve guards in total. Jonathan and Stellario each restrained two while Seboxia held back the remaining eight cultivators by himself.

Green life force weaved between them like thin blades where one wrong move would mean death.

In less than thirty seconds, all twelve guards were lying on the ground in the cave. Ten of them had been drained of their life force by Seboxia and turned into shriveled bodies, and he would have done the same to the remaining two guards if Jonathan had not stopped him.

"Check on the situation outside," Jonathan said to Stellario in a calm tone.

Stellario ran to the cave's entrance and looked toward the bottom of the mountain. "They're climbing up the cliff. They'll be here in less than a minute."

Grabbing the chief of the guards, Jonathan growled, "Tell me how to activate a portal formation."

"Even if you threaten to kill me, I won't tell you anything," the bloodied man responded with a bitter smile.

"Chuck him into your divine space. You know better than me how to torture others," Jonathan uttered as he tossed the man to Seboxia.

His lips curved into a faint smile when he heard that. With one quick movement, he entered the chief guard's consciousness field.

Inside his divine space, he could freely control the passage of time in one's mind. While in Doveston, he had trapped Jonathan within that space, making him feel as though he had spent ten thousand days in there when, in reality, only ten minutes had passed.

Since time was running out, Jonathan felt it was best to let Seboxia deal with the chief guard.

Nonetheless, he was still worried. He tossed another guard to Stellario and said, "You're in charge of extorting information from this one. Later, you can confirm it with whatever information Seboxia gets."

"I don't know how to extort information, but torturing others is something I'm open to doing." With that, Stellario hoisted the person up with one hand, then thrust his other hand deep into the person's chest.

Meanwhile, Jonathan stood at the cave's entrance and gazed downward.

"Five Elements of the Dragon Deity, Earth Wall!"

No sooner had he uttered those words than a massive surge of spiritual energy flowed into the mountainside beneath his feet.

Using Earth Extrication Technique on rocks consumed a lot of energy, so whenever he had used that technique previously, he always tried his best to avoid rocky terrain.

Hence, it was his first time employing that technique on rocks on such a large scale.

As his spiritual energy rapidly depleted, the mountainside began shifting under his feet like rippling water.

With a pale face, he gestured with both hands and shouted, “Die!”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1230 -**

Chapter 1230 Prison

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Stone spikes suddenly shot up between the mountains, knocking the climbers down and piercing them.

For a moment, cries of agony and rage filled the air as Jonathan used his extrication technique to wipe out the cultivators nearest the cave entrance.

At the foot of the mountain, however, a massive horde of figures continued to rush toward the cave.

Having popped three Spirit Rejuvenating Pills into his mouth, Jonathan wasted no time making a series of hand seals.

“Break!” he shouted, his voice like the boom of rolling thunder.

The next second, chunks of rocks from the cliff face exploded and plummeted to the ground.

It didn’t take long before the mountains within a hundred-meter radius of Jonathan were shattered and sent crashing down at breakneck speed.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Dust and debris blanketed the entire valley, and the tranquility of the village was instantly broken.

As countless flames lit up in the distant village, several arrows suddenly tore through the sky in Jonathan’s direction.

With a quick wave of his right hand, the latter conjured a ball of golden light that seamlessly transformed into an enormous bell.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

There was a flicker of light as three razor-sharp arrows bounced off the bell's golden light shield and disappeared into the mountains.

Before Jonathan could catch a breather, however, he saw the flash of a blade as a Grim Reaper's scythe came smashing down onto the bell.

Alas, the impact was so strong that it immediately sent Jonathan sliding backward.

To make matters worse, the friction generated by his shoes skidding against the ground had brought on a burning smell.

After regaining his balance, Jonathan promptly tossed out his Divine Chessboard.

"Hurry up with the interrogation! I can't take this anymore," he uttered as he glanced at the dozen or so figures who had landed in the cave.

Then, with just a gentle flick of his finger, Jonathan positioned the chessboard behind him and expanded it till it became a solid wall that split the cave in two.

Now that he had his back firmly against the chessboard, Jonathan stomped on the ground.

Almost immediately, the cave entrance seemed to melt away as an invisible hand pinched it tight, completely blocking anyone else from entering or exiting.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Loud banging noises from outside the cave quickly followed while Jonathan and the dozen people trapped within plunged into darkness.

"Why did you betray our village, Jonathan?" someone shouted angrily.

Jonathan leaned against Divine Chessboard as he tried to locate the voice, and thankfully, it didn't take long.

"Abraham!"

Boom!

A blade slashed at Jonathan before he could say anything more, but fortunately, he had activated Divine Chessboard's space-altering formation and teleported himself ten meters away.

Although cultivators like Jonathan were already terrifyingly powerful, one basic rule they'd always follow was to find a light source whenever possible.

It wouldn't matter even if the light source were weak and faint, like a single candlelight in a massive warehouse.

Most people would still be blind as a bat under those circumstances, but to cultivators, it'd be enough for them to see every nook and cranny of the space they were in.

However, now that the cave entrance was closed and the interior sealed by Divine Chessboard, how could anyone find light in pitch-darkness?

As a result, everyone could no longer rely on their sight and had to pinpoint each other's locations by using sound instead.

With that, Jonathan stood in a corner, carefully detecting even the softest sounds around him.

"I don't know why you saved us," he said as he formed a hand seal and vanished from his spot.

Thanks to that, the three blades that flew mercilessly in his direction missed their target and got embedded in the cave wall.

"Perhaps you guys were just foolish and were deceived by your chief, or maybe, you're all just like him and saved us merely for your own ulterior motive. In any case, I owe you a favor, so I shall return it today by sparing your life!" Jonathan added, all the while moving from one spot to another.

Just as the villagers continued darting around till their spiritual sense finally caught up to Jonathan's location, a flash of dazzling white light suddenly illuminated the tunnel.

Since everyone's eyes had long adjusted to the dark, Jonathan's flash grenade promptly left them in a temporary state of blindness.

Jonathan, on the contrary, had already prepared himself for the fight as he closed his eyes and channeled his inner Grim Reaper, devoid of emotion.

With Heaven Sword in hand, he charged through the burst of light, cutting off countless blades and brutally slicing several throats as he did.

Blood sprayed everywhere, and within seconds, six of those who had entered the cave tunnel lay motionless in a pool of blood.

Upon realizing that the men around them were dropping like flies, the other seven hastily regained their composure and leaped toward the nearby cave walls.

Even though their actions couldn't effectively remove them from Jonathan's attack range, especially given how narrow the tunnel was, it'd still be able to reduce the possibility of being the next fatal target.

At the very least, they wouldn't have to worry about a sneak attack from the back if they were all leaning against the wall.

It was an instinctive behavior that everyone had used and refined over many years of battle, but before they could do anything more, a shout rang out in the distance.

"He can control the cave walls!"

After hearing that, the survivors' first instinct was to step away from the walls, but by then, it was too late to salvage the situation.

"Return!" Jonathan said flatly as he stood in the middle of the tunnel.

What happened next shook the remaining seven survivors, including Abraham, to the core. Tentacles began protruding from the walls and wrapped around the men, dragging them back to the cold, hard surface.

Just then, a tiny flame lit up in the distance, which turned out to be a spiritual fire powered by pure spiritual energy and dancing on Jonathan's palm.

The latter gritted his teeth as he stared at the seven men embedded in the wall.

Argh. I used all my spiritual energy and spells to subdue them, but at what price? I had to forfeit control of the exterior rock wall! It also doesn't help that they're struggling so much. If I lowered my guard even a little, it'd only be a matter of time before they break free from the restraints...



At the same time, Stellario's voice rang out from behind Divine Chessboard.

"We're done, Jonathan!"

Upon hearing that, Jonathan finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Without further ado, he willed Divine Chessboard to shrink back to palm size before letting it fall into his hand.

Stellario, on the other hand, dragged a corpse nearly stripped to the bone by his flesh-eating bugs and tossed it onto the ground unceremoniously.

"We can get out of here using portal formation, but it'd require a massive amount of spiritual energy and the village's own emerald badge. I'm sure we can find the badges in these people's storage bags," he said calmly.

Hearing that, Jonathan ordered, "Other than Abraham, I'll leave the rest to you, Seboxia. Deal with them as you deem fit!"

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1231 -**

Chapter 1231 Dark Tortoise

Seboxiasm's cultivation demanded a substantial amount of life force.

Cultivators in the Grandmaster Realm were already rare in the outside world, and those in the God Realm were even scarcer.

In this particular place, God Realm cultivators were a dime a dozen, while Grandmaster Realm cultivators were considered of lesser importance and were not highly regarded.

Therefore, for a deity like Seboxia that required the absorption of a significant amount of life force in its cultivation, this place was like a paradise.

Furthermore, in Mountain Village, Seboxia revealed his sinister plan to Jonathan, outlining his intention to ruthlessly slaughter every inhabitant of the village.

Jonathan firmly believed that Seboxia's words were not idle threats or mere intentions. The deity was probably dead serious about carrying out a horrifying massacre in Mountain Village.

Seboxia had refrained from taking action because of Jonathan's obstruction. Now that Jonathan had spoken, Seboxia had no further reason to hold back or show restraint.

Within a matter of moments, all six individuals, except for Abraham, met their demise, their bodies completely crushed and trapped within the confines of the rocks.

Both Jonathan and Stellario proceeded to retrieve the emerald badges from the cultivator's storage bags.

"Abraham, with this, I've repaid you for saving my life," Jonathan uttered indifferently.

"Remain here and refrain from entertaining any thoughts of retaliation. If you dare to make a move, I won't hesitate to end your life," he warned.

"Softie," Seboxia grumbled, dissatisfied.

At this point, with their symbiotic connection and Jonathan's newfound method to counter Seboxia's divine realm, the threat Seboxia posed to Jonathan had greatly diminished.

While Seboxia could still use his own life as a threat against Jonathan, it was considered a last resort.

In fact, excessive use of such threats would ultimately backfire on him.

Hence, their relationship at the moment was rather peculiar, and the deity was also willing to take Jonathan's advice on many matters. As if reflecting this, Seboxia, with evident reluctance, could only shoot Jonathan a contemptuous glance before retreating once again into the coffin within Jonathan's elixir field.

"Let's go!"

Jonathan and Stellario, holding the emerald badges, made their way to the portal formation in the depths of the cave.

Following the method they had obtained through interrogation, Jonathan and Stellario inserted the spirit stone into the grooves surrounding the portal formation. The spirit stone provided the necessary energy, gradually lighting up the portal formation.

“Such intricate formations. I wonder,” Stellario mused with curiosity, standing within the formation, “if we could successfully replicate these markings, would we be able to recreate the entire formation?”

Jonathan, although not well-versed in formations, had come across information about them in the records of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

He retorted, “Stop daydreaming. If formations could simply be copied and pasted, then why would formation experts be so rare? The arrangement of formations is not something formulaic; it’s akin to concocting poison. Even though everyone knows the basic ingredients of a poison, the precise proportions can greatly affect its efficacy.”

He then proceeded to elaborate, “The size, orientation, materials, and even the depth of each rune in the formation beneath our feet determines the speed and amount of spiritual energy flowing within it. If you try to imitate the markings without understanding the principles, you’ll only be wasting your time and effort. Moreover, there’s a high chance you might be killed by the explosion of spiritual energy.”

Listening to Jonathan’s words, Stellario squatted down on the ground, his curiosity piqued. “You have such a clear understanding of this. Don’t tell me you’re secretly an expert at formations!” he joked.

As he spoke, Stellario reached out to touch the formation beneath his feet. However, before his hand could make contact with the ground, Jonathan swiftly grabbed him.

Jonathan chided the man, “Didn’t I tell you earlier? Even a slight disruption to the formation can pose an irreversible danger to the portal. I’m tempted to chop off your hand, I swear!”

Stellario flashed a placating smile as Jonathan grabbed him by the back of his neck and lifted him off the ground. “Oh... I didn’t realize that... My mistake.”

Boom!

As a loud explosion reverberated throughout the cave, Jonathan swiftly tossed Stellario aside.

“The entrance has been opened!” Jonathan exclaimed as he looked down at the portal formation beneath his feet, which, to his surprise, was only seventy percent activated.

The portal formation was supposed to produce quick results, but the casting technique demanded a profound understanding of the intricate formation itself. Jonathan, having limited knowledge about formations, and Stellario, a complete novice in this field, were completely ill-prepared to handle its intricacies.

The two men were clearly not among those capable of effortlessly activating arcane arrays.

Jonathan swiftly leaped out of the formation and pressed his hands against the cave wall. Using his Elemental Extrication Technique, he effortlessly tore off a sizable portion of the cave wall, as if ripping apart a blanket.

However, despite his efforts, one silhouette in the cave seemed unaffected and broke through the stone wall, lunging toward Jonathan with great force.

Clang!

As the resounding toll of a bell filled the air, Jonathan’s silhouette streaked past Stellario’s sight before forcefully colliding with the rock wall behind him.

“D\*mn it!”

At once, blood gushed out of Jonathan’s nose and mouth.

The mysterious figure who had emerged was none other than the village chief who had been behaving strangely earlier.

Surprisingly, the elderly man had delivered that blow using pure physical strength alone, without employing any spiritual energy. Yet, it had been enough to inflict serious injuries on Jonathan.

Stellario promptly positioned himself in front of Jonathan, and as he raised his hand, countless small insects converged to form a thin, sharp blade. “You’d better let us go.”

“Sure.” The old sage stood with his hands behind his back, a sly smile on his face. “Leave your storage rings behind, and I will let you go.”

Slowly, Jonathan got to his feet and wielded Heaven Sword in his hand.

“You’re after this sword, right, old man?”

A spark of excitement ignited in the old sage’s gaze when he lay eyes on Heaven Sword, and he demanded, “Hehe, since you’re already aware of that, then hand it over. A sacred item of this caliber is beyond your grasp!”

Jonathan traced a graceful pattern in the air with the sword before pointing it directly at the old sage’s forehead. “If you want my sword, you’ll have to take it from me!” he declared firmly.

With a powerful stomp, Jonathan propelled himself forward, transforming into a blur of motion as he charged straight at the old sage.

“You’re courting death!”

The old sage’s shoulders trembled slightly as a mighty surge of spiritual energy emanated from him, forming a force field that enveloped Jonathan and Stellario.

There was something fishy about the elderly man’s force field, and Jonathan had already experienced its power firsthand during the daytime.

Hence, he was, of course, on guard.

Jonathan, too, unleashed his spiritual energy to form a force field that encompassed a radius of ten meters, covering the entire area within its grasp.

The old sage’s force field was powerful, and Jonathan could not resist it even after exerting all his strength.

However, fortunately, Jonathan’s force field was large enough, and the old sage would need a brief moment to fully suppress him.

With a distance of only about ten meters between them, a moment’s time was more than sufficient for Jonathan.

“Take this!”

Jonathan swung Heaven Sword forcefully toward the old sage’s head, but to his surprise, the old sage made no attempt to evade the powerful attack. The old sage simply tilted his head slightly, allowing Heaven Sword to strike his shoulder.

Following that strike, a faint blue silhouette emerged on him, revealing the majestic form of a giant, black tortoise.