

The Legendary Man Chapter 1301

Chapter 1301 Seeking Solutions In The Consciousness Field

“Hey, what do you mean by—”

Upon hearing this, Kathleen wanted to step forward and argue with Jonathan. But just as she took a step, she saw Joshua forcefully swing the Formation Crusher toward her.

“If you dare lay a finger on him, I’ll kill you right here, right now.” Joshua, with the Troop Summoner in his left hand and the Formation Crusher in his right, stood next to Jonathan with a frigid expression. The spiritual energy surging within him indicated that he was ready to take action at any moment.

Seeing Joshua in this state, Kathleen and Stellario exchanged glances, then simultaneously took two steps back.

Although the current small world still seemed like a dark forest to the eight families, the two people at the center of this great vortex had already seen far too much.

Neil had privately amassed more than eight thousand God Realm cultivators and had joined forces with Celestus, the deputy governor of North Outer City. This clearly proved that a comprehensive plan had already been put into place.

As for the opening of the chaos portal in the small world, it was merely a timely occurrence, playing into their hands and successfully diverting the attention of the entire Yannopolis onto these outsiders.

Presently, Joshua and the others had been discarded by Neil into North Outer City. This signified that even without Joshua’s existence, Neil had the means to invade Yannopolis.

If that were the case, then there was no need for Kathleen and Stellario to constantly defend Joshua anymore.

It could be said that the alliance among these people was wholly severed the moment Neil abandoned everyone.

Among the six people in the coffin—aside from Marilyn—Joshua, Hayden, and Jonathan were all people that the eight respectable families were determined to kill.

Even though no one explicitly pointed it out, it was not difficult to discern from their positions that the relationships among them had once again been divided into two factions.

Had they been outside, given such a great opportunity, Kathleen and Stellario would definitely have taken action immediately.

But now, the first issue was that they needed Jonathan to figure out a technique to leave this place, and the second was that up to this point, no one had been able to accurately gauge the extent of Joshua's hidden strength.

It should be said that even prior to the revelation about the chaos portal of the small world, Joshua never once showed a hint of fear, even when facing numerous Divine Realm cultivators.

The composure of Joshua, a clever individual, certainly didn't stem from the Seboxia within Jonathan's body but rather from his own final resort.

With such an enigmatic person like Joshua standing in their path, Kathleen and Stellario ultimately chose to fall silent.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was already thoroughly engulfed in chaos.

The most significant difference between a Divine Realm cultivator and a God Realm cultivator, other than the recognition of Pryncyp, was the transformation of their spiritual sense.

During the God Realm stage, no matter how powerful a cultivator's spiritual sense was, it could only exist within the consciousness field. Even if one could extend their spiritual sense space by tens or even hundreds of meters, it would eventually be returned in its entirety.

Also, if, through special techniques, one's spiritual sense was severely damaged, even if the cultivator's physical body did not suffer any harm, their life would still be at risk.

Once one entered the Divine Realm, one's spiritual sense would be simplified, spreading from the consciousness field to every part of one's body.

The shell of the cultivator would then transform into a true spiritual body akin to Seboxia's. Even if the physical form was destroyed, as long as the spiritual sense existed, it could gather spiritual energy and continue to seize the creation of heaven and earth, going against the heavens' will.

Of course, this wasn't a long-term solution. To truly live another life, one must possess another's physical form and Kore.

However, unless preparations were made before possession, once one possessed a person of extremely poor aptitude, even if one lived another lifetime, it would probably be a life without any significant achievements.

As for the other representation of entering the Divine Realm, it was the establishment of the divine space.

The divine space was a virtual sphere that only Divine Realm cultivators could possess.

Previously, when Seboxia imprisoned Jonathan, though only less than an hour had passed in the outside world, more than ten thousand days had elapsed in the divine space.

Within the divine space, Divine Realm cultivators were the absolute rulers, akin to gods. They could create anything based on their own thoughts.

After enduring a tormenting ordeal, Jonathan developed a profound fear of such tactics. It was then that he discovered the method of emptying one's mind from the miscellaneous chapters of Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

This time, he employed the reverse method instead, intending to actively infiltrate into the consciousness field of Seboxia.

The risk of doing this was immense. Should Jonathan fail, his spiritual sense would be trapped in the boundless consciousness field and become totally lost.

Nonetheless, with the coffin sealed shut, he was left with no other options.

In the midst of chaos, Jonathan only felt his body being endlessly stretched and flattened as if it could be obliterated at any moment.

Unsure if it were a moment or an eternity later, he became enveloped in a brilliant light, and when he opened his eyes, he found himself amid an endless sea of blood.

“Help...”

“Jonathan... Save me...”

Jonathan walked atop the waves. Beneath his feet, the crimson sea surged incessantly.

The people struggling for help within were none other than Joshua, Hayden, and the others.

“Jonathan! As long as you save me, I can give you all of the Mallory family’s legacy... No... Our entire Mallory family will forever follow you...”

Stellario’s voice was hoarse from his desperate struggles as he tried to call out for Jonathan to save him.

The same went for Xavion, Kathleen, and Winston.

The figureheads of those Eight Great Families were all begging for mercy amidst the raging sea, each swearing allegiance to Jonathan, all in the hopes of securing a sliver of a chance to survive.

The opportunity for Asura’s Office to unify Chanaea was right in front of Jonathan now. This had always been his dream.

As long as he could eliminate the eight respectable families of Chanaea, he could consolidate power and rewrite the rules of Chanaea, allowing everyone to breathe in the air of freedom.

Despite facing such temptation, Jonathan paid those people no mind. Instead, he sped forward, treading upon the waves of blood.

That was because over there, Josephine was cradling a child, adrift in the sea of blood.

Jonathan stopped above her, reached out to grab her arm, and pulled her up into his embrace.

“Josephine! Why are you here!”

In that instant, he, in his desperation, completely forgot how he had ended up here.

At this moment, Josephine, covered in blood, lifted her head.

“Jonathan, you’re so heartless to have left me and our child for so long... Do you have any idea what our days have been like since you left?”

“Child?” Jonathan was slightly taken aback. Then, as if he recalled something, he reached out to grab the child in her hands. “We’ve only been apart for less than three months. How could you possibly have such a big child...”

As he spoke, he glanced at the child, but that single look frightened him so much that he immediately threw the child away.

That's not a child at all! It's clearly a skeleton mummy identical to Seboxia! Precisely at this moment, Josephine, in his embrace, burst into hysterical laughter.

"Jonathan, look beneath your feet. You can't escape this..."

The Legendary Man Chapter 1302

Chapter 1302 What Is Illusion

At that moment, being in Jonathan's arms, Josephine's mouth widened immediately. Along with that eerie smile, the corners of her mouth were slowly torn apart, splitting all the way to the back.

Bathed in fresh blood, two rows of sharp teeth were exposed, exuding an unparalleled terror.

That was clearly not Josephine. It was a ghastly ghost with a gaping bloody mouth.

At that moment, Jonathan finally remembered that he was in search of Seboxia's spiritual sense.

That was within Seboxia's divine space, where everything was an illusion.

Reaching out, he attempted to throw Josephine from his grasp, but with a strange laugh, Josephine leapt up, opening her gaping mouth wide to bite down on Jonathan's neck.

The piercing pain plunged Jonathan into an abyss of endless fear.

Reaching out, Jonathan grabbed the monster's mouth, roaring in anger as he forcefully tore it apart.

"Jonathan..."

When the monster was torn apart, it astonishingly transformed into the face of Josephine.

Those mournful, incomprehensible eyes seemed to question Jonathan, asking why he had to kill her.

"No..." Jonathan watched as Josephine sank into the sea of blood and cried, "You're not her! You're not!!"

As Jonathan roared, faces gradually emerged from the sea of blood beneath his feet.

“What about me?”

“Jonathan, I am Josephine...”

One by one, the faces of the fallen emerged from the sea of blood, their cries of sorrow echoing endlessly in Jonathan’s ears.

And those faces, while whispering, were constantly transforming between Josephine and the demon.

Jonathan looked around, but there was no sign of the sea of blood anymore.

Beneath his feet, there was nothing but severed limbs. As the blood settled, countless faces and arms surged toward him.

A bloodied hand gripped Jonathan’s ankle, attempting to pull him down.

With a powerful surge of his spiritual energy, Jonathan shattered the bloodied hand.

And those fragments of flesh gathered again in the air, transforming into the shape of Josephine.

“Jonathan, how dare you harm me?” Josephine yelled at Jonathan with all her might. “How dare you hurt me? I’m going to kill you... Come! Accompany me in this boundless hell!”

Amidst the endless sea of severed limbs and dismembered bodies, countless figures of Josephine, with strange smiles, roared at Jonathan in an extremely high pitch.

And at that moment, more arms reached out, grabbing onto Jonathan’s body.

“No! You are not Josephine!” Jonathan continuously channeled his spiritual energy, shattering one arm after another.

No matter how many arms were shattered, there were still arms rushing forward to seize him again.

Atop these severed limbs, Jonathan felt his body growing heavier and heavier. He had no idea how much time had passed when a blood-stained arm finally touched his face.

“Jonathan... I miss you so much...”

A shattered image of Josephine’s face floated next to Jonathan, speaking to

him with a sense of resentment.

And it was at that moment that Jonathan, drained of all his strength, was pulled down by an arm, completely vanishing into the sea of blood. “No!”

With a gasp, Jonathan suddenly opened his eyes.

A bead of sweat trickled down the tip of Jonathan’s nose, taking its time. It was only after a while that Jonathan realized he was now surrounded by dozens of people.

“Jonathan! Study time is not for daydreaming. As a punishment, you will stand while listening to this scripture.”

With a crisp sound, Jonathan suddenly looked in front.

“Seboxia!” Jonathan was both shocked and delighted. With a slight sway of his body, he had already appeared in front of Seboxia.

Jonathan reached out and grabbed Seboxia’s collar, saying loudly, “I’ve found you. Quickly, tell me how to open the coffin. I have urgent matters to attend to. If it’s any later, it will be too late.”

And just at this moment, behind Jonathan, dozens of cultivators dressed in Seboxiasm’s robes had already raised their staffs, pointing them toward Jonathan.

“Jonathan, stop being so disrespectful. How can you behave so rudely toward Sir Seboxia?”

“Sir Seboxia?” Jonathan turned around and was slightly taken aback.

Subconsciously, he even let go of Seboxia’s collar without a care.

“Stellario? Where’s your hair?” Jonathan asked.

The person who just spoke was none other than Stellario of the Mallory family. At that moment, Stellario was not dressed in the traditional attire of the Mallory family. Instead, he was clad in a light yellow robe. Even his hair was completely gone, replaced by six ordination scars on his head.

“Jonathan, what’s wrong with you?”

From the side, a woman’s voice rang out. Jonathan turned his head to look, only to see that the person was none other than Kathleen, who had changed her clothes.

At that moment, Kathleen was just like Stellario, glaring at Jonathan in anger.

“Kathleen, Joshua, Hayden...” Jonathan looked at the people in front of him, asking in disbelief, “Aren’t you supposed to be in your coffins? How did you end up here?”

“Coffin?” Hayden put away the staff in his hand, clasped his hands in front of him and said, “We’ve all been here listening to Sir Seboxia’s sermon. When did we ever leave?”

“Sermon?” Jonathan looked around, somewhat bewildered.

The scene was a gently sloping hillside. The grass on the ground, no more than nine centimeters tall, appeared incredibly soft as it gently swayed in the

wind.

Behind Seboxia, there stood a small tree about ten meters high.

Jonathan recognized the tree. That's the Enlightenment Tree! As recorded in the teachings of Seboxiasm, it was under an Enlightenment Tree that Seboxia attained enlightenment. From then on, he opened his doors and began spreading his teachings to the entire world.

At that moment, the scene surrounding Jonathan was astonishingly identical to the events recorded in the religious teachings of Seboxiasm.

"What?" Jonathan looked around, lost in the surrounding scenery. At the same time, Seboxia had tidied up his clothes and walked over to Jonathan.

"Jonathan, have you been lost in a dream?" Seboxia asked.

"Jonathan?" Jonathan looked at Seboxia in confusion.

After all, anyone would feel uncomfortable being called by an old demon over a thousand years old.

Upon hearing that question, it was as if something had exploded in Jonathan's mind.

Memories, seemingly dust-covered from an unknown length of time, rapidly surfaced in his mind. There's no such person as Stellario. His name is Ignatius. Meanwhile, Joshua, next to him, is Jerome. Kathleen is Theresa. As for me, I also have a different name in Seboxia's divine space.

"Am I your disciple?" Jonathan's eyes widened as he stared at Seboxia, a thin layer of sweat emerging on his face.

At that moment, Seboxia, with a hearty laugh, patted Jonathan on the shoulder. "It seems you've truly entered a world of dreams..."

Seboxia laughed and sat back under the Enlightenment Tree. He then straightened his clothes and, facing everyone, brought his hands together in a slight bow. "Ladies and gentlemen, the pursuit of spiritual cultivation is indeed a matter of great opportunity. Since Jonathan has dreamt of another world today, let's set aside our scriptures for now and discuss the concept of illusion in depth."

The Legendary Man Chapter 1303

Chapter 1303 No More Reality

When Seboxia spoke, all the disciples put away their staffs and sat back down on the grass.

Jonathan also sat down with the help of the others. However, the conflict between all these memories was so great that even Jonathan himself was momentarily unsure which were real and which were false.

Seboxia, holding a spiritual bead and exuding an imposing aura, looked at everyone with a faint smile.

“You might find the question I just asked quite puzzling. An illusion is inherently non-existent, much like the moon in the water or the flower in the mirror. No matter how beautiful, they are not real and cannot be found. They are born from the foolish thoughts of the heart, blinding our senses and perceptions, so we cannot allow them to guide our actions. The opposite of an illusion is the reality in which we live, where everything is visible and tangible, just like this...”

As Seboxia spoke, he gently plucked a small yellow wildflower beside him. Using his spiritual energy, he carried the wildflower past everyone’s faces, leaving a faint floral fragrance to drift into their noses.

“Ladies and gentlemen, is this real?”

“Yes!”

Aside from Jonathan, everyone else nodded in agreement.

Upon hearing these words, Seboxia chuckled softly, then promptly positioned his hands in front of his chest, forming the shape of a crescent moon.

A powerful surge of spiritual energy flowed between Seboxia’s hands. With just a gentle shake from him, the yellow flower turned into dust.

By the time the spiritual energy in Seboxia’s hand dissipated, the little flower had already been scattered by the wind, leaving no trace to be found.

“What about now? Is reality still present?”

Everyone looked at Seboxia’s now empty palm, all falling into silence. Seboxia reached out and gently touched the broken stem—the only thing that remained of the yellow flower he had just plucked.

As he injected a stream of life force into it, the broken stem miraculously regained its vitality. In a matter of seconds, a new little yellow flower swayed in the wind once again.

“What you see here is merely a reality born and created from energy. Heavenly Pryncyp is the most primal energy. It can destroy, but it can also create. All life goes through the process of living then dying, returning everything that they are back to this world. If that’s the case, then on what grounds can we claim that the real world is the actual world?”

Upon hearing this, everyone fell into deep thought. Although Seboxia did not spell out everything, he still managed to make everyone understand a principle—merely relying on what one saw and heard was not an accurate interpretation of whether this world was an illusion or not.

However, if one didn't rely on these senses, what else could one depend on?

Everyone attentively turned to Seboxia, waiting for him to clear their doubts.

Meanwhile, Seboxia turned his head to look at Jonathan.

“Jonathan, what did you see in your dream?”

At that moment, Jonathan's mind was filled with two different sets of memories. He had completely lost his ability to discern between what was real and what was not.

“I saw the world one thousand and six hundred years from now...” Jonathan said with a hint of uncertainty. “We were all characters in that dream of a world utterly unlike the one we know now...”

After hearing Jonathan's words, which sounded much like the ravings of a madman, everyone showed a strange expression.

Beside Jonathan, Ignatius, who looked exactly like Stellario, asked with a smile, “Jonathan, you didn't really sleep yourself silly, did you?”

Seboxia, however, merely smiled and said, “Jonathan, may I ask how long you lived in that world?”

“Twenty-seven years, “Jonathan answered through gritted teeth.

As far as he knew, every step he took, from his birth in the Goldstein family of Yaleview to his later journey in the small world, had been so real. How could it possibly be all just a dream?

“Twenty-seven years...”

Seboxia slowly rose to his feet.

“We all need to eat and rest. But imagine if every time we lay down to sleep, we enter a world of dreams, and those dreams are all connected. Hence, I would like to ask everyone here one question: how do you know that we are not in a dream right now?”

Seboxia's words left everyone present slightly taken aback.

In contrast, Jonathan instinctively turned his gaze toward Seboxia and muttered, "Zephyr dreams of being a butterfly..."

Seboxia looked at Jonathan with a smile. "So, you also know about Zephyr's anecdotes!"

"Zephyr is real?" Jonathan shot Seboxia an agitated look and shouted, "Since Zephyr is from the world I dreamt of, how could you possibly know of him?"

Jonathan stood up, looking as if he had uncovered something incriminating about Seboxia.

As he was currently stuck in a conundrum regarding which set of memories was real, he was desperate to find evidence proving the truth, and Zephyr was the key.

Seboxia stared at Jonathan somewhat dazedly.

"It seems that your dreams are not entirely fictional but are partly derived from reflections of reality. Quite interesting indeed."

Taking note of Seboxia's intrigued expression, Jonathan felt as if he had been struck by lightning.

"What do you mean? Zephyr was a sage from Chanaea who lived seven hundred years ago. His many ideas continue to influence the generations to come. Is it that strange that I would know of him?"

Seboxia looked at Jonathan with a somewhat amused expression.

"Jonathan, have you completely confused reality with dreams?"

Gazing at the kind and benevolent face of Seboxia, Jonathan stepped back several paces.

"Impossible! These are but illusions. I came here to acquire the formation.

Everything here is fake. I won't be fooled again! Never!"

Jonathan reached out to his right hand, intending to draw his weapon, only to find that his right middle finger was empty.

"What are you looking for?"

Seboxia looked at Jonathan's finger with a smile.

"Are you looking for this?"

Seboxia slowly extended his arm, revealing an ancient-looking black ring on his finger. It was none other than Jonathan's storage ring.

"Give it back to me!"

Jonathan reached out to snatch it, but just as he extended his hand, he saw Seboxia suddenly clench his hand tightly.

Crack!

A crisp cracking noise suddenly sounded from the ring.

Then, the ring exploded, and the force of the explosion sent Jonathan flying with great momentum.

"You say this place is an illusion! So what about these?"

The voice of Seboxia echoed in Jonathan's ears.

Jonathan reached out, only to grasp a warm and gentle palm.

"Ah!"

As a woman's piercing scream rang out, Jonathan lifted his gaze, following the direction of the hand. It was Josephine, lying on a bed and crying out in agony as she gave birth.

"I can't do this anymore..." Josephine tearfully spoke to Jonathan.

"Jonathan... Kill me, save the child... Kill me quickly... If this continues, we will both die..."

Jonathan tightly grasped Josephine with both hands.

"I won't let you die! I can use my spiritual energy to help you!"

On the side, Jason, who was busy preparing medicine, hurriedly interjected.

"Mr. Goldstein, you absolutely must not use your spiritual energy! Right now, both Josephine and the child are extremely weak. If spiritual energy is used on them, it would only result in them both dying. We absolutely cannot act recklessly..."

The Legendary Man Chapter 1304

Chapter 1304 The Purpose Of Seboxia

"Kill me... Or else the child will die too..."

Josephine tightly gripped Jonathan's right hand, her face scrunched in agony.

By then, Jonathan had nearly ground his teeth to dust as he glared at Jason. He roared, "Jason, there must be a way to save both mother and daughter. Don't tell me you can't do it!"

"I have a solution!"

At that moment, Jason finished preparing the medicinal solution in his hand.

"This is an oxytocin injection, Mr. Goldstein. If you administer this into Ms. Smith's lower abdomen, it can help alleviate her pain!"

At this point, Jonathan was beyond anxious. Hearing Jason say this, he took the oxytocin injection and stabbed it into Josephine's lower abdomen without any hesitation.

Josephine let out a sharp scream before immediately falling into complete silence.

On Josephine's abdomen, a trace of purple began to travel along the blood vessels where the needle had pierced, continuously spreading throughout her body.

"Jason... What's going on..."

Jonathan, with trembling hands, looked at Josephine's round belly and asked loudly.

In response, Jason's lips curled into a cold smirk.

"What else could it be? You just killed your own wife and child with your own hands!"

Jonathan stood frozen to the spot, stunned. Two teardrops, red as blood, fell from his eyes.

"No... This can't be real..."

Josephine turned to Jason and reached out to seize his throat.

"Seboxia... It's you causing mischief again, isn't it!"

Jonathan's voice trembled as he spoke, causing a wicked smile to appear on Jason's face.

"Just realizing it now, are we? Isn't it a bit too late? Jonathan, I truly feel so sorry for you. Even if you know everything in front of you is a lie, you still fall for it."

Pausing, Jason continued, "Do you know? If it weren't for your concern for others, you might have already transcended to Divine Realm long ago. The path of cultivation is ruthless. Your talent for cultivation is completely wasted on someone like you. Why not entrust your body to me so I can help you achieve Great Prynycyp? After all, destiny favors those who are prepared, doesn't it?"

As Jason was speaking, his figure flickered, and in an instant, he had already whisked Jonathan to Edenic Heights.

As the scenery around him changed, Jonathan looked at Seboxia with a serious expression.

“Hah! I get it now. You keep taking me to all these illusionary realms, all in an attempt to find my weakness. If I’m not mistaken, you’ve once again drawn me into your divine space, haven’t you?”

Seboxia, with a spiritual bead in hand, still wore an expression of compassion.

“Why else do you think I left a gap in the coffin for you? Jonathan, you are the most suitable vessel I’ve found for possession. How could I possibly be content with being your nanny?”

Jonathan sat on the rooftop of No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights.

Since this was Seboxia’s realm, he could conjure anything from reality as long as he wished.

Yet, at this moment, Seboxia had only conjured up the mansion. He did not create any living creature.

Jonathan knew that Seboxia would never let him out again after pulling him into his divine space this time.

Seboxia could easily set the illusion’s duration to last into infinity. When that happened, even if Seboxia didn’t launch any attacks against Jonathan’s consciousness, the latter would still eventually go mad under the torment of time.

At this point, being at the mercy of Seboxia had already become a foregone conclusion. As such, Jonathan actually found himself relaxing.

“So, ever since you discovered that I had a way to counter your divine space, you started planning all of this?”

“Of course.” Seboxia nodded with a smile. “Jonathan, do you know? You are the most unique cultivator I have ever met in over a thousand years.”

“Since the dawn of recorded history, you are the second person to have cultivated Pryncyp of Death. It’s a pity, however, that you’ve strayed off course. Otherwise, even I would have to be wary of you. What surprises me the most is that after I shattered your Cor, you were able to achieve enlightenment and consolidate it again. Moreover, you’ve had two such enlightenments in less than half a month. Do you realize that your luck is so extraordinary it can’t even be described as defying the heavens?”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan was slightly taken aback. Then, he suddenly burst into hearty laughter.

“I see. So you’re saying the reason you sabotaged my Cor before was because you were afraid I’d reach Divine Realm, as once my spiritual sense takes form, you wouldn’t be able to possess me, right? And these last two times, you deliberately kept me from achieving enlightenment. You’ve been throwing a wrench into my plans all along.”

Upon hearing Seboxia’s words, Jonathan finally understood why Seboxia chose to stick with him.

Ever since he went to West Region, Seboxia had taken up residence within his elixir field.

As it turned out, the Remdik Emperor’s heart, kept by Sanctuary atop Mount Enly, was simply Seboxia’s secondary goal. Jonathan had never known the initial reason for Seboxia choosing to reside in his body.

But now, he finally understood. It was possession.

The reason for Seboxia choosing to reside in him, destroying his Cor, and saving him—all of Jonathan’s doubts were cleared at this moment.

He’s always considered me nothing more than a walking vessel.

Jonathan looked at Seboxia and asked indifferently, “Seboxia, I’m curious. Why didn’t you take action before? My cultivation level is only at the middle phase of God Realm, so why would a great cultivator like you, who has reached Divine Realm, need to beat around the bush with me? With how powerful your spiritual sense is, I could never possibly be your match, even at my peak.”

His tone was calm, as if he were discussing the life and death of an unrelated person and not himself.

Upon hearing this, Seboxia slowly took a seat opposite Jonathan.

“Because of your Pryncyp of Strength. No one can comprehend multiple Pryncyps, and that is the absolute rule of the universe. That is especially the case between you and me, as one of us uses the Pryncyp of Life while the other is the Pryncyp of Death. If I had forcibly seized control at that time, most likely, we would have both died due to the clashing of the two Pryncyps. That’s why before I seize your body, I must make you completely abandon the Pryncyp of Death and shatter your Cor.”

“But there’s no need for you to feel regretful. I’m sure you can tell that you’ve gone astray in your understanding of that Pryncyp. If it wasn’t for me

shattering your Cor back then, you would have died from forcibly trying to achieve a breakthrough. When you think about it that way, I'm actually your lifesaver. I'm the reason you managed to live this long."

Jonathan chuckled, "So, should I be thanking you then?"

"There's no need for that," Seboxia said, shaking his head with a smile.

"Engaging with you continuously is an interesting process for me. Besides, protecting your body is also in my own interest. All right, Jonathan, now that I've cleared up your confusion, you shouldn't have any more concerns. It's now time for you to enter the afterlife!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 1305

Chapter 1305 The True And False Seboxia

With that, Seboxia raised his hand and swung it toward Jonathan.

Jonathan had entered Seboxia's divine space using his consciousness. Thus, if he were to be killed here by Seboxia, his physical body in the real world would become nothing more than a walking corpse.

However, Jonathan knew the dangers of this journey before he entered.

He and Seboxia have always been plotting against each other.

Even though he finally figured out Seboxia's scheme, it was too late.

Here, Seboxia was the rule maker, the god who had the power to control everything.

Jonathan closed his eyes, waiting for Seboxia's final move.

Several seconds passed, but nothing happened.

Jonathan slowly opened his eyes, only to see a huge, monkey-like creature gripping Seboxia's wrist from behind.

"You?"

Jonathan looked at the ugly creature in surprise. Even though it was their first meeting, Jonathan found its appearance all too familiar.

It appeared identical to the massive body of Seboxia lying in the coffin, the only difference being that the latter was a mummy, appearing even more withered and desiccated.

What Jonathan couldn't understand was why Seboxia's true form had manifested within his divine space. Besides that, why would the true form try to stop his divine space self from taking action?

Jonathan stared at the two figures, dumbfounded.

Could it be that I've been sent into another realm once again?

The bald Seboxia, whose wrist was being held by the monkey-like figure that

was his original body, flickered for a moment and then appeared in the distance.

“Impossible...”

In that instant, the bald Seboxia’s white robe fluttered despite there being no wind.

With his movement, the imaginary Edenic Heights began to shake incessantly.

That realm was a manifestation of Seboxia’s will. Hence, if Seboxia’s emotions fluctuated significantly, that place would also be affected.

Watching black cracks begin to spread across the ground beneath his feet, Jonathan paled.

He was aware this meant Seboxia’s emotional turmoil had reached a terrifying extent.

In fact, the surrounding houses and even the entire space were starting to crack, not just the ground. It was almost like everything was about to shatter at any moment.

The method Jonathan was currently using to reverse enter into Seboxia’s consciousness had documented that if the other person’s divine space collapsed, the consciousness of the invader would also dissipate.

When he previously read about that, Jonathan had been wondering who would be so foolish as to obliterate their own consciousness.

Who would have thought that I would find myself in such a situation?

“Set!”

Just as the entire divine space was about to shatter completely, a shout echoed.

The expanding cracks in the sky above the mansion instantly came to a halt. In the next moment, the surrounding light surged dramatically, and Jonathan found himself once again in a pure white space.

Across from Jonathan, the Seboxia who resembled a monkey was currently taking steps toward his other form.

“You really did prove my prediction right. Keeping you around has indeed caused trouble.”

“Impossible!”

The bald monk manifestation of Seboxia continuously retreated.

“You should be dead by now. This is my world, and you have no right to be here!”

As that Seboxia spoke, the spiritual bead in his right hand—formed from life force—shone brilliantly.

“Die! You should have been erased in the river of time long ago!”

Following those words, streaks of vibrant green life force rapidly surged toward Seboxia’s main body up ahead.

Yet, the seemingly invincible life force didn’t pose even the slightest threat at that moment.

The monkey-like Seboxia, his true form, extended a hand and clenched his fingers slightly.

Immediately, the streaks of life force appeared to have been tamed as they once again transformed into the purest energy before coiling around the wrist of Seboxia’s true form.

“Using my own methods against me; don’t you think that’s rather amusing?”

Seboxia’s true form sneered at the manifestation of himself, then stretched out his hand and gave a forceful tap in mid-air.

Hum...

A pattern like water rippling spread out as the true Seboxia unleashed his aura.

The bald Seboxia attempted to escape, but just as his body was halfway dematerialized, he was abruptly pulled back from the void before being sealed in mid-air.

The moment that happened, the entire divine space underwent a drastic change once again.

As Jonathan watched, a strong murderous intent emanated from the trapped Seboxia.

Even Jonathan, a man who harbored profound and intense murderous intent, felt a tremor run through his body after sensing the lethal intent.

Hatred, jealousy, greed...

Countless negative emotions were intermingled with the murderous intent, making one feel as if they were in hell at the slightest touch.

Meanwhile, the original Seboxia radiated with entirely positive forces such as hope, sanctity, and rebirth.

These two individuals were polar opposites, and they presented themselves to Jonathan in a way that highlighted their stark contrast.

One resembled a demon yet possessed a pure heart.

The other appeared to be as virtuous as a celestial deity yet harbored evil within.

The stark contrast between these two extremes had such a profound impact on Jonathan that he, being caught in the middle, was already showing signs of mental instability. His spiritual sense was on the verge of shattering.

“Suppress!” the true Seboxia let out a loud roar.

And with this roar came a series of ethereal, indescribable chants that words could not capture.

“Ah!”

With a dreadful scream, the bald manifestation of Seboxia plummeted from mid-air, crashing onto the ground.

The true Seboxia took a step forward, forcefully smacking the downed figure. Boom!

Akin to a smashed watermelon, the Seboxia manifestation exploded into ashes and dissipated.

Just then, Jonathan finally managed to break free from the two opposing forces. He collapsed to the ground, drenched in sweat and gasping for breath heavily.

Even though he was fully aware that nothing truly existed in the divine space and there was no oxygen to breathe, Jonathan couldn't help but want to calm himself in this way.

A pair of large feet with sharp claws walked up to Jonathan.

Jonathan slowly raised his head to look at the person who had stopped before him. It was none other than the original Seboxia, who looked neither like a monkey nor a man and was incredibly ugly.

“Who are you, really...”

Struggling to his feet, Jonathan addressed the figure of Seboxia before him. As he was currently in a divine space, he could no longer discern between reality and illusion.

Everything that happened just now could very well have been another illusion. Meanwhile, Seboxia pressed his palms together in front of his chest, revealing his clawed fingers, which were half a meter in length.

“My name is Seboxia, and I'm one of the ancient beasts of heaven and earth. I hope I didn't startle you, my friend...”