

The Legendary Man Chapter 1306

Chapter 1306 The Spiritual Consciousness Demon

Standing before Jonathan was a terrifying creature over ten meters tall with a pointed snout and sharp teeth, yet it was clasping its hands together in a gesture of respect and bowing toward him.

Even Jonathan, who had seen and experienced much, couldn't help but feel a bit bewildered by such a scene.

The true form of Seboxia extended its sharp claws, gently lifting Jonathan up.

Before Jonathan could even react, he was already comfortably seated atop a massive wooden stump.

"So, this is still one of your tricks."

Jonathan turned his head to look at the cliff in front of him, a hint of despair visible in his eyes.

Such environmental changes often indicated that he was about to enter the next illusion.

Could this be Seboxia's way of dealing with me? By driving me mad after being tormented in endless illusions?

"Go on, then. Show me whatever tricks you have left!"

Jonathan looked at the enormous form of Seboxia, a cold smile playing on his lips as he readied himself to face the torment that was to come.

To Jonathan's surprise, upon hearing this, the real Seboxia actually cracked a small smile.

"Rest assured, my friend. Although I am Seboxia, I am not the Seboxia you know."

This statement from Seboxia's true form did cause Jonathan to pause slightly.

Once again, Jonathan couldn't help but feel his heart pound as he looked at the incredibly massive form of Seboxia.

Having fought with Seboxia several times, Jonathan had come to know him quite well.

This guy in front of me, whether it's his tone or the fluctuations around him, truly shows no similarities to the bald monk manifestation of Seboxia.

Much like what he felt earlier, the auras of the two appeared to have absolutely no common ground.

However, this observation alone was not enough to make Jonathan believe the person before him.

"This is your world, where everything under the sun exists at the whim of your thoughts. Isn't it your choice how you want it to change?"

Upon hearing this, the true Seboxia gently waved his hand, transforming his figure to the same size as Jonathan.

"My friend, do be patient. Let me explain it to you slowly."

As Seboxia spoke, a cloud of white mist rose before them. Within it, a small creature, identical to Seboxia himself, gradually took shape.

"This is me, an ancient beast that emerged after my path to immortality was severed. For ancient beasts like me, if we were born in ancient times, we could become Divine Realm cultivators in just a few decades with our aptitude and affinity for spiritual energy. We might even reach Cavoid Realm or Ultimate Realm. Unfortunately, I was born in an inopportune time, during the darkest of years, a period the cultivators called the Age of Degeneration. Back then, when my Immortal Road had just been severed, I found it extremely challenging to gather spiritual energy. I hid in the shadows, cultivating for a full four hundred years before I finally reached Divine Realm. By that time, the spiritual energy had become so scarce that it was terrifying. Clearly, making any further progress was absolutely impossible. It was then that I began to seek other paths to transcendence."

"I attribute the obstacles in my cultivation to the impurity of my Cor.

Fortunately, I practice the Prynycp of Life, which gives me a profound understanding of the spirit. Thus, I managed to split my spiritual consciousness in two, discarding all negative emotions and thoughts, thereby retaining only the purest part of my Cor. What surprised me was that, although I managed to achieve Cavoid Realm because of this, it was also because of my incomplete spiritual consciousness that Heavenly Prynycp discovered me when I was undergoing the breakthrough. As a result, I had to undergo a Lightning Tribulation."

Listening to Seboxia's narration, Jonathan subconsciously swallowed his

saliva.

Although Seboxia only spoke very briefly, the information contained in his words was overwhelmingly abundant.

So, according to him, he stealthily hid and cultivated for four hundred years to reach Divine Realm, then split his spiritual consciousness into two and successfully achieved a breakthrough using this method.

Not only was he not satisfied after reaching Cavoid Realm during the Age of Degeneration, but he even caused a Lightning Tribulation in his bid to achieve Ultimate Realm.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to call him the greatest of all time, considering his talents and methods.

Indeed, those with power truly are capricious, even trying to trick the Heavenly Pryncyp. If not you, who else should be struck down?

Across from Jonathan, Seboxia also seemed to be reminiscing about his past, only letting out a faint sigh after a long while.

“Back then, I withstood nine bolts of heavenly thunder, but it damaged my Kore. Although I can continuously self-repair using the Pryncyp of Life, I still can't fully heal. From that moment on, I knew that my remaining days were numbered. However, what was most surprising was that the fragment of my spiritual consciousness that I stripped away also carries my understanding of the Pryncyp of Life. What the Heavenly Pryncyp obliterated was my own spiritual consciousness, so the part that was separated was completely unaffected. At that time, I wanted to take it all away, but considering he had borne all my negativity and had already endured so much, I didn't have the heart to do it. Even so, I was well aware that he, having inherited all my cultivation insights and negative thoughts, would surely wreak havoc if given freedom. So, I bestowed upon him all my cultivation, enabling him to reach Divine Realm, whereupon he could create anything he wanted in the universe within his own divine space. Subsequently, I sealed him within this coffin and buried it underground.”

Observing the trace of melancholy that surfaced on the ugly visage of Seboxia, Jonathan felt somewhat numb.

“So, you're saying that you stripped away your own spiritual consciousness, achieved Cavoid Realm, then withstood nine heavenly thunder strikes during Ultimate Realm, and finally, when you were on the brink of death, you created an evil version of yourself? Is this what you mean?” an incredulous Jonathan asked Seboxia.

Seboxia nodded upon hearing this, “That sounds about right...”

Jonathan extended his thumb, giving Seboxia two emphatic thumbs-up.

“You Divine Realm cultivators really know how to have fun! Creating your own divine space and playing out whatever fantasy strikes you.”

Taking a deep breath, Jonathan went on, "All right then, let me ask you a question! I don't want to hear any other nonsense; all I want to know is whether we're safe now."

Upon hearing this, the true Seboxia nodded, then immediately shook his head again.

"Hey! And what's that supposed to mean!" Jonathan asked in bewilderment. Seboxia looked at Jonathan and sighed helplessly.

"When I first inscribed a restraining barrier on that coffin, I thought time could slowly destroy that part of my spiritual consciousness. Surprisingly, he managed to avoid that fate using a method I was unaware of. What you see of me now is but a mere remnant of consciousness left by my original self. I can only deter him temporarily. Once too much time passes, he will discover this fact and strike at us again. At that time, even this lingering bit of spiritual consciousness will be reduced to ashes. He can then truly replace me, becoming the real Seboxia."

Jonathan stared at Seboxia, taking in the complex emotions swirling in the latter's eyes.

After a moment of thought, he uttered, "So, you appeared and tried to stop him from possessing me because you want me to do something about him, correct?"

The Legendary Man Chapter 1307

Chapter 1307 Bring Him Back

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Seboxia looked at Jonathan with a hint of surprise.

"No wonder he chose you for possession; it seems you really are different from others."

Jonathan did not respond, simply waiting quietly for Seboxia's next words. In truth, he wasn't too sure before.

After all, he was currently in Seboxia's divine space. Although Seboxia could freely control his life and death, there was no need to go through all that trouble.

Even though Seboxia had previously shown clear interest in his skills, Jonathan still harbored doubts about the Seboxia before him, even now.

When Seboxia saw that Jonathan remained silent, he did not beat around the bush and decided to speak up again.

“I am a cultivator of the Pryncyp of Life. If I were to die, I would just return to the cosmos. The notion of using a coffin to contain my corpse simply wouldn't appeal to me.”

“I crafted this coffin with a singular purpose – to seal that evil part of me within, severing all ties between myself and the karma of the universe. Weathered by the passage of time, most of the energy within many of the coffin's formations has already been depleted. Yet, the formations themselves still persist. What I want from you is simple. I will teach you how to control all the formations of the coffin. Using the coffin as a seal, I want you to bring it back to Seboxiasm's Balza Temple.”

“Take it back?” Jonathan looked at Seboxia with a somewhat bewildered expression. “I've been lugging this coffin around the eastern hemisphere for almost half a year. Now you're asking me to return it to where it came from? Wouldn't all my efforts be in vain, then?”

Seboxia clasped his hands together and bowed deeply toward Jonathan.

“My friend, I am well aware of the legacy I have left behind. Besides, he's a master of the Pryncyp of Life. Now that he's showing signs of revival, if he were to successfully possess either you or someone else, he would bring a great disaster upon the world. Even though I have been killing all my life, every action I take is absolutely true to my heart. However, as my darker counterpart, he is the source of extreme evil.”

“The only way to destroy him is by using the accumulated power of wishes from the Seboxiasm followers. Afterward, my friend, you can keep the coffin. It's a pre-divine weapon and quite handy to use.”

Pre-divine weapon...

Upon hearing Seboxia's words, Jonathan abruptly stood up.

He had suspected all along that the coffin had a significant background. However, the three words “pre-divine weapon” still gave Jonathan quite a shock.

After all, the only difference between pre-divine weapons and divine weapons was the absence of a divine spirit within them.

Weapons that had a divine spirit in them were naturally more powerful.

Jonathan's Heaven Sword was a prime example of this. However, it seemed that the sword was only responsive to the Pryncyp of Slaughter and would not react to the other Pryncyps.

"My friend?"

Seeing Jonathan standing still in a daze, Seboxia couldn't help but speak up.

In response, Jonathan slowly raised his head. With a chuckle, he said, "I'm not after any pre-divine weapon; what I strive for is the welfare of all the people in the world. Quick, teach me how to control the formations of that coffin."

"No need for such trouble!" Seboxia slowly raised his clawed finger before bringing it toward Jonathan's forehead. "This will hurt a bit, so please bear with it."

No sooner had Seboxia's words left his mouth than Jonathan felt as though his head was about to split open.

"Ah!"

Letting out a shrill howl, Jonathan stumbled back several steps, crashing into a large hand.

"Die!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Jonathan lifted his elbow and rammed it behind him.

Thud!

With a muffled sound, a figure was sent flying out.

"Have you lost your mind, Jonathan?"

A familiar voice echoed beside Jonathan. It was only then Jonathan looked around, still clutching his head with one hand.

Inside the coffin, the evil Seboxia was still sitting in the center. His wrists, ankles, and neck were bound by five runic chains that emerged from the heart of his massive corpse, restraining him in place.

Surrounding Jonathan were Stellario, Kathleen, Hayden, and Marilyn, who all wore cautious expressions as they watched him.

In the distance, Joshua slowly picked himself up from the ground, gently rubbing his arm as he walked toward Jonathan.

"Jonathan, you've been standing still for two hours now. We thought you were dead."

Two hours?

Jonathan instinctively looked at his wrist, but before he could clearly see the numbers on the combat terminal, the intense pain in his mind struck again. It was a peculiar sensation, as if something had exploded in his mind.

Just like within the divine space, countless unprecedented memories kept appearing in Jonathan's mind. They appeared briefly, only to disappear again in a flash.

Yet, Jonathan understood that these fleeting pieces of information had already been deeply etched into his mind.

Three Formations, Four Symbol Trap Formation, Lunar Mystic, Ninelands Obsidian, Celestial Flame, Astral Dominion, Serenarcanum Nexus...

One by one, the names of the formations and their rules appeared before Jonathan, causing him to tremble like a leaf in the wind.

Jonathan leaned against the inner wall of the coffin, groaning in a trembling voice, "That's too much..."

He simply wanted to know the method to control the opening and closing of the coffin. Little did he expect that Seboxia would infuse the information on so many formations into his mind.

When Stellario and the rest saw Jonathan like that, they didn't dare to approach.

A good ten minutes later, Jonathan finally curled up in a corner of the coffin before falling silent.

As the knowledge was directly transferred into his mind, Jonathan was able to reach a whole new level of understanding regarding the formations.

Even so, Jonathan understood that he still couldn't possibly become a formation master.

Creating formations was different from cultivation as the former was more about practical uses.

This was akin to asking a machine design university graduate to explain the principles, which he could talk about for three days and nights. However, asking him to build a machine with his own two hands was like asking for the moon.

"Are you okay?"

Joshua handed a bottle of water to Jonathan.

For the past two hours that Jonathan had been standing there, no one knew what he had been going through.

However, they all pinned their hopes of survival on him. Now that Jonathan had awakened, everyone was eager to know whether he had found a way out or not.

"Don't worry; we won't die here."

Jonathan accepted the bottle of mineral water and chugged it all down in one go.

Just as everyone allowed themselves to smile, Jonathan unexpectedly drew Heaven Sword, pointing it directly at Joshua's brow.

"Joshua, I know you've been investigating me these past few years. Tell me

something that happened six months ago that only you would know.”
The sudden turn of events left everyone utterly bewildered.
Hayden stated, “Mr. Goldstein, have you lost your mind? It was Joshua who protected you all this time. Without him, you would have been killed by Stellario and his gang long ago.”
But at that moment, Jonathan had already started gathering spiritual energy.
“If you can’t answer me, you will all die...”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1308

Chapter 1308 The Sinister Joshua

“Well, that depends on whether you have the ability or not!”
Stellario, standing to the side, took out his black dagger. As he channeled his spiritual energy into it, the palm-sized knife instantly expanded to over a meter in length, becoming a saber.
Positioning the saber in front of him, Stellario formed a hand seal with his other hand.
Black parasites, nearly invisible to the naked eye, swarmed out like liquid from Stellario’s wrist, swiftly attaching themselves to the blade.

Although Jonathan and Karl were extremely powerful, Stellario and Kathleen, as the public faces of the Mallory and Henderson families, were naturally not weak either.

Hence, in a true fight to the death, it was uncertain who would emerge victorious.

Meanwhile, Kathleen, too, had drawn her weapon, Harmony Fan. With a gentle wave, spiritual energy surged forth, carrying with it an intense murderous intent.

“What are you two doing?”

Hayden held a saber in his hand, its tip pointed directly at the two individuals. Yet, all he received in return was their disdain.

“Hayden, I admit that your sniper rifle poses a great threat to us if you had the advantage of distance between us. At this close range, however, I’d advise you to behave and not think about making a move. You simply can’t handle this fight.”

With that said, Kathleen waved her fan gently. The breeze it created transformed into several invisible sharp blades that cut off several strands of Hayden's hair.

While all this was going on, Joshua was frowning as he watched Jonathan, who had not made any further moves.

"Jonathan, I need a reason."

"There's no particular reason," Jonathan replied, still holding the Heaven Sword. "I just need to make sure this is the real world."

When Joshua heard that, his brows furrowed deeply, but he soon gave a slight nod.

"I understand now. You were in Seboxia's divine space earlier."

He, along with Stellario, Kathleen, and the others, all came from respectable families, which had elders who had reached Divine Realm. Naturally, they were not too unfamiliar with some of the methods Divine Realm cultivators used.

With a bit of deduction, it became clear what Jonathan had just gone through.

Upon hearing Joshua's words, Kathleen and Stellario were slightly taken aback. The spiritual energy within their bodies also became much calmer.

They had all been pulled into that space for training by their elders before.

Everything within the divine space was no different from reality.

Of course, their elders wouldn't possibly use the divine space against their own younger generation in a malicious manner.

Even so, they were all aware of the danger of the divine space.

All those illusionary realms, seemingly real and yet not, made it even more difficult for them to discern whether they had returned to reality.

They at least had the protection of their elders when they entered those divine spaces. The same could not be said for Jonathan, who had entered one of an old demon. Thus, it was no surprise he would be so on edge and paranoid upon exiting.

One could even say that he was lucky to be able to escape.

After a brief moment of contemplation, Joshua slowly began to speak.

“A year ago, when you were still in Northern Crimson Prison, I sent someone to infiltrate the prison to get in touch with you. The man’s name was Herbert Dowell, but since then, I haven’t heard anything from him.”

The moment Joshua finished speaking, Jonathan lowered Heaven Sword.

“Dorian killed him. Herbert was trying to stir up trouble to get my attention, but before I even had a chance to speak with him, Dorian chopped off his head.”

That incident was merely a minor event. At the time, Jonathan had some suspicions that Herbert was intentionally trying to attract his attention, but he couldn’t find any evidence. Eventually, he forgot about the whole thing.

Surprisingly, he learned the truth today from Joshua.

“You’ve got to admit, that kid is pretty unlucky. Out of all the ways to get my attention, he just had to provoke me.”

Jonathan, while observing the few individuals in front of him who were ready for battle, spoke with a hint of caution in his eyes.

“Two hours is more than enough time for us to be completely surrounded.

Even if we break out now, a tough battle is undoubtedly waiting for us.”

“Still, it’s better than sitting here waiting to die,” Stellario said to Jonathan in a cold voice.

Jonathan looked at Stellario, then turned his head to look at Joshua.

Joshua shook his head slightly, his meaning clear even without words.

Jonathan understood that after Seboxia was chained up, the technique to control Stellario’s life and death with life force had become ineffective.

Turning to Stellario, Jonathan questioned flatly, “You want to kill us, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

Stellario didn’t bother beating around the bush; he simply nodded and gave a simple reply.

His honesty had Jonathan chuckling.

“You can’t kill me, but here, I can kill you.”

“You can give it a try!” As Stellario spoke, he pointed his weapon at Jonathan, ready to attack.

Jonathan formed a hand seal and allowed his spiritual energy to surge forth, causing the inner walls of the coffin to suddenly glow brightly.

Bright lines intertwined and flickered, then suddenly exploded around Stellario, transforming into a semi-transparent barrier that encapsulated him.

“There are more than eight thousand formations of various sizes inscribed in this coffin. How else do you think it can avoid even Heavenly Pryncyp?”

Stellario, right now, all it takes is a flick of my finger, and I can turn you into minced meat. Are you sure you want to oppose me?”

Stellario’s eyes flashed with a fierce light, yet at that moment, enveloped by numerous formations, he couldn’t muster the slightest resistance.

Feeling utterly frustrated, he snapped, “What exactly do you want?” As the heir of the Mallory family, there was no denying he was extremely ruthless. Even when facing numerous God Realm opponents, he would not be at a disadvantage.

Yet, after encountering Jonathan, all his skills seemed to become useless. Initially, he was controlled by Seboxia’s life force, even handing over control of his life and death to Joshua with the formation of a spiritual energy emerald. And now, after much difficulty, Seboxia was finally restrained, yet Jonathan had conjured up some sort of formation to cage him.

Why didn’t I go to the gathering right after receiving Grandpa’s message? One mistake really does lead to another...

Naturally, no one knew what was going on in Stellario’s mind. At the same time, Jonathan was deep in thought.

Two hours is a long time. It’s hard to go unnoticed when a coffin of this size falls from the sky.

Opening the coffin now will be quite simple—all it will take is a hand seal. However, what about after we get out? How are we supposed to escape from the hands of hundreds, even thousands, of God Realm cultivators?

“Jonathan, are you worried about the upcoming battle?” Joshua timely opened his mouth to ask.

Jonathan glanced at Joshua and gave a nod.

“I wasted too much time in the divine space. Even though I’ve found a way to open the coffin, we can’t escape now.”

“There’s a way,” Joshua said, turning to look at Stellario. “Do you know why I asked Neil to keep Stellario around?”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan shook his head. However, he seemed to realize something in the next second as his eyes gradually widened.

“Oh, Joshua, you’re a bad, bad person!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 1309

Chapter 1309 The Coffin Moves

Within the coffin, Stellario was enveloped by numerous formations, rendering him as immobile as a statue, unable to move even if he wished to. Jonathan and Joshua were both smiling as they turned to Stellario. Jonathan chuckled as he looked at Stellario and said, “Stellario?” Seeing Jonathan’s almost fawning smile, Stellario inexplicably felt a tightening in his chest.

“What are you up to? What the hell are you scheming now? I’m telling you, there’s no way I’m going to cooperate with you!”

Still with a wide grin etched on his face, Jonathan lightly flicked his finger against the saber in Stellario’s hand.

Meanwhile, Joshua had already circled behind Stellario.

“Hey! Come over here! Why don’t we discuss this face-to-face? You standing behind me like this doesn’t make me feel safe at all!”

At that moment, Stellario was practically on the verge of tears.

Previously, when they wanted to test Joshua to see if he was truly willing to be a lapdog for the eight respectable families, the methods they used were numerous.

At the time, Stellario hadn’t thought much of it. But now that their roles were reversed and he found himself to be the vulnerable one, the sudden realization filled Stellario with intense fear.

Was death terrifying?

It was simply the inevitable end that no one could escape.

On the other hand, cultivators had countless methods at their disposal that were much more terrifying punishments than death itself.

Noticing the unnerving smile on Jonathan’s face, Stellario dared not hesitate any longer and immediately raised his hand to speak. “I’ll cooperate!”

“That’s more like it! We should indeed work together with sincerity and dedication. After all, we’re all on the same team in this small world.”

Jonathan chuckled and snapped his fingers. Stellario felt a slight loosening of the tightness wrapped around his body before he regained his freedom once again.

Stellario knew that it was now impossible to make another move against Jonathan and the others, so he simply put away his weapon.

“Speak up. What exactly do you want me to do? Just to be clear, I absolutely won’t do anything that puts my life at risk.”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan gave a sly grin. "Don't worry, I guarantee your safety."

On the main road outside North Outer City.

As the citadels of Yannopolis, North Outer City and South Outer City were originally built to resist the demon beasts of the vast wilderness.

Following the transformation of Yannopolis, the citadels gradually became the hubs for managing the one hundred and eight villages of Yannopolis.

Regardless, one fact that never changed was that these two outer cities served as military fortresses.

However, it was easy for something that started off with good intentions to deviate from its original purpose over time.

After the changes in Yannopolis, the four vassal families issued a series of political decrees in order to ensure that their rule would not be overthrown by others imitating them.

In addition to establishing a three-tier management system and enforcing the practice of collective responsibility, they went one step further by sealing off the entire city. Everyone other than members of the four vassal families was driven out to South Outer City and North Outer City.

From that moment on, the entire small world transformed into a gigantic machine, operating solely for the four vassal families.

Yannopolis, which was once a hub accessible to all, became a haven of comfort exclusively for the four vassal families.

As a large number of people were expelled from Yannopolis, they flooded South Outer City and North Outer City, quickly bringing prosperity to these outer cities.

At that moment, numerous ordinary cultivators from North Outer City were standing on their tiptoes, peering through the gaps in the Black Armor Legion to catch a glimpse of the enormous coffin in the center.

"No matter how you look at it, that thing is just a massive coffin."

"How can that be? Who would have a coffin this large? And didn't you see?"

That thing fell from the sky.”

“That’s right! As if a coffin can fly!”

“I came from the governor’s residence. Just now, I heard someone say that inside the governor’s residence—”

Before the man could finish his words, he noticed two Black Armor soldiers had already placed their hands on his shoulders from behind.

“Spreading disruptive words in the city is a crime that must be punished!”

Swish!

With a spray of blood, the burly man’s massive head fell to the ground.

Meanwhile, the few people chatting with the burly man earlier were so scared they trembled violently. They quickly bowed to the Black Armor soldiers and apologized.

“Sir, we didn’t hear anything!”

“Please, sir, spare us!”

The Black Armor soldiers casually waved their hands as they watched the fearful expressions of those few people.

“Don’t spread rumors lightly. Considering your ignorance, you may leave.”

The group seemed almost unable to believe what had just transpired. They quickly bowed in respect, nodding incessantly as they turned to leave.

Just as those men turned around, Celestus, who was sitting on the second floor of a nearby pub, gently slid his right hand across his neck.

Whizz, whizz, whizz...

Dozens of arrows pierced the sky, coming in fast.

Before those men could even react, they were struck by the arrows and fell to the ground. After struggling feebly for a while, they breathed their last, not a hint of life left in them.

The Black Armor soldiers thoroughly inspected the corpses to confirm their deaths before one of them turned to ascend to the second floor of the pub.

“Governor Xuereb, we have thoroughly searched the surrounding area and found no suspicious individuals. However, no matter what methods we tried, we simply couldn’t inflict the slightest damage on the coffin.”

Although Celestus had lost an arm in the recent battle, such an injury was considered minor for someone of his status.

Disregarding other potent healing remedies, even just the Flaming Tree alone was enough to restore his arm.

As Celestus looked down at the pitch-black coffin below, his brow furrowed deeply.

“The people inside that coffin must die. Roy was killed by those outlanders. If they don’t die, we won’t have a single peaceful day.”

“I understand.” The Black Armor soldier saluted and said, “But, sir, this black coffin is impervious to both water and fire. Besides that, it’s as if it has grown

roots and simply cannot be moved. Trying to break it open is proving an incredibly difficult task.”

Upon hearing that, Celestus chuckled lightly.

“Why the rush? You have food and drink out there, don’t you? The ones who should be worried are those inside the coffin. No matter how much they’ve stored in their storage magical items, there will come a day when it all runs out. By then, they will have no choice but to come out, no?”

Upon hearing the command, the Black Armor soldier respectfully acknowledged it with a fist salute, preparing to carry out the orders. However, just as he took two steps, he was once again stopped by Celestus.

“Hold on. Go find some experts in formation arrays. These outlanders have many tricks up their sleeves. For safety’s sake, we should set up some precautions outside.”

“Yes, sir!”

As the Black Armor soldier departed, Celestus once again poured himself a glass of wine.

In truth, Roy’s death was a result of Celestus conspiring with Neil. It was simply more convenient to have the outlanders take the fall.

As long as those outlanders were killed, Roy’s demise could be entirely blamed on them, thus ensuring Celestus’ safety in the short term.

Even if the people of Yannopolis were to investigate the matter, by that time, there would be no evidence left to prove anything.

Moreover, if Neil’s plan succeeded, there was no telling who Yannopolis would belong to.

Neil, since you treat me as a pawn, you can’t blame me for scheming against you too...

Celestus drained the glass of wine in one gulp, but then he paused slightly. Just now, he clearly saw the enormous coffin below move slightly...

The Legendary Man Chapter 1310

Chapter 1310 Inferno Skyfire

“Prepare for battle!”

With a loud shout, Celestus brandished his spear and charged, shattering the second-floor window of the pub as he leaped out.

Below, hundreds of Black Armor soldiers grabbed their weapons, their bodies surging with spiritual energy.

Amidst the army of Black Armor soldiers, the black coffin remained eerily still.

Celestus stepped forward, gently touching the lid of the black coffin with the tip of his spear. However, no matter how hard he pushed, the coffin showed no reaction whatsoever.

Could it be that I imagined it?

He circulated his spiritual energy within his body, and in an instant, it burned off all the alcohol in him.

Then, he focused his attention on the enormous coffin again. However, he didn't notice anything amiss.

"Did this coffin move just now?"

Celestus turned his head to look at the Black Armor soldier beside him.

The soldier's body shivered slightly as he replied, "Sir, I think it did..."

"You think it did?" Celestus furrowed his brows as a hint of murderous intent flashed across his gaze. "Didn't I instruct you to guard it diligently? Why are you uncertain?"

The Black Armor soldier was somewhat stunned by Celestus' reprimand, and after sensing Celestus' murderous intent toward him, he became even more terrified.

"Governor Xuereb, I've been diligently guarding the coffin, but it hasn't shown any signs of movement for two hours. Constantly spreading out my spiritual sense has caused me to feel a bit fatigued—"

Before the soldier could finish his sentence, Celestus' spear had already pierced through his chin and into his brain.

One of their own had perished, yet the Black Armor soldiers nearby seemed as if they hadn't noticed at all, each one of them remaining indifferent. These individuals were all loyal warriors trained by Celestus himself. Even if he were to order them to commit suicide now, they would carry out the command without hesitation, let alone having them watch him kill their comrades.

“Form into teams of three and rotate shifts every two hours. Keep your spiritual sense focused on this coffin at all times, and don’t relax for even a second!” Celestus ordered in a cold voice, then spun to leave.

Yet, the moment he turned around, a muffled sound suddenly echoed from behind him.

“The coffin has opened!” a Black Armor soldier shouted.

Celestus turned his head, only to see that the coffin, which had been shut for two hours, had finally opened.

However, what emerged from within were not Jonathan and his companions but rather tiny black ants, each the size of a pinky finger.

“Ah!”

The flying ants swarmed as far as the eye could see, their speed incredibly fast.

The Black Armor soldiers reacted a tad too slowly and were bitten by the flying ants. Immediately, they began to scream in agony.

The hidden-wing insects were the unrivaled rulers of Mount Boisvista. Back then, in the South Outer City arena, had it not been for Neil activating the formation of the arena, thus incinerating the hidden-wing insects along with everything in the vicinity, it was likely that no one in the entire area would have survived.

Presently, no one from North Outer City recognized the formidable nature of the hidden-winged insects.

“What on earth is going on?”

With a roar of fury, Celestus unleashed his spiritual energy, pushing all the hidden-wing insects within a twenty-meter radius away from him.

“Unleash your spiritual energy! You’re all God Realm cultivators, yet you can’t even deal with a tiny flying insect?” Celestus bellowed, trying to control the situation, but the screams of agony just wouldn’t stop.

“Governor Xuereb, this is the hidden-wing insect, a ferocious creature from Mount Boisvista, a place south of Colstrax. They can gnaw through spirit shields! Everyone, run!”

All the cultivators from North Outer City were essentially those selected each year from the south of Colstrax.

At last, someone recognized the insects and shouted out loud.

Only then did Celestus realize that his spiritual energy was constantly being drained under the relentless assault of those flying ants.

“Impossible...” Celestus murmured in disbelief. “All creatures from the abyss are unable to leave their fixed range. Why would these hidden-wing insects appear here?”

Just then, he suddenly recalled the battle at the small garden in the governor’s residence.

“It’s that person!”

If one were to ask who left the deepest impression on him among Jonathan and his companions, it definitely wouldn’t be Jonathan or Joshua.

Instead, it was Hayden and Stellario.

One of these two individuals eliminated a spiritual control cultivator using a concealed weapon, while the other summoned countless insects, a sight so unnerving it could make one’s skin crawl at a mere glance.

It seems that these things were brought out by that person.

However, what Celestus couldn’t figure out was what method Stellario had used to prevent the hidden-wing insects from attacking him.

We must get this person on our side!

Talented individuals were highly sought after, no matter where.

This was especially the case for a unique talent like Stellario, who, if used well, could even become a trump card.

“Those who are bitten, step back! Those behind me, activate your spirit shields and follow me!”

With a loud shout, Celestus charged toward the enormous coffin.

At Celestus’ command, dozens of cultivators snapped out of their horror and leaped forward, disregarding the swarm of winged insects in front of them.

Meanwhile, within the coffin, Jonathan was forming hand seals, using the barrier inside the coffin to push out all the remaining hidden-wing insects.

“As planned, Stellario and Merilyn will stay in the coffin while the four of us will go out. Remember, the more chaotic, the better!”

As he spoke, Jonathan brought his hands together and gave a forceful stomp. Rumble...

The colossal coffin lid instantly opened under the control of the formation.

Lying within the coffin, the true form of Seboxia, who had been in slumber for over a thousand years, finally saw the light of day again.

However, such a situation was only momentary. As the group lifted their heads, they noticed several weapons were already thrusting down from above.

“Divine Chessboard, activate!”

In Jonathan’s right hand, a massive chessboard grew rapidly, rising vertically from the ground.

After knocking away the enemies coming from above, the chessboard lit up with a purple glow that enveloped Jonathan and the other three.

“Teleport!”

As Jonathan activated a hand seal, the four of them vanished in an instant, only to reappear out of thin air above the heads of Celestus and his men. Jonathan had never discovered the true use of the Divine Chessboard. The most convenient aspect of it was that, regardless of its orientation, as long as one was within the scope of the chessboard, they could freely change their position within it.

“Over here!”

Jonathan looked down at the surprised Celestus and lifted his leg before darting downward.

“Get lost!” With a subtle flick of his wrist, Celestus abruptly withdrew his spear. Then, he aimed a strike toward Jonathan’s lower body without hesitation. Bang!

The moment they made contact, Jonathan was propelled into the air once again by the force of the impact. Meanwhile, below him, Celestus was charging directly toward Stellario in the coffin, spear in hand.

“You trying to snatch him? That’s not going to happen!”

Jonathan formed a seal with both hands, and the coffin lid instantly closed. Celestus’ spear struck the coffin lid, causing a series of sparks, yet it failed to even leave a mark on the lid.

“You outlanders have all sorts of treasures, don’t you?”

Celestus steadied himself, and with a wave of his hand, he threw three yellow talismans toward Jonathan.

“Today, not just that man inside, but none of you will be able to escape!”

Boom, boom, boom!

The three yellow talismans ignited one after another, kindling three blazing fireballs in the sky.

Following that, Celestus, with a bold leap, thrust his hand into one of the fireballs.

“Die!”