

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1351

### Chapter 1351 Facing It Head On

After crossing swords with Michael, Jonathan finally understood the gap between himself and a cultivator at the level of Divine Realm.

Upon realizing that there were no rules in the small world, Jonathan thought he could show his prowess.

Such thoughts were once affirmed by Seboxia himself.

After all, if Divine Realm lost its Pryncyp, the threat to God Realm would indeed be greatly reduced.

However, Jonathan had forgotten one thing.

When Seboxia gave him the affirmation, in his transformed state, Seboxia never anticipated that his own true form would bind him.

In other words, when Seboxia was conveying various possibilities to Jonathan, he also included himself as a factor in the calculations.

But now, after Jonathan pitted his own strength against the Divine Realm, he finally understood the gap between them.

The difference between Divine Realm and God Realm was not just a matter of the Pryncyp principle alone.

This was akin to a clash between the Superior Realm and the Grandmaster Realm. Even if the Grandmaster Realm powerhouses did not use their spiritual field or release their spiritual sense projection and relied solely on their spiritual energy, they could absolutely crush the Superior Realm. Even if they were from the same sect and used the same moves, the outcome would remain the same.

This wasn't just about the disparity in the depth of spiritual energy, but also the comprehension of techniques in using spiritual energy.

The same move executed, focusing all one's power into a single punch, versus concentrating all one's power into a single point, would result in a destructive force that was simply incomparable in scale.

Yet, the Michael that Jonathan was facing was just such a monster.

The moment Jonathan's sword was aimed at Michael's neck, Jonathan clearly sensed that there was not a trace of spiritual energy fluctuation in Michael.

All his spiritual energy was completely focused on the spot where his neck had been slashed!

The subtle yet terrifying control he possessed made it clear that Jonathan could never be a match for Michael!

If he didn't run now, once he got entangled with the opponent, even if the opponent had no further moves, Jonathan would inevitably be defeated in the battle.

This person is absolutely invincible!

The two were swiftly traversing beneath the ground, but after covering only a few dozen meters, Jonathan inexplicably retreated.

Before Sirius could even ask, the earth in front of them unexpectedly pulsed without any warning.

Jonathan stretched out his hand to prop up a circular space, panting heavily. Sweat continuously dripped from the tip of his nose. Clearly, he was quite frightened.

A flicker of confusion crossed Sirius' eyes, and he promptly took out his long spear, tentatively digging through the mud in front of the two.

The tip of the spear pierced into the soil, only to find it surprisingly hollow!

Sirius brandished the tip of his spear, tracing a slight arc in the void. In front of the two of them, the soil scattered in all directions.

His consciousness swept over, revealing what appeared to be a smooth tunnel, seemingly drilled mechanically, that pierced through the entire earth from top to bottom, about half a meter in diameter.

"This can't be possible!" Sirius gritted his teeth and shouted in a low voice. Even though he couldn't master the art of escape, it was not like his spiritual sense was particularly strong either.

After all, he was a God Realm cultivator. If someone or a weapon were to thrust toward them, it was impossible for him not to sense it.

Jonathan suppressed the shock in his heart and slowly began to speak.

"This is the result of spiritual energy, a highly concentrated spiritual energy attack. Just like a cannonball, it doesn't deviate, not a whisper of sound..."

At this moment, the two of them were about thirty meters underground. From within that smooth circular hole, the calm voice of Michael could be heard.

"How long do you plan on being rats underground? I know a thing or two about Elemental Extrication Technique, but I'm not going down there simply because I don't want to dirty my clothes. But if you're still hiding down here, then I'm afraid I'll have to leave you buried forever."

Sirius looked at Jonathan.

"What to do? Can this old geezer's words be trusted?"

Jonathan stared at the bottomless pit before him. Despite his reluctance to admit it, he found himself unable to refute the old man's words.

"This cave in front of us, it looks to be at least forty or fifty meters deep. The fact that they could accurately create such a round hole in our path indicates

that they can completely predict our direction. Resistance underground is now completely meaningless.”

As Jonathan spoke, he simultaneously activated his Elemental Extrication Technique, floating toward the ground.

Emerging from the soil, Jonathan and Sirius dusted off the sand from their bodies.

“Mr. Collins, since you can determine our location, why then did you choose to show mercy and let us go?” Jonathan looked at Michael somewhat irritably and said.

In his view, Michael was simply playing a game of cat and mouse at this moment.

For him and Sirius, this was nothing short of a colossal insult.

Upon hearing this, Michael chuckled.

“I just suddenly realized that after entering the small world, I lost my servant. I’m offering you a chance now. Hand over the Coffin behind you and your storage rings to me, and I can assure you of your survival. Of course, this is only temporary. Once I achieve my goal or find the servant of the Collins family, I will still kill you all.”

Upon hearing Michael’s words, Jonathan almost burst into laughter out of sheer amusement.

“Old man, do you actually know how to negotiate or not? Even if you intend to use us temporarily for your own benefit, you should at least paint us a rosy picture first. Then, when we’re no longer of use to you, you can go ahead and stab us in the back. Who else do you know who just outright states their intentions like you do?”

Upon hearing this, Michael casually shrugged his shoulders.

“Building castles in the air to soothe the emotions of the opponent, but do you think I need to soothe you?”

Sirius held a long spear in his hand, pointing it toward Michael’s forehead from a distance.

“You old geezer, you expect us to serve you, but where’s your sincerity? First, you want us to hand over our treasures, then you threaten to kill us when it’s all over. What’s in it for us?”

“The advantage you have is that you can live a few more days,” Michael said with a chuckle.

“Don’t you people from Chanaea have a saying that goes like ‘It’s better to live like a loser than die?’ Living a few more days could bring unexpected changes, right? It’s a form of hope after all!”

Upon hearing this, a hint of madness flashed in Sirius’ eyes.

“D\*mn, judging by your accent and the way you talk, you must have spent quite some time in Chanaea, haven’t you? Have you ever heard the saying that says to take a friend’s life even though they came from afar?”

As the last word left his lips, Sirius released the spear in his hand. Before it could even touch the ground, he swiftly turned around and kicked the end of the spear.

Whoosh...

The speed of that long spear was so swift it actually created visible ripples in the air.

“Cover me!”

With a low roar, Sirius, his body flickering with runes, charged straight toward Michael.

However, this time, Sirius didn’t have any weapons. Surprisingly, he faced Michael with nothing but his bare fists.

Bang!

The runes on Sirius’ right fist flared brightly as he raised it high and smashed it down, igniting a trail of blazing flames.

Boom!

The moment Sirius’ fist collided with Michael’s, the ground beneath Michael’s feet astonishingly exploded with a loud bang.

At this moment, Jonathan seized the opportunity. With a gesture of his hands, he transformed the solid ground beneath Michael’s feet into soft, flowing sand...

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1352**

### Chapter 1352 Do Not Forget About Me

To prevent Jonathan’s Elemental Extrication Technique, Michael had been continuously consolidating his spiritual energy to form a force field against any surprise attacks from beginning to end.

But in that very instant, Sirius’ unimaginably powerful punch left Michael somewhat dazed and completely shattered his surrounding spiritual field, providing Jonathan with an opportunity to take advantage of.

“Die!”

Jonathan’s spiritual energy surged, his hands transforming into claws as he forcefully reached out in front of him.

Beneath Michael, two large hands, entirely formed from sand and soil, rose. They seized Michael’s feet and began to pull him downward.

Upon landing a successful hit, Jonathan immediately shouted out loud, "Dodge, Sirius!"

With a punch, Sirius seized the initiative. However, dealing with Michael's fist was definitely no easy task.

At that moment, Sirius hadn't had time to garner his strength. Upon hearing Jonathan's reminder, he immediately turned and darted to the side.

Although Michael was somewhat dazed by Sirius's punch, he was, after all, an elite in the Divine Realm, and he quickly regained his senses.

Spiritual energy surged beneath his feet, and in just a blink of an eye, Michael had completed the condensation of his spiritual field. He then leaped, ready to jump out of the quicksand range and dart toward the side.

Jonathan would never let such a great opportunity slip away.

As the flesh on both feet exploded into a mist of blood, in an instant, the immense spiritual energy within Jonathan burst through his meridians and poured into the earth.

"You're not getting out!"

As Jonathan roared in fury, the ground within a radius of several tens of meters around Michael began to churn like ocean waves and surged directly toward Michael, who had just taken to the air.

Hundreds upon thousands of tons of dirt and rocks fell from the sky. No matter how strong Michael was, he was buried within.

The majestic life force coursed ceaselessly through Jonathan's body. His two skeletal legs, under the stimulation of this life force, were restored in less than two breaths.

Jonathan looked pale as he stared at the mound of earth and rocks in front of him, which had transformed into a small hill-like formation.

"He's not dead. Let's hurry..." Fetching a few Spirit Rejuvenating Pill, Jonathan popped them into his mouth as casually as if he were eating peanuts. Without looking back, he ran off into the distance.

Although Sirius was unwilling at heart, seeing Jonathan in such a state, he dared not linger. Turning around, he, too, began to flee with Jonathan.

After a few ups and downs, the two escaped, covering no more than a hundred meters. Right then, they heard a thunderous rumble echoing from behind them.

"Jonathan! Today, you must die here!"

Behind the two of them, Michael's furious roar echoed through the sky. Boom!

The earth trembled. Jonathan turned his head to look, and there was Michael, furious. With each stride covering a distance of thirty to fifty meters, he had

caught up to them after only two steps.

“Move aside!”

Jonathan unleashed a surge of spiritual energy, pushing Sirius to the side. And in that instant, Michael’s fist was already hurtling toward Jonathan’s skull. “Go!”

Jonathan chanted a spell and shouted lightly. Instantly, the coffin he was carrying on his back transformed into a colossal object, completely shielding Jonathan’s figure underneath.

Even though the punch didn’t land on Jonathan, the immense force behind it still fiercely slammed him onto the ground.

Without any hesitation, Jonathan raised his left hand and pressed a point on his right wrist.

One of the spiritual beads, bestowed by Seboxia himself, once again burst into pieces.

The moment he landed, Jonathan didn’t show off any fancy moves. He forcefully steadied himself, not allowing any energy to dissipate.

Blood spurted out, and the injured internal organs and legs were completely healed in an instant by the burst of life force.

Jonathan then collected the small ancient coffin and turned around to throw out a punch.

With a low shout from Jonathan, layers of spiritual scale armor rapidly formed around his body.

With a roar, Jonathan’s fist shattered Michael’s defense, landing a fierce blow on the latter’s cheek.

Bang!

A mist of blood filled the sky. The moment Jonathan’s right fist struck Michael, his entire right arm exploded into pieces.

On the other hand, Michael was merely staggered by the blow, flung a dozen meters away.

Splat!

Michael spat out a mouthful of black blood, then promptly straightened his crooked nose with his hand. His eyes were filled with a ruthless look.

Michael looked at Jonathan’s arm, which had already healed, and asked, “Do you have a strong ability to recover? Ever since I ascended to the Divine Realm, Jonathan, you are the only one who has managed to injure me. Dying by my hand today is your honor!”

“Screw that!” At that moment, Jonathan was also provoked into anger. Since I’ve already harnessed the life force, there’s no backing out of this fight. Placing the coffin he was carrying on the ground, Jonathan tightly gripped the

Heaven Sword in his hands. In the next moment, he had already rushed in front of Michael.

“Ah!”

With a roar of fury, Jonathan charged at Michael, his sword aimed straight at Michael’s heart.

However, for Michael, such actions were simply too slow.

With a single hand, Michael deflected the Heaven Sword, and without hesitation, his other hand rose to strike Jonathan’s face.

Lifting his knee and elbow, Jonathan abandoned his Heaven Sword, directing his hands and feet straight toward Michael’s lower body and chest.

Bang!

The moment the two made contact, they each skillfully blocked the other’s moves in the nick of time.

Jonathan gathered his spiritual energy, and the Heaven Sword, which had been pulled and swirled around him by the spiritual energy, once again fell into his hand. He held it in a backhand grip, positioning it in front of him.

“I’ll kill you!” Jonathan flashed past Michael, his sword, Heaven Sword, grazing across his chest, leaving behind a thin trail of blood.

In the next moment, Michael’s large hand had already grabbed Jonathan by the back of his neck, forcefully smashing him toward the ground.

Sand and dirt splashed around, and beneath Jonathan, the gravel rippled out like water. Yet, instead of being crushed as one would expect, Jonathan seemed to dive into the ground like a fish.

Looking at the large pool of blood on the ground, a faint sneer appeared on Michael’s face. Even if he could react in that extremely short amount of time and use magic to turn the ground into a fluid, that hit just now would have been enough to severely injure all of Jonathan’s internal organs.

“Do you still want to play Whac-A-Mole? I don’t have the time.” Michael lifted one foot, then stomped it down forcefully.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Centered around Michael, the earth began to crack open rapidly in all directions.

Amidst the continuously appearing cracks, a scream of agony echoed. It was indeed from Jonathan, who had fled underground.

While the life force was indeed magical, even the strongest healing power required time to recover.

Yet, Michael didn’t give Jonathan a moment’s respite at all. As Jonathan’s cries of agony echoed, Michael extended both hands, clenching them in the air below.

Large chunks of earth were lifted into the sky by spiritual energy, and within this earth was the hidden Jonathan.

Just as Michael was preparing to strike a fatal blow to Jonathan, a fist unexpectedly slammed into the back of his head without any warning.

Michael was harshly slammed to the ground by this sudden blow.

Above his head, a figure flashed by, shattering the earth and pulling out Jonathan, who was covered in blood.

Gently placing Jonathan on the ground, Sirius looked at Michael with a cold gaze. "You old geezer, have you forgotten? You're still up against me!"

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1353**

Chapter 1353 Verdant Vitality

On the ground, Jonathan's body was rapidly being healed by the life force.

Reaching out to grasp Sirius, Jonathan tried to stand up, fighting against the pain that wracked his entire body. But even with all his strength, he could only manage to kneel on the ground.

Although reluctant to admit it, Jonathan still gritted his teeth and said, "We are no match for him..."

But at this moment, Sirius forcefully moved his shoulder.

"Jonathan, you can keep me from dying, right?"

Jonathan looked up at Sirius, his eyes filled with a sense of bewilderment.

"What... are you doing?"

"What do you mean? I'm going to get him!"

Sirius removed the tattered clothing from his body. The runes all over him seemed to come to life, continuously moving across his skin.

"Our Blackwood family's ability to remain at the pinnacle of Chanaean respectable families for such a long time is not solely due to our control over one-fifth of Chanaea's spiritual ley lines. The Blackwood family has garnered the envious gaze of numerous clans, factions, and even formidable individuals from distant lands. Our survival through countless conflicts is the result of exceptional strategies. So, even if you hail from the Collins family, while I might hesitate to cross you outside, given the retribution of the thirteen families, in this small world, your fate is sealed!"

With a stern shout, Sirius directed all the runes on his body to surge toward his right arm.

In just a fleeting moment, Sirius's right palm completely exploded under the immense spiritual pressure.



And those runes, as if they had found an outlet, quickly coalesced in mid-air, accompanied by the blood spewing from Sirius's palm. A blood-red spear materialized within the blood mist.

Buzz!

The moment Sirius held the long spear in his hand, a captivating energy burst forth from the spear.

"This isn't Pryncyp..."

Jonathan was deeply shaken as he carefully felt the icy chill in the air.

This energy was akin to life force, and it was likely a derivative power of Pryncyp. Yet, it was not Pryncyp itself.

Although it was widely understood that Sirius must have had a few tricks in reserve, this particular trump card proved to be overwhelmingly dominant.

"Bite the dust!"

With a forceful shout, Sirius thrust his long spear forward. The spiritual energy in front of him appeared to be pushed back, dispersing chaotically in all directions and creating a spirit vacuum environment.

With a cool gaze, Michael watched as Sirius lunged at him. Under his serious expression, he flipped his hand, and a massive war blade appeared in his grasp.

Clash!

The rune spear and the massive war blade clashed together.

In just a blink of an eye, the rune spear astonishingly transformed into a flexible whip, coiling around the blade of the war blade and flying toward Michael's arm.

Michael's hands trembled slightly, and on his arms, a visible spiritual shield burst open, directly blocking Sirius's runes from reaching him.

"Die!"

With a deep roar, Sirius held a rune-transformed spear in his hand and thrust it into Michael's chest.

The spiritual shield shattered, sending Michael flying backward. But just as he landed, a hand firmly gripped his ankle.

"Cover the top!"

With a roar, Jonathan grabbed Michael's legs and began to sink into the ground.

"You're asking for it!"

Michael's war blade swung down, piercing through Jonathan's shoulder and directly into his chest.

“Get off me!”

With a roar, Jonathan, enduring severe pain, directly pulled Michael down with him.

The runes in Sirius’ hand turned into a trident, which he thrust down forcefully just a moment before Michael’s figure disappeared from the ground.

Beneath the vast expanse of the earth, Jonathan also let go of Michael’s feet, turning around to quickly flee downward.

Sirius drew out his runeforged weapon, blood gushing from the ground beneath him. It was clear that his recent strike had hit its mark.

But in the next moment, the entire ground beneath them suddenly exploded. Boom!

With the massive sound of an explosion, the ground within several tens of meters around Sirius exploded, the remnants of the ground hurtling toward the sky.

And under the intense force of the spiritual explosion, Sirius was blasted backward, soaring into the sky.

In the blink of an eye, the rune in Sirius’s hand transformed into a black shield during the spiritual explosion, blocking the impact at his feet.

Stumbling to the ground, Sirius once again gripped his runeforged weapon.

“It self-destructed?”

Beside him, the ground heaved, and Jonathan struggled to climb out from beneath the earth.

“This is merely the spiritual power he has released. This old geezer is too powerful...”

At this moment, Jonathan’s injuries had once again healed, but the massive spiritual explosion had left him utterly disoriented.

Just as he crawled out from the ground, Jonathan felt a sudden tightness around him. The next moment, it was as if an invisible giant hand had gripped him, hurling him toward the sky.

“Hey, hey, hey, hey!” Jonathan cried out in shock as he rolled over.

Down on the ground, a sudden afterimage of a figure materialized behind Sirius without any prior warning. This silhouette reached out, seizing Sirius’s hair, and forcefully pressed him toward the ground.

“Spiritual destruction!”

Sirius sensed the spiritual field around him, and in the next second, the runeforged weapon in his hand transformed into a spinning blade.

Sirius ducked his head, allowing the blade to whizz just above him, so close it practically grazed his scalp as it passed.

His black hair was cut evenly at the ends. Just before Sirius hit the ground, he flipped over to land on his back. At the same time, he swung his right hand forcefully, activating the Rune-forged Weapon Transformation which transformed the weapon into a chain spiraling upward. It turned into a pure black chain that tightly ensnared Michael.

No one knew exactly how Sirius managed to refine his runes, but they were accompanied by an incredibly potent spiritual destruction effect.

The spiritual shield around Michael only resisted for a moment before it was completely shattered.

The black rune chain cut into Michael's flesh, tightening relentlessly. It looked as if it was going to strangle Michael into several pieces.

"Is this all you've got?"

Michael stood his ground, giving Sirius a cold, mocking smile. With a surge of strength, he forcefully shattered the rune-etched chains.

"You're in over your head. Die!"

With a low grunt, Michael hurled the black rune directly at Sirius.

"Verdant Vitality!"

Up in the sky, the voice of Jonathan echoed.

Sirius felt a surge of green light in front of him, and green plants shot out from the ground around him, like sharp arrows piercing into Michael's body.

However, these plants, though appearing suddenly, lacked the power to penetrate deeply. They only managed to pierce Michael's skin before becoming ineffective.

Seeing that the plants were not working, a vine suddenly snaked around Sirius's ankle and threw him aside.

With Sirius out of the way, a wave of green continued to rise from the ground around Michael, layer by layer, enveloping him completely.

Jonathan landed on the ground, his gaze filled with seriousness, and he was panting heavily.

"Sirius, stay back. You can't get involved in the battle down there!"

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1354**

Chapter 1354 The Terrifying Youngster

Jonathan had been reluctant to expend his life force on such a large scale. Aware that he was no match for Michael, he was anxious to get away as quickly as he could.

It took nearly being slain by Michael for him to understand. This is the consequence of my actions, from which I cannot escape. When Jonathan slew Antoine in Remdik, he had already anticipated the possibility of retaliation. However, he did not expect the Collins family's retribution to come so swiftly; they had even deployed a Divine Realm expert to exact it.

As leaving was no longer an option, Jonathan decided to eliminate the threat once and for all.

Only five of the tattooed beads containing condensed life force remained in his hand.

Within Jonathan, however, his life force was so abundant that it seemed to propel all his spiritual energy back into his elixir field.

At the moment, Jonathan exuded life force with every breath he took. Seboxia had left him a total of eight life force beads; he had used up three before he managed to locate Yannopolis.

Michael had forced Jonathan to detonate two of them in succession. Though Jonathan could escape, doing so would be a waste of his life force.

Rather than wasting this opportunity, why not test the true capabilities of the Divine Realm? Not only to prepare for potential battles in the future but also to validate my understanding of the Pryncyp. I have already achieved enlightenment twice, but both times had been intentionally interrupted by Seboxia's transfiguration. The final piece of the puzzle is not yet within grasp.

What Jonathan needed most at the moment was a duel with a master. That is the only way I can achieve new insights: at the brink of life and death, and once again master Great Pryncyp.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The noise of breaking plants echoed continuously.

Protected by his spirit shield, Michael emerged unscathed from the sea of plants.

He pressed downward, and his spirit shield descended and crushed all the fauna around him.

"You have many tricks up your sleeve, Jonathan. Given such a magnificent vitality contained in your aura, I'm curious about the legacy you've inherited." As Michael neared, his gaze scanned Jonathan up and down.

At last, his eyes became fixed on Jonathan's wrist.

"Ah... That's it, I suppose?"  
Jonathan's gaze faltered.

How did he know?

In that moment of distraction, Michael had once again appeared beside his adversary.

A fist appeared without warning, and a wall of earth rose up before Jonathan.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!  
Roots, too many to count, wildly entwined themselves around Michael.

However, with such a powerful spirit shield at his disposal, Michael did not fear them in the slightest.

From within him, a spirit shield poured forth from his acupoint and severed the roots.

Immediately after, he raised his fist and smashed it against the earthen wall, shattering it. Then, he grabbed Jonathan's right arm.

"Let me see what this is!" Michael shouted and, with a yank, somehow managed to rip off Jonathan's entire arm.

At the moment, the excruciating pain in his shoulder was the least of Jonathan's worries.

Bending his leg and with a jerk of his right shoulder, he regrew his right arm in an instant. His right fist, solid and ruthless, landed heavily on Michael's cheek.

One's life force can easily overwhelm spiritual power.

Against Jonathan, Michael's shield was as fragile as a bubble.

Jonathan noticed something wrong as his strike found its mark.

Though Michael was physically injured, not a single bone or sinew of his was harmed.

There seemed to be a sheet of iron beneath his skin which was impossible to

pierce.

It's probably his internal armor.

Jonathan recalled Xavion's internal armor.

Even a tough guy like Xavion, when cultivating his internal armor, only implants it into his upper body.

However, it appeared that Michael's face was also imbued with that layer of defense. It's overkill if even his face is plated with internal armor.

Jonathan sent Michael flying with a punch. Before the latter could rise to his feet, he was tightly wrapped by numerous plants.

Jonathan invoked a spell with his hands, and the ground beneath Michael's feet suddenly rose. Before it managed to rise to its full height, however, Jonathan was already ahead of it and, with a swift kick, sent Michael flying into the distant Colstrax.

It doesn't matter how powerful you are, you can't mobilize even a bit of your Pryncyp in the small world. Seeing as you can't fly, then perish in the endless Colstrax between the jaws of countless monsters.

As a precaution, Jonathan sprinted across the ground in a mad dash and arrived at the banks of Colstrax.

He activated a technique, and his spiritual energy surged into Colstrax, stirring up towering waves that crashed forward.

Boom!

A muffled thud echoed throughout.

At the moment Michael hit the surface of Colstrax, the surface within a radius of several tens of meters, centering around him, seemed to vanish into thin air, creating a cliff-like plunge.

The next second, Michael shot out like a cannonball.

Those behemoths beneath the waters that had been too close turned into a mist of blood, turning the entire river crimson.

Before Jonathan managed to react, Michael thrust a severed arm—Jonathan's own—into his chest.

"Hah! Child's play!"

With a powerful punch, Michael pierced through Jonathan's chest. The immense spiritual pressure sent him flying dozens of meters back before crashing heavily into the forest beyond.

"Jonathan!"

Seeing that Michael was about to step forward, Sirius swiftly positioned himself in front of the latter.

“Hey, old man, we’re not done!”

Michael glared at Sirius and, without hesitation, turned and continued trudging toward Jonathan.

“Your Rune-Enhanced Body Mastery is not yet up to par. Perhaps after another ten or twenty years of cultivation, it might become something of interest.”

Upon having himself seen through so easily by Michael, Sirius returned the gaze defiantly.

However, he knew that the battle, at the level it had become, had long surpassed his own limits.

Right now, I have to stop Michael.

Perhaps due to the fact that he and Jonathan belonged to different factions, they would inevitably be at odds with one another once they left the small world.

Now, however, we are allies.

At that moment, Sirius had to buy time for Jonathan to recover from his injuries.

“I know I’m no match for you, but I can still buy some time.”

A scornful smile appeared on Michael’s face at Sirius’ declaration. He turned around and began walking toward Sirius, intending to take him out first.

Just then, a clear and sonorous voice echoed from the distance.

“If what I heard is true, you must be a cultivator from the Collins family, correct?”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1355**

Chapter 1355 The Disappearance Of The Cavoid Realm

When Sirius heard a sound from behind, he turned his head and looked in that direction.

On a nearby hillside, a curly-haired young man in sportswear could be seen gripping the large leg of an unknown demon beast. He was tearing into it with big bites.

The curly-haired young man looked to be about sixteen or seventeen. He had a cheerful and handsome face that was distinctly Epean.

However, the piece of flesh he was holding at the moment was still dripping with fresh blood. It seemed that apart from being skinned, it hadn’t undergone any other processing.

Upon seeing the two people looking at him, the boy tore off a large chunk of flesh with his mouth. His face, covered in blood, was truly a gruesome sight.

At this moment, the most nervous person was not Sirius, but rather Michael, who had a higher level of cultivation.

The hill was no more than fifty or sixty meters away from him. Although his cultivation level at the Divine Realm was severely suppressed in the small world, Michael could definitely detect any slight movement within this distance in no time.

However, he could not sense the young man's aura.

Even after the young man spoke, if Michael didn't look at him, he still couldn't detect the slightest fluctuation of spiritual energy.

This young man was a master, no less skilled than himself!

Michael's expression subtly shifted as he looked at the young man. He then raised his hand to wipe the blood from his face and gave the young man a slight fist salute.

"My name is Michael Collins. May I ask, esteemed friend, which family's prodigy you might be?"

In Michael's view, the only possibility for someone to achieve the Divine Realm at the age of sixteen or seventeen could only be nurtured by the thirteen families.

This youngster was likely a core member secretly nurtured by one of the remaining twelve families. This time, he had probably just been thrown into the small world for some experience.

From its inception to the present, the Enlighteners had spanned several centuries.

Though the thirteen families were hidden all over the world, they maintained extremely close relations in private.

These people had their own way of determining ranks within the family. It was based on seniority within the family, but based on strength beyond five generations.

The young man before him was not from the Collins family, yet he had achieved the Divine Realm. Even if he lacked the necessary seniority, according to the rules, Michael had to treat him as an equal.



But upon hearing Michael's words, the young man casually waved his hand dismissively.

"Stop testing me, my name is Alexievich, but you can call me Alec. I am from the Sanctuary..."

After pausing slightly, he continued, "No, I should say, the Sanctuary is mine!"  
Sanctuary?

Upon hearing Alec's words, Sirius felt as if his throat was being strangled. Isn't that the organization that can mass-produce God Realm cultivators? Is this seemingly underage guy in front of me actually the founder of such a powerful organization?

What kind of level of cultivation must this guy have...

The Divine Realm!

Right now, Sirius was completely flustered.

It only took Michael in front of them to push himself and Jonathan into a corner, and now another person had appeared. Wasn't this cutting off all their means of survival?

At that moment, Sirius could only helplessly gaze toward the forest where Jonathan had fallen.

He had to admit that he was impressed by Jonathan's ability to stir up trouble. Within Chanaea, all the eight respectable families wanted him dead.

As for the rest of the world, he had also offended the Collins family of the Enlighteners.

To the north, both the tsar of Remdik and the Sanctuary wanted him dead. In addition, he had stirred up chaos in the West Region and slew the royal teacher of Jetroina at Doveston.

Every major power in the eastern hemisphere had been offended by Jonathan at least once.

The fact that he was still alive was truly unbelievable!

With a sigh, Sirius walked toward Jonathan.

Facing two Divine Realm opponents, it was impossible for Sirius to win.

It wouldn't be of any use even if he channeled his spiritual energy.

At that moment, Sirius, a man of steel, had completely given up...

Michael couldn't care less about Sirius. Instead, he drew his battle sword, his eyes revealing an unprecedented level of caution.

“Alec, this really is a piece of information that I’ve never heard before.”

Upon hearing this, Alec casually tossed the piece of flesh that he was holding to the side.

“Of course you wouldn’t have heard. The Enlighteners killed three of our Remdik elders who might have broken through to the Cavoid Realm. Since then, those of us with a bit of cultivation talent dare not show ourselves to the world. If my memory serves me right, over a hundred years ago, the only one from our Sanctuary who reached the Cavoid Realm was invited by your family for tea,” Alec said.

Alec continued, “Everyone thinks he’s been killed by the Collins family since he never returned, but I know that he’s still alive. Over the years, we’ve searched the entire North Epea, but we haven’t found a single trace of him. I’m curious, where on earth did you hide him?”

As Michael listened to Alec’s inquiry, his gaze grew even more sinister.

To ensure the Enlighteners’ absolute domination over the world order, they created Anglandur to manipulate global trade and economics.

Moreover, a crazy harvesting plan for the Cavoid Realm was implemented.

In line with the principles of the Enlighteners, as long as all the Cavoid Realm in this world disappeared, they would have enough military power to rule the world no matter how the world’s structure changed or if Anglandur ultimately fell apart.

For them, the entire world was their backyard, and all people, regardless of race, nationality, gender, or culture, were merely tools serving their purposes. Even such a formidable force like the Sanctuary existed only under the rules they set.

Once the Sanctuary infringed upon the interests of the Enlighteners, or if the Enlighteners perceived the Sanctuary as a threat, they would not hesitate to intervene.

That was why the founder of Sanctuary was taken away over a hundred years ago.

Before the founder of Sanctuary made his breakthrough to the Cavoid Realm, the Collins family was the first to issue a warning to him.

Yet, he dared to break through the Cavoid Realm fearlessly.

Just as he successfully overcame the tribulation, the Collins family suddenly appeared and kidnapped the greatly weakened cultivator.

From that point on, there was no news of him. It was uncertain if he was alive or dead, and he became a great loss to the whole of Remdik.

The man who was taken away was Alec's great-great-grandfather. Alec had come to the small world precisely because of this.

Back then, after being warned by the Collins family, Alec's great-great-grandfather separated a part of his spiritual sense and created a Harmony Badge as a precaution.

He clearly stated that if he died, the emerald badge would shatter.

On the other hand, it would signify that he was still very safe.

At first, Alec's great-grandfather still held out hope that his father would return one day.

But as time passed, Alec's elders gave up waiting even though the emerald badge remained intact.

Even Alec's grandfather once told him that the emerald badge was likely a small token left by Alec's great-grandfather for the family. It was something that would never shatter and had no connection to his spirit at all.

But Alec simply didn't believe it!

In order to figure this out, Alec had thought of many solutions. He even once considered going to war with the Collins family.

And this miniature world provided Alec with the perfect opportunity to seek the truth!