

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1361

### Chapter 1361 Trouble Outside

Jonathan turned the laptop in his hand toward Alec. "Mr. Chevez, there's something I'm quite curious about. The thirteen families have their reach spread across the globe. Even the small islands in the middle of Paravista Sea are docking points for their fleet of ships. Yet, why has it never extended toward Chanaea?"

Jonathan voiced his confusion while looking at the distribution map of the Enlighteners' power on the computer.

Looking back at the Enlighteners, from its inception to the present, it had been over four hundred years.

Their footprints could be said to be scattered in every corner of the globe. With their support, the establishment of the Anglandur has thoroughly accelerated the process of globalization.

However, they never arrived at Chanaea.

Even though Anglandur had begun to radiate to all countries around the world, it still held an absolutely dominant position in trade with Chanaea.

Even so, when it came to cultivation, the presence of the Enlighteners had never been seen in Chanaea.

"I wonder, what kind of force could halt the advance of the Enlighteners?" Jonathan asked again.

Upon hearing Jonathan ask again, Alec frowned deeply as he looked at Sirius. "It seems your Chanaean Asura knows very little about Chanaean history. Is he not aware of the incident that happened two hundred years ago?"

Jonathan turned his head to look at Sirius, only to find Sirius' gaze somewhat evasive.

"Two hundred years ago, Chanaea was invaded by unidentified cultivators. At that time, the nine respectable families retaliated in full force..." Sirius uttered. Upon hearing that, Alec let out a cold laugh. "Oh? Are you saying that all nine of your respectable families went all out? Do you really think the rest of the world is blind?"

Jonathan furrowed his brows, looking at the two. Although Sirius was locking eyes with Alec, he no longer held the slightest bit of his usual arrogance.

Several seconds later, Sirius' aura suddenly weakened.

“All right. Back then, the Whitley family took the lead. Although our eight respectable families and fifteen sects sent representatives, we were merely there to show our presence, not really to engage in the fight.”

Alec sneered as he looked at Sirius, “During that battle years ago, all the leading cultivators of the Whitley family were killed in action. Since then, the family’s influence has been reduced, providing you with an opportunity to take advantage. If it weren’t for the incident two hundred years ago that interrupted the high-ranking cultivators of the Whitley family, could you eight respectable families have succeeded ten years ago?”

As he said this, there was a full measure of mockery in Alec’s gaze. “In Remdik, treating the descendants of heroes in such a manner would warrant a death sentence.”

Sirius looked at Alec with a cold gaze. “You’re not in Chanaea, so you don’t understand the shifting dynamics. The Whitley family must be destroyed. Otherwise, it will be our eight families that will vanish.”

Listening to the conversation between the two, Jonathan was able to piece together those events from the past.

However, Jonathan was still very puzzled. “No. That’s not right. No matter how powerful the cultivators from the Whitley family were, they could only reach God Realm at most. Although this cultivation level can be considered the pinnacle in Chanaea, it still doesn’t hold a candle to the thirteen families of the Enlighteners. How could the Whitley family possibly have stopped their invasion at that time?”

After a long silence, Sirius revealed a hint of remorse when he said, “Actually, at that time, the Whitley family did have a period of vulnerability. Otherwise, it wouldn’t have been possible for them to dominate and control one-third of the cultivation resources in all of Chanaea for over two thousand years. Indeed, it was after that battle that the Whitley family’s Cavoid Realm suffered severe injuries. And even after that, we managed to maintain stability for two hundred years before confirming that the Whitley family’s Cavoid Realm had indeed come to an end. It wasn’t until ten years ago, when the Whitley family had completely fallen, that we joined forces to uproot the Whitley family entirely.”

Alec was laughing on the side, adding fuel to the fire. “It was precisely because the Whitley family had been destroyed that the Enlighteners finally extended its reach to Chanaea. Just like the guy from the Collins family we

just encountered, if he hadn't been undercover in Chanaea for a long time, how could he have spoken Chanaean so fluently?"

Upon mentioning Michael, Jonathan suddenly came to a realization.

Placing the coffin from his back onto the ground, he formed a hand seal to restore it to its normal size.

Opening the coffin lid, Jonathan looked inside.

The sight inside the coffin at that moment was quite peculiar.

At the very center, Seboxia, in his transformed state, was sealed by five chains.

On one side of the coffin, Joshua and Hayden lay unconscious, floating in mid-air like two lifeless bodies.

On the other side, there was Michael, who had just been deliberately trapped. The coffin lid swung open, and as Michael laid eyes on Jonathan, his face was filled with murderous intent. "What on earth is this magical item? Jonathan! Let me out! Otherwise, I assure you, the Collins family will not let you off the hook! Your wife, your loved ones—"

Thud!

Before Michael could finish his words, Jonathan's Heaven Sword had accurately pierced his elixir field.

The spiritual energy dissipated, and Michael's eyes glowed a fierce red.

Standing outside the coffin, Alec said with a hearty laugh, "The spiritual energy of the Divine Realm is no longer confined to the elixir field. His spiritual energy is distributed throughout his entire body. To completely disable him, one must destroy all the acupoints in his body."

As Alec spoke, he reached out to the rubble nearby, scooping up a handful of fine sand. Then, he forcefully flung it toward the coffin.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The piercing sound of tearing air rang out.

The fine sand was like countless tiny needles piercing through Michael from all sides.

With a gentle wave of his hand, Jonathan caused the mist of blood that had sprayed out to coalesce and flung it into the distance.

Within the coffin, Michael's spiritual energy was continuously dissipating, and a hint of determination could be seen in his eyes at that moment. "Sanctuary, you're courting death!"

Michael's voice seemed to emanate from the depths of hell itself, carrying with it a bone-chilling cold.

Alec crouched by the edge of the coffin, watching Michael with a cold gaze. "Do you really think that having already made my move in this small world, I would still fear the curse of the Collins family? It's just a mark. You can keep it. After all, this time when I go out, even if the Collins family doesn't actively seek me out, I will still visit your family. At least for now, you've fallen into my hands."

As Alec spoke, he turned his head to look at Jonathan. "May I be the one to interrogate this person?"

"Give me the ring and take the person away." Jonathan formed a seal with both hands, the coffin's formation flickered, and Michael was directly thrown out.

"Divine space!" The moment Michael came out of the coffin, Alec's hand was already pressing on his skull.

In the small world, many methods of the Divine Realm couldn't be used.

However, divine space was not included in the list. After all, that move relied on the cultivation of the cultivator's spiritual sense.

Michael was hit so hard that he was sent flying backward, while Alec's face turned incredibly solemn at that moment.

Jonathan reached out and took Michael's storage ring.

"Mr. Chevez, what did you see just now in the divine space?" Jonathan asked.

Alec stared at the unconscious Michael for a long while before he finally said, "Something big has happened outside!"

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1362**

## Chapter 1362 Completely Exposed

“What is it that happened?” Jonathan asked anxiously, fixing his eyes on Alec after closing the coffin.

In terms of the number of cultivators and overall strength, Sanctuary was the most formidable force across Aploth and Epea, aside from a few families within the Enlighteners.

Considering Sanctuary’s power, it was capable of mounting a counterattack even if the entire West Epea Alliance and countries such as Chanaea and the like collectively launched an attack on Remdik.

If even Alec, the founder of Sanctuary, was reacting in such a way, something earth-shattering must have happened out there.

Just a moment ago, all Jonathan and Sirius saw was Alec reaching out and swatting Michael away.

But in reality, Michael had already been tormented for an indeterminable amount of time in divine space.

Alec looked at Jonathan, his eyes blanketed with frost.

“The Enlighteners have begun purging the world of those of the Divine Realm. This affects all forces worldwide with Divine Realm cultivators. And this time, the key area is Chanaea,” he uttered coldly.

Then, he expounded, “Based on the information I just received, the thirteen families began infiltrating Chanaea after the eight respectable families in the country joined forces to wipe out the Whitley family ten years ago. Thus far, all the families’ locations and forces are in their hands. The families responsible for the purge of forces in Southeast Aploth this time are the Collins and Rothschild families.”

Upon hearing that, Sirius streaked over to Alec’s side.

At that moment, Sirius had seemingly forgotten that Alec was an old demon powerful enough to kill him.

Clutching the man’s collar with both hands, he glared at him furiously.

“That’s impossible! No outsider could possibly locate the Eight Great Families’ ancestral ground!”

“Why not?” Alec said, looking at Sirius with an icy look in his eyes.

His body shook slightly, and a powerful surge of spiritual energy radiated out in all directions, with him at the epicenter.

Swept away by that surge of spiritual energy, Sirius went flying before landing heavily a dozen meters away.

“Considering your concern over your family’s safety, I won’t hold it against you this time. But if you dare to do it again, I assure you that you’ll be as dead as a doornail,” Alec said coldly while eyeing the disheveled man.

Even though Alec appeared to be a teenager and seemingly very much easy-going in nature, he was a sixty-year-old Divine Realm cultivator.

As such, he would never tolerate someone else disrespecting him.

“I don’t believe it!”

Shooting to his feet, Sirius whipped out a spear and pointed it at the center of Alec’s forehead.

“So what if you used divine space? Who can prove that you received all that information? I think you’re just spreading anxiety here, trying to trick me and Jonathan, you old coot. Speak up! What is your motive exactly?”

Before Sirius could finish speaking, Alec’s figure had already vanished into thin air.

Ever since Jonathan faced off against Alec and Michael, he fully unfolded his spiritual sense field, imprinting everything within a twenty-meter radius into his mind.

It was for no other reason than to guard against the two Divine Realm cultivators suddenly making a move.

Despite all precautions, Jonathan could only sense an afterimage fleeting through his consciousness when Alec disappeared.

Before he even had a chance to react, Alec had already reached Sirius. The spear snapped, and without any flourish, Alec shot out his left hand and struck Sirius’ circulatory system.

“Sirius!” Jonathan shouted.

Alas, he was still a second too late.

With just a single strike, Sirius’ circulatory system was shattered entirely. The runes on his body didn’t even have the chance to travel toward his chest

before they lost their luster.

A step behind, Jonathan swiftly dashed over to Sirius' back.

A vibrant green light lit up his palms, and a vast life force surged into the latter's body wildly, aiding in the reconstruction of his circulatory system.

"Alec!" Jonathan roared at Alec in anger.

Alec looked at Jonathan coldly, exerting force on the spear he held in a hand. Snap!

The remaining half of the spear was completely crushed under the man's palm.

"Do you really think I'm easy-going? Someone who dares to point a weapon at me is simply courting death!" Alec uttered, staring at Jonathan and Sirius icily.

The circulatory system and energy field were the foundations of a cultivator. One was the source of spiritual energy, while the other was the origin of vitality. Once shattered, the only outcome for a cultivator was death.

If the average cultivator were to encounter that situation, it would be of no use even if he had some effective medicine on him.

With such an injury, death and the loss of all cultivation would come before the medicine could take effect.

However, Jonathan's life force was an exception.

So long as the cultivator's spirit soul remained, life force could help restore his body in a short time, even if he had been beaten into a pulp.

From the moment he caught Sirius to when they landed on the ground, he had restored most of the latter's circulatory system within seconds.

Although he hadn't fully recovered his vitality then, his life was no longer in danger.

He raised both his hands, planning to perform hand seals to activate the runes on his body to gather.

Just as he was about to do so, Jonathan clapped a hand over his fingers.

"What are you doing?" Jonathan demanded in a chilly voice, withdrawing his life force.

At that moment, the life force within Sirius was already sufficient to heal his remaining injuries.

Sirius gritted his teeth, struggling to break free from Jonathan's restraint.

"Let go of me! Just because he claims to be the founder of Sanctuary, so it's true? Join forces with me, Jonathan! We'll take him down together!"

Jonathan held onto Sirius' hands firmly.

"Sirius, even if we join forces, we stand no chance against him. Do you really want to squander all your life force and die deceiving yourself? If that's truly what you want, then I'll unseal all of my powers right now and let you kill him!"

As he spoke, he dropped his hold on the latter's hand and moved aside.

Upon seeing that, Sirius went silent instead.

Looking at Alec across from him, he said nothing. Only after a good ten or more seconds did he finally let out a sigh.

"If the Collins family has really started to purge the Divine Realm cultivators out there, they must certainly know our family's location—"

Before Sirius could finish speaking, Alec had already begun to speak slowly.

"Glybir, Warblerich, Dyadgon Mountain."

They were just three simple place names, but when they tumbled out of his mouth, it was as though all of Sirius' strength had been drained away.

The ancestral land of the Blackwood family that has been hidden for thousands of years has been completely exposed!

As Alec looked at Sirius, who stood rooted to the spot, a hint of pity was visible in his gaze.

"Don't worry. It's not only the Blackwood family. The ancestral lands of many other major clans, including many hidden sects in Chanaea, have been completely exposed. The Collins and Rothschild families have already launched an indiscriminate purging."

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1363**

Chapter 1363 Game Over For Everyone

"In other words, the Divine Realm elders of the Blackwood family..." Sirius muttered to himself as he fell to the ground with a thud.

Such an outcome was completely unacceptable to him.

For nearly a thousand years, the lifeblood of Chanaea had been held in the hands of numerous families and secret sects.

Initially, the Blackwood family was merely a second-class family of cultivators.



However, thanks to the unite and collaborate strategies adopted by the Blackwood family's ancestors, they paid homage to the sect, arranged marriages, and seized resources. Step by step, they expanded outward from the base of Dyadgon Mountain.

Only after a thousand years of operation did they truly become the family standing at the pinnacle of Chanaea.

Due to the existence of their Divine Realm cultivators, everyone in the eight respectable families claimed to have undying legacies.

As one of the respectable families, the Blackwood family had even taken the lead in predicting the accelerating collapse of the world's spiritual roots and had already begun to arrange their transition toward becoming a technological family.

Who could have imagined that the Enlighteners would strike without warning and trample the pride of all Eight Great Families completely?

They desired to annihilate the Divine Realm cultivators of the Eight Great Families, but as cultivators, how many of them could sit there, waiting to be slaughtered?

It was conceivable that the cultivators from the eight ancestral grounds would undoubtedly use every means to retaliate against the members of the Enlighteners.

However, when faced with Cavoid Realm cultivators, the consequence of resistance was death.

This was a war with no chance of victory.

The Blackwood family is done for... The eight respectable families, the fifteen sects... The foundation of Chanaea's cultivators is doomed! And the reason for all this turned out to be the extermination of the Whitley family!

A glint of madness flashed through Sirius's dull gaze, and he suddenly burst into maniacal laughter.

"We have exterminated ourselves! We, the eight respectable families, have destroyed our way out with our own hands! We are the ones who annihilated the Whitley family! The Blackwood family, the Henderson family, the Leeson family, the Mallory family, the Welsh family, the Gray family, the Osborne family, the Salladay family... And also... the Fantasy Sword Sect, Guardian

Spirit Sect, Blazing Sun Sect, Heavenly Summit Sect, Warrior Spirit Sect, Star Valley Sect... Years ago, we joined forces and personally ended the Whitley family's lineage. And now, without the deterrence of the Whitley family, the Enlighteners will annihilate our eight families and the heritage of many secret sects... This is our divine retribution!" Sirius bellowed as he lay on the ground.

A deep frown creased Jonathan's brow when he saw Sirius in that state.

Although the recent purge operation of the Enlighteners could not possibly include Asura's Office, he could still feel Sirius' pain.

Turning his head toward Alec, Jonathan gave him a slight bow.

"Mr. Chevez, since you have extensive knowledge about the Enlighteners, you must have prepared in advance, right? I wonder how you're going to handle this purging operation!"

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Alec shook his head slightly.

"I don't have a plan to tackle it. Even though I knew the Enlighteners would surely curb the development of many forces, I didn't expect them to take action so quickly."

Alec could not help but let out a heavy sigh when he saw Sirius lying on the ground in utter despair.

"An organization like Sanctuary will get additional special treatment from them in comparison to these respected families of yours in Chanaea. It's quite possible that by the time we leave, the entire Sanctuary will have been destroyed."

Upon hearing Alec's words, a hint of doubt flashed through Jonathan's mind.

"Alec, there's something I still don't understand."

Alec looked at Jonathan with a smile. "What is it? Tell me."

The latter hummed thoughtfully before he slowly began to speak.

"If the Enlighteners possess the power to forcibly wipe out all the cultivators in the world, why don't they annihilate the cultivators from all major forces? Perhaps the number is a bit too large, but you should be able to understand what I mean. As long as they can eliminate the cultivators from all major forces above Grandmaster Realm, then at least for the next three hundred years, there will be no power in the world that can contend with the

Enlighteners. Wouldn't that be a once and for all solution?"

In response to Jonathan's question, Alec shook his head with a sneer.

"It seems I've set my expectations for you a little too high."

His words filled Jonathan's gaze with confusion.

Before this, we've never had any entanglements. Yet, he claimed to have expectations of me. What on earth does that mean?

In a swift motion, Alec pulled out an ancient book with a green cover and tossed it to Jonathan.

The latter looked down and saw the words "The Book of Military Tactics" written in cursive on the cover.

Alek looked at Jonathan and said with a chuckle, "Your Chanaean things are considered treasures by us, yet you never delve into them. As the founder of Asura's Office, you've experienced numerous battles of varied scales. So, let me ask you. When you fight in a large army, will you surround your enemy completely?"

After careful consideration, Jonathan finally fully comprehended his words.

"Indeed, when deploying troops, no matter how great the advantage, one must always leave one opening. If you don't provide your opponent a way out, they'll be driven to desperation, and the casualties will be extremely high. If the Enlighteners were to eradicate the legacies of every faction, even those who are not their match would fight back desperately. Although they might not be able to shake the foundation of the Enlighteners, they would still inflict serious damage."

Alec gave a slight nod after hearing Jonathan's words.

"You're not exactly stupid, but you've overlooked something. You put yourself in somebody else's shoes too much, Jonathan. Think carefully. Do you truly not have any means to deal with the Enlighteners?"

Alec's words caused a flicker of surprise to cross Jonathan's face.

Meanwhile, lying despondently on the ground, Sirius slowly began to speak, his voice choked with emotion.

"Special missiles... Your special missiles can erase any country, faction, or sect on the planet..."

Jonathan's expression turned incredibly solemn when he heard that.

"There's no way my Asura's Office would make the first move..."

Before Jonathan could finish speaking, Alec coldly interjected beside him,

"Not everyone shares the same beliefs as you folks from Asura's Office! I can assure you that if the Enlighteners dare to purge Remdik, the tsar will undoubtedly retaliate with special missiles. No matter how many Cavoid Realm cultivators the Enlighteners have, how many of them can they save under the power of special missiles?"

At this point, Jonathan was completely dumbfounded.

The manufacturing principle of special missiles was quite simple and had long ceased to be a secret worldwide.

It had simply not been adequately marketed because of maintenance and a series of great nation treaties. Currently, only nine countries in the entire world possess it.

Although nine might seem extremely small compared to the total of nearly three hundred countries, the special missiles possessed by these nine countries were enough to bring the entire world to its end.

To prevent such situations from occurring, the use of special missiles was bound by a contract.

When special missiles were detonated within one's own country, everyone else would enjoy the show.

However, once it crossed the border, it was game over for everyone!

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1364**

### Chapter 1364 Key To Changing The World

Remdik had always been known as a nation of warriors.

Moreover, the nickname wasn't one they had chosen themselves, but rather, a recognition of their prowess by the rest of the world.

Since the establishment of Anglandur and the construction of a new global economic system, the countries in Western Epea decided to huddle together for warmth by forming an alliance.

Even though Chanaea had remained relatively conservative over the past two centuries, it still managed to command respect and deter reckless foreign interference through the influence of its nine respectable families and fifteen sects.

Remdik, however, wasn't as lucky.

Due to its vast territory and abundant mineral resources, it naturally attracted the attention of Western Epea countries, which led to a prolonged large-scale war.

Despite facing the allied forces of various countries, Remdik chose to mobilize its entire nation for war instead of backing down.

Relying solely on its power, the nation defended itself against the thirty-two countries in the West Epea Alliance and achieved tremendous success.

After the war, the tsar of Remdik also realized the importance of cultivators and began consolidating the power of cultivators across the country.

Naturally, the assistance rendered by Sanctuary was indispensable during that period. After all, the legacies that could rival Chanaea's nine respectable families weren't easy to negotiate with. Without sufficient military power, there was no way anyone could make them submit.

As for why the tsar and Sanctuary eventually went their separate ways, Jonathan didn't have a single clue.

However, one thing he knew for sure was that no matter which generation of tsar was in power, Remdik would undoubtedly drag the entire world to hell if its core system was dealt a devastating blow.

After all, the tsar strongly believed that if Remdik were to disappear, there'd be no point in keeping the rest of the world around.

Therefore, if the Enlighteners really were to cross the line, Remdik wouldn't hesitate to aim its cannons at the thirteen families' bases and fire away. Perhaps having noticed Jonathan's concerns, Alec spoke up again.

"Don't worry. I'm sure the Enlighteners will handle this delicately. After all, their goal is to have a fully functioning world that serves them, not a broken wasteland."

Jonathan lowered his head to look at Sirius before lifting a foot to kick the man in the thigh.

"Stop playing dead. The Enlighteners' behavior is similar to that of your eight respectable families."

Sirius slowly sat up, his eyes still filled with a hollow, empty gaze.

"Similar to us? Ha. You're giving the eight respectable families too much credit. Although the essence of capital is exploitation, we've never interfered excessively with the development of smaller families. If you look at the big picture, you'd also see that our families have never hindered the progress of the entire Chanaea."

After a slight pause, Sirius suddenly leaped to his feet and stood before Alec.

“Wait. That’s not right... If our eight respectable families are on the same path as the Enlighteners’ thirteen families, it must mean there’s a massive flaw in their structure!”

Just as Jonathan glanced at Sirius, the latter suddenly looked up at Alec, seemingly having thought of something.

By then, his eyes had lit up and were no longer vacant.

“Since the inception of respectable families in Chanaea, their number has fluctuated wildly over the last two thousand years. There used to be several hundreds of these families, but that dwindled to one hundred and fifty a thousand years ago. About five hundred years ago, we still had nine respectable families. Now, however, only eight remain. I suppose you could say we’ve always been scheming and warring with one another. Although the Enlighteners’ thirteen families have only been around for less than four hundred years and are spread across the globe, regional differences can still lead to an unfair distribution of resources. Unfortunately, the development of respectable families is directly related to the amount of resources. Once inequality arises, the gap between various families will rapidly widen in a short space of time. Therefore, the thirteen families of the Enlighteners can’t possibly be a united front!” Sirius explained, his voice loud and resonant.

What he had initially was merely a flash of insight, but as he shared and verified the development history of the nine respectable families, the development trajectory of the thirteen families of the Enlighteners became increasingly clear.

Since the first purge of the Cavoid Realm, the thirteen families had been enjoying stability without any external pressure for more than four hundred years.

Judging from the history of Chanaean families, however, the thirteen families of the Enlighteners should’ve already stirred up a lot of chaos and rewritten the world order during those four centuries.

“There are only two reasons why these thirteen families have managed to survive until now. First, each generation’s leader might have established a non-aggression pact with the other twelve families. Then again, this method is practically impossible. Even if the respectable families’ cultivators were to take an oath, any vows or contracts would be nullified once a family has been chosen for elimination. That leaves us with the second reason, which is also the likeliest—external pressure!” Sirius reasoned, his eyes firmly fixed on

Alec. “Alec, the Enlighteners’ thirteen families must have something they all fear. There must be something that threatens their centuries-old lineage! Whatever it is, chances are it’s right here in Chanaea!”

Jonathan, too, was holding his breath, afraid he might miss any of Alec’s reactions.

“I guessed it correctly!” Sirius exclaimed before clenching his fists and bursting into a hearty laugh. “Alec, Remdik’s attack on Doveston isn’t for some *dmn mineral resources! Your goal is the small world! I’ve been pondering this for a while now. We have Remdik initiating an invasion, the thirteen families cleansing the Divine Realm, and the emergence of the small world... Any of these events is enough to redefine an era, yet they’re happening all at once now. Calling it a coincidence is nothing but a load of cp!* You and the Enlighteners have clearly set your sights on the small world! The secret hidden here is the key that can change the entire order of the world!” Upon hearing Sirius’ analysis, Jonathan slowly retreated.

With his left hand on his right wrist, he was ready to release his life force to battle Alec.

I have to admit Sirius’ deductions are flawless. If they’re true, however, then Alec’s goal becomes even more crystal clear... He’s eyeing the person in the coffin behind me—Joshua!

The next second, Alec burst out laughing. “What you’re saying is all speculation, but it does make for a good story.”

Above Jonathan’s head, the bronze handbell slowly rose till it enveloped him and Sirius.

“Mr. Chevez, we’ve been talking a lot, but you haven’t mentioned your real purpose for entering the small world. Are you here to exact revenge on the Collins family? Then again, don’t you have many Divine Realm cultivators in Sanctuary? No matter how busy they are, the task of stepping into the small world shouldn’t fall on you. After all, you’re the founder of Sanctuary... Furthermore, I’ve obtained some insider information from Charles before. As it turned out, the tsar isn’t calling the shots in Remdik’s invasion of Chanaea. Why did Sanctuary launch this war, then? What’s your exact purpose?”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 1365**

## Chapter 1365 Farewell

Listening to the series of questions from Jonathan, Alec could only helplessly shake his head. His entire demeanor relaxed, no longer holding the seriousness it had just moments ago. "I've said it before. You youngsters from Chanaea are too troublesome. Although your cultivation level is merely at the level of a reptile, you're too cunning. Michael, your plan simply won't work." Michael? Jonathan looked to the side, where Michael, who should have been a corpse, was slowly sitting up from the ground.

Looking at the wound on the elixir field on his lower abdomen, Michael couldn't help but let out a wail. "F\*ck! This kid is ruthless! You aimed straight for my elixir field. You really want to kill me, don't you?"

As he spoke, Michael casually pulled out a palm-sized spirit stone. With a squeeze of his hand, he crushed it. A drop of blue liquid, as beautiful as a gem, floated in front of Michael.

Even from a distance of thirty to forty meters, Jonathan could still sense the overwhelming life force emanating from the blue liquid.

Besides, the moment Jonathan looked at that object, he surprisingly felt as if he was being drawn into it.

If it weren't for the life force within his body blocking that surge, he might have lost control of his Anima and driven by the desire to approach and seize that blue liquid.

At that moment, Sirius, who was standing nearby, was completely bewildered. If it weren't for the bronze handbell's spirit shield blocking him, he might have already run away.

Jonathan looked at the blue liquid and exclaimed in surprise, "Holy Blood!" He had seen that thing before.

Previously, when he had just seen the Holy Blood from Ksana's hand, he had felt something like that.

The faintly blue liquid in Ksana's hands was nothing more than a concoction made from the Holy Blood, diluted countless times over.

The one before his eyes, whether in terms of color or that overwhelming life force, completely outclassed the Holy Blood in Ksana's hands countless times.

"You know too much." Michael swallowed the Holy Blood.



As Michael swallowed, faint blue luminescence seeped from his flesh, rapidly coursing toward his circulatory system along his neck.

As his heart pulsed rapidly, the blue energy was swiftly distributed throughout his body, healing all of Michael's injuries.

Even the bloody hole above the energy field in the elixir field was rapidly healing under the influence of that blue force.

"Ah!" Michael roared toward the sky.

It seemed as if the spiritual energy of the entire universe was being drawn by something, and it was rapidly flowing into Michael's body. "This is the feeling I want! It's so awesome!"

There and then, Michael didn't look old at all.

Under the dual influence of Holy Blood and spiritual energy, the slightly plump figure was rapidly diminishing, replaced by strikingly impressive muscles.

The head of white hair began to rapidly fall out under the effect of the medicine. In just a few moments, Michael's appearance had drastically changed.

From an old man with white hair and a plump figure, he transformed into a robust, bald man without a single hair on his head.

"Kid, you're absolutely right. We, the thirteen respectable families, are certainly not as united," Michael excitedly said to Sirius. "Even if the entire world is under the Enlighteners' control, resources aren't like slices of pizza. How could they possibly be distributed evenly? Why is it that the Rothschild family can stay in Western Epea, while we, the Collins family, are stuck in the chaotic and impoverished Remdik? This is simply unfair! Our family has endured for far too long, and with this great purge, it's about time the world order shifted a bit! There are thirteen families. Don't you think that's too many? Isn't that right, Alec?!"

At that point, Michael had completely lost his mind. His entire demeanor was unnaturally excited. Even his speech was laced with a strange laughter.

Alec looked at Michael, a flicker of disgust flashing in his eyes. "Michael, you should reduce your intake of the Holy Blood. You don't possess the emperor's bloodline. If you continue like this, you're courting death! If I were you, I would now get rid of some of the power of the Holy Blood!"

There was no way Michael would listen to those words.

In response to Alec's warning, not only did Michael ignore it, but he also gathered his spiritual energy and threw a punch into the void beside him. Bang!

Michael was already extremely proficient in the use of spiritual energy. After consuming the concentrated Holy Blood, he had elevated his spiritual energy to the highest level.

As the punch was thrown, the peak of the fist was so saturated with spiritual energy that it directly caused an explosion.

And dozens of meters away, the small hill where Alec had been sitting was decapitated by the explosion.

"W-What..." Sirius watched the mountain peak disappear under the spiritual pressure, his eyes filled with fear.

At that moment, even the joy of having deduced the truth behind Alec's scheme had completely vanished.

Alec frowned at Michael, subtly shifting a few steps to the side.

Right then, Alec finally revealed his true intentions by saying, "Jonathan, to tell you the truth, Sanctuary has already formed an alliance with the Collins family. After the initiation of this global purge, we will join forces with several other families to wage an all-out war. However, our strength alone is not enough to start a new world. We need the key that you hold."

Jonathan positioned the coffin behind him, slowly retreating with Sirius. "Alec, I'm curious. You guys are so powerful. Even if I were ten times stronger, I still wouldn't stand a chance against you. Why don't you just take it by force? Why put on such an elaborate charade of self-sacrifice?"

Upon hearing that, Alec could only shake his head helplessly. "Jonathan, you underestimate yourself too much."

As he spoke, Alec reached toward the pocket at his waist.

While it might appear to be an ordinary clothing pocket, it was, in fact, a top-grade spirit animal pouch, an extremely rare magical item capable of carrying living creatures.

With his summoning, a cultivator, already beaten beyond recognition and draped in a robe, was thrown out.

Although the bronze handbell was in the way, Jonathan still could not use his spiritual sense to assess the cultivator's injuries.

Nevertheless, just by looking with the naked eye, one could tell that the cultivator was already crippled.

The cultivator fell to the ground, his arms and legs completely contorted.

His eyes had long since disappeared, replaced by two bloody cavities, and the skin on his face, along with his teeth, had likely been completely stripped away.

Such interrogation methods were uncompromising and ruthless.

“This person seems to be a cultivator from the Seboxiasm!” Sirius said in a somewhat serious tone.

Right away, Jonathan had already discerned the identity of the cultivator.

That person was none other than the leader of the Seboxiasm, whom he had encountered half a year ago when he went to the West Region to find medicine for Dorian.

Indeed, it was Damoyed.