

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1366

### Chapter 1366 Representative

In the darkness, Jonathan clenched his teeth tightly.

When Damoyed and Kenado first battled, the weather within fifty kilometers of them was completely transformed.

Based on Jonathan's recollection, Damoyed was a formidable person who had grasped the Pryncyp of Thunder.

It was why Jonathan was surprised that Damoyed was tormented into that state by Alec, who was a Divine Realm cultivator.

As such, Jonathan couldn't help but wonder what Damoyed went through. Was he captured by Alec after entering that small world?

Before Jonathan could even react, Alec continued to speak with a hearty laugh. "Back then, when you were in the Western Army of Remdik, you were surrounded by dozens of God Realm cultivators. Not only that, you were intercepted by hundreds of thousands of soldiers. Yet, you were still able to bring Ksana and Charles back to Chanaea unscathed. From that moment onward, I became interested in you! Subsequently, I focused on gathering information about you for analysis and found that your experiences are quite unique."

With a casual grin, Alec stated, "You were born into the Goldstein family, which is prominent in Yaleview. Yet, your family's most powerful cultivators are only incompetent Superior Realm cultivators. Following the death of your parents and your departure from your family, it seemed as if you had received some inheritance. You began to tread the path of pure cultivation. Even so, in the following three years, you only reached the cultivation level of a Grandmaster. Moreover, by analyzing your combat reports, I could clearly see the pace of your cultivation growth. Then, you ventured to West Region and returned to Remdik. By then, your fearless style of combat has completely surpassed your previous fighting methods. Therefore, I followed your trail and personally visited the headquarters of the Seboxiasm. I brought ten Divine Realm cultivators with me and completely eradicated Seboxiasm! Additionally, I captured him!"

Alec stepped on Damoyed's back, laughing heartily as he spoke. "You know, our cultivators from Sanctuary tortured him for thirty years in the divine space. That was how long it took before he finally revealed everything about

Seboxia's coffin. Seboxia is a powerful cultivator, and so the coffin he crafted can shield itself against even celestial enigma. There's no way we could possibly open it with ease."

Hearing that, Jonathan finally sneered. "I see. So, you've put on quite a show—"

Before Jonathan could finish speaking, Alec interrupted him with a wave and a smile. "We don't have time to play house with you, kid. Our initial plan was to capture and throw you into the divine space. We will then torment you there for thirty years, extracting all the information we need. Unexpectedly, you successfully defeated Michael and confined him to the coffin. Your approach is somewhat cunning, I must say. It's astonishing that you're only at the middle phase of God Realm cultivation level."

The moment Alec finished speaking, the excited Michael stepped forward.

"I merely underestimated my opponent earlier. It won't happen again!" As Michael spoke, he was already gathering his spiritual energy, preparing to make his move.

However, Alec conjured a wall of spiritual energy to block Michael.

Michael was surprised and enraged by that. After shattering the spiritual energy wall in front of him with his hand, he spoke in a cold voice. "Alec, what is the meaning of this?"

Alec waved gently. "Michael, you should calm down a bit. Even if our joint venture succeeds, we don't have enough people to manage the entire world. We'll need someone to help us with this task, and I think Jonathan here will make a great representative for Chanaea."

Michael looked at Jonathan with a cold gaze.

Even after Michael listened to Alec's advice, an unstoppable murderous intent still lingered in his gaze.

After all, Michael was a Divine Realm cultivator, so he was shocked that a God Realm cultivator defeated him. Also, if Alec hadn't pretended to disable Michael's meridians, the latter would've been beheaded by Jonathan in the coffin.

If word of that spread, it would undoubtedly be a great embarrassment for Michael and even become the stepping stone to Jonathan's fame!

Therefore, sparing Jonathan's life was naturally not to Michael's liking.

Alec naturally understood Michael's concerns, so he said, "Don't worry. Once the plan succeeds, whether he likes it or not, he won't dare to resist us. According to my intelligence, Asura values his family and friendships greatly. There are too many things he cares about but can't protect!"

Upon hearing that, Michael was first taken aback. Then, it seemed as if he had thought of something and chuckled. "I remember now. Your wife and aunt are both renowned beauties in Chanaea! When the time comes, I will personally find them to verify if that is the truth—"

Before Michael could finish speaking, a low-grade magical flying needle was already speeding toward his forehead.

Buzz...

Michael's invisible spiritual field around him reacted to that in an instant.

Ripples visible to the naked eye began to appear around the flying needle.

The flying needle, which had appeared before Michael at incredible speed, had stopped less than half a meter away from his forehead.

"Jonathan!" Michael stared at Jonathan with a gaze filled with murderous intent. "You're asking for trouble!"

At that moment, Alec felt resigned. "Why can't we just sit down and talk things out? Why resort to violence?"

Slowly stepping back, Alec looked at Michael and said lightly. "Don't harm his heart or head. If his consciousness is damaged or dies, we will completely lose the chance to open the coffin."

"Stop nagging!" With a cold shout, Michael exerted a slight force under his feet.

In the next moment, he was already in front of Jonathan.

Raising his fist, Michael hurled it toward Jonathan with endless spiritual pressure.

Confronted with the overwhelming spiritual pressure, Jonathan raised his Azure Sky Sword. His eyes were firmly fixed on Michael's brow.

"Kill!" Jonathan transformed all his spiritual sense into a sharp arrow, aiming straight for Michael's forehead.

That assault was invisible and colorless, without any signs to speak of.

Bang!

Jonathan's left shoulder turned into a mist of blood and completely vanished due to Michael's punch.

Following that, Jonathan was sent flying backward. Heaven Sword slipped from his grasp after he failed to inflict even the slightest injury on Michael.

"Jonathan!" Sirius, standing nearby with his rune spear, wanted to lend a hand.

However, he couldn't break through the spiritual pressure surrounding Michael and was consequently repelled.

Alec was frowning deeply, filled with dissatisfaction toward Michael.

Earlier, he had already warned Michael to hold back when attacking. If that punch had been slightly off target, Jonathan might have been killed instantly.

Just as Alec was worried that Jonathan's injury was too severe, the spiritual energy around Michael collapsed without any warning.

Jonathan's face was as pale as a sheet in mid-air, yet his eyes were filled with iciness.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1367

### Chapter 1367 Slaying Michael

Life force surged wildly, flowing into the wound on his left shoulder.

Jonathan spun around, his right hand supporting his weight on the ground. His body flipped in mid-air, and he forcefully kicked off the ground behind him.

Boom!

The earth split apart.

Jonathan transformed into an afterimage, charging straight toward Michael.

Something's not right! From a distance, Alec finally noticed something was amiss.

If they were in the outside world, he could totally imprison Jonathan using Pryncyp.

But now, within the small world, everything was suppressed. Pryncyp could not be used at all.

Adding to the fact that he hadn't gathered his spiritual energy to prepare for battle beforehand, it was already too late for him to take action and save the day now.

Jonathan moved swiftly, extending his hand to conjure a surge of spiritual energy that drew Heaven Sword back into his grasp.

Immediately after, he reversed his sword, stabbing upward, aiming directly at Michael's throat.

Ding!

Just now, Jonathan knew that there was absolutely no chance of him winning a spiritual energy contest against Michael.

So, seizing the moment of the latter's arrogance, he used the spiritual sense attack he had learned from Phoebus Sect's Sofus, transforming his spiritual sense into a sharp arrow that pierced into Michael's consciousness field, causing him to temporarily lose control of his body.

Jonathan knew Michael was a Divine Realm cultivator, and his spiritual sense could harm the other party when they were caught off guard.

However, it was impossible to completely strip the opponent of their ability to fight back, so his next attack must be a sure hit.

If Michael were to react, or if Alec arrived, he would truly lose his chance to kill Michael.

Heaven Sword hovered an inch away from Michael's neck, blocked by a shimmering white shield of solid spiritual energy. No matter how hard Jonathan tried, he couldn't push the sword any further.

And as clarity returned to Michael's eyes, the gaze he cast upon Jonathan was filled with boundless malice.

"You b\*stard!" With a roar of fury, Michael's spiritual energy surged dramatically.

Jonathan's body was flipped over once again, but during that process, he lifted his right foot in response, fiercely kicking the hilt of Heaven Sword.

Whoosh!

As Jonathan's right foot exploded with power, Heaven Sword was struck with immense force, breaking through all obstacles and piercing through Michael's neck.

The spiritual energy before Michael dissipated once again. Numerous nerves connect the brain above the neck bone. With a single stroke, Jonathan severed Michael's nerves.

Although his life was not taken immediately, it still left him paralyzed.

Michael fell to the ground like a lump of clay. Alec rushed over from a distance, but before he could reach him, Jonathan had already activated Elemental Extrication Technique, causing the ground to flow and carrying Michael to his feet.

"Jonathan! I advise you not to act recklessly." Alec stood a few meters away, speaking to Jonathan.

At that moment, Alec dared not make a single move, for the hilt of Heaven Sword was firmly held in Jonathan's hand.

Even with all the spiritual energy he had mustered within his body, Alec dared not cross the final few meters.

Whether it was life force, Holy Blood, Golden Herb, or other medicines that could revive a person, even the most potent panacea required time to take effect.

And now, with just a slight movement of Jonathan's hand, Michael's head would be completely severed.

Only those like Seboxia, who had mastered the Pryncyp of Life, could vie with the universe for their existence. They could do so by using the Pryncyp of Strength to envelop their bodies at the very moment their heads were severed.

Beyond that, even if the arrival of a Cavoid Realm cultivator couldn't protect Michael.

"Jonathan, think carefully. The plans of our two forces have been ongoing for a century. Even if we falter, it's enough to reshuffle the entire cultivation world of Remdik and Chanaea. He's a member of the Collins family. If you kill him, Asura's Office will be doomed. Even if you just agree to be our representative, I can mediate and bring about a resolution, leading to a handshake of peace between us."

The Collins family and Sanctuary had been working together on a joint project for a hundred years. There were countless Divine Realm cultivators from both sides, so even the death of one or two wouldn't make much of a difference.

Michael was the only exception. He mustn't die.

The plan in the outside world had already been set in motion, and the settling of accounts within the small world was crucial.

If Michael were to die, Alec's plans would undoubtedly become more challenging to execute.

"Jonathan, hear me out. Sheathe your sword. We're all here for our own interests. There's still room for discussion!"

Having expended a great deal of his spiritual sense, Jonathan now resembled a long-term patient, his face devoid of any color.

Wielding Heaven Sword in hand, Jonathan stared at Michael coldly. "We could have had a discussion, but ever since you said those words, there's nothing left to discuss!"

At that moment, Michael had lost control over his lower body and had completely lost his sense of spiritual energy. Just now, he had also tried to use his powerful spiritual sense to forcibly pull Jonathan into divine space or to directly launch a spiritual sense attack on Jonathan.

But at that moment, it seemed as if there was some sort of transparent shield outside Jonathan's consciousness field, fully protecting his consciousness field.

That was a cultivation method Jonathan learned from the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. Not to mention someone like Michael, who was in the Divine Realm, even Seboxia, the ancient and highly capable cultivator who once terrified an era, couldn't manage to pull Jonathan and imprison him in divine space again.

Michael was completely panicked after losing both his spiritual sense and spiritual energy.

Although Heaven Sword had pierced his neck, it had fortuitously missed Michael's throat.

Looking at Jonathan, Michael spoke with difficulty.

"Jonathan, you can't kill me! If you kill me, the Collins family will not let you off. Not only you but even your family—"

"Michael!" Alec shouted, halting Michael's threat. "Can't you see? His family is what he cares about the most. If you keep provoking him like this, you will really die!"

Jonathan looked up at Alec, a strange, cold smirk playing on his lips. "It's too late!"

Splat!

With a slight movement of Heaven Sword, Michael's neck was instantly severed.

"No!" Alec raised his hand to shield his eyes as if unwilling to accept the reality of Michael's death.

With his spiritual energy, Jonathan lifted Michael's skull, then deftly stored it in his ring.

That was the first member of the Enlighteners he had killed. If indeed the Collins family truly targeted his family members, Jonathan would take that skull and personally pay a visit to the Collins family.

Regardless of life or death, he was determined to let everyone in the world know that no one should ever mess with the people he cared about the most.

Alec slowly lowered his hand, looking at the decapitated body on the ground. Alec let out a long, slow breath.

"Jonathan, I had high hopes for you, but why won't you listen to my advice? If you continue like this, I really will have no choice but to kill you!"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1368

### Chapter 1368 The Mysterious Alec

Watching Alec steadily approach him, Jonathan held the Heaven Sword in a defensive stance.

Jonathan threatened, "I can kill him, and I can kill you too. I suggest you think it through before you make a move!"

A playful smile flickered in Alec's eyes.

Alec halted and posed his final question, "Jonathan, you have many tricks up your sleeve, but they're all just clever shortcuts. Michael died by your hand because he was foolish. Do you think every Divine Realm being is as naive as him? I'm only going to ask you one thing now. Will you submit to me? I truly admire your tactics. If you choose to submit, I can push the blame for Michael's death entirely on Damoyed. How about it? Will you consider it?" Sirius came up to Jonathan, standing shoulder to shoulder with him.

"Jonathan, what do you plan to do?"

"There's not much I can do."

Jonathan looked indifferently at Alec in front of him.

“Do you really think that if we compromise with him now, he will let us off the hook? Being a pawn of others will inevitably lead to destruction one day. I wonder what kind of outcome the Blackwood family is hoping for. What I, Jonathan, desire is to break free of the chessboard and become the player!”

Upon hearing Jonathan’s words, a hint of murderous intent appeared in Alec’s eyes.

“So, there’s nothing more to discuss! Then die, you shall!”

Alec spoke darkly, and before Jonathan could react, he had already disappeared from their sight.

“Behind you!”

With a loud shout, Sirius thrust out the rune spear in his hand.

The spear brushed past Jonathan’s neck toward Alec, yet the latter didn’t dodge at all. He simply reached out and held the spear in place.

“Kill him!”

Jonathan, knife in hand, spun around to strike behind him, but ultimately, he was a step too late.

Bang!

Alec had directly pierced through Jonathan’s elixir field. Jonathan instantly lost all his strength and was easily suspended in the air by Alec with one hand.

“For me, an Asura like you is nothing more than a bug.”

With a cool gaze, Alec looked at Jonathan, his eyes filled with amusement.

“Don’t worry, I won’t let you die so quickly. I will personally torture you within the divine space until you reveal all your secrets.”

As he spoke, Alec pulled out his hand, which was covered in fresh blood. In the moment before Jonathan could fall, he directly slapped his hand atop Jonathan’s forehead.

That was the fastest way to pull him into the divine space.

As long as Alec managed to touch Jonathan’s forehead, even for a fleeting moment, he could make Jonathan suffer for decades within the divine space.

“Get lost!”

With a roar of fury, Sirius abandoned the rune spear in his hands. He took half a step back before swinging his arm, landing a punch on the body of the spear.

The spear shuddered and shockingly shattered Alec’s palm into a mist of blood.

Within the mist of blood, Sirius once again gripped his spear, aiming for Alec’s neck.

“Go back!”

Alec looked at his disappearing left hand and spoke in a cold voice.

As Alec spoke, the blood mist floating in mid-air surprisingly began to retract rapidly along its previous path. A moment later, it astonishingly reformed into a complete palm, reconnecting with Alec’s wrist.

Smack!

This time, Alec directly grabbed the handle of the rune spear.

“Since you’re so nosy, you do it then!”

With a forceful pull on the spear, Sirius was unexpectedly yanked right in front of Alec.

The runes dissipated and reassembled in front of Sirius, transforming into a pure black shield.

But this shield, which even Michael couldn’t easily break, seemed to have no resistance at all under Alec’s meek slap. Alec’s hand penetrated the shield and landed smack on Sirius’ forehead.

“Let him go!”

Jonathan’s voice echoed from afar.

At that moment, the injury to his elixir field had already been healed by his life force.

However, the previously expended mental energy could not be recovered. Having been tormented by Damoyed in the divine space for over ten thousand days, Jonathan naturally understood the fear brought by that moment.

Two high-grade, magical long swords transformed into afterimages, slashing towards Alec's face.

Alec threw out a shield for defense.

Sirius slipped from Alec's grip, crashing heavily onto the ground.

The divine space was truly magical. Although everything within it adhered to the will of the spell-caster, time evidently remained fair to all.

For instance, as Alec mentioned previously, after they captured Damoyed, he wasn't the one who tormented Damoyed in the divine space. There was actually a roster consisting of more than twenty Divine Realm beings from the Land of the Gods.

That was because once the other party was drawn into one's divine space, the amount of time they spent there would be equivalent to the same amount of time spent by the master of said divine space.

Damoyed was tormented, yet he endured for thirty years, purely driven by the hatred in his heart.

Even a perpetrator, even if they were a demon from hell, would find it challenging to inflict harm for thirty years without a break.

Perhaps the perpetrator himself would have fallen apart before the prisoner succumbed.

Some had considered a plan akin to multitasking, which involved immersing a part of one's spiritual sense into the divine space to torment others while the spiritual sense continued to live normally in the outside world.

While the method had been attempted in the past, significant conflicts often arose after the two parts of the spiritual sense spent a long time in different worlds. Even if one tried to dissipate the divine space, it was already impossible to force the separated spiritual senses to merge into one. In the end, the unfortunate cultivator was driven to madness by his dual spiritual sense and chose to end his life at the foot of a cliff.

Since then, even those with the most powerful cultivation levels wouldn't dare to take such shortcuts.

Naturally, Alec's divine space was also affected by this law.

His spiritual sense could only choose to be either outside or within the divine space. There was absolutely no third possibility.

Even though it was just a fleeting moment, Jonathan managed to force out Alec's spiritual sense, thereby saving Sirius.

Within the divine space, it was impossible for Jonathan to determine how long Sirius had been tormented.

Perhaps it had been a whole day or even ten years.  
"Sirius!"

Jonathan used his magic to bring Sirius in front of him, and without uttering another word, he threw Sirius into a Coffin.

The Coffin, originally intended for the deceased, had now become an unexpected sanctuary.

In the span of a single day, Joshua, Hayden, and Sirius were all thrown into Coffins, their fates unknown, left to slumber in uncertainty.

It must be said that the situation in the small world was rather chaotic.

The sight of Alec's resurrected hand left Jonathan feeling uneasy. Knowing he was no match, Jonathan initially planned to trap Sirius in the Coffin and flee.

But to his horror, he discovered that the formation of the Coffin was out of control. The opened Coffin lid, he found, could not be closed whether its occupant was dead or alive.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1369

### Chapter 1369 Temporal Pryncyp

With both hands forming a seal, Jonathan sternly shouted, "Shut!"

No matter how much Jonathan tried to activate the formation, the coffin remained completely still.

Moreover, Jonathan was shocked to discover that it wasn't just about closing the coffin lid.

All the formations within the entire coffin had completely lost connection with him.

Seboxia transformed and emerged from the coffin, saying softly, "Jonathan, remember the promise you once made to me."

"Seboxia's spiritual energy form..."

Jonathan, like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, swiftly moved to the side.

Seboxia's true form once stated that his spiritual energy form was a collection of all the negative emotions he had to cut off in order to break through the Cavoid Realm.

Even if he appeared to be the epitome of tranquility and peace, his origins had already determined that all his spiritual energy forms were fake.

Seboxia's spiritual energy form stepped out of the coffin, paying no heed to Jonathan. Instead, he slightly bowed toward Alec in the distance.

"I am Seboxia, my friend. I would like to discuss something with you about the teachings of Seboxia."

As Seboxia spoke, he gently beckoned, summoning the battered and unrecognizable Damoyed to his side.

He delicately reached out, making contact with Damoyed's form, which seemed to ripple as if it were a mirage, promptly restoring itself to full health.

Jonathan looked at Damoyed, who was slowly opening his eyes. Upon seeing Seboxia in front of him, he slowly began to speak in a hoarse voice. "Sage, I have sinned..."

Damoyed managed to break free from the spiritual constraints of Seboxia and knelt on the ground.

This leading figure of Seboxiasm, one of the four Divine Realms in the West Region, was now weeping like a child. Seboxia extended his hand and tenderly caressed Damoyed's hair, a glimmer of compassion gleaming in his gaze.

"You've already done a great job!"

The headquarters of Seboxiasm had been destroyed, and not a single core disciple survived.

Damoyed endured thirty years of torment in the divine space. One can only imagine the terrifying hatred brewing in his heart. Upon seeing Seboxia himself, Damoyed kneeled down, filled with guilt and self-reproach.

At this very moment, he wished fervently for Seboxia to mete out punishment. Even if it meant being slain on the spot, he wouldn't resist in the slightest.

In fact, Damoyed might even consider this as a form of liberation for himself.

What he didn't expect was that Seboxia not only didn't blame him at all but even treated him with kindness.

He stared at Seboxia, tears slowly filling his gaze. Then, slowly, he knelt down at Seboxia's feet.

With his head touching the ground, Damoyed spoke in a hoarse voice.

"The thirty-eighth successor of Seboxiasm, Damoyed, also the sect leader, sworn to avenge his fellow disciples..."

Seboxia gently patted Damoyed's back, the corners of his mouth still adorned with that faint smile.

"One day, everything will ultimately become nothing. In a person's life, completeness is achieved by being born and surviving until death. Damoyed, I've witnessed your diligent work in propagating the teachings. Lift your gaze now and absorb as much as you can. Your advancement will hinge on your own destiny."

Seboxia brought his hands together in prayer, softly chanting mantras under his breath.

Initially, the sound resembled the faint fluttering of a mosquito's wings, entering the ear but scarcely audible, rendering it challenging to distinguish.

As time passed, after just a few seconds, the voice of Seboxia echoed like a grand bell, resonating throughout the area.

Although Jonathan couldn't understand those strange pronunciations, they seemed to carry an inexplicable energy when they reached his ears, enough to soothe all the restlessness within him.

Even his spiritual sense which had been overused and was feeling a sharp pain, began to slowly heal under the soothing influence of this sound. At this moment, Damoyed also ceased his crying. He sat cross-legged on the ground, chanting the obscure and difficult scriptures along with Seboxia.

"Stop playing tricks!"

With a cold shout, Alec lunged forward, summoning an unknown claw in his hand and thrusting it directly toward Seboxia's face.

Buzz!

A brilliant golden light erupted in front of Seboxia, sending Alec flying directly outward.

Jonathan stared wide-eyed at the back of Seboxia.

He had seen Alec's strange weapon clearly just a moment ago.

That must be the sharp claw of some ferocious beast, carrying a very powerful spiritual destruction effect,

Just now, as Seboxia recited the scriptures, it attracted the surrounding spiritual energy. When the sharp claw struck down, ripples had already started to form on it.

Even such a formidable weapon had no effect whatsoever on Seboxia.

He couldn't figure out how Seboxia's spiritual energy form without any shield was capable of defending itself.

Jonathan harnessed his spiritual power, concentrating it in his eyes in an attempt to peer through the golden radiance and comprehend Seboxia's techniques.

However, no matter how hard he tried, his vision couldn't penetrate even the slightest bit.

Beneath the swirling golden light, something quickly coalesced on Seboxia's forehead, transforming into a geometrical-shaped rune the size of a small bean.

"Damoyed, use the mental spell to record every fluctuation of my spiritual energy," Seboxia ordered softly.

The next moment, he transformed into a beam of light, heading toward Alec not far away.

Crack.

With a soft snap, Alec's arm instantly broke.

Seboxia made his move, each strike carrying the force of thunder, making it difficult for Alec to defend himself.

What was most astonishing was that Alec could instantly heal himself after every injury.

In just the blink of an eye, Alec had already taken dozens of hits from Seboxia. After restoring his body once again, Alec pushed off the ground with all his might, sending himself flying backward for dozens of meters.

Seboxia stood still, giving Alec a cold stare.

"I can't believe Temporal Pryncyp has emerged again!"

Upon hearing Seboxia's words, both Jonathan and Damoyed were stunned as they looked toward Alec in the distance.

Before transforming into a spiritual energy form, Seboxia once told Jonathan that the top supreme Pryncyps were life, death, light, and dark.

Back then, Jonathan wondered if time and space weren't strong Pryncyps. In some aspects, these two Pryncyps should be the supreme Pryncyps. However, Seboxia said nothing about them both.

The Spatial Pryncyp was currently owned by Blaze from Apocalypse.

Although Blaze had not yet achieved the Divine Realm, he could easily control the laws of space with the help of that mysterious black sphere. Even when he

was facing two Divine Realm experts, he could freely come and go with Jonathan.

Seeing how strong Spatial Pryncyp already was, Jonathan speculated that Temporal Pryncyp might be stronger.

Today, Alec finally confirmed Jonathan's thoughts.

While it remained uncertain how Alec could utilize his Pryncyp within this confined world, observing Alec's present condition, an undeniable aura of invincibility surrounded him.

Alec slowly rose to his feet, the mist of blood in the air drifting toward him.

As the last wisp of blood mist seeped into Alec's skin, a cold smirk appeared at the corner of Alec's mouth.

"Seboxia, you are my elder, and by right, I should not take action against you. However, since you've opted for a confrontational approach, do not fault me for not extending respect!"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 1370

### Chapter 1370 Spiritual Energy Form

"You can't leave today," Seboxia said to Alec in a calm manner. "You owe me an explanation for the misfortune faced by the disciples of the Seboxiasm."

Alec formed a hand seal with both hands. On his body, a peculiar membrane visible to the naked eye slowly emerged from within him.

Within that eerie membrane, Alec's face aged rapidly.

"I have mastered Temporal Pryncyp. Even though I can't commune with the universe in this small world, the moment I stepped through the chaotic portal, a time loop had already formed within me. Of course, the Temporal Pryncyp contained in this closed loop is just too scarce. However, the inability of this small world to connect with Pryncyp signifies that the Pryncyp within this closed loop will not return to the cosmos."

At that moment, Alec released the Temporal Pryncyp from within his body, and he himself had once again returned to the appearance of a man in his sixties.

Reaching out to pick up a stone, Alec looked in the direction of Seboxia with a chilling gaze. “Within this Temporal Pryncyp force field, I am an invincible entity. It’s like this stone. I can make it turn to ashes in the span of a few seconds by making it endure millions of years.”

As Alec spoke, the stone in his hand surprisingly loosened and crumbled, turning into fine sand.

But in the next moment, those fine sands restored themselves, transforming back into that stone.

Such a miraculous scene, in Jonathan’s eyes, simply shattered his existing worldview. If one comprehends this Pryncyp, they would undoubtedly become an invincible entity. With this temporal barrier in place, even if a sharp and sturdy weapon were to pierce it, the passage of time could corrode that blade into a pile of useless scrap metal. As for fists and kicks, the opponents’ limbs will wither and shatter even more rapidly as time swiftly passes.

In Jonathan’s opinion, Alec was already undefeatable following the emergence of the temporal barrier.

Jonathan opened his mouth and reminded, “Seboxia, don’t underestimate the enemy.”

But at that moment, Seboxia was smiling as he walked forward.

“Every entity has a form, all of which can be eroded by time. Yet, spirits alone remain unaltered, not even after enduring thousands of years and countless generations. I am a spiritual energy form, inherently beyond the confines of physical form. I’m formless, spiritless, devoid of self and others, so what do I have to fear!”

Jonathan looked at Seboxia, his eyes full of astonishment.

Upon hearing Seboxia’s words, Alec also became somewhat flustered.

Even though all Divine Realm cultivators could perform such a simple spell as the spiritual energy transfiguration, that was just a superficial application. After all, when it came to spiritual energy form, their abilities and cultivation level were inferior to the true form. Moreover, they consumed a large amount of spiritual sense to maintain, which was really not worth the trouble.

Therefore, even Alec never had the chance to face off against a spiritual energy form.

Moreover, he was unsure whether his Temporal Pryncyp would actually have any effect on spiritual energy form.

Seboxia moved with deceptive speed, appearing slow yet covering ground quickly. In just a few strides, he was already in front of Alec.

“This palm strike is claimed on behalf of my disciples from the Seboxiasm.” With a single slap, Seboxia unleashed a wave of spiritual energy that directly penetrated the temporal barrier surrounding Alec.

With a firm grip, Alec unleashed Temporal Pryncyp directly onto Seboxia’s palm.

Temporal Pryncyp collided with life force. The two forces far surpassing spiritual energy clashed together.

A colossal burst of energy erupted and vanished in an instant, completely engulfing the two individuals within it.

Jonathan, struggling with the coffin lid that wouldn’t close, turned and ran.

One was the energy of Pryncyp, which was packed with destructive force.

One was the derivative energy of Pryncyp of Life. Although it was weaker than the Pryncyp, compared to Alec’s trace of Pryncyp, the quantity of life force had the upper hand.

One could only imagine the fluctuations caused by the collision of those two types of energy, both far surpassing the restraining barrier of the small world.

“Earth Elemental Extrication Technique!” Spiritual energy surged wildly beneath Jonathan’s feet, allowing him to sink into the earth.

Just before the wave of turbulence hit, Jonathan’s feet found nothing but air, and he began to fall toward the ground.

Above his head, a wild energy roared past, erasing everything on the ground completely.

Whoosh!

Jonathan watched as the energy almost grazed his scalp, feeling as if ten thousand mythical beasts were roaring past.

He didn't just sneak underground. Instead, he dove a full fifteen meters down in one breath.

Even so, he almost lost his head to the turbulent energy created by the clash between Seboxia and Alec.

Those two individuals were no longer considered human. With all his strength, Jonathan leaped out of the hole. As he looked around, he saw that within a radius of several hundred meters, everything had turned into a deep pit.

If one were to look at that scene from afar, it would seem as if a meteor had struck the earth, creating a sight of unparalleled awe.

At the epicenter of the explosion, two ethereal figures were continuously converging.

Seboxia, in essence, was a spiritual energy form. As long as his spirit remained undying, he could regain vita for rebirth.

In the small world, cut off from Heavenly Pryncyp, even Divine Punishment couldn't reach. It was a place where Seboxia had nothing to fear. Seeing Seboxia's spiritual energy form take shape, a sense of relief washed over Jonathan.

Across from Seboxia, a faint mist of blood, indistinctable to the naked eye, once again coalesced into the form of Alec.

However, the body formed at that time was somewhat peculiar.

At that moment, Alec was covered in numerous wounds, each one oozing fresh blood.

Moreover, every part of Alec's body was absolutely unique.

He had jet-black hair, a forehead marked with age spots, a firm nose, and a chin adorned with a graying beard...

Looking at Alec's body, it seemed his body was pieced together. That was due to the many marks left by the years on different parts of his body.

At that moment, Alec's Temporal Pryncyp had once again shrunk, no longer sufficient to envelop his entire body.

With a flip of his hand, Alec summoned a spirit stone, shattering it with his battered hands, and swallowed the Holy Blood sealed within it completely.

The Holy Blood entered his body and the energy it contained swiftly coursed through Alec's veins, healing every injury on his body.

Meanwhile, Seboxia simply gestured gently toward Jonathan.

On Jonathan's right wrist, the sealed life force bead slowly vanished, transforming into a stream of green light that flowed into Seboxia's palm.

"Even with life force, what can you do about it? You're merely a spirit. What can life force possibly help you recover?" Alec looked at Seboxia, who was laughing wildly. "Just now, with that strike, I accelerated the time of most of your body. If I'm not mistaken, your spirit has been greatly worn down by the relentless passage of time! Even maintaining this spiritual energy form must be incredibly strenuous now!"

Jonathan looked at Seboxia with worry, but at that moment, Seboxia slowly raised his right palm in front of him. "Even though I despise him, I'm not happy that you just killed him like that. Fate has brought us together, so allow me to guide your soul to transcendence!"