

The Legendary Man Chapter 1371

Chapter 1371 Cause And Effect

Jonathan had initially wanted to step forward to dissuade Seboxia, but upon hearing Seboxia's words, he felt as if he had been subjected to a paralyzing spell, his entire body tensing up.

Transcendence... This is not the true form of Seboxia at all! This is something Seboxia would often say in his spiritual energy form!

At that moment, it seemed as if Seboxia, in his transformed state, could sense what Jonathan was thinking.

Turning his head toward Jonathan, a naked murderous intent was revealed in his eyes.

"Jonathan, we shall settle our scores later!"

Seboxia shouted as he shattered the last five spiritual beads in his hand, each one imbued with life force.

The magnificent life force swirled around Seboxia's spiritual energy form, enveloping him as if he were encased in a giant green egg. Although Alec had used the Holy Blood to heal his injuries, the speed was slightly slower.

Seboxia's spiritual energy form had already reached Alec before he could even react.

In the midst of the rush, Alex raised his hand once again to defend against Seboxia.

Boom!

The two forces collided once again. This time, however, the impact was significantly weaker.

At the moment of impact, Seboxia's figure surprisingly turned into streaks of green light and completely vanished.

Alec quickly drew a temporal barrier around himself for protection, but the clash with Seboxia's true form just now has already consumed more than half of Alec's Temporal Pryncyp.

Despite having drawn out a temporal barrier, it was still riddled with flaws.

Damoyed, who was covered in wounds in the rubble, burst forth from the ground.

Upon glancing at Seboxia and his companion, he noticed that something seemed off about Seboxia.

The techniques of Seboxiasm's religious teachings, although capable of taking lives, were undoubtedly the epitome of firmness and positivity, rooted in the Great Pryncyp.

But now, even though Seboxia was using the same technique, it felt chilling to the bone. It was as if Seboxia was possessed and struck fear into people's hearts.

Is this really still Seboxia?

Damoyed stared blankly at the battle unfolding before him.

At this point, Seboxia had completely given up on maintaining his spiritual energy form.

As Seboxia's fighting style relied on his fists, he manifested dozens of fist shadows and attacked Alec from all directions.

This was not a clash of spiritual powers.

The Pryncyp of Life mastered by Seboxia surpassed the level of spiritual energy.

And as the master of the Pryncyp of Life, Seboxia possessed an extremely terrifying ability—outright plundering the very essence of someone else's life.

Previously, Seboxia would have Jonathan kill people for him. When the person was about to die, he would completely absorb the person's remaining life force and refine it into his own.

That's because the vita of a dying cultivator was at its weakest, making it easy to seize directly.

However, that didn't mean Seboxia couldn't hurt those who were alive and well.

At that moment, every move he made against Alec was imbued with a streak of peculiar power.

To Alec, the punches and kicks that had slipped past the temporal barrier seemed incredibly fierce. When they landed on his body, however, it felt as though they were a gentle breeze brushing against him, which caused no pain or injury whatsoever.

However, with each punch he threw, Alec began to feel his body growing increasingly weary.

Even the flow of his Temporal Pryncyp began to experience stagnation.

“Get away from me!”

With a roar of fury, Alec pulled out a dark branch from his storage ring.

With a casual swing of his hand, he surprisingly conjured a thunderbolt as thick as a bucket.

Crack!

Spiritual matter was supremely negative.

Objects that were supremely positive, such as thunder and fire, had the ability to counter them.

The moment the lightning struck, Seboxia let out a cry of pain and got blasted away by the thunderbolt.

“Sage!”

With a cry of surprise, Damoyed didn't hesitate at all and rushed directly to Seboxia's side.

Boom!

Damoyed's body moved through the life force in the air, creating a spirit shield as he charged directly toward the opposing thunderbolt.

Seboxia's spiritual energy form coalesced once again. A hint of peculiarity flashed in his eyes as he gazed at Jonathan.

"Why did you save me?" Seboxia asked Jonathan calmly.

At that moment, Jonathan was holding the massive coffin and positioning it in front of Seboxia.

Behind the coffin was a dazzling sea of thunder and lightning.

Damoyed had fearlessly charged forward with the intention to help Seboxia block that thunderbolt.

Jonathan understood that the trump card Alec had pulled out was definitely not something that Damoyed could withstand, even with the protection of his spirit shield.

If they were outside, those in the Divine Realm could summon the Pryncyp of Strength to completely shield themselves.

Since they were in this small world, Seboxia would still get killed even if Damoyed helped shield him.

The only thing that could save Seboxia was the ancient coffin that could shield the Heavenly Pryncyp.

Hiding inside the coffin, Jonathan glared coldly at Seboxia.

"I don't know what your scheme is, but you've saved my life several times, so you are my savior. Although you were secretly trying to trip me up during my subsequent breakthroughs and prevented me from reaching enlightenment, I wouldn't have had so many insights if it weren't for you. We are bound by fate. If you die, I too will meet my end at the hands of Alec. Therefore, saving you is no different from saving myself."

As he spoke, Jonathan forcefully brushed against his left arm by swinging his right hand at Seboxia.

Within his body, the remaining life force surged from the palm of his hand and rushed toward Seboxia.

The life force around them kept converging into Seboxia's body, including the small amount of energy that Jonathan had let out.

The cold glint in Seboxia's eyes gradually faded away as he felt Jonathan's life force merging into his.

Within the massive coffin lay the true form of Seboxia, with a tail that resembled a fossil.

The spiritual energy form slowly raised his hands.

"Cause and effect, huh?"

The transformed figure stared at its true form, murmuring to itself, "I've realized it!"

A faint smile appeared at the corner of his mouth as his gaze filled with a sense of tranquility and peace.

"My true self, years ago you cast me out in order to break through the Cavoid Realm, devoting yourself to understanding the laws of the Great Pryncyp. However, you've overlooked one thing. Without desire, without anger... Are you still the same person? The great path of Great Pryncyp has its pros and cons. You sought momentary advancement, but forgot the essence of the path. In the end, you've taken the wrong way."

As he spoke, Seboxia bowed slightly at Jonathan.

"Mr. Goldstein, your words have aided me in my enlightenment. I am deeply grateful."

As Seboxia bowed, the white robe that had manifested on his body gradually dissipated.

And that pure, bald head seemed to tear like a painted skin, slowly revealing a figure that resembled the true form of Seboxia, looking much like a monkey.

The Legendary Man Chapter 1372

Chapter 1372 Sneak Attack

"You cut me off back then. Since then, I've stopped appearing as you. Now I understand that from that day on, I became an individual completely different from you. It was I who narrowed my own path."

As the ocean of thunder gradually faded away, Seboxia transformed into the true form within the Coffin.

With a gentle flick of the hand, an inexplicable ripple surged into the true form of Seboxia.

“Years ago, you cut me loose with the Pryncyp Blade, allowing me to become who I am today. Today, I repay you and spare your life. We’re even now!”

Seboxia, in his transformed state, spoke calmly to his true form. Then with a swift leap, he was already standing atop the coffin.

Within the sea of thunder ahead, Damoyed had now turned into a piece of charred wood.

Under the Lightning Tribulation, Damoyed, a cultivator at the stage of the Divine Realm, had completely lost his aura.

Seboxia slowly walked up to Damoyed, his gaze steady and unflinching as he looked at the latter’s lifeless body.

“You have obeyed my commands and helped me scheme for decades. In return, I have imparted all my skills and techniques to you. Our debts can be considered settled as master and disciple, right?”

Seboxia passed by Damoyed with life force stirring beneath his feet.

In the pitch-black underground, a hint of green appeared, and soon after, it seemed as if the entire land had come to life.

Plants sprouted from the ground, and just two steps later, the area had transformed into a dense forest.

The charred corpse on the ground, too, gradually revived amidst the majestic life force. Carried by the life force, it arrived in front of Jonathan.

The moment Damoyed opened his eyes, Jonathan kicked him straight into the ancient coffin and swiftly bound him with a formation.

Previously, the ancient coffin was temporarily seized from Jonathan’s control by the true form of Seboxia.

But now, since the true form of Seboxia had perished, Jonathan had once again gained control of the ancient coffin.

“Allow me to guide your spirit to the afterlife.”

Seboxia stood in the midst of the forest, extending a long tongue to lick his sharp teeth.

At this moment, Seboxia had completely abandoned his human form and returned to his most primal self.

Now, his only remaining life force did not linger outside the body. Instead, he used it to form his muscles and skeleton through transfiguration.

Endless spiritual energy surged toward Seboxia's transfigured body and flowed into his veins, which were formed by his life force.

"You..."

Alec furrowed his brow as he looked at Seboxia's transformation, his expression growing increasingly serious.

"Are you creating life?" Alec said somewhat incredulously.

At this moment, Seboxia completely abandoned his external form and began to replicate a true form using life force.

That was the pattern he was most familiar with. Even though an ancient beast like him had been doing the same thing for so long, he was still the most adapted to his own natural body among all the cultivation methods he had learned.

At this moment, Seboxia was creating with his life force and constantly evolving his true self.

Boom!

As a sound akin to a drumbeat resonated, Jonathan's eyes widened in surprise.

At this moment, Seboxia's transfiguration had fully solidified. The muffled sound was actually the beating of the heart that Seboxia had evolved.

Yet at this moment, what burst forth from Seboxia's heartbeat was not blood, but an overwhelming life force!

"Impossible..."

Holding a charred wood stick, Alec yelled loudly at Seboxia.

Seboxia looked at Alec coldly, his eyes full of unmistakable greed. "Since you are the founder of Sanctuary, you must surely know the location of the Remdik Emperor's heart, right? Tell me, and I will grant you a quick death."

The emperor's heart was something that Seboxia had always been longing for.

Among the many conditions that Seboxia and Jonathan had previously agreed upon, there was one that involved stealing the emperor's heart from Mount Enly.

Now that Alec, the founder of Sanctuary, was right in front of Seboxia, it saved him a lot of trouble.

Although Alec had the intention to retreat, he simply couldn't bear to leave when facing the transformed Seboxia, Jonathan, and Joshua.

The grand purge outside had already begun. Whether the alliance between Sanctuary and the Collins family could succeed this time was hinged on the legacy within this small world.

After Michael's death, Seboxia had resorted to his last resort. If Alec were to retreat at this moment, he might truly lose his final chance.

Streaks of thunder continuously gathered upon the trunk that Seboxia was gripping tightly.

"Seboxia, the emperor's heart is in my hands. Come and take it if you dare!"

Crack!

Thunder roared.

Centered around Alec, a dazzling white light began to shimmer within a hundred-meter radius.

At this moment, Seboxia transformed while grinning widely. With a leap, he landed on all fours and charged into the electric plasma like a wild beast.

With his sharp claws, Seboxia seemed as if he could tear apart everything in the world.

The moment he plunged into the electric plasma, Seboxia forcefully tore apart the thunder in front of him with both hands and flung it aside like a piece of cloth.

“Take cover!”

Alec drove the charred piece of wood into the ground with his hand and forcefully stepped on it, embedding it deep into the earth.

The earth cracked open with the charred piece of wood as the center.

The electric plasma flowed through the cracks in the ground. In the blink of an eye, it formed a large formation spanning tens of meters.

“Die!”

With a loud yell, Alec formed a seal with both hands and activated the Thunder Formation to firmly bind Seboxia in his transfigured state.

“Ancient beasts? You’re nothing more than a beast. Even if you’re blessed by the heavens, you can never become human!”

With a cold laugh, Alec moved his hands in a complex hand seal gesture, causing the Thunder Formation to contract. All of a sudden, the sound of Jonathan’s voice came through from behind him.

“Idiot!”

Before Alec could react to the curse, a massive chessboard carried by a gust of wind slammed into his back.

Bang!

It was a sudden and unexpected sneak attack. Even a powerful deity like Alec couldn’t react in time.

Alec wanted to dodge, but he was too late. All he could do was shield his head. Like a kicked ball, Alec was sent flying forward.

“Jonathan, you’re asking for death!!”

In mid-air, Alec turned his head and shouted loudly.

But in the next moment, a hand gently patted the back of his head.

Alec's eyes widened as he looked at Jonathan. The sound of Seboxia's eerie laughter faintly echoed in his ear.

"Divine space!"

Amidst numerous restraining barriers, Seboxia transfigured himself to set a trap.

Alec was completely dragged into hell by this slap.

Jonathan picked up the bronze handbell above his head. With a firm grip, he pressed it onto the charred wood that was nailed to the ground.

The spirit shield of the bronze handbell could block all energy except for the Great Pryncyp.

The moment the handbell was lowered, the surrounding electric plasma vanished instantly.

And so, the forms of Seboxia and Alec emerged within the electric plasma...

The Legendary Man Chapter 1373

Chapter 1373 Spirit Animal Sphere

Damoyed, trapped in the coffin in the distance, was wholly floored by the scene unfolding before him.

When Seboxia made a move earlier, Jonathan vanished from beside the man by using Earthly Escape.

He had assumed that Jonathan was planning to flee, but unexpectedly, the key to the battle turned out to be the latter's sneak attack.

Besides, it was as though Seboxia had conspired with Jonathan in spiritual energy form, from building momentum to making his move, reaching out to slap Alec on the head after being restrained.

All of that flowed as smoothly as though it had been rehearsed a thousand times.

Unbeknownst to Damoyed, Seboxia and Jonathan had once left a trace of their spiritual sense in each other's minds, allowing them to communicate on the spiritual level.

And just like that, in the blink of an eye, they had reached a consensus to work together earlier.

Jonathan watched Seboxia and Alec in the distance. Due to their continuous battles, Seboxia's spiritual energy form was severely damaged by then.

Judging by his spiritual energy form, he could not repair himself either.

His spiritual energy form was composed of spiritual energy. With the small world's rich spiritual energy, a mere thought was all it would take to repair his damaged body, considering the intensity of his spiritual sense.

Right then, however, there were many damaged parts on Seboxia's spiritual energy form.

Even though life force continued to linger, it was still incapable of making any repairs.

Seboxia's blow was incredibly light, yet it sent Alec's body spiraling through the air and crashing heavily onto the ground.

Jonathan picked up the bronze bell, grabbed the black piece of wood, and ran toward Seboxia.

Although he couldn't exactly identify the object, he surmised that it must be a magical item in the ranks of wood struck by lightning.

But it bore the imprint of Alec's spiritual sense, so Jonathan could not put it into his storage ring.

"How is it, Seboxia?"

Jonathan approached Seboxia and voiced that question nervously.

Seboxia stared at Jonathan. After a long while, he slowly shook his head.

"I created various illusionary realms in divine space. However, he possesses Temporal Pryncyp, so I cannot use the time in the illusionary realms to erode his will."

Jonathan looked at Alec, who had collapsed to the ground. Without a word, he drew Heaven Sword and plunged it at the latter's heart.

Before the sword could find its target, it was firmly held in place by a burst of spiritual energy.

You can't kill him!" Seboxia shouted at the top of his lungs.

The constraint of spiritual energy on Jonathan dissipated, and he turned to Seboxia in bafflement.

"His consciousness isn't lost in Divine space. If we don't take him out now, we'll be in hot water when he regains consciousness."

"He won't be able to do so," Seboxia said placidly.

He elaborated, "You forgot that I mastered the Pryncyp of Life. When my true form cut me out, it was also split in two. He took away the condensation of the life force, but I inherited the part that absorbs others' life force. I didn't only use that slap just now to drag Alec into the divine space, but I also absorbed his life force. His remaining sliver of life force could only keep him from dying. Although his spiritual sense remains active now, his vitality has diminished so much that he can no longer react. He is now just a beast trapped in a cage, with no possibility of standing up again."

While saying that, Seboxia reached out and gently brushed a hand over the piece of wood in Jonathan's hand.

Jonathan enveloped it with his spiritual sense, no longer facing any obstacles.

Leaving a trace of his spiritual sense, Jonathan casually tossed the charred piece of wood into his storage ring.

At the same time, Seboxia also waved a hand and took the storage ring from Alec's hand.

"Damoyed is the last disciple of Seboxiasm, so you cannot kill him," Seboxia murmured, personally handing the ring to Jonathan.

The coffin was specifically crafted by Seboxia himself to imprison his spiritual energy form, the formations within unknown to even his spiritual energy form.

At that moment, Damoyed was bound by the coffin. The only way to save him was through Jonathan's agreement.

Jonathan looked at the coffin in the distance. He activated a spell, and the earth shifted and transported the coffin to him.

“Damoyed, it’s true that I’ve caused trouble to Seboxiasm, but that’s all in the past. As long as you promise not to pick fault with me, I’ll agree to Seboxia’s request to let you off the hook.”

Damoyed was a cultivator, so there was no way he would succumb to the man’s threats.

However, Seboxia was right in front of him then. Although he could sense that the aura of the figure before him was different from that of the Sage he worshipped, he couldn’t put his finger on it.

Shooting Jonathan a look of extreme resentment, Damoyed took a deep breath and turned his gaze to Seboxia.

“Whatever you say, Sage.”

Seboxia gave a slight nod.

“You’ve done well. Let bygones be bygones.”

Upon hearing these words, Damoyed could only slowly lower his head in the end despite the towering reluctance within him.

“Understood, Sage!”

Subsequently, Jonathan examined the storage ring in his hand. He saw a pile of blue Holy Blood stacked up like a hill.

In a corner of the storage ring were also hundreds of spirit stones.

At the blue glow on it, it didn’t take much thought to gather that whatever was sealed inside must be the item Michael and Alec consumed previously.

That aside, there were various cultivator’s treasures, too numerous and diverse to count.

Even the ring itself was a treasure. His gain this time could be aptly described as a windfall.

However, at that moment, his attention was not at all on those things.

There was only one thing he was searching for—emperor’s heart.

“It isn’t here,” Jonathan said lightly, shifting his gaze to Seboxia.

Upon hearing that, Seboxia startled slightly. With a swift motion, he summoned the storage ring back to his hand.

“How could this be? Given Alec’s character, he would undoubtedly carry the emperor’s heart with him all the time.”

“Heart?” Damoyed ventured with a hint of uncertainty.

Seboxia turned to him. “Why, you’ve seen it before?”

In response, Damoyed shook his head slightly.

“I’ve never seen it, but when I was on the brink of death, I heard a man proclaiming himself as an emperor. I thought I was hallucinating previously, but when I heard that from you just now, it came back to me.”

Hearing that, Jonathan utilized a technique and released the man from the coffin.

“Where did you hear it when you were on the brink of death?”

Damoyed slowly pointed at Alec.

“In his spirit animal sphere.”

Following that, a hint of solemnity flashed in Seboxia’s eyes.

“Darn it! The spirit animal sphere isn’t like the storage ring where we can forcibly erase the spiritual sense with some tricks. Unless he willingly opens the spirit animal sphere, we won’t be able to enter it.”

At that moment, Jonathan also understood the gravity of the matter.

To put it plainly, the spirit animal sphere was the predecessor of the small world, with the same basic operational Pryncyp as the small world.

Without it, they wouldn’t be able to get in, even if they were to kill Alec.

The Legendary Man Chapter 1374

Chapter 1374 Death Of Seboxia

“Is there a way to forcibly open it?” Jonathan furrowed his brows and spoke to Seboxia.

Upon hearing that, Seboxia slightly shook his head.

“That’s impossible. It’s like this small world; if you want to bypass the chaos portal to enter, I’m afraid you need at least the strength of a deity. Whether it’s a small world or a spirit animal sphere, they are actually just a box. The operating Rules within are the key. If you don’t have the key but insist on taking something out, it’s simply not possible. That means we must dismantle the entire box, and it has to be done without causing any damage. Otherwise, if we disrupt the Rules within, the box will be destroyed immediately, and there will be no chance to retrieve anything inside.” As Seboxia spoke, the spiritual energy forming his body kept fading as if he would dissipate at any moment.

“Seboxia...” Jonathan voiced his concerns with a hint of worry.

At that moment, Seboxia was quite indifferent. He gently clasped his hands together and gave a slight bow to Jonathan.

“Since the death of my true form, I have survived for over sixteen hundred years by the grace of this wooden coffin. I’ve been defying fate and going against the celestial enigma. Today, hearing your discourse on karma, I can finally let go of my obsessions. I will impart to you a mental spell. Consider it as my way of repaying you.” Seboxia spoke, slowly raising his right hand, then pointed a finger at the core of his heart.

Subsequently, lines of mental spells were continuously imprinted into Jonathan’s mind.

That was actually the plundering cultivation method comprehended by Seboxia’s spiritual energy form!

Although that cultivation method was based on life force, it was, after all, something comprehended by a great Divine Realm cultivator. Even without the impetus of life force, with just a slight modification, it could also become a tool for plundering spiritual energy and vitality.

However, that cultivation method was infinitely more exquisite than the one confiscated from the evil cultivator in Summerbank.

“Thank you for imparting your knowledge, Sir Seboxia,” Jonathan respectfully thanked Seboxia with a deep bow.

“You’re welcome,” Seboxia said to Jonathan in a calm tone.

“After my true form sealed me away, he must have left you with some instructions. Even though I’m not sure what he really said, you can trust him. After all, when he cast me out, he only left behind his most honest and upright side. This is where my journey ends. What lies ahead is up to your own fate.” With the final words spoken, Seboxia’s figure gradually dissipated. The spiritual energy that had been gathered also lost its restraint, slowly dispersing between heaven and earth.

Seboxia had died!

The legendary cultivator, who had escaped the ravages of time and Heavenly Pryncyp, met his end in the small world just like that.

Most people would expect a legend’s end to be earth-shattering.

In reality, in the world of cultivator, everyone was playing the dual roles of both the hunter and the prey.

While one climbed to the top by stepping on others, they should also remember that one day, they, too, would become the stepping stone for someone else to rise to fame.

Even if one possessed extraordinary talent and unparalleled luck, those great prodigies of cultivation could only awe the world for a moment. After all, no one could truly escape death.

Damoyed sat on the ground, chanting to send Seboxia on the latter’s final journey.

Jonathan threw Alec into the coffin and sealed it, waiting patiently on the spot for more than half an hour before Damoyed finally finished reciting the scriptures.

Looking at Jonathan, Damoyed's eyes were filled with a deathly stillness.

Seboxiasm had been destroyed. Even though all Alec and his men demolished was only the core temple of Seboxiasm, that represented the very essence of the Seboxiasm doctrine.

Although there were branches of Seboxiasm everywhere in West Region and even all over the world, the sects in West Region were complex and diverse.

The other sects would not give up such a golden opportunity. They would inevitably divide and conquer Seboxiasm completely.

"I promised Sage not to kill you. You may leave now." Damoyed spoke lightly to Jonathan.

Jonathan patted the wooden coffin, hoisting it onto his back, and fell into a long silence. "Actually, the flame of your Seboxiasm is not completely extinguished."

Upon hearing that, Damoyed revealed a bitter smile. "Are you referring to those believers spread all over the world? Yes. It's impossible for other sects to hunt down the followers of Seboxiasm all over the world. For a sect, the extinction of the Divine Realm cultivator is tantamount to annihilation. As fellow cultivators, we should understand that those mortal believers are merely derivative communities. Beyond embellishing the prosperity of the entire sect, they have no other practical use."

Upon hearing that, Jonathan let out a hearty laugh. "Seboxia once told me that he clings to me only for the Pryncyp of Slaughter that I have comprehended. You regard him as a god, but when you get down to it, he's nothing more than an ancient spirit. The establishment of his sect was merely to adapt to the circumstances of an era over a thousand years ago, providing favorable conditions for his own cultivation. Seboxiasm's doctrine is merely a force to be reckoned with, not some hodgepodge of beliefs. Perhaps you have it, but this is definitely not what Seboxia needed."

As Jonathan spoke, he turned and began walking forward. "If you're looking to revive the faith in Seboxiasm, I'm afraid I can't be of any help. What you need

is a genius in brainwashing. However, if you're simply seeking to reclaim the power of Seboxiasm, I can responsibly tell you that Seboxia has left the seeds of his teachings in this small world. Approximately twenty thousand God Realm cultivators are currently hidden within the vast wilderness. If you wish to seek them, follow me."

Damoyed was captured by Alec in West Region and was subsequently thrown into the spirit animal sphere and transported into a miniature world.

Damoyed had absolutely no understanding of the small world, let alone the formidable talents of the cultivators within it.

However, upon witnessing the relationship between Jonathan and Seboxia, Damoyed only hesitated briefly before choosing to believe.

With a hint of hesitation and a touch of excitement, Damoyed spoke. "Jonathan, are you sure it's twenty thousand God Realm cultivators, not two?"

"Is twenty thousand a large number?" Jonathan said lightly. "Before I met you all, I was in the North Outer City with a few others. We were being hunted down by tens of thousands of God Realm cultivators. I only managed to escape after seizing the governor's seal."

Seboxia looked at the seal in Jonathan's hand with a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes. "Since I've chosen to trust you, you should be honest with me. Speaking in riddles like this does nothing to help our trust in each other." Jonathan threw out a map, pointing to the location of Mountain Village. "I never lie. People from this village regard Sir Seboxia as their benefactor. As long as you find these villagers, your Seboxiasm can make a comeback." Seboxia looked at the map and fiddled with it back and forth a few times, but couldn't find a single point of reference at all. "Are you sure this map isn't just doodled?"

"No!" Jonathan said lightly, standing by the Colstrax river.

Damoyed looked ahead at the river, whose opposite bank was out of sight, a look of difficulty crossing his face. "Where should we go now?"

Jonathan felt the powerful auras in the water and slightly furrowed his brows. "We need to find a way to cross the river!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 1375

Chapter 1375 You Cannot Escape

In South Outer City of the small world, Neil sat in the stands, controlling the formation within the arena.

Behind him, a massive Three-Headed Tiger, tens of meters long, was sprawled out on the ground, deep in sleep.

On top of the throne behind the tiger seated a God Realm cultivator who resembled a mountain of flesh.

“Neil, quickly bring up the image of that foreign female cultivator. I want her alive!”

The cultivator, who resembled a mountain of flesh, took a piece of fruit from the hands of two plump maidens and stuffed it into his mouth, all while shouting loudly at Neil below.

Neil’s fingers formed a hand seal quickly, conjuring an image above their heads with an arcane array. He then zoomed in on one of the scenes.

The female cultivator from a foreign land was in it. Unlike the women of Aploth who strived for a slender figure, female cultivators of Adrune strived for a robust physique.

This female cultivator was just like that. Standing at around one point eight meters tall, her physique was considerably more robust compared to other female cultivators.

However, her powerful figure exuded a unique beauty due to her consistent and long-term training.

Unlike the time when Jonathan and others were fighting in the arena, the arena was now packed with people as far as the eye could see.

Everyone from South Outer City flocked to the arena to catch a glimpse of the beauty’s face.

In this small world where a strong physique was considered beautiful, the Adrunian female cultivator didn’t realize that she had become the focal point of the crowd.

“Those people are attacking my beloved!”

The man, who resembled a mountain of flesh, looked at the screen and bellowed in anger, “Neil, use a formation to bind those lowly people for me. I want them to be slain by the beauty!”

Neil stopped forming his hand seal and, after a brief hesitation, turned to look at the cultivator behind him.

“Your Majesty, right now, tens of thousands of people are watching the contest in the arena. If I were to intervene by force, it would surely draw the dissatisfaction of others. Besides, that woman doesn’t look like she’s losing to me—”

Before Neil could finish his sentence, a streak of yellow light had already struck the top of his head.

It was a fruit similar to a mango. When it hit Neil’s head, it instantly burst open like a broken egg yolk, drenching Neil’s head.

Moreover, it wasn’t just that. The sharp pit of the fruit had cut through Neil’s scalp. Accompanied by a stinging pain, red blood continuously flowed down Neil’s cheeks, dripping onto the formation beneath his feet.

“You b*stard! How dare you question my decision?”

The cultivator, who was as massive as a mountain of flesh, growled at Neil in a cold voice.

“If my memory serves me right, you secretly took a few foreign cultivators with you after I left, didn’t you?”

Neil bowed his head, watching the fresh blood dripping from his nose and splattering on the ground.

Within his gaze, a murderous intent kept surfacing, yet it was forcefully suppressed by Neil.

“Your Majesty, the individuals I escorted away a few days ago have all met the requirements to pass. They have already obtained the seals from the square platform on Ascension Peak—”

Crack!

With a crisp sound, the man sitting in the stands suddenly stood up.

Holding a broken chair, he swiftly swung it toward Neil.

Bang!

Neil didn't dare to dodge and was sent flying by the impact of the chair.

Amidst the sound, Three-Headed Tiger who was sleeping beneath the corpulent man slowly opened its eyes.

Roar!

The demon tiger bared its fangs at Neil, its aura swelling with each passing moment.

"Neil, do you really think that being Grand Commander of Outer City makes you untouchable? You have squandered the merit of your ancestors! Do you really think no one in Yannopolis knows about your little schemes behind the scenes?"

Upon hearing these words, Neil stiffened slightly before rising to his feet and, once again, bowed deeply.

"Your Majesty, I don't understand what you're trying to infer..."

The rotund cultivator let out a cold chuckle upon hearing those words.

"Hmph! Don't try to trick me. If I discover anything, your life won't be enough to pay for it!"

Neil suppressed the fluctuations of his spiritual energy, maintaining an air of humility.

"I wouldn't dare!"

At that moment, the portly cultivator had once again set his gaze upon the transparent image.

"Bring this beauty to me right now!"

Upon hearing this, Neil was about to manipulate the formation in the arena when he noticed a one-eyed burly man rushing up from the side of the stands from the corner of his eye.

The one-eyed burly man, upon spotting the corpulent cultivator across from Neil, immediately halted.

However, the unusual behavior caught the attention of the portly cultivator.

"Neil, who is that?"

Neil glanced and respectfully said.

"Your Majesty, that is a patrol officer of South Outer City. His presence here likely indicates he has something to report."

The rotund cultivator snorted coldly upon hearing this.

"Let him step forward and speak."

Upon hearing this, Neil gestured lightly, beckoning the one-eyed burly man to come forward.

"What brings you here?"

The one-eyed man glanced somewhat evasively at the corpulent cultivator.

"Grand Commander, news has arrived from North Outer City. Its governor,

Roy, and deputy, Celestus, have both been killed.

North Outer City has been attacked by foreign cultivators, the governor's seal has been lost, and the entire city is in ruins. At this moment, the city has completely descended into chaos. The governor's residence hopes that you can lead the envoys from the South Outer City to quell the unrest and assist North Outer City in capturing the foreign fugitives!"

Once the portly cultivator heard that statement, a sharp glint suddenly flashed across his eyes.

"How dare these foreign cultivators cause chaos in Outer City? Where are the images of the fugitives? I'm curious to see how monstrous these guys are supposed to be."

The words of the rotund cultivator brought an awkward look upon the face of the one-eyed burly man.

With the image-projecting spirit stone in his hand, the one-eyed man turned his gaze toward Neil.

"What are you looking at him for!"

With a cold huff, the plump cultivator reached out and lightly pointed forward. Instantly, the stone slipped out of the one-eyed man's hand, drawn away by spiritual energy into the cultivator's grasp.

Suddenly, Neil bowed and said, "Your Majesty, these matters pertain to the regions beyond Yannopolis. How about letting me deal with them?"

However, the corpulent cultivator was already channeling spiritual energy into the image-projecting spirit stone.

"I'm curious to see what you're all being so evasive about and what's really going on."

As the words were spoken, several figures slowly emerged on the surface of the stone—Jonathan, Kathleen, Joshua, Hayden, Sirius, Marilyn...

Almost all the figures who appeared were the ones who had previously walked out of South Outer City's arena.

The portly cultivator looked at Neil with a cold gaze.

“Neil! What on earth is going on?”

At that moment, Neil was gently wiping the fresh blood off his face with a silk handkerchief.

“Melvin, oh Melvin, as a member of the four great vassal families, why can't you just stay put in Yannopolis just like everyone else? Now that you've disrupted my plans, how could I possibly let you go?”