

The Legendary Man Chapter 1376

Chapter 1376 Is This Possible

Melvin looked at Neil before him with a cold gaze, his eyes still filled with endless contempt.

At that moment, he had yet to perceive the true danger.

“So, you’re admitting that you sent these people to the North Outer City? Why are you stirring up trouble in North Outer City? Could it be that you, a hereditary Grand Commander, are plotting to seize control of North Outer City?”

Upon hearing that, Neil guffawed. “Have you folks from the four vassal families all turned into fools after two thousand years of comfortable living? Why do I want to seize North Outer City? What I want is the position of the governor of Yannopolis! Yannopolis was never meant to be ruled by you four vassal families! You surely haven’t forgotten how you initially annihilated the White family and seized control of Yannopolis, have you?”

At that point, even the ever-arrogant Melvin understood that something was amiss.

Watching the one-eyed man beside him, Melvin leaped and landed on the back of the Three-Headed Tiger behind him.

“Excellent! How dare you plot a rebellion? I think you’re really tired of living. Once I return to Yannopolis, I’ll make sure to gather all the troops. We will cleanse the entire South Outer City with their blood.” As Melvin spoke, he effortlessly crushed the jade pendant at his waist.

The jade pendant contained a temporary portal formation. As long as it was crushed, no matter where Melvin was in the small world, he would be instantly teleported back to a fixed location in Yannopolis.

But the moment that formation took shape, Neil, standing at the side, casually waved his hand.

Before Melvin, the formation that was about to take shape shattered into streams of light with a casual wave from Neil.

Melvin stared somewhat dazedly at the jade pendant crushed in his hand.

At that moment, he finally understood what he was about to face.

“I can’t believe you’re using portal formation in front of me. Have you forgotten that my ancestors were the chief monks of Yannopolis and South Outer City and North Outer City’s formations?”

A blood-stained silk handkerchief fell to the ground, and Neil opened a jade bottle the size of a finger, pouring the green liquid inside into his mouth.

The wound on his head was rapidly healing under the influence of the medicinal liquid, which was rich in life force.

“Melvin, I’ve been addressing you as ‘Your Majesty’ for over a decade now, haven’t I? You’re not seriously considering yourself as the future king of Yannopolis, are you? I can assure you responsibly that you’re not going anywhere today! None from the Fisher, Laatsch, Foster, and Yoder families can escape.” Neil turned around and gently waved toward the arena.

“Kill this good-for-nothing and seize the seal!” As Neil spoke, the one-eyed man charged directly at the Three-Headed Tiger.

Upon seeing that, Melvin let out a loud roar, commanding the fierce Three-Headed Tiger under him to attack.

However, before he could react, the two plump maidservants behind him had already thrust their long swords into Melvin’s ribs on both sides.

Two long swords stirred within Melvin’s body, instantly shattering his circulatory system and elixir field.

Before even having the chance to leave any last word, he died.

As for the Three-Headed Tiger, although it wanted to resist at that moment, under the punches of the one-eyed man, it couldn’t even last ten moves before one of its heads was smashed to pieces. The remaining two heads lay on the ground, wailing in despair.

“This beast appears quite majestic, but who would have thought it’s actually this gentle.” The one-eyed burly man, carrying Melvin’s corpse, arrived next to Neil, casually tossing it onto the ground.

Neil reached out gently, taking off the storage ring from Melvin’s finger.

He scanned the ring with his spiritual sense, summoning a gold medal engraved with a formation from within. He held it in his hand and examined it carefully.

“That three-headed demon tiger was raised by someone like Melvin. Even though it has some power, it’s merely relying on human influence. For over two thousand years, there has never been a war within Yannopolis. Even if the whole city is filled with God Realm cultivators, what difference would it make? The individuals we’ve chosen are all seasoned cultivators who have survived the arena. The four vassal families have reigned over Yannopolis for long enough.” Neil tossed the gold medal in his hand to the one-eyed, burly man.

“Since this matter has been set in motion, there’s no turning back. Melvin is dead. The Fisher family will surely be notified immediately. Notify our men in North Outer City to proceed as planned. Release the demon beast and the cultivators from the prison. Stir as much chaos in North Outer City as possible. Our family has been planning this for nearly a thousand years, and now, the time has come!”

At that moment, Jonathan and Damoyed were proceeding along the bank of Colstrax.

It wasn’t that the two had given up on crossing the river, but rather, Colstrax was simply too vast. Standing on the shore, they couldn’t even see where the other side was. It looked just like a sea.

Jonathan had also attempted to tunnel under the riverbed, but even after burrowing over two hundred meters down with Damoyed, they still hadn’t reached the bottom of Colstrax.

Under immense pressure, Jonathan had no choice but to abandon his plan to dive deeper.

He surmised that Colstrax could very well be directly linked to a subsurface stream.

If that were the case, unless Jonathan had enough strength to directly burrow into the spatial boundary of the small world, he would certainly be the first one to die.

Gazing at the winding banks of Colstrax disappearing between the mountains, Jonathan sat listlessly on the coffin, lost in thought. “What was the big shot

who created this small world thinking, creating a river that cuts the world in half? Isn't that just making things difficult for themselves?"

After all, Damoyed was a great cultivator who had attained enlightenment. At that moment, he was extremely calm. "Mr. Goldstein, please remain calm. We will definitely find a way to reach the other shore."

"Keep calm, my foot!" Jonathan looked at Damoyed irritably. "Isn't Seboxiasm's teaching all about 'there's always a way out in the direst of straits?' What's the point of spouting all this feel-good nonsense now? If your theory really works, why don't you go to the river and convince a demon beast to abandon evil and embrace good and have it ferry us across the river?"

Upon hearing that, Damoyed respectfully bowed deeply. "Mr. Goldstein, you must be joking. Seboxiasm's philosophy is merely to guide people toward goodness. It does not enable us to communicate with demon beasts."

Watching Damoyed explain things so earnestly, Jonathan felt a sense of helplessness filling his heart.

For the first time, Jonathan felt that it might be better if he was alone.

Lying on the coffin, Jonathan was contemplating a way to cross the river. Above his head, a black triangle was tearing through the sky. Is that a kite?

Jonathan leaped up and picked up the telescope to look overhead.

Upon recognizing the black triangle, Jonathan's mouth fell open in surprise. "Is that even possible?" That's not a kite at all. It's clearly a triangular paraglider.

Beneath that paraglider, the figure that Jonathan saw was even more familiar. Astonishingly, it was the same cultivator who had almost come to blows with him before entering the small world. Caleb!

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Chapter 1377 The End Of Respectable Families

At that moment, Caleb, who was in mid-air, also noticed Jonathan on the ground.

However, the paraglider couldn't go up or down vertically. Thus, Caleb could only wave at Jonathan from a distance, throw down a dark object, and dove into the distant mountains.

With a swift leap, Damoyed summoned a long magical rope, seizing the object falling through mid-air, and yanked it into his hand.

After tossing the walkie-talkie to Jonathan, Damoyed said indifferently, "It's a walkie-talkie."

Jonathan studied the walkie-talkie and noticed it was military-grade.

The second it was switched on, a burst of static noise came from the walkie-talkie.

"Hey, you're Jonathan, right?"

Jonathan looked in the direction where the paraglider had just landed, but he had no idea what Caleb was really up to.

"I am."

Jonathan pressed the talk button and spoke in a calm tone.

"I am Caleb, please hold your position."

His reply was just a simple sentence before the indicator light on the walkie-talkie went out.

Damoyed looked at Jonathan.

"What is the newcomer's cultivation level?"

"He's from the Gray family, a middle phase God Realm cultivator," Jonathan answered indifferently.

The small world may seem vast, but its core area was very limited.

Everyone's location seemed quite scattered at first when the small world's formation randomly teleported them.

However, as time passed, every foreign cultivator was gathering information about the small world.

Anyone who wasn't a fool would inevitably continue to gather in the central core area.

It was also why Jonathan was able to constantly meet up with the rest.

Jonathan was quite surprised to encounter familiar faces like Kathleen throughout his journey.

Running into respectable families' cultivators was something Jonathan had anticipated long ago.

However, he had never imagined that his meeting with Caleb would happen in such a bizarre way.

Carrying the ancient coffin on their backs, Jonathan and Damoyed swiftly dashed towards the ridge ahead.

Even though Caleb was alone, he posed no threat to them.

However, it was best to tread carefully in the small world. No one could guarantee that Caleb came alone. It would be beneficial for them to climb to a high spot and scan the area to discover if there was an ambush in advance.

Standing atop the ridge, Jonathan glanced around, then fixed his gaze on the figure at the foot of the mountain.

Carrying a black backpack and dressed in sportswear, it was indeed Caleb.

Despite the several hundred meters of distance and even with the rugged mountain terrain, it was nothing more than a few leaps for a God Realm cultivator.

Landing steadily in front of Jonathan and his companion, Caleb looked at Damoyed with confusion.

Caleb gently pressed a button on his wristwatch, and a tiny hole subtly opened in the center of the glasses perched on his nose bridge.

"Damoyed?" Caleb muttered to himself.

"How did you end up with the West Region's sect? If my intel is correct, you nearly destroyed the Bazar Temple. You two should be mortal enemies."

Seeing Caleb's puzzled expression, Jonathan couldn't help but slightly furrow his brows.

I have absolutely no connection to the Gray family. In fact, the first time I met Caleb, he wanted to kill me. Now he's acting all familiar and chatty, just like an

old friend. What on earth is going on in this guy's head?

Jonathan didn't respond to Caleb's question. Instead, he tossed the walkie-talkie back to Caleb.

"I don't need to explain anything to you. Is there a reason why you're asking me to wait?"

Jonathan's tone was cold, even tinged with a hint of impatience.

It was the tug of war strategy between both sides.

Jonathan wanted to return to the southern region, but neither by water nor by land was there any way to pass through.

The only choice left was through the air.

In the small world, air travel was the most nonsensical of all.

However, Caleb's glider had turned air travel into a possibility.

Whoever revealed their needs first would find themselves in a disadvantageous position. That was the case with Jonathan's and Caleb's tug-of-war.

Caleb was still young, around twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Carrying his backpack with glasses on his nose, anyone who saw him would think he was a harmless university student.

Previously, Jonathan also thought the young man was just out to see the world with the elders of the Gray family.

However, the incident that happened beyond the chaos portal in the small world made it clear to Jonathan that the young man was nothing more than a narrow-minded person, an extremely sinister character.

When dealing with such individuals, one must always stay alert. A slight misstep could potentially put one's life at risk.

Caleb casually toyed with the walkie-talkie in his hand before tossing it into his storage ring.

"You have a military walkie-talkie in your storage ring, right? Switch it to the public channel. They're all interconnected. You've stirred a commotion in this small world's North Outer City. I thought, for sure, you were going to die in there, so I didn't expect to see you here."

As he spoke, Caleb turned his head to look at the Colstrax not far away.

"Why? Are you thinking of crossing the river?"

Upon hearing that, Jonathan let out a cold laugh.

"Why do I need to cross the river? I'm merely trying to escape. It's safer by the riverbank."

Caleb frowned slightly at Jonathan's attitude.

"Jonathan, you don't need to harbor such intense hostility towards me. We might have been enemies before, but now we are not."

Jonathan was somewhat puzzled by Caleb's intentions. However, Caleb had no plans to hide anything. He took out a tablet from his bag and tapped the

screen, playing a video for them.

In the video, an Ahrune cultivator dressed in a black suit was covered in tiny ants.

Several older men stood beside the Ahrune cultivator.

“The Gray family, the Mallory family, the Blackwood family, the Salladay family...”

The expression on Jonathan’s face gradually became incredibly solemn upon recognizing those elders.

“Have the four respectable families united?” Jonathan asked with a hint of disbelief.

The eight respectable families of Chanaea were close to splitting into four factions due to Karl’s scheme.

The Henderson, Leeson, and Mallory families formed an alliance, while the Gray, Blackwood, and Welsh families made up the second alliance. The remaining Osborne and Salladay families, each stood on their own due to their formidable strength, commanding respect across Chanaea.

The factional division best reflected the scope of interests of each respectable family.

According to Jonathan’s analysis, the families from different factions would inevitably come to blows if they encountered families from other factions in the small world.

After all, it was a great opportunity to weaken the opponent’s power.

Yet, the respectable families, who seemed impossible to gather together, had surprisingly come together.

Judging by their serious expressions, it seemed as if they were worried about something.

Caleb reached out, fiddling with the video’s progress bar. The Ahrune cultivator, being tormented by the tiny insects, finally couldn’t bear the agony and let out a roar.

“There won’t be any more respectable families in Chanaea ever again! You’re dead!”

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Chapter 1378 The Conditions Of Respectable Families

As the Ahrune cultivator was speaking, tiny bugs kept crawling out of his mouth and nose.

The sight of blood mixed with water was enough to send shivers down one’s spine with just a single glance.

What concerned Jonathan more, however, were the words that the Adrune cultivator would say next.

“The Great Purge has begun, and the entire world will be shrouded in fear. Whether it’s West Epea Alliance, Remdik, or Chanaea, none will be able to escape the purge of the Enlighteners. All you can do is obey...”

Jonathan gently touched the screen, and the image froze in place.

Caleb glanced and chuckled softly.

“What’s the matter? You, an Asura who kills without batting an eye, aren’t finding this scene too cruel, are you?”

Jonathan looked at Caleb with a cold gaze.

“Though I have killed many, I only kill those who deserve it.”

In response to Jonathan’s statement, Caleb made no comment.

“You say they should be killed, so they should be killed, right? After all, those who are dead can’t argue with you. Are we still watching the video?”

Jonathan shook his head slightly.

As Jonathan observed Caleb, who appeared harmless, his thoughts were in a whirl.

“You’re not looking for me. You’re looking for Joshua, aren’t you?”

As Jonathan’s words echoed, Caleb was slightly taken aback.

“You know this too?”

This time, Caleb’s surprise was not feigned.

He never imagined that Jonathan could deduce his thoughts from just a few words in a truncated video.

“Jonathan, how did you manage to do it? Your intelligence is almost devilishly cunning, isn’t it?”

Jonathan chuckled lightly.

“When you old geezers from various families gather together, it’s clear that something is going on. Something that can even threaten your shared

interests. Furthermore, what the Adrune cultivator mentioned about the 'Great Purge' is nothing more than the Enlighteners' plan to cleanse the world of all cultivators in the divine realm. What you should be concerned about now is whether the foundations of the eight respectable families outside are still intact, and you're eager to go out. Moreover, from what you just said, you seem to know that I've stirred up trouble in the North Outer City. You should also be aware that Joshua is with me. All of you want to find the key from Joshua to escape. Is that so hard to guess?"

Listening to Jonathan's series of analyses, Caleb was completely dumbfounded.

Even Damoyed, who was standing nearby, looked at Jonathan with a hint of surprise.

Back when Jonathan forcefully entered the Bazar Temple, he managed to escape from Damoyed's clutches. However, Damoyed did not think too highly of Jonathan.

Even in Damoyed's eyes, Jonathan was nothing more than a greenhorn fresh out of the gate. Relying on his God Realm cultivation, he dared to forcefully break into a place guarded by cultivators of the Divine Realm. Such behavior was tantamount to seeking death.

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Damoyed finally understood why Seboxia held Jonathan in such high regard.

This fellow has some tricks up his sleeve!

Caleb sighed and shook his head.

"Jonathan, it's truly a pity. You have a brilliant mind, yet you stand on the opposing side of respectable families. Why don't you consider joining the Gray family? I have a cousin who is extremely beautiful and proficient in music, chess, calligraphy, and painting. The only pity is that she doesn't have the aptitude for cultivation. But anyway, you don't care about these things, right? Your current wife doesn't have any cultivation talent either, does she?"

Jonathan looked at Caleb with a cold gaze.

"So, just because she doesn't have the aptitude for cultivation, she should be used for marriage alliances by the respectable families? If that's the case, it's truly pitiful to be a child of such a family."

Upon hearing his words, Caleb's face stiffened slightly before he subtly waved his hand.

"Hehe... Never mind, it's all right. This is supposed to be a good thing, yet you've managed to make it sound so mercenary. Since you know my intentions, what are you planning to do?"

"What do you mean?" Jonathan asked with a frown. "Joshua is a living person. If you want to find him, go find him yourself. Why are you asking me?" Upon hearing that, Caleb's gaze fell on the coffin behind Jonathan.

"Jonathan, isn't it meaningless to talk like this? Since we knew about your disruption in the North Outer City, naturally, we are aware of your battle proceedings. The fact that the wooden coffin behind you can carry people is no secret. Besides, we truly bear no ill will toward you and Joshua. At the very least, our goals align now. Both of us are striving to break free from the small world."

As Caleb was speaking, he heard an aged voice talking out loud.

"Jonathan, as for the potential heritage and secret treasures that may exist in the small world, we no longer care about them. Even if we obtain these things, it's all for the sake of strengthening our family. If a major purge really takes place outside, we don't even know if our family will still exist. All these things will become meaningless to us."

Listening to that unfamiliar voice, Jonathan's eyes were filled with questions. Caleb gently slid his fingers over the backpack strap.

With a soft click, something resembling a mechanical arm surprisingly emerged from the backpack on his back.

And then, the tip of the object that resembled a mechanical arm surprisingly began to emit a curtain of light. Just like that, it projected an image of an old man dressed in black next to Caleb.

"Grandpa, didn't you say you'd let me handle these matters on my own?" Zack's voice boomed once again.

"Caleb, this matter now involves the life and death of the eight respectable families. There's no room for delay."

As he spoke, the phantom of Zack spoke up once again.

“Jonathan, we can probably guess that Joshua must be holding the core secrets of the small world. As long as you hand him over, I can assure you on behalf of the eight families that we will let your Asura’s Office reign supreme. As long as we can get through this great purge, our eight families will completely withdraw from the world and sever all control over the mortal world. What do you think?”

As Zack spoke, a few other elders also emerged from the shadows. All of them looked at Jonathan with cold eyes.

Although he had not really interacted with the helmsmen of these various factions, they had at least met before entering the small world, so there was no chance of misrecognition.

At that moment, the four Divine Realm cultivators had gathered together. Even though it was only a distant projection, they still gave off an overwhelming sense of pressure.

Jonathan looked at the projection with a cold gaze and subtly shook his head.

“If my memory serves me right, the nine families agreed on a pact for peaceful development and non-aggression when you joined forces to expand. But what about later? Didn’t you all band together and destroy the Whitley family? What you’re saying now sounds nice, but what if you change your mind once you leave? What can I do then? Bite you?”

As soon as Jonathan’s words left his mouth, Zack was so infuriated that he immediately stood up.

“Jonathan, you choose to do it the hard way! Although our conversation is compelled by circumstances, I must admit that I see great potential in you. You are indeed a promising talent. Do you really think this old man is afraid of you?”

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Chapter 1379 The Conditions of Jonathan

“Are you threatening me?”

Jonathan gave Zack a cold look, then without any hesitation, he turned around and walked away.

Damoyed was slightly taken aback when he saw that. However, he quickly

regained his composure and turned to leave with Jonathan.

With even strides, Jonathan covered the ground effortlessly. In just a few steps, he had leaped a hundred meters and would soon disappear into the valley.

“Jonathan, since the great purge has already begun outside, now is the best time to join forces with the respectable families,” Damoyed advised Jonathan while standing next to him.

Upon hearing the words, Jonathan didn’t hesitate at all. He quickly leaped up and vanished directly from Caleb’s line of sight.

“We can’t go back, and we can’t linger. These are the rules of bargaining in Chanaea.”

“Haggle?” Damoyed repeated somewhat absent-mindedly.

And just at that moment, Caleb flashed by above the two of them.

With a cold expression, Caleb intercepted Jonathan and said indifferently, “Hold on, Mr. Blackwood has something to say to you.”

Perhaps due to the intense jolting, the image of Zack was somewhat blurred. A few seconds later, the screen finally stabilized.

But this time, standing in the middle was the slender and plainly dressed Graeme.

“Jonathan, do you still remember me?”

Graeme spoke in a very amiable manner without any arrogance.

And Jonathan treated Graeme with the utmost respect. Before saying a word, Jonathan was already bowing toward him.

“Greetings, Mr. Blackwood.”

Jonathan’s completely different attitudes toward Zack and Graeme was a direct slap in the face to Zack.

Even Caleb’s gaze toward Jonathan turned unfriendly.

Yet, at this moment, Jonathan seemed completely unconcerned.

Since the other party wanted Joshua, Jonathan was in control of the situation.

Zack thought he could make use of his seniority. If I don’t slap that old face of his, people might really start to think I’m a pushover.

As the head of a respectable family, Jonathan's differential treatment to him naturally made Graeme feel extremely valued.

With a smile on his face, Graeme extended his hand in a gesture of offering.

"We've known each other for a long time, there's no need for formalities."

Jonathan lifted his head and said with a smile, "All right, Mr. Blackwood."

Graeme nodded in satisfaction.

"Jonathan, since you've respected me by calling me Mr. Blackwood, I'll set aside my pride and entrust you with an army. For the sake of our past camaraderie, I speak on behalf of the others to ask you for a chance for us to leave."

As Graeme spoke, he surprisingly bowed down to Jonathan.

Upon witnessing that, Jonathan quickly sidestepped because he didn't dare to accept Graeme's bow even if he was just a projected image.

"Mr. Blackwood, Jonathan will never forget your help with Asura's Office. Please feel free to give me any instructions directly," Jonathan spoke to Graeme with a hint of difficulty.

Glancing at Caleb beside him, Jonathan's frowned.

"Joshua is right here in the Coffin. You can have him if you want, but as I just said, I trust you but not the other noble families. Even though I understand the urgency of the situation, Mr. Blackwood, you must realize that I can't risk my own life as a joke."

Upon hearing this, Graeme gave a slight nod to show his understanding.

"Jonathan, since it's your life at stake now, you should be the one to figure out a way to achieve balance."

Jonathan once again stressed his concerns about safety and expressed his desire for Graeme to provide him with a guarantee.

Surprisingly, Graeme didn't take the bait. Instead, he treated the issue like a football, kicking it right back.

Staring at his own reflection, Jonathan understood that Graeme did not want to go against the other families because of himself.

After much thought, Jonathan finally rested his gaze on Damoyed and Caleb.

Even though Damoyed only wanted to use Jonathan to find the remaining followers of Seboxia, Jonathan could certainly use his status to put on a strong front.

As for Caleb, he would play a more important role than Damoyed.

“Cough, cough...”

After clearing his throat, Jonathan gave a slight bow to Graeme.

“Mr. Blackwood, since I can’t guarantee my own safety, I have no choice but to tie my fate with the sons and daughters of your noble families as a deterrent to all.”

Upon hearing Jonathan’s words, the expressions of the elders on the other end of the screen all changed.

“What do you mean, Jonathan?”

Caleb also noticed that something was wrong, so he immediately opened his mouth to ask cautiously.

Jonathan reached behind him, his spiritual energy enveloping a coffin over a meter long. The coffin flipped in mid-air and landed in front of him. Then, as if responding to the wind, it expanded into a gigantic coffin over ten meters long. Jonathan formed a seal with both hands, and the coffin lid slowly opened, revealing the scene inside.

Caleb’s pupils contracted sharply, his gaze filled with a sense of caution.

The inside of the coffin was quite a mess at this moment.

Lying in the center of the Coffin was Seboxia’s body, which was over ten meters tall.

In each of the four corners of the coffin, four cultivators lay in a deep slumber while seemingly floating.

Joshua, Hayden, Sirius, Alec...

When Graeme saw them, he exclaimed, “Sirius! Jonathan, what’s going on with Sirius?”

Jonathan gave a slight bow to Graeme.

“Rest assured, Mr. Blackwood, Sirius has only fainted from serious injuries. His life is absolutely not in danger.”

As Jonathan spoke, he looked at Damoyed with an amused smile on his face.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this Coffin was crafted over sixteen hundred years ago by the founder of the Seboxiasm, Seboxia himself. This was all for the sake of concealing celestial enigma and deceiving everyone!”

Jonathan continued, “It is engraved with thirty-six thousand large formations, while the number of smaller formations is simply incalculable. Once you’re locked in there, even if you’re a Divine Realm cultivator, it’s absolutely impossible to escape using your own power.”

“For instance, him. I don’t know if any of you know him, but he is Alek, the founder of Sanctuary at Remdik. I’ve confined him to the Coffin, and he can only submit to my constraints,” Jonathan concluded.

Upon hearing Jonathan’s words, the faces of several heads of respectable families turned somewhat unsightly.

Jonathan truly had an abundance of treasures in his possession. If the Coffin was truly like what Jonathan described, then just this one secret treasure alone would be enough to establish an undefeatable position.

Although Caleb was green with envy on the side, at this moment, he could only grit his teeth and say, “Alright, stop showing off your precious item. Why did you bring this out? What are you trying to imply? Just say it directly.”

Jonathan looked at Caleb and chuckled softly.

“All right. I see that the Grays are indeed straightforward. I have but one request. That is for you to enter my Coffin and be sealed within it. If you dare to do so, then I’ll immediately go and join them.”

“No way!”

Before Jonathan could finish his sentence, Caleb had already started to voice his refusal.

The two belonged to different factions. There was absolutely no way he could entrust his life to Jonathan.

Caleb was about to say something more, but then he heard the slow, resonating voice of Zack from the projected illusion.

“Deal!”

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“What?”

Upon hearing Zack’s words, Caleb couldn’t help but turn to look at his side. But that phantom image was originally projected from the device on Caleb’s body. As he turned around, the phantom image immediately began to change its position as well.

“Grandpa…”

Caleb looked at the image that he could never see from the front. He decided to give up, and shrugged his shoulders. Then, he directly took off his backpack.

Jonathan initially thought that what Caleb was carrying on his back was a cloth bag.

As the pouch under the backpack popped out, a tripod emerged surprisingly, firmly standing the backpack upright there.

It was only then that Jonathan suddenly realized that the backpack was actually a multifunctional magical item!

After setting up the projector, Caleb came to the front of the hologram with a grimace on his face.

“Grandpa, am I really your biological grandson?”

“Is Jonathan a good person?”

“This guy would be thrilled if all of us from the eight respectable families were wiped out. That coffin can’t even be opened by a cultivator at the Divine Realm. Are you sure you want to let your own grandson enter?”

At this moment, Caleb bore no trace of his previous composure.

Caleb’s tone of voice was as if he was a child who had been wronged in a fight outside, and came home to tell his parents, only to be scolded again.

Zack pointed towards the coffin after listening to Caleb's complaints.

"What on earth are you chattering about?"

"Look at Sirius. He's from the same noble lineage as us, yet how peacefully he seems to float within his coffin!"

Upon hearing this, Caleb couldn't help but be at a loss for words.

He turned to look at Sirius whose face was pale and his vitality severely depleted. It felt as if there was a suffocating feeling in his heart that couldn't be relieved.

"Grandpa... are you sure that guy willingly got into the coffin for the sake of his family's interests?"

"It doesn't really matter whether one willingly enters the coffin or not," Jonathan stood beside the coffin, chuckling as he spoke.

"The most important thing is that he's in this coffin, and I have control over his life and death!"

"All I want is a bit of security. You come in, and I'll go over!"

Upon hearing this, Caleb once again turned his gaze towards the phantom beside him. Within that projection, Zack gave a slight nod.

"Don't worry. He understands the gravity of the situation. He won't do anything to harm you."

"Alright!"

At this point, Caleb understood that the only way to put Jonathan's mind at ease was this.

In a situation where two factions were already at odds, achieving cooperation always came with a price.

Caleb turned off the projector, packed up his backpack, and tossed it to Jonathan.

"Carry him on your back. I'll teach you how to use him to cross the river."

As Caleb spoke, he simultaneously removed his own glasses and placed them on the bridge of Jonathan's nose.

“The Gray family has been studying magical item and formations since the inception of art of mechanisms.”

“In the modern era, cultivation and technology have been combined to create a unique method of cultivation.”

Caleb lightly tapped on his wristwatch. In Jonathan’s view, a series of three-dimensional coordinates continuously appeared.

Before he could even get a clear look, the three-dimensional coordinates unexpectedly began to rotate continuously. Finally, it aligned perfectly with the real terrain right before his eyes.

“The route is being generated...”

A melodious voice came over.

In Jonathan’s field of vision, a green light gradually appeared.

“Try looking somewhere else!”

Caleb spoke up once again.

Upon hearing this, Jonathan turned his head to look elsewhere, only to realize that the speck of light actually had a position, just like the real scene.

One could only see that green light when facing south.

“What’s the principle behind this thing of yours?” Jonathan curiously asked to Caleb.

Caleb reached out and tapped his watch again. With just a few light taps, two magical ropes extended from the backpack on Jonathan’s back, winding around his waist.

Feeling restrained, Jonathan cast a wary glance at Caleb.

“Don’t worry.”

Caleb casually pulled out a ring.

“The backpack you’re carrying is a fusion of technology and cultivation. If you hover in mid-air and press this ring, a paraglider will pop out from behind.”

“If you lack the momentum to keep gliding, you can rotate the ring in the opposite direction.”

“The underside of the paraglider can provide continuous force, propelling you upwards.”

Caleb spoke and lightly pressed a button. Instantly, the backpack on Jonathan’s back sprung open, and a glider wing over ten meters long shot out.

“Your target is the green light on the south side. That’s the coordinates we’ve set in advance.”

After finishing his words, Caleb surprisingly stood without any hesitation in the opened coffin.

Jonathan was still fiddling with the paraglider. Although he had no experience with paragliding, as a professional soldier, he was no stranger to parachuting.

“I’m curious, to what extent has the Gray family integrated cultivation and technology?”

Slipping the ring onto his finger, Jonathan couldn’t help but frown and ask. At this moment, Caleb was seriously observing the few people floating inside. Upon hearing Jonathan’s question, Caleb casually responded, “It’s not a big deal. Currently our experimental subject can already convert the energy from the spirit stone into a pure energy attack.”

“Even a mortal, using the products developed by our family, can unleash magic...”

Caleb chuckled, looking at the astonished expressions of Jonathan and Damoyed. A hint of smug satisfaction appearing on his face.

“But rest assured, we still have two major challenges that we haven’t overcome yet.”

“The first issue is that the spiritual energy conversion rate of the currently manufactured devices is still less than thirty percent of the spiritual energy contained within the spirit stones.”

“The second point is the cost of building the concept machines we have so far is just too high.”

“However, I believe that in the near future, we will certainly make spiritual energy products as widespread as handguns throughout the world.”

Promote the use of spiritual weapon?

Jonathan looked thoughtfully at the unconscious Sirius beside him. Isn't what the Blackwood family wants to do is to accelerate the process of making cultivators more accessible to the common people, thereby becoming the pioneer among many forces?

It seems that someone has already beaten them to their plan.

the Gray family's mastery of spiritual energy is now beyond what the Blackwood family can hope to match.

The Blackwood family merely wanted to transition from cultivators to technology, but the Gray family had quietly managed to fully integrate these two different systems of energy.

It seems that even without this massive purge, the transformation of the entire world is imminent.

"Being sealed in a coffin might be a bit uncomfortable for you, but don't worry, you'll get used to it," Jonathan said lightly to Caleb, then turned his head to look at Damoyed who was standing next to him.

"Sir Damoyed, if you wish to go to the south bank, I'm afraid you'll have to entrust your life and death to me."

What Jonathan meant was simply that he wanted Damoyed to also get into the coffin. After all, the paraglider couldn't support the weight of two people.