

The Legendary Man Chapter 1386

Chapter 1386 The Soulbinding Herb

Zack stared at the Formation Crusher in his hand, lost in deep thought for a long time, but in the end, he placed the magical item beside Joshua.

Likewise, Cypress and Gregory, who were standing nearby, did the same.

In pursuit of these three supreme magical items, the eight respectable families had exhausted all their resources, searching for them for more than a decade. Yet now, when they were within arm's reach, the three respectable families had all chosen to give up at the same time.

Meanwhile, a sense of relief finally washed over Jonathan.

Just now, relinquishing decision-making authority to the few elderly men from the respected families was actually an act of him avoiding his responsibility.

Joshua fell into unconsciousness, and the world outside was in utter chaos. At this moment, ninety-nine percent of the cultivators who had entered the small world wanted to leave as quickly as possible.

However, Jonathan could not accept the fact he was treating Joshua as a mere tool, even though the two of them initially came together due to mutual interests.

Despite everything, Jonathan still could not bear to treat Joshua as a mere blood essence production machine.

When personal interests encroach upon the boundaries of morality and conscience, people, to maintain their so-called humane side, will subconsciously look past their gains to focus on communal benefits.

This might be where the selfishness of human nature lies—converting one's own wrongdoing into the collective will's decision, in an attempt to evade the condemnation of one's conscience.

If the respectable families chose to control the top-grade magical items themselves, they would be over-drafting Joshua's blood essence to fight their enemies.

Without Joshua's autonomous operation and absorption, even if Jonathan discovered a potent medicine with a similar life force, it would be ineffective.

When a person's life force was depleted to a certain critical point, even the most valuable magical plant could not compensate for it.

The only result is ongoing deterioration until the physical body collapses.

In other words, the respectable families had decided to keep Joshua alive.

With a smile, Graeme observed as the elderly men set down all the magical items.

"Given that everyone concurs on the importance of Joshua's lucidity, our path is clear. Our immediate task is to rouse Joshua from his condition." With his hands behind his back, Graeme said with a hearty chuckle. "The Blackwoods primarily specialize in martial arts, and our expertise in medicine is limited. We can offer minor assistance at best. Should you require support in configuring the spell formation, don't hesitate to reach out at any time. We, the Blackwood family, may lack many things, but we'll never run out of spirit stones!"

The Blackwoods controlled nearly one-fifth of the spiritual mines throughout Chanaea.

To conceal those spiritual mines, the Blackwood family had developed a profound understanding and practical expertise in arcane arrays. Otherwise, it would not have been able to deduce the changes in the formation method after discovering the valley that could nourish the spiritual sense.

As Graeme took the lead to speak, the man opposite him, Gregory, also stepped forward. "The leader of the Salladay family is an expert in transfiguration, which gives him an understanding of spiritual senses. However, our expertise has primarily been focused on demon beasts, so our familiarity with cultivators' spiritual senses is limited. We can attempt to awaken him, but success is not guaranteed."

Upon hearing Gregory's words, the lean Cypress on the side immediately let out a snort of laughter. "Oh, please! We all came from the respectable families, and you think we don't know your family well? The Salladays are renowned for their mastery of the art of transfiguring spirit warriors. In recent years, your activities have been somewhat restrained, focusing primarily on hunting and refining leftover ferocious beasts. This can be attributed to the waning power in Chanaea. High-ranking cultivators mainly come from the eight respectable families and fifteen sects. If this were a hundred years ago,

you would likely have captured many of them for your experiments. Are you suggesting that you don't comprehend human spiritual senses?"

As Cypress was speaking, he flipped his hand and pulled out a jade box from his storage ring.

As soon as the jade box was taken out, a thin mist began to rise from it, which then astonishingly solidified into a layer of delicate frost.

As everyone observed the palm-sized jade box, a sense of intrigue overcame them. Speculation abounded regarding the box's contents, and they were equally curious about how a jade box inscribed with arcane arrays could emanate such a chilling aura.

Cypress levitated the jade box using his spiritual energy, his expression marked by a sense of reluctance. "I would never have brought this out if it weren't for the necessity of this situation."

Cypress looked at the jade box in his hand, then turned to look at Graeme next to him. "Didn't you say to come to you for matters relating to arcane arrays? Set up one for me that can isolate all forms of energy."

Graeme had not expected someone to respond to the words he had spoken earlier.

Nevertheless, since he was a senior cultivator who had boldly declared himself in front of so many juniors earlier, he felt the need to prove to the others just how steady he was. "What is it? And what are your requirements for the arcane array?"

Upon hearing this, Cypress pondered for a moment, then slowly began to speak. "Baseless and supportless, matterless and spiritless!"

The simple phrase instantly rendered Graeme speechless.

He immediately grasped the complexity of the arcane array Cypress had requested.

The term "baseless and supportless" signified that no external energy should interact with the medicine within the formation.

On the other hand, "matterless and spiritless" required the medicine to be utterly pure and free from any contamination.

“Baseless and supportless, matterless and spiritless...” Graeme frowned upon hearing those cryptic requirements. “You might as well ask for a space in a vacuum. How on earth am I supposed to find such a space in this wilderness? And even if I manage to create it, how will your medicine defy gravity without any physical support? I know my way around arcane arrays, but we can’t just ignore the laws of science!”

Upon hearing this, Cypress let out a cold snort. “If you can’t handle it, that’s your problem. If you can’t, then stop biting off more than you can chew in the future.”

As the two elderly individuals argued, Zack knitted his brows. “All right, that’s enough. You’ve lived a significant portion of your lives, yet here you are, bickering in front of these young folks. I’m embarrassed for both of you, even if you’re not.”

“Cypress, what exactly is that thing? Why does it require such extreme conditions to reveal it?” Zack continued asking, “If you don’t make things clear, don’t expect others to go to great lengths to set things up for you. I’d also have second thoughts if I were in their shoes.”

As Zack spoke, Jonathan and the others all turned their gaze toward Cypress.

“I’m afraid you might covet it if I tell you.” At this moment, a hint of smugness appeared on Cypress’ face. “This is the Soulbinding Herb, an inheritance from my ancestors. It originates from the land of extremity and grows on countless bodies of living creatures for nourishment. This herb is a product of grudgeful souls but also a supreme treasure for nourishing the spiritual sense.”

Zack and a few other elderly folks felt dizzy after hearing it. Soulbinding Herb?

However, Jonathan was quite familiar with the herb.

This item, one of the rarest great medicines in the world, was documented in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Even in ancient times, the herb was already a rare treasure, and in modern times, it had long since become extinct. Jonathan could not believe that the Soulbinding Herb was in their midst. Joshua is such a lucky man.

Seeing the doubtful looks from Graeme and the others, Jonathan stepped forward. “If this thing really is Soulbinding Herb, then Joshua will regain consciousness for sure.”

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Chapter 1387 The Ready Made Formation

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, even Cypress was somewhat surprised.

The efficacy and function of the Soulbinding Herb were found in a pharmacopeia of the Mallory family that was handed down through the generations.

The pharmacopeia hailed from ancient times. Although it was made from the resilient hide of an unknown beast, only half a volume was left after weathering the sands of time.

Moreover, the object has been passed down from the ancestors of the Mallory family. It was the only book left by the Great Sorcerer, and only the core cultivators of the Mallory family through the generations have been able to peruse it.

Hence, there was no way the information could possibly have leaked out.

If one knew the medicinal properties and characteristics of Soulbinding Herb, there was only one possibility.

Jonathan had definitely obtained some kind of ancient legacy.

After all, for things that had been extinct in the world for thousands of years, it was impossible for any detailed records to still exist.

"Do you recognize this plant?"

Cypress began to speak with a hearty laugh.

Jonathan slowly raised his head, his eyes filled with confusion.

"I'm not familiar with it. I've only come across a mention of this herb in ancient texts. It's said that consuming it can nourish and soothe the mind. However, that's all there is. There isn't even a description of what it actually looks like," Jonathan said nonchalantly.

Cypress's follow-up question surprised Jonathan.

For the legacy I've received, I still haven't found out where my master is.

This was something that greatly intrigued the eight respectable families. After all, it was quite a feat for a mortal, who had never cultivated before, to become a powerful cultivator capable of stirring up the whole of Chanaea in just three years.

One could only imagine how precious the technique was.

“Alright, alright, enough about this herb grass nonsense.”

Gregory stepped forward, speaking in a cold voice.

“All we need to do is to wake Joshua up and get him to share the information he has. Graeme, please set up the formation quickly!”

Everyone turned their gaze towards Graeme, but at that moment, Graeme was shaking his head vehemently.

“It’s not that I don’t want to set it up, but I really can’t.”

Graeme spoke loudly while fiddling with his fingers.

“Listen to yourself saying something baseless. What sort of attitude is that? No matter how exhaustively the formations change, they still require the most fundamental principles. Without spiritual energy to hold it, wouldn’t your medicine have fallen directly to the ground?”

Graeme’s words might be blunt, but he did have a point. Only after hearing this did everyone understand just how high Cypress’ demands really were.

Gregory turned his gaze toward Cypress.

“This formation was your idea. The Mallory family should have its own solution.”

Everyone turned to look at Cypress, only to see that he too was wearing an expression of embarrassment.

“Um... My grandfather knew how to set up this formation. Back in the day, he also relied on this formation to pick the Soulbinding Herb” It’s just that the formation was simply of no use to parasite cultivators like us. Therefore, it has been lost since my father’s generation.”

When they heard Cypress’ words, the expressions of those present turned somewhat unfriendly.

“You don’t even know how to deal with it yourself, yet you expect others to do it for you?”

Graeme looked at Cypress with a displeased expression and said, “Are you messing with me?”

Cypress snorted coldly. “Mr. Blackwood, there’s no point in speaking this way. It was you who said that if there were any issues with the formation, we could come to you, but you’re accusing me of playing you now. It seems to me that you’re the one who’s been toying with us, isn’t it?”

These elders, who were accustomed to having the final say in the family, had long developed a habit of not tolerating any opposition.

Now that they’ve meet, they started arguing after just a few words.

At the rate the collaboration was going, it would certainly be set to fail.

“Respected elders!”

A few old men were pointing at each other, puffing their beards and glaring, when suddenly, a crisp and clear voice rang out nearby.

Jonathan turned his head and saw a woman approaching from behind Gregory. She had a fiery figure and was carrying a large scroll on her back.

It was none other than Eva Salladay.

As the beloved granddaughter of Gregory, Eva was his true successor who had been sent out to gain real-world experience.

People like Sirius and Xavion represented their families wherever they went. No matter how versatile and adaptable they were, they could only be the face of their respectable families.

No matter how much they achieved, it was impossible for them to become the family head.

However, Stellario and Eva were the exceptions.

Throughout their travels, they not only represented their respective families but were also preparing for their future succession as family heads.

Among the eight respectable families, only the Mallory and Salladay families dared to be so bold and were unafraid of assassination.

Just the Mallory family alone possessed techniques that were sinister and terrifying. There wasn't a single person or party that would want to start a war against them.

Even Jonathan, despite his constant desire to eliminate Stellario, felt hesitant to actually make a move against them.

He certainly didn't want the entire core of the Asura Hall to be swallowed by parasites. The mere thought of such a scene was enough to give anyone the creeps.

As for the Salladay family, despite being the strongest family in all of Chanaea, they still couldn't compare to the Whitley family from ten years ago.

Yet, the power of their family far surpassed any three other families combined. Even if these respectable families truly wanted to make a move, they would never dare to target the Salladay family first.

In fact, Eva was a form of signal released by the Salladay family.

Once she encountered danger, it essentially signified that at least four respectable families had united against the Salladay family.

In that case, the Salladay family would undoubtedly carry out a swift clean-up of the remaining respectable families in an orderly manner. There was no way they would allow a repeat of what happened to the Whitley family ten years ago.

Eva's status was extremely unique, so even when she interrupted a group of senior cultivators, not a single person protested.

After all, she was not just a God Realm cultivator but also the future head of the Salladay family.

"Eva, you shouldn't interrupt!"

Although the other three Divine Realm cultivators didn't say anything, Gregory reprimanded her with a scowl on his face.

Although the Salladay family was powerful, they never acted arrogantly. Gregory, in particular, valued rules and decorum above all else.

If Eva didn't provide a satisfactory explanation, Gregory might indeed have to impose a punishment on her to set an example.

Noticing the slight change in Gregory's expression, Cypress quickly said with a chuckle, "You old rascal, are you really going to punish your own granddaughter? Since Eva has spoken up, it must be something important. Please, go ahead and tell us what it is."

Eva stepped forward, offering a slight bow to the elder cultivators.

"Respected sirs, please forgive me. I have spoken out of turn and broken protocol. I seek your understanding and forgiveness."

Although she was uttering words of apology, Eva's tone remained neither humble nor arrogant, clearly not taking this matter to heart.

The elderly few understood that her words were merely a formality.

The eight respectable families had a history that spanned nearly two thousand years. It wasn't like they had a set schedule to have a batch of children every few decades.

Setting aside the complexity when all eight families were gathered together, the hierarchy within one's own family was messy enough as it was. The fact that Eva was willing to consider herself as someone junior was already a sign of respect to the few of them.

Eva rose to her feet, looking in the direction of Jonathan.

"The reason I spoke up is to remind all of you that we already have a formation right in front of us, don't we?"

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Chapter 1388 Invitation Into The Coffin

Ready-made?

Upon hearing Eva's words, everyone was momentarily taken aback. Following her gaze, everyone's eyes landed on Jonathan's face.

At that moment, Jonathan was also stunned.

“Me?”

Pointing to his own nose, Jonathan spoke in a somewhat bewildered manner.

“What kind of joke is this? Although I know quite a few formations, I have no idea how to set them up, okay?”

However, when it came to setting up formations, Jonathan could not help but think of the formation genius, Hayden!

No matter how irregular the youngster’s formation was, it always achieved a peculiar balance.

If he had not drunk the Holy Blood, he could actually help with the research. Looking at Hayden in the enormous ancient coffin, Jonathan suddenly froze.

“Um... Are you referring to my coffin?”

At that moment, Jonathan finally understood what Eva meant when she referred to the ready-made formation.

Watching the figure imprisoned within the coffin, Jonathan let out a sigh.

“Baseless and supportless, matterless and spiritless. This coffin seems to really match your specifications.”

The individuals sealed within the coffin by Jonathan using a formation, including Seboxia, were all semi-suspended within it without any support.

It involved more than just the basic rules of the formation but also many other formation rules.

The coffin was used by Seboxia to imprison the spiritual energy form that he had cut out from himself.

In the truest sense, this thing could no longer be considered a simple formation.

Crafted using the techniques of Seboxia’s true form during the Cavoid Realm, this object had transcended the realm of simple formations and was showing signs of becoming a world of its own.

“Go!”

Jonathan formed a seal with both hands. The coffin, which was just over ten

meters, suddenly expanded and transformed into a colossal object over thirty meters long.

Leaping into it, Jonathan reached out and gently beckoned to Joshua before using his spiritual energy to pull Joshua in as well.

“Mr. Mallory, please bring in the Soulbinding Herb with you,” Jonathan said lightly.

If one wished to utilize the formation within the coffin, then one must certainly enter it.

Then again, this coffin was extremely special. Whether it was a God Realm or a Transfiguration Realm cultivator, once they entered it, they would fall completely under the control of Jonathan.

If Cypress really went in, his fate would all hinge on a single thought from Jonathan.

Cypress stood next to the coffin with a hint of conflict etched on his face.

Jonathan was risking his life by meeting them there.

Even though Sirius and Zack were held as hostages, everyone understood that when it came to the safety of the entire family, not even one's own son or grandson would be spared.

For these old-timers, even if they were imprisoned, it could never be a reason for their families to be controlled by others.

Since Jonathan dared to come alone to meet the four of them, it showed that he was genuinely interested in collaborating with their families.

Even so, the idea of falling into Jonathan's force field and becoming his puppet at his mercy was something that Cypress still found somewhat daunting.

“What's the matter? Cypress, you're not scared, are you?”

Beside them, Zack was laughing heartily as he spoke to Cypress.

“I'm not scared at all!” Cypress snorted coldly and said.

“Since I was a child, I've never known what fear is.”

“Why don't you go in then?” Zack clearly had no intention of missing this golden opportunity to tease Cypress.

At that point, Cypress decided to go all out and not care about his reputation. He let out a cold huff before continuing to speak.

“You know nothing. My spiritual energy is profound. Even without entering the coffin, I can manipulate it with my spiritual energy.”

“No way.”

Before Cypress’s voice had even faded, the voice of Jonathan had already echoed from within the coffin.

“According to what you’re saying, the formation requires the absence of any matter or spirit to utilize this herb. This implies that it absolutely cannot come into contact with any medium. If you handle this herb yourself outside, and something unexpected happens, the medicinal properties of the herb will be completely lost. Unless you have a spare, I’d advise you not to take the risk. After all, if Joshua doesn’t wake up, I’m afraid we may never be able to leave this small world. My wife and children are all outside. This is definitely not what I want to see.”

Jonathan spoke nonchalantly. His gaze pierced toward Cypress like two sharp arrows.

Cypress gritted his teeth in the darkness and stared at Jonathan. At the same time, Cypress was almost certain that Jonathan must know how to use the Soulbinding Herb.

Indeed, just as he had guessed, Jonathan was also taking a gamble at that moment.

He was hoping that Cypress did not know how to use the Soulbinding Herb!

The Soulbinding Herb thrived in the land of deathly silence, enveloped by countless death energy and inherently isolated from any contact with the outside world.

The herb inhaled the death energy to embrace life and immersed in the mundane to transform into the ethereal.

Regardless of the elements, be it wind, water, earth, wood, or even the Pryncyp, if they even slightly touched the Soulbinding Herb, it would cause the grass to disintegrate immediately.

If Cypress really stood foolishly outside the coffin and used his spiritual energy to unlock the restraining barrier of the Soulbinding Herb, his spiritual energy would then transform into a bridge and allow the Soulbinding Herb to sense the aura of the outside world in an instant. If that happened, there would truly be no hope for Joshua.

The two of them locked eyes, each trying to figure out what the other was thinking.

At that moment, Graeme leaped straight into the coffin.

“Dad...” Sirius exclaimed in surprise.

As if nothing had happened, Graeme casually walked over to Sirius’ side.

“No worries. He has no reason to lay a hand on me.”

As he spoke, Graeme gently placed his hand on his son’s wrist to check his injury.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Caleb was eagerly watching Zack who was outside the coffin.

“Grandpa, why don’t you come in and cool off?”

Upon hearing his grandson’s words, Zack’s face slightly stiffened. He forcefully suppressed the urge to slap Caleb to death and turned his head to look at Cypress, who was standing beside him.

“Cypress, feel free to go in. Now that our goals align, Jonathan has absolutely no reason to attack you. Moreover, we’re outside the coffin. If he dares to lay a hand on you, we won’t let him off the hook either.”

The corner of Cypress’ mouth twitched, and his eyes were filled with murderous intent.

“Hehe... How about this? I’ll tell you how to lift the barrier on this Soulbinding Herb, and you can go in and do it. What do you think? Don’t worry. If anything happens to you, I’ll definitely avenge you!”

Upon hearing that, Zack slightly shook his head.

“I believe in not reaping where I haven’t sown. How could I possibly covet the secrets of the Mallory family?”

Listening to the two bickering over his head once again, Jonathan could only look at them helplessly.

“Do all of you cultivators suffer from persecutory delusion? I’ve said I won’t lay a hand on you, and I’ll certainly keep my word. Mr. Mallory, do you dare to come down or not? If you don’t, you can pass your techniques to me, and I will lift the barrier.”

Hearing Jonathan’s provocative words, even with reservations, Cypress could no longer bear to hold back.

“Why should I be afraid?”

As the words echoed, Cypress leaped and landed beneath the coffin.

As he descended, the lid of the massive coffin closed completely, isolating everything on the outside...

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Chapter 1389 Apologies

As the coffin lid fell, Cypress’ heart skipped a beat.

Rays of blue and white light from the formation around them began to shine, quickly illuminating every inch of the Coffin.

Even so, the tension in Cypress’ heart did not ease at all. Instead, it intensified a bit more.

After all, he was in a colossal coffin, with the corpse of a monstrous, non-human creature, towering over ten meters high, lying beneath her feet.

Around the Coffin, there were several captives lingering, especially Alec, who had been beaten to near death. He was covered in dried blood to the point where he was barely recognizable as a human.

Coupled with the blue-white glow from within the Coffin, this was nothing short of a living hell on earth.

Even though Cypress was used to grand scenes, he couldn’t help but become somewhat cautious at this moment.

Jonathan looked at Cypress, a hint of displeasure flashing in his eyes.

With a slight wave of his hand, he caught a tiny bug, no bigger than a grain of millet, as if it were a speck of dust.

“Mr. Mallory, this isn’t right of you.”

Jonathan, looking at the small insect in his hand, spoke to Cypress in a faint voice.

Stellario and Jonathan had previously introduced this creature. It was a type of highly poisonous insect.

Even if that little bug were to crawl around on one’s body, they would probably end up in the emergency room, not to mention if one were to get bitten by the inconspicuous little bug.

However, Cypress had actually let this bug out, causing Jonathan’s face to instantly turn cold.

Cypress never imagined that even the tiny bug that fell from his trouser leg could be sensed by Jonathan.

As he was about to explain, he saw Jonathan’s fingers twitch slightly. The tiny insect was instantly crushed by the formation. Jonathan then carefully collected the remains of the insect into a jade bottle.

The methods of the Mallory family were ever-changing, and Jonathan didn’t want to fall victim to the poison released by a small insect after its death.

“Cypress, I hope you refrain from these petty tricks,” Jonathan said to Cypress in a cold voice.

At this moment, Jonathan couldn’t even be bothered to address him respectfully.

These people were causing trouble in front of Jonathan, which really annoyed him, and now they were even contemplating murdering him.

If it weren’t for the impossibility of escaping from the people outside, Jonathan would want to kill Cypress right here and now.

Caleb, who was off to the side, saw this scene and burst into hearty laughter while floating in mid-air.

“And here I thought it was some venerable elder. Turns out it’s just a petty individual! Really, you’re even worse than me. Have you ever seen me plotting against Jonathan?”

Cypress looked toward Caleb with cold eyes.
This guy may seem indifferent, but he was quite the smart mouth.

“Caleb, do you really think I can’t kill you?”

Upon hearing this, Caleb chuckled lightly.

“Who do you think you are, acting all high and mighty in front of me? I’m an important hostage right now. If you end up killing me, how will you explain it to Jonathan? Dare you to lay a hand on me, let’s see if Jonathan will come to my aid.”

“Looking for trouble!”

Cypress let out a cold shout, his eyes slightly narrowed. Silently, an arrow that manifested out of a spiritual sense shot toward Caleb’s head.
“Set!”

Jonathan spoke softly.

Suddenly, the entire Coffin was filled with a brilliant light.

And within that dazzling radiance before Caleb, the transparent arrow, rippling with waves, slowly emerged.

At this moment, Cypress’ body was completely bound by the formation within the Coffin. Except for his head, which could still move, his entire body was as if it had been thoroughly solidified like a specimen.

“You can even control spiritual sense?”

Cypress looked at the semi-transparent spiritual sense arrow in front of Caleb, expressing his surprise.

“I’ve said it before, this Coffin is my world.”

Jonathan walked up to Caleb, and surprisingly, he managed to catch the spiritual sense arrow completely in his hand.

The spirit stone, originally an ethereal object, yet in Jonathan's hands, it was as tangible as any physical object, manipulated at his whim.

Crack!

With a soft sound, Jonathan astonishingly shattered the spiritual sense directly by using the binding of the formation.

Meanwhile, Cypress let out a muffled grunt, with traces of blood seeping from his mouth and nose.

Joshua needed the Soulbinding Herb to heal because his spiritual sense had been damaged.

Jonathan directly targeted Cypress' spiritual sense, which immediately startled the few people nearby.

"Jonathan! Aren't you afraid that I won't treat Joshua?" Cypress gritted his teeth and said to Jonathan.

With a cool gaze, Jonathan looked at Cypress. With a wave of his hand, he directly snatched the Soulbinding Herb from Cypress' grasp.

"All right, then. If you don't want to treat him, then don't."

"Even though Asura's Office doesn't have Divine Realm cultivators, how could the Enlighteners possibly carry out their grand purge? They surely can't wipe out over a million members of Asura's Office, can they? On the contrary, it's you respectable families that I don't believe in. I highly doubt that your Divine Realm cultivators would obediently wait for their slaughter."

"As long as you resist, I'm sure the Enlighteners won't hesitate to send their cultivators for a grand massacre. Let's see who has more patience. I'll take a break for a day."

After saying all this, Jonathan actually turned to one side and began to sit cross-legged, closing his eyes to rest and rejuvenate.

Seeing this, Graeme hurriedly stepped forward from the side.

For this old man, Jonathan did not restrict his movements within the Coffin, clearly showing a great deal of trust in him.

Graeme looked at Jonathan.

“Jonathan, this is not the time to be stubborn. This matter is of great importance, we absolutely cannot let emotions cloud our judgment.”

Jonathan opened his eyes and looked at Graeme.

“Mr. Blackwood, I assure you, I am not acting out of pride. Since we all want to leave this small world, our goals are the same. We should all cooperate sincerely, don't you agree?”

“Well...” Graeme pondered for a moment. “Of course, what you're saying is correct.”

Upon hearing this, Jonathan chuckled lightly.

“Why is it that these old geezers have been trying to put me down ever since I showed up here? Just now, you released poisonous insects. Is this your idea of cooperation?”

Upon hearing this, Graeme found it hard to argue. He glanced at Cypress, and in the end, he could only sigh and walk away.

As time ticked away, minute by minute, a full three hours passed before Cypress finally couldn't help but speak.

“Jonathan! You're ruthless.”

Jonathan turned his head to glance at Cypress, then let out a cold laugh.

“Oh? Have you figured it out?”

Though Cypress was reluctant, he had no choice but to bow his head under someone else's roof.

Looking at Jonathan, Cypress spoke softly.

“I know, I can't outlast you, and it's not just me, the others can't outlast you either. Bring me the Soulbinding Herb. I will treat his illness right now.”

Jonathan slowly rose to his feet, holding the Soulbinding Herb as he walked over to Cypress. However, he did not unseal Cypress' seal.

“What else do you want?” Cypress asked softly.

Jonathan looked at Cypress with an expressionless face.

“I don’t want anything else, but you must apologize to me!”

Apologize?

Cypress glared at Jonathan, his eyes filled with intense anger.

“Jonathan, don’t push people too far!”

“So, asking you to apologize is too much of an imposition?” Jonathan said with a cold laugh.

“Cypress, I have all the time in the world to spend with you!”

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Chapter 1390 Seizing The Medicine

As Jonathan prepared to sit back down beside Cypress, the latter let out a sigh.

“Jonathan.”

Jonathan instantly turned to the man, a trace of doubt in his gaze. “What is it?” Cypress closed his eyes, seemingly having resigned himself to his fate.

“I was wrong. Will that do?” he muttered, his voice so low it sounded as if he had aged by several decades.

As a Divine Realm cultivator, Cypress couldn’t believe he had been forced to apologize to Jonathan, who was also on the same level.

It was no longer just a simple matter of losing one’s dignity but a complete shattering of the long-standing pride of a Divine Realm cultivator.

Based on that alone, it was unlikely that Cypress would let Jonathan off the hook once he managed to escape from his predicament.

Jonathan, however, didn’t seem to care about those matters.

With a light snap of his fingers, he tossed the icy jade box to Cypress.

The latter grew increasingly gloomy as he stared at the jade box in his hand, but a few seconds later, he began walking over to Joshua.

“Since you can control everything inside the coffin, please create a clean space,” Cypress requested.

Of course, his idea of a clean space was none other than a vacuum state.

Creating such a state under laboratory conditions was as easy as pie, but that was far from the case when using formations.

Fortunately, Seboxia had put a lot of effort into the coffin, so even though there wasn't a single formation that could create a vacuum, it could still be achieved through the mutual restraint of dozens of them.

With that, Jonathan continuously unleashed his techniques, causing formation markings to form one after another on the four walls of the coffin.

Meanwhile, in the middle of the coffin, the intersection of several formation markings began to be shaped into a sphere by the various formations.

As the formations exerted their forces, the sphere's wall continued to thin out.

The next second, Jonathan turned to the man beside him.

"You can now place the jade box inside, Cypress."

By then, Cypress' body had been lifted by an inexplicably powerful formation markings.

As it turned out, that was a deliberate act on Jonathan's part. The Soulbinding Herb was very delicate, and although the coffin kept it isolated from the world, Jonathan knew it'd be better to err on the side of caution. Hence, he decided to get Cypress off the ground to prevent the Soulbinding Herb from sensing other auras.

A grim-faced Cypress promptly formed some hand seals and unleashed a palm strike.

The jade box instantly shot forward, only to explode when it collided with Jonathan's formations, revealing a lilac grass as thin as cicada wings and adorned with ghostly patterns.

On top of that, its shape perfectly matched the Soulbinding Herb in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique!
Needless to say, Cypress was constantly watching Jonathan's every move.

Ah... Judging by his expression, I'm sure he must be familiar with the Soulbinding Herb!

Cypress continued changing the techniques with his hands until a beam of spiritual sense shot out from the center of his eyebrows, transforming into an invisible blade that slashed at the Soulbinding Herb.

A leaf no bigger than a pinky finger was cut, and as soon as it detached from the stem, it transformed into a wisp of pale purple mist.

“This single leaf is enough to treat Joshua’s injuries. I’ll take back what’s left of the Soulbinding Herb.”

“All right!” Jonathan replied before carefully controlling the vacuum formation bubble and splitting it in two.

Just as the purple mist and the remaining Soulbinding Herb were about to part ways, Jonathan slightly narrowed his eyes.

“Jonathan!” Cypress bellowed, having sensed the changes within the formation.

Following the shout, Jonathan’s formation bubbles merged once again. This time, however, even the main stem of the remaining Soulbinding Herb had turned into a purple mist.

Within seconds, the purple mist within the formation had become incredibly dense.

“You’ve ruined my medicine!” Cypress thundered before sticking his hand out to grab the herb.

Then again, how could Jonathan possibly let him succeed at that moment?
“Set!”

As the formation markings flickered, Cypress’ figure suddenly froze in mid-air. By then, the formation was like a thin membrane that enveloped Cypress’ entire body, one that neither spiritual energy nor spiritual sense could penetrate even in the slightest.

Needless to say, the few people watching from the sidelines were utterly dumbfounded.

No one expected that Jonathan, who had always been steadfast in his principles and exemplified justice, would resort to seizing medicine.

“Jonathan...” Graeme muttered, only to meet Jonathan’s icy gaze before he could say any more.

“Mr. Blackwood, I’ve always held you in high regard, and the last thing I want is to fall out with the Blackwood family. Have you forgotten that Cypress tried to kill me first? Does he think the matter’s over just because I caught that little bug? Since he had an intent of malice, shouldn’t there be a price to pay?” Jonathan retorted, his expression grim and cold as he stood beside Cypress. “I honestly don’t understand your train of thought. You know very well that you’re no match for me inside this coffin, so why do you insist on provoking me? Are you doing this just for the sake of your reputation? How foolish!”

As he spoke, he skillfully maneuvered the purple mist-shrouded formation bubble toward Joshua and pressed it between his brows.

Still restrained by the coffin, Cypress could only watch helplessly as Joshua devoured every bit of the Mallory family’s precious medicine.

While the rest of the people in the coffin nervously observed Joshua’s reaction, Jonathan was the only one who had focused his gaze on Seboxia’s true form.

Even though others couldn’t see it, Jonathan could sense that nearly half of the purple mist had been pulled into the formation within the coffin and directed into Seboxia.

However, the absorption method of Seboxia’s true form was nothing short of unique. As soon as the purple mist touched Joshua, it extracted countless thin and virtually undetectable threads before sending them into the true form below.

If it weren’t for Jonathan obtaining all the coffin’s formations, allowing him to bypass spiritual sense to detect every minute change within the coffin, he never would’ve discovered the process.

Then again, such a careful, deceptive method felt very strange to Jonathan.

Why does this feel like the true form of Seboxia is consciously aware and stealing the medicine? How is that possible, though? Both the true and spiritual energy forms of Seboxia had already fallen in the previous battle. I should know because I was the one who made sure of that. There’s no chance of either of them coming back to life again! Hmm... Could there be any tricks up Seboxia’s sleeve?

Before Jonathan could ponder further, Caleb suddenly shouted, “He’s really awake!”

The next second, Jonathan leaped into the air and landed beside Joshua, only to see a faint purple tinge on the latter’s face.

On top of that, the purple light was seemingly breathing as it constantly switched from bright to dark.

By then, Joshua had opened his eyes and stared intently at the coffin lid above him.

“Joshua!” Jonathan shouted while waving his hand vigorously at the man. “Can you hear me? Come on. Wake up! I’m Jonathan!”