

Read Novel The Legendary Man Chapter 1078

The Legendary Man Chapter 1078-Lost Control

When Seboxia saw Jonathan appearing before him, the powerful life force hands retreated swiftly into the energy field and circled around Jonathan's illusion.

In the past, those hands could have easily restrained Jonathan's spiritual sense and pulled him into his divine space.

This time, however, it was different. Just when they began circling Jonathan, he held out a finger and lightly tapped the void.

Countless life force hands shattered.

Jonathan's gaze remained indifferent as he stared at the huge coffin in front of him.

"Seboxia, this is a part of my body. You've already lost control over me when you let me out last time."

When he finished, his arm slowly turned into a sharp blade and into fine powder again.

The tiny particles fell to the ground around Jonathan and transformed into illusions. In just the blink of an eye, the entire energy field was filled with countless illusions of him.

"I've been thinking of ways to deal with you when you locked me up for ten thousand days. I was thinking of ways to break out if I got locked up again. But then I figured it out. My illusion doesn't have to be a collection of my consciousness. I'm already in my body, and I can be the one speaking to you."

As he spoke, his illusion reduced to smoke, and another one stepped out of the group of countless illusions, grinning.

"I can be the one not speaking to you, too."

"I am me..."

“I am me...”

“I am me...”

Innumerable Jonathans piped up.

In an instant, chaos erupted in Jonathan’s energy field as countless illusions of him declared the words “I am me” repeatedly.

All of a sudden, the voices stopped.

The energy field became silent once again, and only one Jonathan was left standing in front of the coffin. The moment he took a step forward, his body swelled crazily until the coffin looked like a speck of dust compared to him.

“Big and small are opposites. This is my inner world. It’s my fault for habitually bringing in the outer world. My cultivation level may not be as high as yours, but I’ve already broken the restraints of the outer world. And although I can’t get rid of you from my body, you can never control me from this moment onward. The only thing about you that can intimidate me is when the Heavenly Pryncyp discovers this and kills me along with you. Then again, you won’t do that, right?”

Jonathan sat cross-legged in the energy field.

Seboxia had fallen into silence. How on earth did Jonathan learn all that?

To put it bluntly, the way to defeat the divine space was to overthrow all perceptions of rules like what Jonathan did.

Just like the coffin Seboxia was hiding in, it was ten meters long and three meters wide. Anyone who stood before it would look extremely small.

With a first impression like that, the ratio of Jonathan’s and the coffin’s size would remain the same even if the latter entered his energy field.

Moreover, even if Jonathan knew he could control his size in the energy field however he wanted, he would always think of his enlarged figure as a fake.

That was the idea of cognitive prison.

It did not just exist in three-dimensional space, but it also existed everywhere.

A Grandmaster Realm cultivator could not defeat a God Realm cultivator. That was a theory everyone believed in for hundreds and thousands of years.

Hence, every Grandmaster Realm cultivator's first thought when encountering a God Realm cultivator was to figure out an escape plan instead of taking the latter head-on. They had no fighting spirit in them, which was what made them lose faster.

In terms of divine space, the cognitive prison was magnified infinitely.

As long as one believed they were no match for a Divine Realm cultivator, thoughts of not being able to withstand the attack would overwhelm them. He or she would then be absorbed into the divine space in an instant.

If Seboxia's opponent was a dimwit, the latter would stubbornly think he could never be defeated by the former no matter what he said.

In fact, Seboxia might be able to destroy the dimwit's body, but he could never drag the latter into the divine space.

After all, the dimwit's spiritual sense was independent and impregnable.

What frustrated Seboxia was that Jonathan was no dimwit.

The memory of Seboxia once imprisoning Jonathan in his divine space for ten thousand days was indestructible.

It was only right for Jonathan to think he was no match for Seboxia at all times.

However, that was not the case. In fact, he had brought the cognitive prison down completely.

This is impossible!

A whirlpool swirled endlessly in the energy field while hands made of spiritual energy approached Jonathan.

Alas, the spiritual energy transformed into a gentle breeze and floated away the moment they touched Jonathan.

“Return!” Jonathan ordered calmly without even opening his eyes. Just like that, Seboxia’s disrupted spiritual energy returned to the whirlpool instantly like an obedient sheep.

“As I said, you have no control over me unless you plan to take me down with you. Are you going to expose your body and fight me?” asked Jonathan while gazing calmly at the coffin. Surprisingly, the crack in the coffin slowly disappeared.

The round ended with Jonathan winning.

Nonetheless, he knew it was only temporary.

After all, Seboxia was a legendary being who created the world’s first largest religion. The divine space was not the only trick he had up his sleeve.

The reason Seboxia did not attack Jonathan was that he did not need to do so at the moment.

In fact, that was exactly what Jonathan wanted. At that moment, he felt as if his mind had exploded with thoughts flooding it.

Despite that, Jonathan knew that was his true cultivation path.

The Pryncyp of Slaughter was merely something left over from the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

Back then, he had simply followed his predecessors’ perception. This time, he had made his own decision.

In Flow State, Jonathan comprehended a myriad of Great Pryncyps in hopes of finding the Pryncyp that was the most suitable for him.

Meanwhile, in the garden of Zedfield was Wilbur who had a terrible scowl on his face.

He had thought he could use the situation at River Onxy to threaten Jonathan.

However, Jonathan fell silent when they were halfway through the conversation.

Five minutes had passed since that moment.

No matter how Wilbur yelled, Jonathan did not respond.

Chuckling, Eva glanced at Wilbur. “Looks like Jonathan’s playing you, Little Wilbur.”