

## Chapter 1049

"How is this possible?" Wyck muttered in disbelief. 2

"Some people are just too ignorant." Flynn said aloud intentionally. Although he still could not figure out why Henry wanted to act so arrogantly, but since Henry had already done that, he had to cooperate. "Did you think that the experiment subjects would feel no more pain simply by injecting drugs into their bodies? Their numbed nerves would cause some of their points to put up with an even greater stress. All that had to be done was hit those points, and it would be equivalent to severing their nerves. This drug can be used to deal with the ignorant, but in the face of my Brother Syl, there's still a long way to go."

Although Flynn spoke very rationally, he was actually also very puzzled. After being injected with the drug, the points of the nerves of the experimental bodies would indeed become more fragile, but they were very hidden very well. To find the points, one had to observe them first.

However, Henry did not even bother to observe them. How was Henry able to do it so casually? Flynn was very puzzled about how he had done it.

Unbeknownst to Flynn, the experiment subjects of that level were not very strong in the eyes of Henry.

Henry's method of practicing Qi was most brutal, the level ups he had achieved through the World Destruction Technique was impossible to see on the exterior.

Henry's method of dealing with these experiment subjects was simple and straightforward, which was by injecting ravaging Qi into the experiment subject's body with his finger, which would then destroy the nervous system of the experiment subject.

For ordinary Qi Practitioners, their Qi was not so dominating, because their methods of Qi Refining were to emit the Qi that was built within them, while Henry directly absorbed Qi from his surroundings for his own use. These two methods had completely different effects. 2

It was also due to the difference in their methods of using Qi. No one could tell that Henry was already controlling his Qi, unless it was a person who had already understood the depths of his strength. If Henry intentionally concealed his identity just as he had been doing, others would only regard him as a regular person who did not have to ability to control Qi.

However, at that moment, the feats were able to be accomplished by




such an ordinary person completely blew Dalton's mind!

The experiment subjects had always caused great trouble for the Recluse Association. Dalton had witnessed the existence of beings that could easily kill experiment subjects of that kind, but they were all experts who were beyond the stage of Qi-concentrating Realm. Dalton had never met an ordinary human that could easily kill an experiment subject with ordinary skills. His eyes blazed with excitement. If he could take such a person under his wing, how much more would he be able to contribute to the association? All the contributions would be made in his name! The ability to easily identify every weak point of the experiment subjects alone, would be enough to increase the base combat strength of the Recluse Association by several levels!

Simply put, only the Qi-controlling Realm experts could enter purgatory to slay experiment subjects back then. However, if they were able to master the ability of this person, even the lower level forces would be able to do what only the Qi-controlling Realm experts could do back then, which was a massive breakthrough for the Recluse Association!

"I must have this genius!" Dalton clenched his fists tightly.

Wyck's face darkened. He had always been Dalton's number one man. No matter where Dalton went, he would always bring him along. However, at that moment, Wyck felt very threatened. He had a feeling that this man's position in Dalton's heart would soon surpass his!

In the room next door, although Henry said that he would slay all thirty-four experiment subjects in five minutes, however, in reality, only two minutes had gone by when Henry had slain all of the experiment subjects. 

For people like Dalton, it was a miracle to see that a human who was not even able to control Qi slay 34 experiment subjects in merely two minutes! It was definitely a miracle! If they submitted this result to the association, it would cause a massive commotion!

Through the toughened glass, Dalton looked at Henry, who did not even pant in the slightest as he stood in the room next door. He was so glad that he was the first to meet such a talent!

"Hurry, open the door!" Dalton came to his senses and quickly got up from the sofa, picked a fine bottle of wine, then strode out the door.

The door of the next room was also opened, and Henry stepped out of it with a relaxed look on his face.

As soon as Henry stepped out the door, he heard Dalton laugh aloud.

"Hahaha, brother, you really have true skills. I haven't even asked for your name yet." At that moment, Dalton had completely stripped away all of his supercilious pride.



Upon witnessing this, Wyck's face turned even gloomier.

"Syl Zhang." Henry announced his alias.

"Hahaha, Brother Zhang is really powerful. Come, come, this way, please." Dalton went up to Henry and put his arm around Henry warmly as he waved the bottle of fine wine in his hand. "Let's go and have a drink over there."

"Okay." Henry nodded and followed Dalton to the side.

Flynn followed him with a calm look on his face. How could Claudia not see what Dalton was thinking? She too, enthusiastically joined in beside Flynn.

The blonde-haired girl, Robine, who almost had her Spiritual Stone cheated from her, looked towards them with a curious expression, completely unclear of what was going on.

Dalton led Henry and Flynn into a luxurious reception room. He waved his hand, and the servants in the reception room left immediately, only Wyck and Claudia remained by his side.

They came to a grand round table, Dalton made a welcoming gesture and said, "Come, Brother Zhang, sit down. Oh, right, I haven't asked who this is..."

"Master Leng, my brother." Henry patted Flynn on the shoulder.

As a westerner, Dalton did not quite understand the meaning of the name "Master Leng" and did not react to it. "Master Leng, please, have a seat."

Henry and Flynn sat at the table without any hesitation.

As for Wyck and Claudia, they did not have the right to take their seats without any orders from Dalton.

Dalton obviously had no intentions of letting the both of them sit at the table. He handed the bottle of fine wine to Claudia and motioned at her to pour it.

As for Wyck, he stood at the side as if he were a bodyguard. It was apparent that Henry and Flynn were way more important than Wyck was in the eyes of Dalton at that moment.

Wyck looked at Henry and Flynn with hatred in his eyes.

When the wine had been poured, Dalton took the initiative to raise his glass. "Come, Brother Zhang, Master Leng, let's toast to our first meeting."

With a soft clink, the three expensive goblets touched.

After taking a sip of wine, Dalton took a deep breath and said, "Brother Zhang, I don't know where you and Master Leng have come from, meeting you has been really eye-opening."

Henry smiled and said, "I've seen all sorts of things, so it's natural that I have gained the experience."

Dalton continued to say, "Brother Zhang, the movements of the Alvin League are getting bigger and bigger. Every year, our association is faced with heavy casualties due to the slaying of experiment subjects. If you could contribute your abilities to the association, it would definitely be a great joy for us."



## Chapter 1050

Henry stared at Dalton. He remained silent, but sneered in his heart. Dalton was really good at pretending. If he had agreed to his proposal, he might have no longer have the chance to speak.

Seeing that Henry remained silent, Dalton said anxiously, "Brother Zhang, I hope you understand how helpful your abilities are to the association!"

Henry still remained silent.

At that exact moment, the door of the reception room was pushed open.

The moment the door was pushed open, Dalton glared in the direction of the door and shouted, "Don't you know the rules here?"

It was also a young man who entered. After glancing at Henry and Flynn who were sitting at the round table with Dalton, he quickly walked up to him.

"My Lord, something has happened."

Dalton frowned slightly.

The young man got close to Dalton's ear and whispered something.

Although Henry could not hear the young man's voice, he could tell what the young man was saying just by reading his lips.

"Something's not right with Tucker. We can't get in touch with him. Some said that he's already dead."

That was what Henry understood by reading the young man's mouth.

Henry's lips curved into a faint smile, but at the same time, he felt a little disappointed. "Alas, Dalton's intelligence system is too outdated. I had a conflict with Tucker in front of so many in the ghost market, yet only now they have received news about Tucker's accident. Looks like the bishop's disciples weren't as powerful as I thought."

Unbeknownst to Henry, it was not the disciples who were weak, but it was because their experiences were completely different from Henry's.

The rise of Radiant Island led to a revolution in the underground world under the pressure from The King Region. This was basically a war in the underground world, and it was not an exaggeration to call it a world war of the dark.

As for the disciples of the bishops like Dalton, even though they had also gone through struggles and hardships, but when compared to the experiences Henry had gone through, it just seemed like child's play. To put it bluntly, they cared more for their own status. For example, the



disciples of the bishops had more advantages over the others in terms of status, and those lower than them would never dare to lay hands on them.

However, the war that Henry had experienced was different. It was a world where even the ordinary could swing their knives at the heads of the highest-ranking leaders of the underground. It was a world where even the closest could betray them at any given time.

Although Dalton was about the same age as Henry, the way he planned and did things bore a huge difference between them.

Just like how Dalton was taking steps in the direction Henry had planned.

After listening to the young man's report, Dalton cursed in a low voice, "Useless piece of trash, go search for him!"

"Got it. I'll go right away." The young man bowed and said, then quickly left the reception room.

Dalton was obviously unable to keep a poker face. It took a long while after the young man left for his expression to gradually return to normal.

Although the people of the Recluse Association were powerful, but in terms of temperament, they were still far inferior to the underground forces who fought all year round.

Henry was sure that in terms of manipulation, a successor of an underground top-ranked leader could easily screw around with Dalton.

Dalton took a deep breath, then raised his glass and said, "Brother Zhang, I'm sorry for that embarrassing interruption. Something had turned up all of a sudden. Let's continue from where we left off, shall we?"

"Sure." Henry nodded with a smile.

A thoughtful expression appeared on Dalton's face, and then he said, "How about this, Brother Zhang, let's not play this guessing game anymore. You are not just here today to show off your ability, aren't you? What is it that you want?"

Hearing this, Henry's eyes suddenly flashed. "Status!"

"Okay!" Dalton agreed without a thought. "If you want status, status is what I shall grant you. You probably should know that the selection will be held tomorrow. Brother Zhang being here today, means you believe in my ability, in that case I won't hide it from you any longer. The selection will be divided into three rounds this time. The outcome will be based on points. One of those rounds is to deal with experiment subjects. In terms of individual strength, I have absolute confidence in my team. However, when it comes to dealing with



experiment subjects, I'm not as confident. Everyone has their own way of dealing with experiment subjects, but I'm sure that no one has a better method than you do, Brother Zhang."

Henry tapped the table with his finger and asked, "So, you'd like me to pass my methods to you?"

"Exactly." Dalton nodded truthfully. "If you share your methods with me, I'd definitely be able to win this selection. And when that happens, I can grant you the status you desire anytime!"

Henry smiled and shook his head. "I can't teach you my methods. I think it's best for you to reach me again after the selection."

After saying that, Henry got up and patted Flynn on the shoulder, then headed to the exit of the reception room.

Flynn did not say anything and followed behind Henry, he was prepared to leave.

Wyck, who had been standing by the side, appeared in front of Henry and Flynn in a flash, blocking them in their paths.

"What's the matter? Does Lord Dalton not approve of us leaving?" Henry asked with a smile.

Dalton waved his hand and motioned for Wyck to step back.

"My Lord, the two of them..."

"Let them both go." Dalton glared at Wyck in annoyance. "Since when was it your turn to express your opinions after I have made a decision?"

Wyck quickly lowered his head and took two steps to the side.

"Lord Dalton, I'll still be here for a day after the selection," Henry said that and left with Flynn.

After consecutively passing through the two hidden doors, Henry and Flynn finally found themselves at the private club they had first entered. Right outside the club was the ghost market.

Flynn finally could not help but ask, "Brother, what on earth were we here for?"

"I told you, to get you followers." Henry smiled and said, "It's too difficult for you to win the selection with your capabilities, so you'd have to find another way."

"And what would that be?"

"You've got to find ways to weaken Dalton. I will mix in with Dalton's team and create a bit of trouble for them at the selection tomorrow. That way, no matter what format the contest uses, be it the point format, the time format, or the mixed fight format, with me creating trouble for them, you should be able to obtain a result better than




theirs. Win one match first and we'll see how it goes."

Flynn's face was doubtful, "Mix into Dalton's team? All the members of his team are his trusted men. That's not easy so easily done."

"How hard could it be?" Henry smiled slightly. "All that needs to be done is to let him to witness the capabilities that are irresistible to him, and he will naturally take the initiative to come to me. Picture this, if he had a man in his team who didn't reach Qi-controlling Realm, yet could still easily deal with the experiment subjects, imagine how benefiting it would be for him under the attention of thousands. How could he possibly something like this?"

As soon as Henry finished his words, Claudia was seen running over to them. "Syl, Master Leng, please wait."

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## Chapter 1051

Seeing Claudia running over, Henry and Flynn smiled at the same time.

One night went by quietly.

The next morning, with the ring of a bell, the selection of the Recluse Association that was held once in every five years began.

Every person within the Holy City donned a red robe. The different runes on the robes represented the status of these people.

Only a very few were dressed in long black robes, and they were all jailers.

Only six wore long white robes.

They were Archbishop Morvyn of Europe, Archbishop Mercator of North America, Archbishop Hebor of Antartica, Archbishop Renier of Oceania, Archbishop Kipp of Africa, and Archbishop Kodie from South America.

As for the Sackcloth Visitor who represented the Asian Continent, he was still dressed as he was named, his clothes remained unchanged.

Being represented by the Sackcloth Visitor, the people of the East, too did not wear their religious robes, instead they wore their typical attires of the East.

Henry glanced around. Based on those attires, he could distinguish who were the people of Yan Xia, who were from\*, and who were from Korea.

The people of the seven continents were divided into seven different sections and formed seven different teams. However, these teams were not as unified. For example, Andrew who was in Morvyn's team.

Each selection had a fixed location.

At a huge square, the ground of it began to rise slowly after the seven archbishops released their Qi. At that moment, it was as if the Holy City was rumbling.

An elevated platform the size of a football field was suddenly formed and the height of the platform spanned up to ten meters.

"Brother Zhang, this will be the arena for the selection." Dalton stood beside Henry and introduced the rules to him.

Henry discovered that Dalton's confidence was not just simply arrogance. He was indeed fully prepared for this selection.

At present, the rules of the selection had not been announced, but Henry had already gotten the full set of rules from Dalton.

Just like the previous selections, there were a total of three parts in



this selection. The Asian Continent did not need to participate in anything other than the final part.

To put it bluntly, due to the special factors of the Asian Continent, it possessed some sort of extraordinary position in the Recluse Association and not a single bishop dared to set their sights on the Asian Continent.

The main format used for this selection was the point format. The amount of points determined which continent the bishops would take charge of.

Of the three tests, the first was to deal with the experiment subjects.

Recently, the small society of the Alvin League appeared more and more frequently, and after all those years of development, the experiment subjects had evolved to become particularly terrifying. The experiment subjects had always been something the Recluse Association wished to get rid of. Both bishops and ordinary believers of the Recluse Association would take on the responsibility of wiping out the experiment subjects. This would naturally be the main task of the selection, and this segment would be worth the most points.

The second part was the team battle. The purpose of it was to assess a bishop's leadership and general management abilities. To put it bluntly, this was to see whose ace card was stronger.

Only the six continents took part in those two tests, while the Asian did not.

The third test was for each of the candidates to participate in a battle royale. The seven bishops of the seven continents would battle it out in the arena. This was to test one's capabilities.

The greater the accumulated points they got out of the three tests, the earlier they would be given the chance to choose the continent they desired as their own territory. It was just that simple.

When the arena had completely stabilised, the seven archbishops jumped towards the sky in unison.

Next, chairs composed of seven different colours of Qi appeared behind each bishop. These chairs were different in appearance, which indirectly showed that each bishop had a different idea about the selection.

First was the Sackcloth Visitor, the seat formed by him was a standard armchair. The meaning of it was obvious. "This seat originates from the east, and we don't want to interfere with the affairs of the other continents."

Bishop Morvyn formed a white stone seat. The seat was square and angular, meaning that he would stand strong with no fear for the others.



The seat Hebor had formed was a purple throne. It was a luxurious seat.

To them, purple was the color of nobility, and this throne was even more proof of Hebor's ambition. This time, he wanted to ascend to the top!

Although the other bishops did not act as flamboyantly as Hebor, they too, were more or less hostile towards Morvyn. After all, everyone wanted this treasured land of Europe.

As the Archbishop of Europe, Hebor announced the rules of the selection. These rules were exactly the same as what Henry heard from Dalton.

The successors of the bishops had been rubbing their hands under the arena for a long time.

Henry noticed that the blonde girl he had met in the trading hub yesterday was also present as a contender, she was the successor to the North American Bishop Mercator.

Henry could not help but take a second look at this beautiful girl. At the age of sixteen or seventeen, she had already been chosen as the successor to the North American Bishop and participate in this selection. This lady was definitely not as simple as she looked.

Henry had taken glances of the successor of the other three bishops. He could not tell anything. He only noticed that one of them was very powerful, and had reached the early stages of Qi-concentration.

After Morvyn had finished reading the rules of that selection.

"Our Recluse Association has been operating for more than two thousand years. It is our duty to maintain peace. Today, . No one is allowed to harm others intentionally. Everyone, prepare yourselves. Please step onto the stage."

As soon as Morvyn finished, Dalton leapt into the arena excitedly. He was visibly in very high spirits and was brimming with confidence.

"Brother Hebor, looks like you're very confident in this selection," the bishop of the African Continent, Kipp, said with a laugh.

Hebor replied, "The European continent has been under the leadership of Brother Morvyn for too long. I think that Brother Morvyn is probably also tired of that area, it's about time for a change. Brother Morvyn may be very powerful, but his successor does not seem to be very satisfactory. This is just the law of nature, and has nothing to do with confidence."

Hebor's words were harsh and merciless.

When the others heard this, they just smiled and remained silent. In truth, news of Morvyn had long since spread throughout the Recluse




Association, saying that he was overly doting on his child, and had sacrificed dozens of Qi-concentrating Realm experts in order to save him. Although it was all in the name of exterminating experiment subjects, but his ultimate goal was still to save his son.

Due to the spoilt love from Morvyn, Robbin turned out to be a good-for-nothing. Being in his twenties and only possessing the capabilities of the early-stages of Qi-control, he was pathetic.

"Hebor, sometimes it isn't good to be overconfident." Morvyn glanced at him. "If you ended up losing today, you might be afraid to lift your head with pride for the rest of your life. It's better to keep a low profile."

Hebor sneered. "Low profiles are reserved for the weak."

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