









morning." Sylvia nodded her head with a solemn look. She knew very well that once the matter got the clans involved, it would not be a trifling matter.

One night passed quietly.

The next morning, Sylvia rushed out of the door. She was afraid that Henry's task yesterday would be delayed, so she went out to do it personally.

Similarly, Henry also left home early in the morning and went to the old site of the welfare home to take photos for the patriarch.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. What a huge Spirit Gathering Formation. In this current era, what is the purpose of making such a large formation?" A hoarse voice rang out from behind Henry. Who else could the owner of this voice be other than Sackcloth Visitor?

"Will the Recluse Association care about this matter?" Henry asked without turning his head.

"They won't," the man replied very decisively. "If nothing happens, the Recluse Association will not care about this. But from the looks of it, something will happen sooner or later."