

## Chapter 1007

The Fire Crystal contained an extremely high amount of energy. When it was detonated, it could produce an impact that was even more terrifying than a nuclear explosion.

The most detrimental part of a nuclear explosion was not the blast. The radioactive elements gave out from a nuclear explosion could render the land barren for hundreds of years.

However, the Fire Crystal explosion didn't produce radioactive elements. And that's why Henry decided to detonate it. Otherwise, even though Henry and Flynn could survive the blast, they couldn't survive the damage caused by the radioactive elements.

Henry cut open the stomach of the Ba-serpent and got out. The mucus on his body dried quickly under the high temperature caused by the explosion. He felt very uncomfortable, and it took him a long time to peel the dried mucus off.

He turned around to check the Ba-serpent. It was lying on the ground. The scales on its body had all gone, and the flesh gave out a burned smell. Only half of its triangle-shaped head had left.

Henry took a deep breath. He had escaped from death.

In fact, Henry didn't really know how good the Ba-serpent's defense capacity was. If the Ba-serpent's body couldn't block the explosion, Henry could have died inside of its belly.

Flynn was still inside of the belly of the Ba-serpent, unconscious. He had no idea what his surroundings had turned into.

Henry looked around and, to his surprise, found himself in the area before he had entered the Purgatory. It was unknown if the blast had pushed them here or the Ba-serpent fled here by itself.

However, none of that mattered anymore.

Henry took out his broken sword and cut the opening on the Ba-serpent's belly wider. He carried Flynn on his shoulders and walked toward Recluse Association's world.

In the world of Recluse Association.

Two Qi-concentrating Realm masters were standing in front of the stone wall. They hid under their cloaks and stood there motionless like statues.

Suddenly, one of them turned around and paid attention to the other

side of the wall.

The other one also turned around.

"You feel it?"

"Yes, some creatures are approaching. I'm afraid the attack is about to happen."

"Let's kill this one first."

The two looked at each other and punched out at the same time. The stone wall cracked open.

"Clomp, clomp."

They heard footsteps coming from the passage.

The two men stood before the entrance of the passage.

The footsteps were getting louder and louder. Both of them knew the creature was getting closer.

"Let's do it!" One of them shouted.

The two launched the attack almost at the same time.

"What's wrong with you two? The monsters couldn't kill the Bishop's son, so you guys want to finish the job for them?" Henry's voice sounded in the passage.

"The Bishop's son!"

The two Qi-concentrating Realm masters stopped their attacks.

Henry, carrying the unconscious Flynn, emerged from the dark.

"Robbin Gaille!" The two men cried out in surprise, staring at Flynn.

Henry put Flynn on the ground. It seemed that Robbin Gaille was Flynn Tang's birth name.

"Gentlemen," Henry shrugged, "I just put my life at risk and brought the Bishop's son alive. Do you think it's appropriate to prepare me a comfortable bed and some good drinks?"

The two Qi-concentrating Realm masters looked at each other. One of them asked in a lowered voice, "So you are the guy who went in with Commissioner Andrew but didn't come out?"

"Yep," Henry flatted out his hands.

Another one came over to Flynn to confirm his identity, "Yes, he is Robbin Gaille. Inform the Bishop."

The man then turned to Henry, "Follow me!"

Half an hour later, Henry was lying comfortably in a bath barrel. For

more than two weeks, he could finally relax.

While humming a tune, Henry picked up a bag of medicine and rubbed it around his body.

"Hey, you're so well-informed. I've only been out for half an hour." Henry threw the bag in the barrel and closed his eyes.

The place where Henry was staying looked like a hotel from 1880s Europe. Although everything here looked like antiques, they were, in fact, brand new.

After rescuing the Bishop's son, Henry was treated as an honored guest by the two Qi-concentrating masters.

The door of the room was pushed open. Sackcloth Visitor walked in, with his hands rested behind his back. He stared at Henry, who was in the bath barrel.

"I say, I'm still in the bath barrel. We are not that close yet!" Henry side-eyed Sackcloth grumpily.

"You're all men, and I'm old enough to be your grandfather," Sackcloth Visitor said. "You've made it loud this time, even rescued the Bishop's son."

"What else can I do?" Henry said as he stretched, "Otherwise, Andrew would eat me alive."

"Haha," Sackcloth Visitor chuckled, "Andrew indeed has to be more careful around you. But it's not a long-term solution. The secret of the City of Hell is too serious. At this moment, Andrew holds back the information from the top of the organization on purpose. If any of the upper-level people learn about it, even the Bishop won't leave you alone!"

"I know," Henry nodded. He got out from the bath barrel and wrapped a towel around. "But I'm living my life by the days. The future will have to wait."

"Oh," Sackcloth Visitor pushed down the brim of his straw hat, "So thinking on your feet, right?"

"You can understand it any way you want," Henry put on a bathrobe. He made tea and poured a cup for Sackcloth Visitor and himself. Henry sat down on the couch and said, "It's time for Andrew to show up."

As soon as Henry finished his words, loud laughter was heard from outside of the door.

"Haha! Henry, I'm really proud of you! You lucky son of a gun brought Robbin Gaille back. The Bishop decided to come here immediately

after he heard about the good news. He wanted to come down here to thank you in person. What you have achieved is a miracle, considering you just reached Qi-transformation Realm."

In Andrew's voice, he showed up in front of Henry.

Andrew didn't bring anyone with him. He closed the door behind him and started to make himself a cup of coffee.

"You people from Yan Xia like drinking tea, while we like coffee. This should be a cultural difference," Andrew sat down in front of Henry, holding his cup of coffee, "Or, the difference between races."

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"The differences between races..." Holding the cup, Henry blew on it gently, "Why don't you say that your world is different from the rest of us. See, tea is part of Yan Xia's heritage for twelve centuries and is beloved all over the world. It is you, whose bigotry has limited your eyesight!"

"Are you mocking our underground world?" Andrew smiled and put down his cup of coffee.

"No," Henry shook his index finger and said, "I'm just saying that there isn't such a big difference between races."

"Whatever," Andrew waved his hand impatiently. He brought up the race just as a conversation opener to discuss Alvin League's experiment. But Henry had disrupted his plan.

"Henry, we are both smart people. So I want to make something clear to you."

Henry made a gesture to indicate Andrew to continue.

Glancing over the coffee cup in front of him, Andrew said, "You should know how serious the secret you are hiding. Whoever knows the secret of the City of Hell can alter the progression of the world."

"Lord Commissioner, that's a little exaggerated, isn't it?" Henry said teasingly, with a face full of disbelief.

Andrew shook his head, "You're still not powerful enough. You don't understand how fearful those people are. Do you really think you can guard the secret with your late-stage Qi-transformation Realm ability? If it weren't for me who is hiding the secret from the world for you, you wouldn't be able to live in peace for these couple of months."

"So, I need to thank you, Lord Commissioner?" Henry held his fists in front of his chest.

"There's no need to be cynical," Andrew's face looked bad, "I know what's on your mind. I know why you ran into the Purgatory to save Robbin. You want someone to level with me. But are you sure that the Bishop will help you when he finds out about the secret you are hiding? You should know this. You and Sackcloth Visitor drink tea, but the Bishop and I drink coffee."

Henry shrugged, "Commissioner Andrew, maybe you should tell the Bishop about the secret and ask members of Recluse Association to

vote. If they agree that you should be the one that I tell my secret to, I'll do it."

Henry was confident that Andrew would never say a word about the secret to anyone.

He wouldn't hesitate to trade his position in Recluse Association with the secret of the City of Hell. To add competition was the last thing Andrew would do.

There was a malicious look in Andrew's eyes, "Henry, you're deliberately setting yourself against me. Believe it or not, I can kill you before the Bishop arrives!"

A golden Qi-knife was formed in Andrew's hand.

Andrew had run out of patience with Henry. He wanted to get the information through force.

Henry snorted. He was not afraid of Andrew. If the fight broke out, it was hard to tell who would be the winner.

What Henry had been worried about was what was going to happen after the fight. At this moment, the Bishop held gratitude toward Henry, and Andrew was going to force him to tell the secret. Henry had no choice but to fight Andrew. Henry was curious about what the Bishop would do after the fight."

"Kid, I admit that you're talented, but talent won't give you the real power! There are so many underdeveloped talents. No matter how many people they had impressed, they all ended up being corpses. If you want to join them, I'll make your dream comes true!"

"Commissioner Andrew, who do you want to kill?" A loud voice came from outside the door.

The door was pushed open, and Flynn walked in wearing a set of formal wear. His long blonde hair had been trimmed into buzz cuts, which made him look energetic.

Behind Flynn, a middle-aged man in a white robe looked at Flynn delightfully.

See the two people coming in, Andrew dissipated the Qi-knife. He stood up immediately and bowed, "Your Excellency!"

As for Henry and Sackcloth Visitor, they still sat in their spots without moving.

"How dare you ignore Your Excellency!" A Qi-concentrating Realm master yelled at Henry and Sackcloth Visitor angrily.

"Haha," Sackcloth Visitor straightened the collar of his sackcloth cape

and said, "As a member of Yan Xia Recluse Association, I only acknowledge my own lord."

"Let it be," The white-robed bishop said. His voice was very soft, giving people a feeling of bathing in the spring breeze. He had an average and forgettable face. "Although I am a bishop, I still need to act carefully around Lord Sanford Chu. Sackcloth Visitor has been traveling around the world on behave of Lord Sanford Chu. How could I receive a greeting from Sackcloth Visitor?"

"What about this one?" The Qi-concentrating Realm master asked, "Commissioner Andrew said that you are the warden he appointed. Why didn't you greet the Bishop?"

"He doesn't need to," The bishop said, "This young friend has saved my son's life. He doesn't need to act inferior to me. It is I who should express gratitude to him."

The Bishop then held his hands in front of his chest and bowed to Henry.


"Your Excellency, you don't have to do this," Henry laughed, "I only wanted a better position in Recluse Association. If you wouldn't mind, grant me a promotion. I would be very happy if you could make me a commissioner."

"Haha," The Bishop laughed, "You really have guts to ask me that. I'll be very honest with you. The promotion is not up to me alone. It'll have to be approved from every upper level. But I can offer you personal help. If you have questions about cultivating Qi, I can be your guidance."

"I'm good then," Henry looked disappointed, "I can take care of my training. Who knows when you will have time to answer my questions. But if someone is going to kill me, you'll have to help me!"

"Of course," The Bishop nodded, "You have saved my son's life, and I will be sure to repay the same kindness. Alright then, I'm only here to meet my son's savior. I'm sorry if I interrupted something. I won't bother you any longer. Andrew, could you take a walk with me?"

"Yes, Your Excellency!" Andrew bowed at the Bishop and turned to leave. On his way out, he gave Henry a glare.

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As soon as the bishop left, Flynn jumped over.

"D\*mn, brother, you are too awesome! You don't know, when I opened my eyes and found that I had already come out, I was shocked!"

Flynn's face was full of excitement, and his eyes were full of admiration for Henry.

"Well, how do you feel after coming out alive?" Henry picked up the teacup again and blew on it.

"Amazing, of course!" Flynn took a deep breath and said, "Brother, I never thought that this small world was so beautiful. I thought this world was too boring, but now I know I was wrong."

Henry smiled and said, "Tell me, what do you want to do now?"

"I'm going to have a big meal. Brother, you don't know. I've been eating overdue cans for more than a year and I'm sick of them. I want to have a big meal!" Flynn rushed over and took Henry's arm and said, "Let's go. I have to drink with you."

"Okay." Henry nodded and looked at the Sackcloth Visitor.

Sackcloth Visitor shook his head. "It seems that you have adapted to this place. I have other things to do, so I won't accompany you. Take care of yourself."

"Okay." Henry made a gesture to Sackcloth Visitor.

Flynn took Henry all the way to the entrance of this small world.

The two left from the door that Henry came in at that time. A few minutes later, they came to the canyon again. A helicopter was waiting there. The interior of the helicopter was completely sealed, and people couldn't see what was outside.

As the helicopter took off, it landed more than an hour later. When the cabin door opened, Henry saw that he was already in a small town.

This small town was surrounded by emerald green forest, and a small river ran through it. One couldn't see the end of the river at a glance. The buildings within the little town were like the from Grimm's fairytales. Upon seeing the surrounding emerald green forest and a river, one would feel as though one was in some magical world.

Residents dressed like farmers shuttled back and forth in the town. They were talking in the local language and laughing.



"Brother, we call this place Foothold Town. In the past, transportation was not that convenient. Those who entered and exited the Recluse Association would rest in this town for a while. Over time, it became a tradition. Almost everyone would choose this town to rest." Flynn explained to Henry, "Many people also have feelings for this town. After leaving the Recluse Association, they would choose to live in this town. So, don't look down on this town. There are many masters living here."

"I can see that." Henry nodded. Among those farmers who seemed to stand aloof from worldly affairs just now, one of them always looked at Henry from side to side. He sized Henry up constantly, and at the same time, he gave off an unusual aura.

"Let's go, brother. There are several chefs living here. Let's have a good meal first. Hahaha!" Flynn rushed into the town excitedly and ran to a restaurant.

In this small town, occasionally, there would be a small bridge connecting the east and the west. Every place had beautiful scenery. It could be said that there were no bad spots in this town.

Henry didn't trot along with Flynn all the way. Instead, he walked into the town and took a closer look at everything here. Henry naturally wouldn't think that this place was as simple as Flynn said. It was just that everyone was used to it, so they chose this place.

After half a month's contact with Flynn in the lab, Henry found that Flynn was completely reckless. Without his father's protection, it was better for him to be in touch with those experimental bodies. After all, in many aspects, humans were more terrible than those experimental bodies.

In an ordinary restaurant, there were only a few people sitting.

When Henry came in, Flynn had already chosen a table to sit down.

The table was located next to the window of the restaurant, which was very large.

"Brother, come here. I've ordered already!" Flynn waved at Henry and said excitedly when he saw Henry coming in.

Henry walked to the table and sat down. Soon, he saw plates of delicious food being served one by one.

Over the past year or so, Flynn had been greedy. At the sight of these delicacies, his eyes were green and he said, "Brother, I'll eat first!"

As soon as Flynn finished speaking, he grabbed a chicken leg in front of him and stuffed it directly into his mouth. His behaviour of eating like a wolf really made people wonder if he was the reincarnation of a

hungry ghost.

Henry didn't hold back either. After half a month of lab life, Henry also missed these delicacies, so the two began to eat the delicacies on the table.

Half an hour later, the table full of delicious food was cleaned up by the two people. Flynn poured a cup of Remy Martin for himself and Henry respectively. "Brother, it's all thanks to you that I was able to survive. I pay my respect to you. If it weren't for you, I would have been killed sooner or later. It's all thanks to you. If it weren't for you, I would have been eaten by the others."

Henry shook his head and said, "Since you call me brother, you don't have to be so polite."

"Ha, ha, ha! Henry Zhang. So interesting!" A woman's laughter suddenly sounded from the restaurant. She was sitting in the corner.

Henry and Flynn both subconsciously looked at the source of the sound.

The guest sitting in the corner also turned around at the same time and looked at Henry and Flynn.

It was a European woman who looked about 30 years old. She had long red hair and wore tight leather armour, which made her look very hot. On her forehead, there was a scar that destroyed the overall beauty. Without this scar, the woman would undoubtedly be considered a hot beauty.

"Henry, you're the jailer arranged by Andrew Garfield. You're supposed to report to my lord, but now you're on close terms with the bishop. Impressive, impressive!" The woman clapped her hands.

Flynn stared at the red-hair woman and thought for a moment before he remembered the woman's name. "Jilisa Nicci, we have nothing to do with you, right? You're just a small Punishment Messenger. What qualifications do you have? Just sit there and don't talk to us!"

"I'm sorry, Master Robin Gaille. Oh no, I heard that you have changed your name after becoming a Chinese citizen. Now I should call you Young Master Flynn. I am directly under the command of Andrew Garfield. Andrew Garfield has never told us that in front of the child of the Bishop, a person who has no contribution to the Recluse Association, we should be respectful!" Jilisa smiled.

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