

Chapter 1055

What Flynn was capable of now, was the fruits of his training in the trial island.

People of all sorts participated in the trials on the island. They did whatever they could in order to emerge victorious. Actions that were usually deemed shameful and degrading, were notable in the eyes of those who participated in the trials on the island, the cowards and dirty players were especially proud of their dirty tricks.

Flynn, who hung on the edge of the ring, poked out his head from time to time and yelled, "Your daddy, Dalton, is right here. Try and kill me if you can!"

After doing that, Flynn immediately changed his position, then he stuck out his head and yelled once more, "It's not that I, Dalton, look down on you, but I just want to state the fact that everyone here is trash. Come kill me if you can, I'm begging you!"

After that, Flynn changed his position again.

Dalton, who was mock fighting with Robine, was furious when he heard that voice. He could obviously recognise that it was Robbin's voice. This feeling of being used as bait by Robbin made him extremely pissed.

"Hahaha, this kid is interesting." Mercator stretched out his thumb.

Hebor sat on one side, his face clearly unhappy. It was very obvious to him that his apprentice had begun to get flustered upon hearing Robbin's voice.

The battle in the arena went on. Many from the audience booed and yelled at Flynn for being shameless after they had seen Flynn peeping and shouting those words from the edge of the ring.

"How disappointing, I, seek death, yet no one is able to satisfy me? Make me bleed, come abuse me!"

Flynn's voice continued to ring.

"I'll kill you!" Dalton could not take it any longer. With a loud roar, he immediately left the battle with Robine and sprinted towards the direction of the voice.

Whenever Flynn shouted, he did not just pick a random position, he would first position himself wherever the expert of the early stage of Qi-concentration was.

Just when Dalton lost his composure, the Qi-concentrating Realm expert had just taken down the other two candidates. Seeing Dalton charge at him with a loud roar, a look of disdain appeared on the Qi-concentrating Realm expert's face. He struck out a palm towards Dalton and said, "Kill me? You?"

The Qi-concentrating Realm expert had clearly mistaken Dalton's words to be directed at him.

Being faced with a palm from the Qi-concentrating Realm expert, Dalton retreated like mad as he screamed, "Help!"

If it were only Dalton, this Qi-concentrating Realm expert would have been able to take him down in the shortest amount of time possible.

Dalton's followers, who were still mock fighting with Robine, stopped their act immediately. They hurriedly arrived to help Dalton deal with the Qi-concentrating Realm expert.

The difference between each level in terms of the practice of Qi was great, just like the gap between heaven and earth.

Just as had happened in the past when Barry, the Punishment Messenger, could easily defeat Henry, who had just mastered Qi-control.

Dalton and his six followers were no match for an expert at the early stage of Qi-concentrating Realm, even when they attacked together. When the expert's followers charged at them, Dalton and the others were knocked back one after another, one of them was even thrown out of the ring.

"Robine, hurry up!" Dalton let out a loud, frantic roar. "If I lose, you can forget about winning!"

Robine cursed at Dalton's idiocy silently. If he had really wanted to fight this Qi-concentrating Realm expert, he should have at least tried to ambush him when he was unprepared. It would be too difficult to fight him head-on! He was at the level of the Qi-concentrating Realm! Furthermore, the expert had ten followers to support him.

However, at that point in time, there was nothing else Robine could do about it. If she allowed Dalton to be defeated, her participation in the selection would only end up as a failure. If she had lost this round, then it would be even more impossible for her to win the third round, the one-on-one duel. Thus, she had to win this round. Not only did she have to win, she had to kill him!

Robine let out a loud cry, then led her followers into the fray.

"Renier, your disciple is very powerful. He's so young, yet already so

powerful. You have really picked up a piece of treasure," Kipp said.

The continent of Oceania that Renier was in charge of was also a poor piece of land. It was only slightly better than the Antarctic that belonged to Hebor.

"He is indeed powerful." Kodie said. "One man against multiple parties, yet he's not at a disadvantage. In the first round, he placed the third in points. This round, he should be able to take the first place. If nothing unexpected happens, he should be taking the first place in the third round as well. From the looks of it, this time, Brother Renier, you might have a chance of conquering Europe."

"Hahaha." Renier laughed aloud. "Brothers, you flatter me. You flatter me! I don't really think about Europe, as long as I can leave that d*mned place, I'll be happy."

Although Renier said all that, the confidence in his eyes showed that he was completely confident that his successor had a good chance in the selection.

With the alliance and Dalton and Robine, as well as their followers, they were barely able to tie with Renier's disciples.

Fortunately, the power of the followers of Renier were ordinary and unbalanced, and they did not cooperate with each other at all. Otherwise, both Robine and Dalton would have been defeated long ago.

"Take out his followers first, then work together to take him down!"

"Got it!"

With a blink of an eye, Dalton and Robine shifted their focus to the followers of Renier's successor.

The followers were not as powerful as Renier's successor. When attacked by Dalton and Robine, they were either knocked out of the duelling platform or lose their ability to fight.

After Dalton and Robine had completely dealt with all of the followers of Renier's successor, Renier's successor had seized the opportunity to sweep away all of their followers.

When everything had ended, on Dalton's side, only him, Wyck, and a blonde-haired youth remained.

On Robine's side, only four late-stage Shadow Transformation followers remained.

Although it was Renier's successor who fought against eight opponents alone, Dalton and the others would not have won so easily.

Not primarily mentioning the immense power of Renier's disciple who was at the early stage of Qi- concentrating Realm, based on the situation of the battle, Robine had 2 more men than Dalton did! This round of the selection would not end by killing Renier's disciple. After that round, a battle between the both of them awaits, therefore Dalton decided not to go all out. Losing anyone now would be a great loss to Dalton.

Robine too, did not intend to go all out. Right then, she had a greater advantage than Dalton, losing a single person would mean losing half of her advantage!

Each of them had their own plans in mind, which meant that they could not focus on dealing with Renier's successor. With that immense power of his, it would be bound to be a close battle.

As for Flynn, who was still hanging at the edge of the ring, had almost been completely ignored.

When it came to Henry, as a person who did not even have control of Qi, he would obviously go unnoticed.

The three parties on the arena all stared at each other. No one dared to make the first move because the battle just now had cost them a lot of energy.

"We can't waste any more time." Robine said to Dalton in a low voice. "He's one level higher than us, and his speed of recovery is far greater than ours. If we continue to drag this on, we'd be at a disadvantage. We have more people on our side. Let's find a way to exhaust him to death."

"You go first." a look of sharpness flashed across Dalton's eyes.

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A hint of anger flashed across Robine's eyes. She knew that Dalton was trying to drag her into the mess. After all, she was the one who still had many followers by her side. After that matter had been resolved, her team would have a higher chance of winning. Therefore, Dalton was anxious to get rid of this man in front of him, even though the first person to do so was most likely to face his thunder.

But then, even if Robine knew that Dalton was trying to manipulate her, she was able to do anything about it. If she wanted to win, she had to do something.

Robine inhaled deeply, then shouted for her men to attack. Almost at the same time, Renier's disciple, too started attacking.

In the face of Robine and the others, Renier's disciple suddenly raised his spirits and retaliated.

"Dalton, what are you dreaming about? Do you think you'll come to a happy ending if I lose? Don't forget that there's still Robbin you have to watch out for! In the end, you'd still be unable to gain the position of the European bishop."

As soon as he heard the Robbin's name, Dalton's eyes turned bloodshot with rage and he charged towards Renier's disciple.

On the other end of the battle, Henry and Flynn watched on as if they were watching a play.

There was once an ancient scripture that recorded the battle between two godlike experts. They fought on for three days and three nights. The battle was so intense that no one could tell who would emerge victorious. This record did exist, but Henry believed that it was by no means a battle of life-and-death.

The more powerful one's existence was, the clearer one would be of how terrifying that power could be. If it were two men who had just learned martial arts, and exchanged more than a dozen moves, or two masters who were testing each other out and exchanged more than ten moves, it would be more believable in Henry's opinion also possible. In a battle of life-and-death, one move would usually do the trick. The more powerful the master was, the more likely that would happen.

A minute after both Robine and Dalton attacked Renier's disciple together, both of them each had one follower who had fought to the

point of losing their ability to carry on fighting, creating an opportunity for both Dalton and Robine. Both of them seized this opportunity to attack Renier's disciple, breaking through his defence, successfully gaining an upper hand over him.

"Hurry Robine, don't give him the chance to catch his breath, charge at him with your men."

"Dalton, quit acting. If you want to fight, let's do it together. If you want to continue playing around, at worst, we'll both be defeated! Which is fine for me, I'm not in a hurry anyway." Robine's eyes reddened upon seeing that she had lost one of her followers.

"Then let's attack together!"

The duo bellowed loudly once again and continued charging towards Renier's disciple.

It was another fierce battle.

"Eh, something's not right." Commander Mercator, who was seated in the air, said as he looked at the intense battle down below. "Renier, this disciple of yours has a strange aura. His Qi-concentrating Realm realm doesn't seem to be stable. Right now, his aura is constantly declining towards the late stage of Qi-transformation."

"Indeed, he's at the late stage of the Qi-concentrating Realm. That shouldn't be his original level, right?" said Kipp.

Renier's expression changed, then he laughed, "Haha, I can no longer hide it from my brothers. My disciple's cultivation method is a little special. Whenever he breaks through a realm, he must first enter that realm to experience it. Right now, he's only one step away from the late stage of Qi-concentrating Realm."

Upon hearing Renier's words, a look of disdain appeared on the faces of the bishops. That was not some kind of special cultivation method, Renier just used some sort of method to exhaust the potential of his disciples in order to temporarily raise his strength to the early stage of the Qi-concentrating Realm.

"Brother Renier, looks like you're very determined to win this selection. You've reached the late stage of transformation at your age, seeing that you're based in Oceania, you've probably tapped into the furthest extents of your potential," Hebor said.

Breaking through one's realm within a short time by force was detrimental to one's foundation. Renier's disciple might have seemed invincible in the arena, being capable of fighting many opponents at once, but that was already his limit. It would be good enough for him to

be even able to maintain his strength at the late stage of the Transformation Realm in the future.

On the arena, Dalton had played a dirty trick on Robine in the battle, causing her to lose another follower.

The fury within Robine's heart blazed, but when she saw that the Renier's disciple was no longer as valiant as he had been earlier, she had no choice but to swallow the resentment she had.

Renier's Qi levels kept fluctuating. The enormous consumption of Qi caused his level to drop from the early stage of Qi-concentrating Realm to the late stage of Qi-transformation.

Although it was only the difference of one level between the late stage of the Qi-transformation Realm and the early stage of Qi-concentrating Realm, the difference was massive.

Dalton and Wyck both struck at the same time, forcing Renier's disciple to take a step back. This single step was enough to make Dalton go mad with joy.

"He's weakened, hurry!" Dalton roared.

Robine could tell as well. She hurriedly led her followers to join in the attack.

Renier sat atop of the arena. His face was extremely dark as he watched his disciple's level drop. Although he had known that there were many drawbacks to this method of forcefully increasing one's level of cultivation, it was inevitable that one's level would plummet in the face of such an attack, but how could he give up that easily after all the preparation he had done for this selection all this while? Even if his disciple were to die today, he must still win these two rounds of the selection!

Renier reached into his long white robe. Within the robe, there was a small wooden box. In the wooden box lay a type of Gu Poison Bug. This Gu Poison Bug was specifically requested by Renier from Miaojiang of the Yan Xia in the past.

The poison bug was named the "Heart Poison Bug". It would attach itself to the heart of a being and fed on blood from the heart, just as its name suggests. The Heart Poison Bug worked in pairs, one latched on to the heart, and the other was to be controlled by others.

When Renier touched the Heart Poison Bug in the wooden box, his disciple in the arena froze suddenly, like a machine that suddenly had its power switched off. He stood there completely unmoving, even when faced with the attacks from Dalton and Robine.

Dalton and Robine, who had already struck out at him, suddenly withdrew their attacks and retreated at the same time.

Something was off! They had no clue what other tricks Renier's disciple had in his sleeve!

Just as Dalton and Robine hesitated, the pupils of Renier's disciple suddenly became bloodshot. His breathing grew heavy, and veins began to pop out all over his body. All across his body beneath his long white robe, the red strands that resembled his capillaries spread across his entire body.

"His Qi level has been raised again? What's going on?" Hebor looked confused.

"Something off about him." Kipp, too, said.


"The energy this kid is giving off feels like he has absorbed impure spiritual energy to me..." Kodie said as his brows furrowed while he looked at Renier's disciple below.

"No, he's..." Bishop Mercator suddenly stood up and said, "This feeling is like the beastification of the Alvin League, but it's not entirely similar. What on earth is this?"

"It looks like some kind of forbidden technique." Randell chipped in.

The five archbishops looked to Renier in unison, waiting for his explanation.

Renier shook his head, then let out a sigh. "Alas, it's too tough down there for my child, being bombarded by all your disciples to the point that he could no longer take it. Have you ever heard of the power of the Yan Xia bloodline?"

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Powers of the bloodline!

Upon hearing these words, even the Sackcloth Visitor, who never participated in their discussion, turned to look towards them.

Renier continued, "The power of the Yan Xia bloodline is known as the most mysterious force in this world. However, due to the fact that it has been passed down far too many times, this bloodline has become thinner and thinner, resulting in the loss of its power. However, my disciple is a mixed-blood with half of Yan Xia's bloodline, while his ancestors are of a powerful clan. I'm not sure why, but the happening of my disciple's blood resonating with his ancestral roots is extremely strong, and he is capable of bring out a portion of the power of his bloodline. I believe Sackcloth Visitor can explain how terrifying the powers of bloodlines are to all of you."

After Renier said that, all eyes of the five bishops turned to look at Sackcloth Visitor.

"How do you explain it..." The Sackcloth Visitor touched the brim of his Asian conical hat. "Let me put it this way. Although my capabilities are weaker than you bishops, but if I were able to awaken the power of my bloodline, even if it were the most ordinary bloodline, I would be able to easily slaughter all of you. That's basically it."

Upon hearing the words of Sackcloth Visitor, Hebor and others could not help inhaling deeply.

Their powers were at least two realms higher than that of Sackcloth Visitor. Was the power of the bloodline so terrifying?

Hebor said, "In this world, if you desire power, a certain price must be paid. Some are born with powers of the bloodline, they can't possibly be so powerful with no drawbacks, right?"

"Of course." Sackcloth Visitor nodded. "If you want to use the power of your bloodline, there is a price to pay. As far as I know, the majority of the users with powers of the bloodline are unable to control themselves when their powers are awakened. I can see that this disciple of Archbishop Renier probably fits this description."

After Sackcloth Visitor said that, he looked at the disciple of Renier in the arena. Renier's disciple would let out a roar from time to time.

Renier placed his hand into his robe, pinching the Heart Poison Bug in his hand while nodding. "Indeed, once this disciple of mine uses the

power of his bloodline, he'll be totally out of control temporarily. So, if all you are worried for your disciples, you could just let them admit defeat in order to prevent any unhappy incidents from happening, that'd be terrible."

Upon hearing Renier's words, Hebor and Mercator's faces darkened. Renier clearly meant that if they did not admit defeat, he was not to blame if someone really ended up dead!

In the arena, both Dalton and Robine were at the stage of the Transformation Realm. The reason why they dared to fight an expert in the stage of Qi-concentrating Realm was because they were certain that no matter how hard they fought, their lives would not be in danger. Therefore, they dared to go all out at him, but at that moment, they were in grave danger.

Mercator and Hebor both stared at the arena. Should they admit defeat? This selection not only affects their status as bishops, but also the future of their younger generations. How could they possibly admit defeat? How could they!

But if they refused, whatever that comes next would be totally out of control!"

Just as Hebor and Mercator were still in a state of negotiation, a roar erupted from the disciple of Reiner, and he charged straight at one of Robine's followers who was closest to him,.

Although the battle earlier was intense, Renier's disciple did not dare to kill anyone. Therefore, strictly speaking, he did not fully make use of his strength at the early stage of Qi-concentrating Realm. Just like the scene of an online game, a max-level player wearing a max-level armor, but he brought an ordinary weapon with him when fighting a group of ordinary players. The players could break his defence and he could cause great damage to them, but he was unable to kill them off them with one shot. That way, the ordinary players would still have the opportunity to recover their health.

However, with Renier's disciple being under the current circumstances, it was equivalent to equipping a max-level weapon. He was going to butcher them all.

Robine's follower that had been targeted did not even have a chance to escape. The punch from the disciple of Renier instantly blasted through the follower's ribs, blood burst out from his wound!

The moment blood shot out, fearful screams rang from the audience.

The expressions of Bishop Hebor and Bishop Mercator became even

darker.

The intense battle went on for such a long time, and at that moment, someone had died!

It was also at that moment onwards that the so-called big battle from earlier had already turned into a small fight, the real fighting was only just about to begin!

Robine clearly saw that her follower had collapsed to the ground, unable to move at all. His chest had been completely blasted through. That bloody scene made him feel nauseous.

After Renier's disciple finished dealing with one person, he did not stop to rest, and continued charging towards the next person.

"Spread out!" Robine seemed to have come up with a solution instantly after analysing the situation. "He's currently in a very strange state. Furthermore, he had just killed someone yet the bishop still has not called for a stop yet. Which meant that the bishops were probably aware that he has entered a special state. He definitely won't last long in this state. Spread out, quick!"

Upon hearing Robine's words, the only remaining follower of Robine's immediately ran in the opposite direction with her.

Although Dalton still had not understood whatever that was going on, but after seeing Robine running in that manner, he began to run with Wyck as well. The four of them immediately split up and went in the direction of the four corners of the ring.

"D*mn it, what's going on?" Henry suddenly noticed that Renier's disciple was staring at him, which made Henry a little annoyed, and led him to follow Flynn's example, he reached to the edge of the ring, and hid himself outside the ring.

Henry disappeared from Renier's disciples' line of sight and he turned to look at the other four. Renier's disciple stood in the middle of the ring, while Robine, her men, Dalton, and Wyck were standing at the four corners of the ring. Renier's disciple was still hesitating who he was going to attack first.

"The f*ck are you looking at! I, Dalton, had said that I was going to slaughter you, didn't you hear me? You piece of trash, what are you glaring at? If you have the ability, just kill me, my name is Dalton, come at me!" Flynn's voice suddenly boomed behind Dalton. When Dalton looked behind him, Flynn had already crouched low at the edge of the ring and switched to another side.

"Robbin, I will kill you, I swear!" Dalton clenched his fist. Being teased

like this by a good-for-nothing was driving him crazy.

"My lord, watch out!" At that critical moment, Wyck roared loudly.

Dalton only felt a strong gust of wind rush at him. He turned to find that Renier's disciple was already in front of him. The blood-thirst in his eyes filled Dalton's heart with terror, Dalton turned and ran towards where Robine was located without a thought.

Although the arena was huge, for those experts who were at least in the Transformation Realm, it was just a matter of a few leaps.

When Robine saw that Dalton was leading Renier's disciple to her end, she cursed silently and also began to flee towards where Wyck was located. Since she was dragged into this train-wreck by Dalton, then she shall drag all of his men in as well.

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Wyck, who was hiding in a corner, noticed that something was not right. Before Robine even reached him, he had already turned and ran towards Robine's follower.

An originally many-on-one battle had turned into a bout of pursuit because of the sudden changes that the disciple of Renier had gone through.

The four fled wildly around the arena while Renier's disciple chased after them relentlessly. The four of them did not mean to flee together, but due to their earlier intentions of bring all of them down together, they were totally unable to escape. Whenever Dalton wanted to flee in a different direction, Robine immediately followed, and when Robine wanted to leave, Dalton clung on tightly to her.

More importantly, while they were running, they could still hear a voice coming from the edge of the ring.

"Your Daddy, Dalton, is here. Come and get your daddy!"

"Would you believe that your Daddy will chop your head off and use it as a urine pot?"

"Seriously, release a dog here and even it could catch up to me, your daddy Dalton!"

Flynn's voice rang over and over. In the disciple of Reiner's current condition, he was unable to figure out where the voice was coming from. He only knew to hunt down and kill the people in front of him. His flames of fury continued flaring as he heard the ringing of that voice.

As Dalton ran for his life, all that he desired was to solve this problem as quickly as possible, and then tear Flynn's mouth into shreds.

Above them, the bishops watched on at the scene below.

Renier spoke once more, "Hebor, Mercator, if this goes on, I'm not sure what my disciple might do. Just give up, all of you."

On the surface, Renier displayed a look of regret, but in his heart, he was incredibly anxious. The Heart Poison Bug in his hand did not have much energy left. This meant that his disciple would not be able to maintain his current state for much longer. If this went on, the Heart Poison Bug in his body would completely suck away all of the blood in his heart, which would result in his death in the end.

If he really did die, Renier would not be heartbroken. However, he knew

that he might be unable to retain his position as the Archbishop of Oceania, and be directly assigned to Antarctica.

When Mercator saw that Renier's disciple was closing in more and more at his own daughter, he was absolutely against his daughter endangering herself for this matter. Just as he was about to admit defeat in order to rescue his daughter, a voice suddenly rang out.

"Come on, he's already at his limit. Let's fight back!"

When the four of them, who were busy fleeing, heard this voice, they subconsciously stopped in their tracks and condensed their Qi, and then turned to face Renier's disciple. Unfortunately, they did not see him in a weakened state; he was still full of vigour. They had lost their opportunity to escape the second they stopped running.

"Wyck, what were you yelling about!" Dalton yelled furiously.

Wyck's face was pale as a sheet. He frantically shook his head. "It wasn't me."

"Alright, enough chitchat. Let's take him on together, or else we'll all die!" Robine's eyes were grave as she urged.

"Morvyn, your lad is so cunning," said Kipp with a smile.

Bishop Morvyn had a strange look on his face. He was contemplating whether he had been right to send his son to train under the former king of hell. What he did was not something a bishop would do. Although his methods were obnoxious, Morvyn was still happy with him doing that. Had they not been in that current situation, Randell would have given his son a thumbs up.

The voice just now was from Flynn. Flynn was able to lower his voice to imitate Wyck.

Faced with of the fury of Renier's disciple, Dalton and the other three did not dare to hold back. They launched their most powerful attacks almost in unison in an effort to fight back.

The disciples of Renier fought against four of them alone. Not using any fancy moves, he simply blasted a punch at them. Dalton and the other three were sent flying backwards together, all of them spitted blood after sustaining serious injuries.

"Go on, kill them, kill them all!" Upon seeing that, Renier's heart raced with excitement, and unconsciously strengthened his grip on the Heart Poison Bug that was in his grasp.

Disciple Renier let out a pained roar, then leapt at Wyck.

Wyck lay heavily injured on the ground, there was nowhere for him to

run. When he saw Renier's disciple charging at him, he roared out frantically, " I surrender! I surrender!"

The bishops that watched above had long been prepared. The moment Wyck admitted defeat, Hebor appeared in front of Wyck with a flash and drove a palm towards Renier's disciple.

Renier's disciple was sent flying by Hebor's palm in the middle of his attack.

Hebor snorted coldly, then leapt into the air.

Wyck, who had admitted defeat, also stumbled off the arena hurriedly.

Renier could feel the Heart Poison Bug trembling violently in his grasp. This meant that the palm attack from Hebor earlier had caused quite a bit of damage to his disciple.

"Hebor, you have gone a bit too far! A bishop like you actually attacked my disciple!" Renier said, obviously unhappy about it.

Hebor had an indifferent expression on his face. "I was just trying to maintain the order of this selection. Wyck had already admitted defeat, yet your disciple continued his attack, it was him who violated the rules first. He's already lucky enough that I didn't cancel his qualifications."

Renier snorted coldly and said no more.

Renier's disciple, who had been knocked down by Hebor, got up with difficulty. The location he was knocked to was just a short distance away from Robine, and that was something that had been deliberately done by Hebor.

After casually wiping away the blood from the corner of his mouth, Renier's disciple locked on to Robine.

"We admit defeat." Bishop Mercator, who had been watching from above, could no longer take it. He landed directly onto the arena, picked up his daughter, and then drifted off to the ground.

After Robine had admitted defeat and left, her follower also let out a great sigh of relief and flipped down from the ring after announcing that he too had admitted defeat.

Right now, only Renier's disciple and Dalton were still standing in the arena.

Henry and Flynn crouched low at the edge of the arena. There remained silent, completely hiding their existence.

Renier was overjoyed. Only Dalton remained. All that had to be done was to finish him off, and he would be in the first place of this round. Even if he did not participate in the next round, his ranking would still

not be considered low, and he would be able to not continue living in poor Oceania.

After all, there could only be one final winner after the third round of each session, which was the Eastern Continent.

In the past, Sanford was invincible. He easily defeated the six cardinals with overwhelming power. Sanford did not make it this time, but the successor he had chosen would definitely not be a weakling! This fact was recognised by every bishop!


Renier's disciple slowly made his way towards Dalton. The heavily injured Dalton lay still on the ground. All he could do was watch Renier's disciple step towards him steadily.

Hebor stood in the air, ready to attack any time, but he first had to wait for Dalton to admit defeat. After all, the existence of a disciple was much less important than his status in the future.

Just as Renier's disciple was about to arrive in front of Dalton, the Heart Poison Bug in Renier's hand suddenly exploded.

"Oh no!" Renier blurted out subconsciously.

As soon Renier as said that, his disciple in the arena suddenly collapsed forward, then fell motionless onto the ground.

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"Ha! Ha!" Dalton and laughed out loud as he gasped for air, then he slowly got up from the ground. Although he was heavily injured, he was still able to stand. He stood on the edge of the arena and looked at Renier's disciple who lay motionless on the ground.

"What the hell are you laughing about?" Flynn, who had been hanging at the edge of the arena from the very beginning, jumped back into the ring at that moment.

Henry also climbed up the ring silently from another end.

Seeing Flynn appear before him, Dalton's expression changed. He had almost forgotten about the existence of this person, "Flynn, what could you even do with your powers of the early-stage of Qi-controlling Realm? I allowed you to hang on up till now, which is a huge favour for you!"

"Humph." Flynn's face was full of disdain. "I survived up until now through my own efforts."

Flynn walked slowly towards Dalton with a smile on his face.

Dalton put one hand behind his back and condensed a cyclone of Qi. If it were any other time, he would not have needed to say much to this weakling of the Qi-controlling Realm and send him off. Yet then, he had used up a lot of energy, and was seriously injured. It was hard to tell who would win in a fight.

Flynn's smile widened. When he had gotten within a certain distance from Dalton, he suddenly launched an attack and rushed towards Dalton at a very fast speed.

Dalton's eyes narrowed as he readied himself to take action.

"Okay, that's enough!" A shout boomed from above.

Except for Morvyn and Sackcloth Visitor, the other five bishops all landed on the arena and separated them both.

Morvyn, who was still in the air, displayed a look of surprise on his face. It was apparent that he had not expected the sudden actions of the five bishops.

Hebor said, "This selection is only to test your abilities, not to make you fight to death. The reason we let you lead your followers into battle is just so that we can observe your leadership abilities."

"Not bad." Bishop Mercator spoke up as well, then turned to Renier and

said, "Renier, although that disciple of yours is truly powerful, he was always relying on his own strength. His leadership ability isn't that strong, so in this round, his ranking would not be very high. As a compensation for you, seeing that your disciple is heavily injured and unable to participate in the third round. How about we let him have the second place in the third round?"

"Sure." Renier answered without even thinking. Clearly, he had just reached an agreement with the other bishops.

Mercator looked at Flynn again and said, "Flynn, in the second round, you come alone with no followers. We feel that you should be placed last."

Most of the bishops agreed to this decision. At present, only seriously injured Dalton and an early-stage Qi-controlling Flynn. As for Henry, he was not in consideration because he did not have the ability to controlling Qi. If they had fought for real, Flynn's chance of victory would be higher than Dalton's.

In the first round, Flynn had won the first place. If Flynn had won the first place in the second round, the position of the European bishop would almost remain the same.

After all, in the third round of each selection, the Asians always won by landslide.

"In that case, I announce!" Bishop Mercator spoke. "The winner of the second round will be Dal..."

"Hold on!" Morvyn suddenly shouted. "Guys, isn't it against the rules for you to come to a decision without my input?"

"No, no, no." Bishop Hebor smiled as he shook his head. "Bishop Morvyn, we're in accordance with the rules. It is stated in the third chapter, line seven of rule number six, that when the majority of bishops have come to an agreement, the results of a round that an incident had occurred could be changed. This round depended on one's leadership ability. Although Robbin survived till the end, he did not display any leadership abilities. If he's not placed last, who else should be placed last? If it were just about individual strength and combat experience, I think Robbin would come in first in the third round, according to his current performance."

"Ha." Morvyn chuckled and said, "So Bishop Hebor, you mean to say that you have won this round?"

"Of course, up until now, the only one who still has followers is Dalton. If..."

Bishop Hebor was interrupted half-way through his sentence.

"Wait a minute, let me explain." Henry suddenly ran over from the side and stood next to Dalton. "Erm, I'm not a follower of Master Dalton."

Hebor had heard of Henry from Dalton yesterday. When he saw Henry speak, he squinted and said with a smile, "A cooperative relationship is the same."

"Yes, yes, it's cooperation." Henry nodded repeatedly and then reached out to put his hand on Dalton's shoulder. "But now, the cooperation has been cancelled hehe."

After saying that, Henry pushed him gently with his hand.

Dalton, who had been standing at the edge of the arena, fell directly down to the ground after being pushed by Henry. Although Dalton reacted quickly and formed Qi underneath his feet, causing him to float in the air, but he had completely fallen off the arena. According to the rules, he...had failed.

Henry smiled and tore off his face. The skin mask that was worn over his face was completely torn off and his original appearance was revealed.

"Dear Bishops, I'm sorry. I've always been on the same team with Flynn. As for the fact that you all have decided to award Dalton with the first place, I don't think his ability to lead is very strong."

The moment Dalton saw Henry's true face, he was completely stunned. How could he not recognise this person? "It's you!"

A smile suddenly appeared on Cardinal Morvyn's face. He had been looking for Henry for a long time. Unexpectedly, this man had been hiding under his nose all this while.

Bishop Hebor's face suddenly darkened.

The rest of the bishops exchanged a few glances, hints of admiration flashed in each other's eyes.

"Dear bishops, what are you standing still there for? Go on, announce the results." Henry said, "By the way, according to the rules you had just said, if it were based by the leadership qualities of a commander, Dalton should be placed last. He did not even notice that an outsider had blended into his team. Moreover, his follower had admitted defeat before he was defeated. I don't think such a person is has any leadership qualities. However, I feel that Robine should be placed second. Her follower chose to admit defeat only after she had left. Plus, one of her followers even died for her. I think that such leadership quality is second only to Flynn."

Henry deliberately made the death of Robine's follower sound as if he had died for her sake.

"Hahaha." Bishop Mercator laughed out loud. "Kid, I think you're right."

Bishop Hebor's expression turned sinister. He was not surprised with Mercator's actions. All of the men present were there for their own benefits.

Upon hearing this, the other bishops, too agreed with Mercator's words. By placing Dalton at the bottom of the list, the rank of the other bishops would be bumped one place up.

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Chapter 1060

The sudden change of circumstances caused the faces of both Hebor and Dalton to darken.

Hebor had said all that, just because he wanted to find reasons to place Flynn last. If he had not done so, even if Dalton had won the fight and Flynn was placed second, Flynn had already won the first place in the first round. According to the rules of the point system, the first round carried the most points. So that way, Flynn would still take the first place after adding up the points accumulated from the first two rounds.

In the third round of the selection, everyone's points would be about the same. If that happened, the position of the European bishop would still be given to Morvyn.

After Henry's proposal had been approved by the bishops, Henry winked at Morvyn and asked, "Bishop Morvyn, shall we now announce the results of the second round?"

He looked at the other bishops. The other bishops had no objections, except for Hebor, who now had nothing more to say. Since he had said that the second round was judged based on their leadership qualities, Dalton's performance earlier had been a total failure. Not only did an outsider infiltrate his team, even his own followers fled at crucial moments.

"Alright. Seeing that none of you have any objections, I shall announce the results of the second round..."

Morvyn's voice boomed. He announced the results of the second round clearly for all to hear.

In this round, Flynn was placed first, Robine came second, Kipp and Kodie's disciples were third and fourth respectively, Renier's disciple was fifth, and Dalton was placed last.

According to the current score, Morvyn would continue his reign as the European Bishop, while Mercator would continue to occupy North America. Due to the fact that the other four bishops' points were very close, it was still too early to say.

"Due to the huge consumption of energy in the second round, the third round will be scheduled at 10 a.m. tomorrow morning."

With a wave of his hand, the ten-meter-high arena slowly descended. When it finally descended to the ground, the audience could see that

the arena was already full of holes, traces of an intense battle were visible to the eye.

"Lord Dalton, I..." Wyck walked over to Dalton.

"So your life is that valuable, huh?" Dalton shot a cold look at Wyck, his expression extremely unfriendly.

Wyck was taken aback by that question. He waved his hands frantically and said, "Lord Dalton, it was because..."

"Enough!" Dalton roared. "Fleeing at the crucial moment? You really are a good follower!"

As Dalton spoke, he walked up to Wyck and reached out his hand to choke Wyck by the throat.

Although Wyck had a similar level of strength to Dalton, he dared not to resist him at all. "Lord... Lord Dalton, please spare me."

"Spare you?" A curious look appeared in Dalton's eyes. "Tell me, why should I?"

"Because I... I... I'm your dog, your most loyal dog." Wyck struggled to force a smile on his face.

"A dog?" Dalton suddenly loosened his grip on Wyck's throat. "Hahaha! You're right, you're a dog, a good dog. If that's the case, there's something I need you to help me with."

Wyck quickly got on his knees and said, "My Lord, I await your order."

Dalton squatted down slowly and placed his mouth close to Wyck's ear. He reached out to point at Flynn's position and said, "I don't want to see him in the selection tomorrow. Go and kill him tonight."

"Yes, my lord. Don't you worry about him!"

The selection ended for the day, the crowds that gathered in the square dispersed gradually.

Morvyn was overjoyed. He walked together with Flynn and Henry.

"This man is really good." Mercator joined in from beside and looked at Henry in admiration. "If I'm not mistaken, this is the man who created Radiant Island, which overthrew the sovereign of the King Region."

Henry smiled and replied, "The information that could be received from Bishop Mercator's intelligence network, should be way more than that piece of information."

"Haha." Bishop Mercator laughed dryly. He did find someone to check out Henry's identity within the shortest time possible, but he was not expecting Henry to just say it so bluntly. "You are a very straightforward

person indeed, Henry. If the opportunity arises, let's have a good chat. I'm quite interested in the Devil Test that Robbin had participated in."

Bishop Mercator had ordered for the investigation of Henry, naturally so that he could find out more. Mercator knew very well the person Flynn used to be. Having witnessed the huge changes with Flynn, Mercator could guess that it must have had something to do with the devil's trial.

"If Bishop Mercator would not worry about your daughter participating, I'm pleased to inform you that there's a chance for her next year." Henry cast a sideways glance at Robine who was following behind Mercator. This lady seemed innocent, lively, and harmless, but in reality, she was a true snake.

Hebor joined in from another direction with Dalton following behind him. Everyone was headed to that magnificent church, so it was very easy for them to find themselves on the same path.

"Congratulations, Morvyn." Hebor walked towards them and laughed aloud. He then turned to Henry and said, "I did not expect such a young and outstanding talent by Robbin's side. The Lord of Radiant Island, what an amazing title!"

Hebor's words also proved that he had also investigated Henry's identity.

Henry replied with a smile, "Those titles mean nothing. In the eyes of all the elders here, I am just a nobody."

"A nobody? No, no, no." Hebor denied quickly. "A nobody. How could you publicly deny my words in front of so many? Henry, you're a big shot. Your future shines bright, but a big shot still has to go through growth. Don't you die along the way and let me down."

Hidden threats lay within Hebor's words.

Henry nodded. "Rest assured, Bishop Hebor. I won't let you down."

"Great." Hebor gave him a thumbs-up. "Then I look forward to seeing what you can do."

After Hebor finished, he quickened his pace and proceeded ahead with great strides, taking Dalton along with him.

When they had gotten in front of Henry, Dalton suddenly spun his head around and glared at Henry viciously, making a gesture of slitting his throat at the same time.

Henry responded with a wide grin.

Dalton snorted coldly, turned around, and then followed behind Hebor,

walking into the church with long strides.


"You'd better not run all around the place again today, Henry." Mercator patted Henry on the shoulder.

"Don't worry, Bishop Mercator. I know what I'm doing."

Flynn had won the first place in both rounds of the selection that day, yet he his consumption of energy was the least among all the candidates. While the other candidates were busy tending to their wounds, Flynn had already found a restaurant and was enjoying a feast.

Although many found Flynn's performance that day shameful, even more were impressed, including what he had done before he entering the arena, made many who looked down on him change their views of him.

"I'm very satisfied with how Robbin has changed." Bishop Morvyn said to Henry.

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Chapter 1061

The night had gotten late, yet the Holy City was still bustling with people, discussing about the selection excitedly. The night before, everyone discussed who they thought would win. This time, most of the discussions were focused on Flynn.

As the only son of the European Bishop Morvyn, Flynn had always attracted a lot of attention.

Back when Flynn had been trapped in purgatory, the story of Morvyn leading dozens of masters to his rescue had already spread far and wide.

In the eyes of most, Flynn was a good-for-nothing who only created trouble for his father. He was also very soft and weak. However, Flynn's performance today was a total eye-opener for them.

In a night market outside the Holy City, Flynn followed beside Henry and said, "Brother, it's not safe out here today. My father specifically warned me to stay indoors."

Henry rolled his eyes and said, "That's exactly what we want, what's the point of coming out if it were safe?"

"Brother, I don't understand." Flynn was confused.

Henry patted Flynn on the shoulder and said, "You know alot about the culture of Yan Xia, but do you understand the saying 'cutting up tangled threads with the swift cut of a knife'?"

Flynn thought for a moment and said, "To get all the troublesome people tangled up then kill them all in one shot?"

"Well... I guess you can also put it that way." Henry sighed and said, "Come on, let's take a few more rounds at the ghost market."

Henry led Flynn all the way to the ghost market. This time, the two of them were not the same as they had been the day before. Instead, like Tucker back then, they held and looked at various items for the fun of it, not buying anything. It annoyed many, and they were very quickly recognised.

"Isn't that Robbin?"

"He's so arrogant!"

"How can he not be? He was placed first in two rounds of the selection. If all goes smoothly, Europe will still be under the watch of Bishop Morvyn!"

"You're not wrong about that, but I think he depended entirely on luck, plus his individual strength is still so weak. What has he got to be arrogant about?"

"Isn't the fact that he's the successor of the European Bishop enough? He is arrogant indeed, but do you dare to do anything about it?"

"Just wait and see. We may not dare to do anything, but there's someone who would dare to do it. I really don't understand, with that level of power he possesses, he still dares to come out here instead of hiding away indoors at such a critical time. Come outside is easy, but it might not be that easy to go back in!"

"Shh! Are you tired of living? Keep your voice down. What does this matter have to do with us? Let's go, let's go."

Discussion after discussion arose one after another. Henry and Flynn acted as if they had not heard anything and continued to stroll around with swagger.

Andrew appeared from the front of the ghost market and headed straight at Henry.

"Looks like you're in a good mood today, Henry." Andrew walked up to Henry and said, "What you pulled off back there was pretty good."

"Heh heh, you flatter me, Lord Garfield" Henry replied with a smile.

"No, that was just the fact," Andrew said with a wave of his hand. "You were just a jailer, yet today you lectured the bishops in front of so many. Only giving you the title of a jailer, is just too unfair to you. Based on your performance today, I should at least present you with the title of Commander. Don't you agree?"

Henry's face expressed deep thought, then he snapped his fingers. "If you can give me your position of Commander, Lord Garfield, that'll actually be pretty good."

"What a big talker!" Another man appeared from behind and looked at Henry as he shouted, "How dare a young one like you speak so freely. You dare to provoke a commander? Don't you even know to bow to your Lord when you see him? How dare you stand tall and talk to him? Don't you know the rules?"

Henry looked at the person who spoke. It was a middle-aged man in his fifties, he had the features of a westerner with a naturally stern face.

"Jailer Zhang, I'm asking you now, why are you not greeting me as I appear before you?" The middle-aged man asked.

"Henry," Andrew said, "this is Lord Caspar. You're on pretty good terms with me, so it's fine if you don't do the formalities to me, but you should still abide by the rules."

Henry immediately understood this man once had a falling-out with him and therefore could not suppress him with his status, so he simply brought another man along.

Caspar put his hands behind him and said once more, "Jailer Zhang, are you still not going to greet me?"

"Caspar, what a high-ranking official you are!" Flynn chipped in, "Speaking of status, you should be greeting me first!"

Caspar's expression hardened, and he said, "Young Master Gaille, although you are the successor to the bishop, you have not been appointed as the bishop yet. So in terms of position, I don't have to salute you, but as for Jailer Zhang..."

"Shut it." Flynn glared at Caspar impatiently. "Brother Zhang is my benefactor. You're ordering my benefactor to salute you, why don't I kneel to you too?"

"Haha." Andrew chuckled and said, "Master Gaille, we're not here to joke around. As you know, Henry is a prison guard under my jurisdiction. I'm here to talk to him regarding the affairs of the association, Master Gaille probably shouldn't intervene in our matters, am I right?"

There was a change of expression on Robbin's face, but he did not say anything. After all, he was not a bishop yet. It really was against the rules for a successor of the bishop to intervene in the affairs of the commander. In that current situation, he would be very likely be targeted by the media.

"Let's go. Henry, we have something else to talk about." Andrew stepped forward, put his arm around Henry's shoulder, and led him aside.

Caspar stood by the other side of Henry, giving him no means of retreat.

"Lord Garfield, you..."

Henry opened his mouth to speak, but was instantly interrupted by Andrew.

"That's enough. I'm not in the mood to play these verbal games with you." Andrew said impatiently, "Henry, I'll give you one more chance. I'm the commander, and you're just an ordinary jailer. Even if Lord Gaille remains as the bishop of Europe bishop, I can still kill you before he

officially gets on his seat. The city next to the City of Hell is where your forces lie, isn't it?"

"There are quite a lot of people in it," Caspar said. "I'm just wondering how interesting your expressions would be if the city was destroyed instantly."

Henry frowned a little. "Are you two threatening me?"

"What about it? Can't I threaten you?" Caspar asked back, "You're just a little jailer. You thought you could deal with several parties, but unbeknownst to you, you're just like a rat in a sewer in our eyes, running all about, all dirty and smelly and disgusting. I'm dying want to kill you, and that's all just a piece of cake."

"Henry, don't say that I didn't give you any chances. Think about it, you have to remember that no matter how much good you've done for Bishop Morvyn, you'd still be a jailer in the end." Sean led Henry into an alley. "Even if you do succeed in helping Bishop Morvyn continue his reign of the bishop of Europe this time, he can't break the rules and promote you to the rank of a commander either. To say the least, so what if you do become a commander? Take a look at what's in front of you."

Henry looked up to see that there were more than a dozen men standing in front of him, and all of them were in commander uniforms.

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Chapter 1062

More than a dozen commanders stood in front of him, which was why Andrew had such an air of confidence.

"Do you think that Bishop Morvyn could really protect you?" He asked again.

"How ignorant!" Caspar laughed aloud.

"Henry, just mull over it." Andrew patted Henry on the shoulder. "The gap between our status is something you can't make up for. If we wanted to take your life, we'd have countless ways of doing that. If you know what's for the best, you'd hand over whatever I know that's in your possession. Otherwise, here's a little message for you, you and that little Radiant Island of yours shall disappear from this world. And as for what comes next... haha."

Caspar continued. "The death of a jailer will not be taken seriously. Remember, status will forever be an insurmountable chasm, got it? Look at the person in front of you. Remember us well. Every one of us could kill you as easily as squeezing a mouse to death."

Henry's eyes swept across every single commander in front of him. On these people's faces, Henry saw expressions of scorn, disdain, and contempt.

"Remember this, the gap between you and me is most insurmountable." After dropping this sentence on Henry, he disappeared in the passage with his many commanders.

"Status..." Henry murmured, a smile formed at the corners of his mouth.

When Henry returned to the ghost market, he saw that Flynn was no longer waiting at the same spot. Henry looked around and noticed that many avoided eye contact with him upon noticing him. This discovery made Henry realised something terrible had happened.

After a moment of thought, Henry's eyes locked on to a private club, then he proceeded to head over to it.

It was still brightly lit in the Holy City, even at a time like that.

However, shadows lurked wherever the sun shone. In a dark corner of the Holy City, Flynn got up from the ground with a bloodied body. He looked at the man and woman in front of him and said, "Wyck, Jilisa, don't you fear not being able to walk out of this Holy City alive if you kill

me today?"

Flynn wiped away blood from the corner of his mouth as he looked at the two people in front of him.

Wyck's expression was dark. The incident that happened humiliated him completely. If it were not for the man in front of him, all of that would not have happened.

The long, red-haired Jilisa, covered her mouth and laughed. She said, "Master Gaille, why can't we get out alive after you're dead? Lord Morvyn would no longer be the bishop of this area anymore after tomorrow anyway."

Flynn stared straight at Jilisa and said, "Looks like Andrew is totally prepared to betray my father."

"No, no, no." Jilisa wagged her finger and said, "Master Gaille, how could this be called betrayal? There is a saying in Yan Xia that goes like this, 'smart birds choose the best trees as their home'. Andrew just made the best choice he could."

"Is Hebor the best choice in your mind?" Flynn said while secretly observing his surroundings, trying to find every possibility of escape. "Do you know why Hebor had to watch over the Antarctic? If he really had the capability to reside Europe, he would have done that long ago!"

"Whether or not Lord Hebor has that capability, I'm not sure." Wyck spoke. "However, Lord Dalton would definitely have this capability in the future. There's no need for you to worry about the future, Robin. Now I'll let you choose, how would you like to die? Hmm?"

As Wyck spoke, he waved his hand fiercely and a shadow of a cobra shot directly at Flynn.

Flynn's strength at the early stage of Qi-controlling Realm would be easily subdued by a person at the late stage of Qi-controlling Realm, not to mention the two experts in the Transformation Realm, especially Jilisa, she was not just simply at the level of Transformation. Faced with the attack of the cobra shadow, Flynn was not even able to dodge it. He was tightly wrapped by the cobra shadow, rendering him immobile.

"Tsk, tsk." Jilisa looked at Flynn, who was constricted by the cobra, and said, "Wyck, you're too cruel. Are you trying to crush all his bones inch by inch? This way of dying is pretty scary."

Flynn was constricted by the cobra shadow. No matter how hard he struggled, he could not get free. Instead, he was constricted tighter and tighter. He could not move his limbs at all. A great force pressed at

him from every direction of his body, suffocating him as every bone in his body was squeezed.

Flynn unconsciously opened his mouth wide and gasped for air.

"Robbin, I'm going to crush your bones bit by bit!" Wyck gritted his teeth. The events of that morning kept flashing in his mind. If it were not for this man, he would not have had to go through all that!

Jilisa stood by the side, smiling as she looked at Flynn. "Wyck, hurry up and finish him off. If that Henry fellow finds us here, we'd be in even more trouble."

"Don't worry. He won't." Wyck laughed coldly. "Right now, he's probably still shivering under the pressure of the few major commanders."

Just as the words left Wyck's mouth, his expression changed. "How is that possible!"

The cobra shadow that was wrapped around Flynn suddenly dissipated into thin air.

Henry had already appeared behind Flynn without being noticed.

"It's you!" Jilisa stared at Henry.

"It's impossible! How did you possibly find is?" Wyck's pupils contracted the moment he caught sight of Henry. The memory of him being slapped continuously by Henry back in Foothold Town was still fresh in his mind. When faced with this man, Wyck felt weak and defenceless.

"Nothing is impossible." Henry casually waved his hand and a round object rolled to the foot of Wyck.

"This is..." Wyck stared at the object that rolled towards him, and then the hairs of his entire body stood. "Claudia! You..."

"They'd naturally tell you everything if you slaughter them all." Henry said with a relaxed look.

Jilisa took a step forward and said, "Looks like you're very confident with yourself. So you think you can save Robbin? It's good that you're here too, this saves me the trouble of hunting you down after I'm done here. I'll chop off your limbs today. I'll just ask all about whatever Lord Andrew wants to know slowly."

Henry shrugged his shoulders and said, "Usually, I would like to play a little more with you. After all, I have never met many experts at the late stage of Transformation. I am very curious about your methods of attack, but today, I'm sorry that I'm really not in the mood, so may you please..."

As soon as the words came out of Henry's mouth, his entire physical body transformed into a phantom. When he appeared again, he was already in front of Jilisa. The distance between them was no more than ten centimetres.

Jilisa's pupils suddenly contracted. She did not even get to clearly see how or when he had appeared in front of her.

"Just die first," Henry said softly with a grin, baring a row of white teeth at Jilisa. Just as Henry spoke, a shadow of a tiger pounced from the back of Henry and opened its jaws wide to bite down on Jilisa's head.

"So you've long surpassed the early stage of Qi-concentrating Realm..." Jilisa's entire body crumbled forward with a loud thump before she could finish her sentence.

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Chapter 1063

Upon seeing that, Wyck's legs trembled. He turned and sprinted away without saying a word.

"Haha, if you've got the guts to come here, then you shouldn't be running." Henry stood where he was and snapped his fingers. Wyck, who was sprinting away at like the wind, suddenly paused in motion, stopping still in a running posture. If it had not been for the beads of cold sweat that constantly formed across his forehead, or his eyes that could still move, he would have been thought to be frozen.

Wyck tried hard to move, but he realised that no matter how hard he tried, his limbs could not move at all.

"Quit trying. The Qi all over your body has been completely solidified. To you, these Qi are steel plates that you are incapable of shaking off, unless you can overpower me, but I guess you won't be having this opportunity." Henry stood where he was and looked at Wyck. He smiled and said, "By the way, these Qi can not only become as hard as steel plates, it can also become as sharp as a Sharp Knife, just like...this."

Snap!

Henry snapped his fingers again.

Just as the snap sounded, the pupils of Wyck began to dilate. At that moment, his whole body split into several pieces and fell off into different directions, as if it had been cut by a guillotine. The most terrifying thing was that not even a single drop of blood dripped.

Henry's eyes showed deep thought. He muttered, "The methods of using Qi can indeed be adapted in various ways, and not necessarily only by letting the course of Qi flow once through our body. We can control external Qi directly to achieve the effects of attack. In this way, as long as our control of Qi is strong enough, theoretically speaking, we can even manipulate Qi to kill people from thousands of miles away..."

If Henry's words at that moment had been overheard by others, they would certainly think that Henry was talking nonsense. If the Qi did not run through the body, how could it be controlled? In other words, the flowing of Qi throughout the body as stated by Henry is just to absorb a part of the Qi in the body and release the Qi that had been reserved within the body at the same time. The part of Qi that is absorbed will slowly become pure, and then it will be converted into Qi that could be

controlled. With that being said, to directly control the external Qi within the environment, does that not sound like pure baloney?

However, in the eyes of others, this illogical phenomenon really did exist for Henry.

The two corpses fell to the ground.

Flynn, who was covered with blood, gasped and said, "Good thing you got here in time, Brother, otherwise..."

Henry raised his hand and stopped Flynn in his speech. He said, "Okay, someone is coming. Do you have that corpse-dissolving-powder-thingy with you? Better use it."

"Yes." Flynn fumbled around in his clothes and pulled out a small porcelain bottle. He poured some of the powder from it onto Jilisa and Wyck's bodies, causing them to disintegrate away gradually.

Jilisa's head was separated from her body. A hint of unwillingness, and also a hint of irony could be seen in her eyes.

All along, Jilisa saw Henry as an amusing target, and always felt that he would be an interesting opponent. However, Jilisa realised that she had been completely wrong after striking at him for the first time that day. This opponent, who had always been looked down upon by her, was actually capable of killing her so breezily.

This was the most ironic thing in the world. A person whom she looked down upon was actually thousands of times stronger than herself.

"Let's go. Someone is coming." Henry grabbed Flynn by the shoulder and leapt off, disappearing in the darkness.

Shortly after they both left, someone rushed to the scene.

"There are sounds and traces of fighting, pools of corpse liquid too. Someone has died here!"

"Quick, report to His Excellency My Lord!"

The two of them ran off and headed to their destinations, never looking back.

Every selection was a great event to the Recluse Association. Many people came from all over the seven continents and gathered there.

The news of Henry and Flynn's return had been witnessed. People immediately reported the news to Hebor.

"Useless! Useless!" Hebor cursed as he sat in a room.

Dalton knelt in front of Hebor, not saying anything.

Hebor swept the glass off the table and said, "You ordered Wyck to kill

Morvyn secretly. Pray tell me, what were you thinking? Everyone knows that Wyck is your follower. Now that Robbin has returned alive, you'd better pray hard that the candidate from Asia this year isn't strong enough, so that you still have a chance to score. Otherwise, if Morvyn lives on as the European archbishop, you would not be able to escape from this matter! If he makes this matter an issue, not only you, but I too will have to suffer the consequences. If you want to kill him, do it to your heart's content at the selections tomorrow!"

"Yes Sir, I understand."

"Get out and go reflect on your mistakes." Hebor waved his hand impatiently.

Dalton got up slowly and left the room.

One night went by.

When the clock rang at 9 o'clock the next morning, crowds of people were already gathered at the square of the Holy City.

Apart from Renier's disciple, the rest of the candidates had all arrived. However, unlike yesterday, they did not have any followers with them.

By 9:30 p.m., all of the archbishops were present. The ground at the center of the square cracked like it did on the day before, and a massive arena rose in a dramatic fashion. The surface of the arena was still full of holes left from the day before, unable to be fixed within a night.

Seven bishops stood in the air. Unlike the day before, the atmosphere then was extremely tense. Morvyn's eyes were fixed on Hebor. He had been fully aware of the attack on Robbin on the night before.

"The third round begins at 10 o'clock. To those who are participating, please step onto the stage." Morvyn stood in the air and waved his hand. Next, all five of the candidates landed onto the arena.

"Not even a trace of what happened last night was left," Andrew's said in a low voice as he stood beside Henry.

Henry chuckled and said, "Haha, you taught me well, Lord Andrew. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have known that a corpse-dissolving powder existed."

"Yes, you did well, but again, how would Bishop Morvyn reward you, Jailer Zhang?" Andrew sneered. "If you're thinking of only relying on Bishop Morvyn, believe me, you won't even be able to last two days."

"I don't believe that." Henry shook his head. "Do you know how many have said the same thing to me? Yet I still live till this day. Lord Andrew,

you should know that you can't survive strong and steadily in this world solely through harsh words, right?"

"You are very confident." Andrew glanced at Henry and said, "I really wish to know where your confidence comes from, what makes you look down upon us, how you are able to ignore the threats of more than a dozen commanders."

"You'll find out soon enough." Henry smiled, and then leapt onto the arena.

Above the ring, Dalton stared intently at Flynn. He had already decided that he would do anything to first kill this man the moment the rumble began. At that very moment, a figure that had been deeply etched into his memory appeared behind Flynn and smiled at him.

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Chapter 1064

Dalton looked at the man who appeared behind Flynn. Yesterday, it was this man who brought him shame and humiliation. It was this man who treated him like a fool. It was all because of this man.

The rest of the candidates also noticed Henry, who jumped onto the arena. They too knew about what had happened the day before. This person was on Robbin's side. They did not understand why this follower had suddenly appeared on the arena.

The audience began making noises when they saw Henry on the arena.

"Why did Robbin's follower go up there?"

"No idea. Robbin can't possibly not know the rules. The battle royale for this round is for individual fights."

"What's going on with this follower?"

Hebor, who stood high up above, yelled, "Andrew! Does this subordinate jailer of yours not know any rules? The arena is no place for him to be! Order him down this instant!"

Hebor's voice boomed like a thunder, everyone could hear it clearly.

"Oh, so this guy's just a jailer."

"And I thought he was some big shot."

"A jailer who doesn't know his place in this world. How dare he enter the arena with the candidates, who does he think he is?"

Caspar yelled, "Henry, get your ass down from there. Who are you to step up there?"

With a pretentious frown, Andrew joined in and said, "Henry, I get that you're new to the Recluse Association, so maybe you're not familiar with the rules yet. You're a jailer. There's a huge difference of status between you and those who are eligible to stand on the ring. That isn't somewhere you can be right now. Get down here."

"Get down? Why should I?" Henry stood atop the arena and looked down at Andrew.

"You don't have the right to be up there," he said. "Do I have to repeat myself?"

"The right? Since yesterday up till now, you have told me so much about rights, but... whether or not I have the right to stand here is not

up to you. Sackcloth Visitor!" Henry turned his head to look at the person sitting in the armchair in the air. "Tell him, do I have the right to stand here?"

Sackcloth Visitor?

A bad feeling welled up in his heart all of a sudden.

Sackcloth Visitor laughed out loud and said, "Ha, ha, ha! Henry is the successor of the Asian continent appointed by my Lord. If he does not have the right to stand there, who else does?"

Sackcloth Visitor's replied stunned not only the ones in the arena but also those in the audience, Flynn included.

Even Morvyn and Hebor did not expect that the successor of the Asian Continent turned out to be Henry!

Morvyn looked at Henry, who was standing on the stage, and could not help but laugh and said, "Impressive, Henry, impressive. You may be about the same age as my son, yet these methods of yours leave me with so much admiration for you. You probably have been chosen to be the successor of the Asian Continent a long time ago. You specifically dragged me in to participate in these matters. Looks like you have already been prepared to stir trouble from the very beginning. Originally, the Asian continent was always superior to the other six continents. All that trouble you have created, you had been scheming to completely stir us all up, looks like I really underestimated you!"

Below the arena, Andrew and Caspar were in a complete daze. He was a candidate from the Asian Continent! 4

The Asian Continent had always been superior to the other continents. To become a successor of the Asian Continent, very few in the Recluse Association could uphold such status!

One night before they were still threatening and suppressing Henry as commanders, yet in only one night, the tables had completely turned. A commander was nothing in front of the successor of the Asian Continent!

The Asian Continent had always garnered attention. After Sackcloth Visitor finished speaking, not only the people from the other continents focused their attention on Henry, even those from the Recluse Association of Asia looked at Henry.

The members of the Recluse Association of Asia paid even more attention to Sanford's heir. After all, he would be the one leading the Asian continent in the future.

In the past, Sanford had swept aside all six of the other leaders and

dominated the Asian continent for hundreds of years. No one was a match for him and everyone admired him. Yet what was his successor capable of? Did he really have what it took to be the successor of the Asian continent? There was no trace of Qi on him at all!

Henry, who was standing on the arena, looked down at Andrew and shouted, "Commander, do I have the right to stand on this arena now?"

Andrew stared back at Henry who stood high above. His emotions were in a jumble. Back when Andrew first met Henry, he could easily invade his mind. How weak and pathetic he used to be! However, it had not been long since then, and he was already capable to stand atop the arena high in the air and question him. Even the night before, Henry still had to address him as 'Lord Andrew'! This man had been hiding it all so well!

Hearing no reply from Andrew, Henry shouted once more, "Andrew, I'm asking you, do I have the right to stand on this arena?"

Andrew remained silent, because he knew Henry was deliberately trying to humiliate him in front of everyone.

"I'm asking you, do I or do I not?" Henry's voice boomed like thunder, exploding in everyone's ears. Those who had previously looked down on Henry were shocked. They instantly realised that they had been wrong to think that this man had no control over his Qi. In fact, he had just concealed all his Qi, yet they did not realise it at all! It was not him who was too weak, but them.

Henry's voice displayed so much power that everyone subconsciously fixed their eyes on him.


One of the men from the Asian continent spoke. He was dressed in a green robe and carried a bamboo sword on his back. He spoke lightly, but his voice was clear. "Andrew, our Asian Continent's successor just asked you a question. Why are you not answering? Are you looking down on us people from the Asian continent?"

As the green-robed swordsman spoke, numerous tiny marks appeared on Andrew's cloak.

Andrew swallowed hard and said with difficulty, "Yes, you do."

A cheeky grin stretched across Henry's face. "I can't hear you. Answer me loudly!"

Andrew's eyes were filled with hatred. He screamed, "Yes, you do!"

Henry nodded and said, "Good boy." 

This praise led to outbursts of laughter.

After saying those words, Andrew lowered his head and squeezed his way into the crowd, never saying another word again.


The dozen or so commanders who had appeared last night had terrible looks over their faces at that moment. They had thought that they would only be dealing with a measly jailer who wanted to benefit off Morvyn. Unexpectedly for them, the jailer suddenly turned into the successor of the Asian continent!

In the arena, Dalton's face turned miserable.

At that moment, the bell of the Holy City rang once more. It was 10 o'clock, and the third round of the selection was about to begin.

Morvyn announced, "The third round will be a battle royale. No one is allowed to take anyone's life on purpose! If you fall off the arena or lose your ability to fight, it will be considered as a loss. And now, the selection... begins!"

The moment Morvyn finished his sentence, another voice rang just as they were about to start battling.

"All of you, don't move just yet."  5

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