

## Chapter 1151

The rules of the kitchen?

Henry glanced to the side and found that several chefs were looking at him with dissatisfaction. The temporary staff who were bustled around with the meagre chores also looked at him with mocking smiles on their faces. They were looking forward to a good show.

"Get out of my way, you savage!" the chef who was cooking in front of that pot walked up to him with dissatisfaction and shouted. He picked up the ladle in his hand and pretended to hit Henry at the same time.

Henry glanced at him, took two steps back and said, "I'm just speaking the truth. You may be the chef, but I'm not your apprentice. I think you should put your arrogance aside and listen to the suggestions of others in this situation."

"Suggestions?" The chef sneered. "You're just a kitchen b\*tch. What gives you the right to give me any suggestions?"

"The fact that there is an imperfection in your dish!" Henry replied coldly, "That's supposed to be a dish that shows off the original taste of the ingredients. Yet you added in star anise, that would naturally overpower it."

"Bullsh\*t!" The cook yelled loudly.

"What? Am I wrong?" Henry looked at the pot again. "This dish needs to be stewed slowly over low heat, but judging from the colour of the stew, it's obvious that you boiled it over high heat in order to speed up the cooking, and that destroyed the taste of the soup, didn't it?"

The chef subconsciously looked at the head chef and saw that he was looking at him as if he was waiting for an explanation. The chef quickly changed his expression and said, "Now that you have said all that, then tell me, if the guests are hurrying me, what could I do?"

"That's very simple!" Henry grabbed the frying pan from the chef's hand and said, "There are many ways to heat the ingredients. If you have to pursue speed, you could sacrifice the taste of some ingredients, but you shouldn't abandon all of them. First, roast some of the ingredients!"

Henry spoke as he moved quickly. He quickly cleaned the pan in front of him, and then grabbed the fresh ingredients that were behind him and threw them into the pan. He lit up the stove and put the pan over the most concentrated area of the flames. In a few seconds, the pan

changed in colour.

"This way, you can heat up the ingredients as quickly as possible. Now bring me a piece of tinfoil!"

As Henry shouted, a kitchen porter who behind him immediately handed him a piece of tinfoil.

Henry poured out all the heated ingredients from the frying pan onto the tinfoil, then wrapped them in it.

"When the ingredients are heated, they can be wrapped in tinfoil. As a chef, you should understand this simple ageing technique. This allows the ingredients that are heated and cooked, to completely emit their scents. Although it's not as good as cooking it slowly, it's still many times better than your method of boiling it!"

Henry moved again and placed the pot on the stove.

"Now that the ingredients are releasing their aroma, the preparation of the soup is naturally simple. Prepare the seasonings, mix it into the water, and then boil it over high heat!"

Having said that, Henry turned the heat of the stove to its maximum.

"When the aroma of the seasonings is released, we can take out the seasonings, then throw the prepared ingredients into the pot and turn down the heat! The moment the ingredients enter the pot, the sudden high temperature will allow the scent that had been contained in the tinfoil to be released. Giving the soup that delicious taste of the ingredients. Just let it simmer for another two minutes and it's complete! You would totally have enough time to prepare the next dish!"

Whatever Henry said, he carried out accordingly. Just as he finished his sentence, a dish was transferred from the pot into the serving bowl with his hand.

The head chef glanced at the dish that Henry had just made and walked over. He waved his hand, and an apprentice immediately handed him a spoon.

The head chef scooped up a spoonful of soup with a doubtful look on his face and sipped at it. After two sips, he put down the spoon in his hand.

As they all looked at the head chef's actions, he did not make a single sound. This showed that the taste of this dish did not satisfy the head chef. The chef sneered, "What nonsense! What kind of delicious food can you make using this method? Looks like all you temporary staff have a lot of time on your hands. Picking on my faults? If it weren't for

the incompetence of you guys, would this even happen? Go memorise all the recipes, if you can't remember them tomorrow, your salaries will be deducted and none of you shall receive a single cent!"

"I told you not to cause any trouble." the person who had pulled Henry aside said, "The kitchen rules are very strict. You have offended the chef. Just you wait, you'll be ordered to clean the stoves and floor tonight for sure. You won't even be able to sleep by midnight!"

"Dude, we are all temporary staff, working a day for a day. What are you trying to do here?" A middle-aged man said unhappily to Henry, "It's all your fault that we have to memorise the recipes now! The cruise ship will arrive at the shore in two days. Would you be compensating for my deducted payment?"

"That's right. You're just too free, aren't you? You've got brain damage!" the kitchen porter who was in charge of chopping garlic threw the kitchen knife that was in his hand onto the table.

Henry shook his head and ignored their words. He suddenly understood the words of the middle-aged woman. If these men had any skills at all, they would not have had to work as temporary staff. These people, albeit not every single one of the temporary staff, but most of them never had their eyes set for improvement. Henry remembered that he once met an apprentice who did not have anyone to teach him how to cook, rather it was him who begged others to teach him, he learned secretly, and fought to cut vegetables and prepare the side-dishes because he wanted to practice his knife skills and memorise the recipes. However, these people just wanted to live a day for a day. To put it nicely, they were living a free life, but to put it bluntly, they were just living as though they were awaiting death.

However, everyone lived their own lives in their own way. Henry did not say much, nor did he make any explanations. He just looked at the head chef.

The chef inhaled deeply, then said in a deep tone, "I'll bring this dish to the boss. From now on, he'll be in charge of this kitchen. All of you must listen to him!"

After the chef finished speaking, he did not care that the soup was still piping hot. He picked up the pot of soup and walked quickly towards the kitchen doors. The head chef could no longer hide the smile on his face.

The people in the kitchen looked back and forth at each other.

The chef who chastised Henry earlier just stood there quietly. His face

had turned green with worry. The head chef's words said it all, indicating that he had approved of the dish Henry had just cooked.

"Don't just stand around, everyone." Henry returned the pan to the chef. "You keep cooking. Every chef makes mistakes in a hurry. However, the more anxious they are, the more they have to find a way to handle the situation, instead of putting all the blame on the apprentices. After all, they are apprentices and are here to learn. If they could do everything, how would they still be apprentices?"

Henry smiled, then clapped his hands loudly and stood at the centre of the kitchen.

"Come on, everyone. I'll read through the recipe, and you shall follow my methods. You'll just have to listen to me. Whoever's in charge of chopping the vegetables, chop away, and whoever's in charge of the side dishes, just do your thing. Now hurry!"

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## Chapter 1152

Under Henry's guidance, everyone started to get busy. All of them would rather remain in the kitchen than stand on the deck under the hot sun and look at the sea. The boat swayed back and forth and the sun hung over the sea for the entire day, people like them who only worked their temporary jobs and never really sailed the seas would only end up getting seasick and vomit their hearts out, they could feel sicker than ever.

The kitchen was immediately bustling under the command of Henry.

Henry watched over the several dishes that had been prepared and breathed a sigh of relief. If they had gone up to the deck, he would completely be exposed, and if he had tried to slip away before that, he was sure that he would be yelled at the moment he even tried, judging from how irritable the chef appeared to be earlier. Although those men probably could not catch up with him, the cheetah and chameleon men could. It was better for Henry to calm down and recover for now.

Soon enough, the head chef, who had just left, came back excitedly and strode over to Henry. He patted Henry on the shoulder and praised, "You are pretty good. After you're done here, go clean up and get ready. The boss wants to see you."

"Me?" Henry was stunned for a moment.

"Yes." The chef nodded. "The boss used to be a chef. I had just told the boss about the process of your cooking and he is very interested in you. Grab on tight to this opportunity, young man. This could change your whole life!"

"Uh, one question though." Henry scratched his head, then pointing above his head. "Does the boss live at the top?"

"Nonsense. The boss is in the VIP room, ordinary people are not granted access to it. Don't look around like a bumpkin when you get in there later, and remember, don't touch anything, you can't afford to pay for anything in it. Be smart, don't embarrass me." The chef warned, "Alright, you may now go back to work."

After giving him those instructions, the head chef strode out of the kitchen.

As soon as the head chef left, the apprentices who assisted around the kitchen, the chefs, as well as the temporary staff, all huddled around Henry.

"Brother, you've struck gold this time!" A chef said enviously.

"I'm telling you, the big boss cherishes talents very much. Our head chef used to be a measly chef like us before, but he had one special dish that won over the heart of the big boss. And now, the head chef's monthly salary is 50,000 yuan, which is equivalent to what we make in a year."

"That's right, brother. Don't forget me when you're swimming in all your wealth. I took special care of you a few days ago, remember?"

The chefs all spoke as if they had already witnessed Henry living in luxury. Some even told baseless stories in order to get closer to him.

Henry did not expose any of them. He answered and acknowledged them one after another.

If the boss of this cruise ship was in the VIP lounge as mentioned, Henry could make a trip up there. According to the head chef, ordinary men were not allowed in there, that way the chances of encountering the chameleon and cheetah men were much lower. As long as Henry had a night of rest, he would be able to return to his peak. That way, when facing the chameleon and cheetah men again, even though Henry would still definitely be unable to defeat them, but at least he would have more confidence in escaping.

There was a lot of work to be done in the kitchen. It was a good thing Henry had some rest while he stood watch over there. Although the recovery was not as great, Henry was satisfied enough that there was such a place for him to recover safely.

A few hours later, the head chef returned to the kitchen once more. He glanced at the kitchen that was now well-organised under Henry's command, a satisfied expression displayed over his face.

"You there, what was your name again? You've done enough for the day. Just leave it to them. You come with me to see the boss." The head chef shouted to Henry, then turned to ask the chefs, "We'll now leave it to you, alright?"

"No problem, Chef!" One chef answered quickly as he patted his chest and promised, "Please send him over quickly, Head Chef. We all have high hopes for him!"

As the chef spoke, he did not forget to shower Henry with generous words, hoping to create a lasting memory in Henry's mind.

The head chef nodded and waved at Henry. "Come on now, hurry."

"Got it, Chef." Henry replied, then followed the head chef out of the kitchen.

Following closely behind the chef, Henry got on the decks for the first time. He looked at the men and women who were partying by the swimming pool. When two beautiful young ladies saw Henry in a chef's uniform, they looked at him disdainfully.

Henry could not help but smile. He had received countless gazes of this sort ever since he was a child. He had long been able to ignore it.

Henry's eyes swept across the deck. Two figures entered his sight. They were the chameleon and cheetah men!

At that moment, the cheetah man had changed into a suitable set of clothes and was strolling on the deck, with the chameleon man beside him. He, too, had also changed into casual clothing. His skin had returned to its normal state. The chameleon man was apparently a very ordinary looking middle-aged man.

Henry was not surprised at how they were dressed. With their capabilities, it was very easy for them to get some clothes.

Henry lowered his head and followed the head chef across the deck. Within that short period of time, Henry deliberately approached them from behind and overheard part of their conversation.

The voice of the chameleon man sounded. "Are you sure he's on this ship? We've been looking for him for the whole afternoon. If he manages to escape, all our hard work for the credit will be in vain!"

The cheetah man nodded positively and said, "I'm sure he's still on this ship. I can still smell him, so he definitely hasn't gone far away!"

"That's good to know. Only the VIP room up there hasn't been searched thoroughly. It's not a good idea to make a scene here. I go and search around in there later when the night is dark. Then at the same time, you can look around for him below. I don't believe he still can't be found!" Chameleon man said angrily.

"Don't worry. I'm still following his scent. He won't be able to escape!" the cheetah man said confidently.

Henry curled his lips as he thought, "This guy's a cheetah? I'd say he's more like a dog."

Henry followed the head chef and went through several security checks, then arrived at the VIP room. This cruise ship was considered luxurious. The decor of its lobby was no less than a five-star hotel, and the decor of the VIP room was magnificent. Henry even saw two famous paintings hanging on the walls of the VIP room, both of which were all worth a fortune.

Henry scanned around the room to see if there was anywhere suitable

for him to hide.

"Quit looking around!" The head chef noticed Henry's actions and reprimanded him in a low voice, "Remember, mind your eyes and hands. Don't look or touch however you please. Just answer whatever the boss asks you, understand?"

"Okay." Henry nodded.

He followed the head chef all the way through the lobby and arrived at a corridor that was paved with expensive red carpets, an exquisite chandelier hung from above.

"The boss is in the room in front. Act a little smarter later, this is a life-changing opportunity for you!" The head chef reminded once more.

"Got it, got it." Henry nodded repeatedly.

After going through the corridor and taking a turn, an alluring woman appeared in Henry's sight.

The woman glanced at Henry with dissatisfaction in her eyes. "It's him? I really don't understand. Mr. Dong still loves cooking at his age. Go on in, don't take up too much of Mr. Dong's time."

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## Chapter 1153

Mr. Dong, the man mentioned by the beautiful lady, was probably the owner of this ship."

Behind the beautiful lady was a magnificent door.

The beautiful lady moved two steps to the left, opening the path to the door, a hint of displeasure was written on her face.

Henry glanced at the head chef, who stood by the side, not showing any intention to enter.

This did not matter to Henry. For regular people, even for the head chef who was standing at the door, this was something to be nervous about.

However, this was no big deal for Henry.

He pushed open the door in front of him and saw a luxurious hall. As he looked straight ahead, he saw a viewing platform, on which one could sit at the very top of the ship and watch the vast open sea from the best angle. That would be an enjoyment of the finest.

As soon as he entered the room, he found himself stepping onto a thick carpet of wool. Stepping on it was a pleasurable experience. Henry did not see any slippers prepared for guests, which showed that the host was not concerned about people stepping on that expensive wool carpet with their shoes on.

The room's decor showed a heavy European influence. It was obvious that the owner fancied this style very much. The room even had a mock fireplace installed, which was only for the sake of aesthetics.

There were lots of European-style furnitures in the room. Henry glanced at them to realise that none of them were cheap pieces.

"Young man, over here!" A voice sounded from the depths of the room.

Henry walked towards the voice. This room was massive, with several entryways. After several turns, Henry finally saw a silhouette of a man. Upon the first sight of him, Henry was momentarily stunned.

This was a man who was 1.6 meters tall, bald and about 50 years old. At that moment, he was standing next to a stove. At first glance, one could tell that the stove was custom-made for him, which was perfectly suited to his height.

"Come, over here." The middle-aged man waved over to Henry, and then turned around to face his chopping board, then picked up the knife. On

the chopping board lay various fresh ingredients.

"Allow me to first introduce myself. My surname is Dong, and I started off as a chef. I'm a crude man and I don't prefer others calling me 'boss' and all that. You may just call me Mr. Dong. That was what people used to call me in the kitchen," Mr. Dong spoke as he began to chop up the vegetables. He did not chop not very quickly, in fact he was chopping them quite slowly, but it was very clear that he possessed seasoned knife skills.

Henry noticed that there was a thick layer of calluses around Mr. Dong's pulicue. It was obvious that even after if he had made it, he still cooked very often.

Mr. Dong seemed to be reminiscing with Henry. "I was just lucky and made a small fortune, but people like me were born less fortunate, causing me to be unable to enjoy the feeling of doing nothing. I just enjoy cooking and making delicious food every day. Look at how the room is decorated, they are all things I could not afford to have back then because of poverty, but now I have it all, a cruise ship, beautiful women. Yet in the end, I have come to realise that it is all meaningless. The one thing I enjoy doing most is cooking. Unfortunately, I've gotten old. In terms of thinking or culinary techniques, I can't compare with you young people."

Henry simply smiled and did not show too much politeness. He said, "Mr. Dong, you may just tell me your true intentions."

"Haha." Mr. Dong laughed out loud, while his hand continued to cut the vegetables. "I love chatting with people like you. Simply straight to the point. I don't know many tricks anyway, so I'll just get to the point. How should I address you?"

"Just call me Syl Zhang." Henry said. This name had completely become his alias when he was out.

"I'm older than you are, so it should be alright to call you Young Zhang." Mr. Dong put down the kitchen knife in his hand and put the ingredients that he had just chopped aside. Then he washed his hands very politely and said, "Come, let's go and talk over there."

Mr. Dong led Henry to the leather sofa in the hall and said to Henry, "Have a seat."

Henry did not refuse and sat down directly.

"Young Zhang, may I know where you learned this cooking method from?" Mr. Dong chuckled and said, "I have tasted the dish you just made, and Chef Sun has also told me your process of cooking."

Although the reason behind it is simple, it is very difficult to perfectly grasp the distribution of spices in the soup, as well as the temperature of ageing the meat. Without a strong foundation, it is absolutely impossible to achieve that. If you don't mind, I could replicate your dish using your method, but I'd definitely be unable to make it perfectly as you did."

Henry shook his head and said nothing.

Mr. Dong sighed and said with an understanding expression, "Some seniors don't like revealing their names. I'll be blunt, I'm reaching out to you this time because I want you to do me a favour and help me participate in a competition."

"A competition?" Henry ask doubtfully.

"Yes." Mr. Dong nodded and looked out at the sea through the French windows. "I've been cooking all my life, starting all the way from a kitchen boy up till to now, I've won all sorts of awards and earned heaps of money, but there's still just one more thing that I can't get rid from my heart. I know that you're not just a temporary staff, and I'm not interested to know why you boarded this ship, but with the culinary skills you possess, you've probably heard of the Mengbaton Award, right?"

Henry nodded. He knew it, indeed.

Mr. Dong sighed and continued, "The Mengbaton Award is known as the highest award in the world for the culinary arts. Look at all these trophies. I have got all of them except for Mengbaton. I want you to represent me in this Mengbaton competition."

Henry shook his head and said, "Sorry, I still have some personal affairs to handle. I'm afraid I can't promise you that."

"You don't have to refuse me so quickly. You've worked today, you should rest well and sleep on it first. This award is truly something I desire. You can come up with your conditions. You don't have to live in the staff dormitory. I'll get someone to arrange a place for you."

"Uh." Henry asked sheepishly, "Mr. Dong, could you please let me choose a room in the VIP room?"

"Sure." Mr. Dong nodded. "Go outside and inform Sister Hui. Ask her to make the arrangements for you. Remember to sleep on it. With all my experience as a chef in my life, I can see that you are a capable man."

"Alright." Henry replied, then got up. "I'll be leaving first then."

At present, the most important thing for Henry was to find a place to rest. He did not know when the chameleon man would come searching

for him tonight. If the other party had no considerations of any sort at that time, a fierce battle would be unavoidable.

Henry walked out of the hall. Sister Hui was the beautiful lady of about 30 years old. She stood at the door, chatting about something with the head chef. When they saw Henry come out, the two of them stopped chatting immediately.

"Why is he already out so soon?" The head chef's heart tightened. If he recommended a talented person to the boss, he would also benefit from it.

Henry told Sister Hui his request.

Sister Hui snorted and said, "You want to live in the VIP room? What nerve! Can't you see the difference in stature?"

Henry's expression was calm. "This is what Mr. Dong has promised me."

Sister Hui's face was full of dissatisfaction, but she had no choice since Mr. Dong had spoken. She shot a glare at Henry and said, "Come with me."

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## Chapter 1154

Sister Hui led Henry into the VIP room. They looked consecutively at several empty rooms, but she did not arrange for Henry to stay in any of them.

Sister Hui could not understand why Mr. Dong would allow a kitchen staff to stay in the VIP lounge. This area was meant as a reception for people of importance. How was he qualified for such treatment? The tiny kitchen chef had to work for a lifetime just to acquire wealth equivalent to the price of the bed of the room alone. What right did he have to stay in the VIP lounge?

Sister Hui led Henry around the VIP room for more than ten minutes. They checked every room several times, but never made any arrangements for Henry.

As he passed by another room, Henry could not help asking, "How long more do we have to walk?"

"Don't hurry me!" an impatient Sister Hui snapped back rudely, "I really don't get it. What gave you the audacity to stay in the VIP room? Do you know the kind of people who get to stay in here? Do you even know how much a night in here costs?"

"I can pay for it." Henry felt for his pocket. It was clear that his mobile phone was a domestic product worth about a thousand over Yuan, but after Future's modifications, it was an absolute digital fort protected by firewalls and also had various functions.

"Pay for it?" Sister Hui looked at Henry contemptuously. "Do you have any idea how much you'd even have to pay for this evening? Say, why are you even trying to be pretentious with me? Are you thinking that I would take one more look at you more often if you pretended to be more accomplished? Let me tell you, I have seen enough of your kind. You keep pretending to be more than what you really are, but in truth you are actually nothing! This is your room, go on in."

After Sister Hui said that, she strode off unhappily.

Henry just shook his head in silence. Rest was the only thing on his mind. Anything other than that was not important. Besides, Sister Hui and he were humans of different worlds. He saw no need to explain anything.

Henry locked the door the moment he stepped into the room. He then scanned through it. After confirming that there were no hidden

cameras in the room, he sat cross-legged on the floor of the room. He gradually calmed down after several deep breaths, his breathing began to deepen. A faint figure of a lotus flower appeared indistinctly above his head. The lotus flower slowly emanated a colourless light, which was Henry inhaled then exhaled slowly. This process went on endlessly.

Henry could also feel his strength recovering, and the remaining Qi left in his wounds caused by the cheetah man gradually seeped out.

As time went by, the night darkened.

Night had fallen, people partied on at the deck of the cruise ship. The sound of music was deafening, but it could not affect those who stayed in the VIP room.

It was only at 1 o'clock after midnight that the crowd on the deck gradually began to disperse. The crew members began to clean up the remains of the party around the swimming pool.

Two fast and agile figures appeared from the dark and wandered across the deck.

"I'll go to the cabins, you go up there. We have to find him tonight, or it'll be too difficult to find him when the ship arrives at the shore!" the cheetah man said.

The chameleon man said nothing. He moved his body and merged completely into the darkness. He could exploit the advantage of the chameleon to its full potential in the darkness.

At 1:30A.M., Henry, who had been sitting cross-legged in his room since the afternoon, suddenly opened his eyes. He exhaled slowly, glanced at the time, and murmured, "It's about time."

Henry got up slowly and glanced through the window behind him. He knew that the chameleon man would not let any room go unchecked. The VIP room at the very top of the cruise ship was not too large, Sister Hui had taken Henry a few rounds around it, and that only lasted less than ten minutes. The way Henry saw it, if he had wanted to find someone within the VIP room, he could definitely do it. He just needed to check the rooms one by one.

The sound of muffled footsteps found its way into Henry's ears. The sound was so soft that ordinary people might not be able to hear it, but for Henry, it was clear enough for him. He knew that the chameleon man had come.

It was midnight, people were most tired and relaxed at that time. The check-down Henry had conducted upon entering the room was very

likely to be simply done by the chameleon man.

The soft sound of footsteps did not have a quick rhythm.

Henry raised his feet slowly and walked up carefully to the door. He did not intend to leave through the door or window. As an expert of the Qi-concentrating Realm, Henry was very clear of how terrifying the strength of a Qi-concentrating Realm expert could be. The chameleon man would immediately notice the moment Henry pulled at the door handle and would rush over as quickly as he could. If that happened, it would result in another heated chase. Moreover, Henry was sure that he would not have the higher ground if the chase broke out.

By hiding behind the door, Henry could react instantly if anything were to happen. He was now enveloped in the dark anyway. The best he could do was to prepare himself for every possibility. If he could find an opportunity to give the chameleon man a heavy blow the moment he entered, that would be best.

Henry slowly took out his broken sword. Based on the intensity of this broken sword, no matter how quickly the chameleon could react, he would still be heavily wounded by this sword. That way Henry would not have to fear either of them as he was already familiar with the attacking rhythm of the cheetah man, and the chameleon man would have been badly injured. In that situation, it would be much harder for them to gain the upper hand over Henry.

The light footsteps gradually approached the room Henry was in.

Henry held his breath and stared at the doorknob in front of him, ready to sprint into action any time.

Henry could clearly see that the doorknob being pressed down slightly. At the same time, Henry also slowly raised his arm. Henry would make his move the second the door opened.

Just as the doorknob went down halfway, a hint of killing intent flashed across Henry's eyes. Just when Henry was about to strike, the doorknob that was pressed down suddenly bounced back.

A subtle voice sounded from outside the door.

"Why are you here? Didn't I tell you to check the deck?"

"There's no smell of that guy on the deck. That fella is definitely here, the smell of him is still very strong. This guy is very cunning. Let's stick together and be careful."

"All right."

The voices of the chameleon and cheetah men could be clearly heard.

Henry's heart sank. The cheetah and chameleon man have joined up. The situation had become much difficult for him. The doorknob of his room was pressed down again once more, if it finally opened, it would be the chameleon and cheetah men he would have to face.

Judging the situation of that moment, Henry quickly made up his mind. Since he had nowhere to hide, he decided not to.

Before the doorknob was fully pressed down, Henry took the initiative to press it down. Then he immediately yanked the door open.


The chameleon and cheetah men outside the door felt that something amiss the second Henry touched the doorknob from the inside, and they reacted immediately. The moment the door opened, none of them said anything. Vicious looks flashed across their eyes, each of them fully prepared to strike.

At the same moment, Henry flicked his finger and a tiny burst of Qi shot out at them. The chameleon and cheetah men subconsciously prepared to dodge.

However, Henry's burst of chi was not targeted them, but at the famous paintings that were hanging in the corridors opposite the room.

Crack!

A clear crack sounded, and the glass cover that protected the famous painting cracked instantly.

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