

Chapter 787

Henry was not surprised by Andrew's action at all. He was sure that Andrew would not blame him for this situation.

The Hell Prison was a terrifying place.

But one should know that the people inside were all the top masters of their era, and now they were even more powerful. These people were like double-edged swords. If they could be used well, they would become invincible magic weapons.

An ambitious man wouldn't give up the chance to get hold of this divine weapon.

The Recluse Association was covering the whole world. How could it be an organization without ambition?!

Looking at the people from the Recluse Association, Andrew said, "My order is, from this moment on, Henry's sentence has been revoked and he is a free man. Henry Zhang will be named the prison guard of the Hell Prison. Tell this news to all members of the Recluse Association!"

"Got it!"

With a smile, Andrew said to Henry, "Henry Zhang, come to the Recluse Association with me. From today on, this desert belongs to you not only in the secular world but also in the underground world."

Henry nodded. He had already thought that he would go to the Recluse Association this time. He was not sure what would the result of his visit be.

In any case, this trip would be accompanied by opportunities and danger.

Seeing that Henry agreed, Andrew no longer hesitated

and shouted, "Let's go. Leave this place. In order to avoid unnecessary panic, nobody is allowed to tell anyone about the Hell Prison."

The members of the Recluse Association glanced at the nearby quicksand with lingering fears. Unconsciously, they swallowed a mouthful of saliva, controlled their Qi, and left the place at an extremely fast speed.

"Let's go." Andrew said to Henry, "You've been a member of the Recluse Association for so long. It's time to go back and have a look."

Andrew didn't say much. The last thing he said to Henry was to go back and have a look, which would make people unconsciously have a sense of belonging.

Just as Henry was about to leave, a figure appeared silently in front of Henry and stood between him and Andrew.

The figure was wearing a linen robe and hat on his head. He had an exceptionally old face and a pair of muddy eyes.

"Commander Andrew, no matter what, Henry is still a member of the Chinese Guild. Since I've brought him to our association, it's reasonable for him to report to my master first. I'm afraid it's not appropriate for him to come with you," the man in the linen robe said in a hoarse voice. His voice sounded as if something was stuck in his throat, which made people feel extremely uncomfortable.

When the man appeared, the look on Andrew's face changed slightly. "Old man, do you need to care how I do my work?"

"I don't dare. I'm just a messenger. Naturally, I don't dare to intervene in your affairs. But this time, it's not my order, my master wants to see Henry. He ordered me to

come and bring Henry back to China." The man took off the bamboo hat on his head.

Henry noticed that when he heard that the man in linen robe mentioned his master, the expression on Andrew's face changed, and there was a hint of fear in his eyes.

"Commander, at that time, Henry was sent to prison for nine years. The Chinese branch should have been informed about this matter but he was secretly sent to the Hell Prison. Now, if we don't take him back, I'm afraid it will be unreasonable. It doesn't conform to the rules of the Recluse Association." The man in linen robe shook his head with a smile, handed the bamboo hat in his hand to Henry, and said, "Take it for me. It's too hot here. When we arrive in China, I will put it on."

The man's movement had already expressed his meaning very clearly. Today, he had to take Henry away.

"Old man, I don't understand what you mean." Andrew looked at the man with dissatisfaction. "I'm going to appoint Henry a position of a prison guard. Are you taking him back to China now because you don't want him to take the position as a prison guard?"

"Commander, please don't misunderstand me. I don't mean that." The man shook his head. "It's my master's wish to take Henry back. If you have any problem, you can communicate with my master at any time. I'm just a messenger, so I hope you can understand. If I can't finish the task, my master will punish me. I can't bear it. You know, if my master gets angry, he won't easily suppress his anger. After all, I can not find an excuse for not bringing this Chinese man back to China."

The words of this man silently threatened Andrew, which meant that the anger of his master would not only target him, but it would also spread to other people.

"That's right. Henry is from China. It's understandable for

him to go back to China after coming out of prison. But, old man, don't forget to tell your master that Henry is now the prison guard of the Hell Prison. After he finishes his visit, he still has to come to report to me." Andrew said.

"Of course, for sure." The man bowed slightly to Andrew, then grabbed Henry's collar and said, "Let's go!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the man in linen robe rushed up with Henry and went straight east.

Looking at the backs of the old man and Henry as they left, the look in Andrew's eyes gradually became gloomy.

"Lord Commander, this old man is too arrogant. Even with the help of the person behind him, how dare he speak to Lord Commander in such a manner!" A middle-stage Qi-concentrating expert walked to the side of Andrew and said with hatred.

"It doesn't matter." All of a sudden, a smile formed on Andrew's face. "That old man will not leave for many more years. Let's see how long he can remain arrogant."

"Lord Commander, why do you think that old guy would suddenly the man in linen robe to look for Henry?"

"Haha, Henry walked out of the Hell Prison. I think you are very clear about who are those people left inside. I am afraid there are still more than 200 years old monsters inside. The old man from China will die soon. If he has a chance to live a few more years, he will definitely not let go of it." Andrew turned the ring in his hand.

"Could it be possible that Henry is in cahoots with that old fellow?"

"No." Andrew shook his head, "Although Henry has a good reputation and he is called the Emperor of Hell, it's just the name that a group of ignorant people gave him.

This person is mentally unstable. I just hypnotized him and made him fall into the trap. Although the old guy from China is strong, he can't give Henry any substantial benefits. Don't worry, Henry will come to me sooner or later!"

In the distance.

The man in linen robe took Henry to quickly leave the place where Andrew and others stayed.

"Henry, I realized that I really looked down on you. You even dare to play this kind of tricks." The man took the bamboo hat from Henry's hand and put it on the top of his head.

Henry was puzzled. "I don't understand what you mean."

"You understand." The man suddenly stopped and looked at Henry with his muddy eyes. "The Hell Prison is impossible to open. What you are doing right now is playing with fire! You are much more courageous than I thought. If you were taken away today, how much chance do you think you would have to get out of the Recluse Association?"

Henry's eyes focused and he looked at the old man. "You!"

"My master told me all this. Let's go to visit him. He has been waiting for you for a long time."

Chapter 788

China had a long history of thousands of years.

Looking through ancient books, there were too many places with mythical elements.

Kun mountain in China had the title of the ancestor of all mountains. In the past thousands of years, there were too many incredible stories regarding this mountain.

There was a rumor that the Goddess of the West, a fairy, lived in Kun mountain. She had a human head and a body of a leopard and was served by two immortal green birds. Goddess of the West, together with the Duke of the East, were responsible for cultivating immortality.

In Kun Mountain, there was such a place known as the forbidden area of the world and was publicly acknowledged as one of the top ten secret realms of the world. This place was known as Kun's Gates of Hell.

The sky was boundless, and the wind blew gently across the grass. In the eyes of the shepherds, this place was heaven.

However, the shepherds living in Kun Mountain would rather let the cattle and sheep starve to death in Gobi Desert because they did not dare enter this sacred place.

"The Gates of Hell." Henry looked at the valley in front of him. Under the guidance of the man in a linen robe, who was also called Sackcloth Visitor, he came to Kun mountain and stood in front of the legendary Gates of Hell.

It was now the middle of November. The mountain was covered with accumulated snow.

In front of the valley, Henry saw countless remains.

"What's inside the Gates of Hell?" Henry looked towards the inner part of the valley. When he looked into the valley, he felt a hint of fear.

Sackcloth Visitor shook his head and said, "Kun Mountain has been the source of the mythical power for over 5000 years. There are too many legends since ancient times that were spread out regarding this place. I have never been to the Gates of Hell. 30 years ago, there was plenty of fresh grass. A herdsman rode a horse into the valley. But the next day, a horse carried his body to the entrance of the valley. He didn't have any wounds on his body, but he was dead. It was impossible to find the cause of his death because the medicine was not as developed as it is now."

The man told Henry some stories about the Gates of Hell.

"Later, there was an exploration team who wanted to find out the secrets of this valley. It is said that in the evening after entering the valley, the one team member suddenly roared and fainted. After three hours, he woke up. The first thing the team member said was that he was struck by lightning."

"At that time, everyone thought that the team member was under too much pressure and had hallucinations. After all, the sky was cloudless that night. They all set up camps in the valley and rested for a night. At the end, when the team members went out of their tents on the morning of the next day, they found that the grass on the ground had turned black. The whole valley looked like it was struck by lightning and the loess had turned black. Just like the ashes, the animals and plants had completely disappeared. There were bones of different animals everywhere. It was really terrifying. However, no

one heard the sound of the thunder that night, and finally, the guard was stunned to find out that more than a dozen experienced guards had fallen asleep last night. When they looked for the team member again, they realized he was burned and killed by the lightning."

Man's voice was hoarse. When he spoke of these stories, he gave off a gloomy and strange feeling.

If Henry had heard these stories half a year ago, he would have considered them as a joke. But now, he was full of awe for this world.

"Alright, let's forget about these things. Once you're powerful enough and make a trip to the Gates of Hell, you'll see with your own eyes." The man patted Henry on the shoulder and changed the direction.

"Your master has been living on this mountain all this time?" Henry looked at the snow on the mountain and asked curiously.

"My master used to live in the city, but in recent years, he has only been able to prolong his life in this mountain," Sackcloth Visitor replied.

"Prolong his life?" Henry was curious.

"You'll understand when you see him." Sackcloth Visitor didn't tell Henry the details.

The Kun mountain was filled with a mysterious colour. According to the stories, the entire mountain was fraught with danger. However, there were still countless people flocking to the top of the mountain. All they wanted to do was take a look at the beautiful scenery of the mountain peak.

The mountain was covered with white snow. One couldn't see the whole surroundings at a glance. If one wanted to see the scenery elsewhere, he could only climb different peaks. Whenever one climbed over

different peaks, he would feel as if the world in front of him had changed completely.

Maybe one second ago, one was still stepping on the loess. When he climbed over a mountain, his feet would unconsciously step into snow and then into strange winter grass.

The scenery here was so beautiful that if this place was open for the public, there would be long queues waiting to take pictures.

Henry and Sackcloth Visitor were walking around Kun Mountain.

A person who would come here for the first time would get lost if not accompanied by someone who was familiar with this area.

The mountain was filled with a very strong magnetism that would completely interfere with the compass. The direction couldn't be distinguished through external equipment. When one climbed to the top of the mountain, not only could he see higher mountains, but also those mountains were blocked by the clouds around them.

Henry followed the man and they walked for three hours.

A cold wind blew, and Henry's body felt a little cold.

"There's something wrong with the temperature here," Henry said.

"There is nothing wrong with this place." The man said. "We are here. This is the place where my master lives. You can go in."

Sackcloth Visitor stopped.

Henry saw a cave right in front of him.

The interior of the cave was pitch-black, but for some

reason, a sparkling light would flash inside from time to time.

Henry took a step forward and felt a gust of cold wind sweeping from the cave, and he couldn't help but shiver.

"The temperature here is negative 30 degrees."

Henry exhaled, and his breath could be seen clearly.

When Henry took a step back, the temperature returned to normal.

"I've told you, there's nothing wrong here." The man said again, "Go ahead, His Excellency has been waiting for you."

Henry nodded and walked into the cave.

Henry had no good impression of this man, nor did he feel any antipathy. According to Henry's personal experience, Sackcloth Visitor would not harm him, so he had no hesitation.

There were a few stalactites hanging on the top of the cave.

The entrance road was not flat and was full of potholes and bumps. There were protruding rocks in some places. The surface of the rocks was covered with a layer of frost, so when one looked from the outside, he would see a glimmer of crystal from time to time.

Walking into the cave, Henry could feel that the temperature had dropped a lot, and the hairs on his body were standing up unconsciously.

If an ordinary person came in, he or she would feel the hair in their nose freeze even if they had mask on their face.

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Chapter 789

When Henry walked, he found that his footsteps were very quiet. This was not intentional, but the cave was too deep. The sound of footsteps could not be heard.

Henry subconsciously tightened his collar, which did not have any effect of warming. As he went deeper and deeper into the cave, he could see crystal clear ice on the surface of the cave.

Henry took a breath and sighed with emotion. "In this cave, the temperature is dozens of degrees lower than outside. The wonderful nature is really unpredictable."

"Indeed." A weak voice suddenly sounded from the cave to respond to Henry. "Your master, Justus Lu, spent his entire life searching for the origin of this world. He was the favoured fighter of the age and turned heaven and earth just for this goal. In the end, he scattered three white lotuses and produced a pile of white bones and left with hatred. Now, only a few people know of his name."

Henry was not surprised by the sudden sound. He knew that there was someone in the cave. Hearing the words of the other side, Henry asked, "Did you know Master Lu?"

"According to the seniority rules, you should call me martial uncle. Come in, I know you have a lot of questions to ask. In my current situation, it's not convenient for me to go out." The other party's voice seemed to be very weak.

Henry hesitated for a moment, then quickened his pace and quickly walked deeper into the cave.

As Henry went deeper, the chill in the cave became

stronger and stronger. Just when Henry couldn't stand it anymore and began to tremble, a figure appeared in front of Henry.

The moment Henry saw the figure, he was stunned.

Because this figure was too weird!

In the depths of the cave was an ice bed. Sitting on the ice bed was an old man. His hair was pale, and his body was gaunt. Even his eye had sunken into his face, and they were turbid.

"What's wrong? Isn't this quite unexpected? Who would have thought that Sackcloth Visitor's master would look like this?" The old man's mouth cracked open into a smile. However, the movement he made when he grinned with his body was very strange.

"I'm really surprised." Henry nodded without concealing his thoughts.

"It is what it is." The old man smiled bitterly. "Let me introduce myself. My name is Sanford Chu. I used to be the disciple of the same master as your master Justus. He was the disciple that master was proudest of and was the strongest. I was just a handyman at the beginning. Master pitied me and accepted me as his disciple. I can be considered the worst person in my master's sect."

Henry opened his mouth and was about to speak when Sanford interrupted him. "I know you have a lot of questions to ask, but I don't have much time. Before that, you answer my questions. If we still have time, I will tell you everything I know."

"Ask away."

"Did you really get into the Hell Prison?" Sanford stared at Henry with his turbid eyes.

Henry nodded. "I did go in and came out."

"Hahaha! Sure enough!" Sanford laughed. "At the beginning, many of us felt strange. Countless proud sons in our clan wanted to be my Senior Brother's disciples, but he chose an ordinary person like you. He didn't even teach you Qi-refining methods. It seemed that my Senior Brother had expected that there would be such a day. You were the only one who could open the Hell Prison!"

Henry frowned, and his eyes were puzzled. "I don't understand what you mean. You said that Old Master Lu didn't want to teach me how to use Qi on purpose. He knew that I was going to go to the Hell Prison. How could he know?"

"You ask me, but I don't know." Sanford shook his head. "As a junior brother, I can only look up to the ability of my senior brother. I'm afraid that you will understand when you reach the realm of master one day. Let me ask you, have you seen a man named Silas in there?"

Henry was surprised. "Do you know him?"

Silas was three hundred and ninety years old this year. If this person in front of him knew Silas, didn't that mean that his age...

"Based on your reaction, you must have seen Silas. Back then, he was a man who could compete with your master. But unfortunately, he was trapped by the Recluse Association and exiled," Sanford said with regret.

"You mean, Master Lu was also more than 300 years old?" Henry was a little confused. At that time, he only thought that Justus was just over 60 years old, and that old man had a strange way of doing things and liked to play pranks, just like a child. He was actually an old monster who had lived for hundreds of years!

Sanford shook his head. "To be exact, my senior brother

has lived for a total of four hundred and twenty-one years. If he hadn't finally devoted himself to the Qi-refining and explored the source of nature, he would have lived even longer. I am only three hundred and sixty-four years old, but I can only rely on this ice cave to delay the decay of his physical body and prolong my life. It's ridiculous. I thought that I could see through everything when I reached the Spirit-controlling realm, but now I know I was too shortsighted."

"What happens after one reaches the Spirit-controlling realm?" Henry asked.

"You don't have to know." Sanford shook his head. "Since you can get out of that prison, your road is completely different from ours. It would be just a kind of constraint for you if you know too much. Henry, there is only one thing why I asked you to come here today."

Sackcloth Visitor stood in silence outside the cave.

It was not until it was completely dark that Henry walked out of the cave.

"Are we leaving?" Sackcloth Visitor asked.

"No." Henry shook his head. "We have to stay here for a while."

"How long will it take? I'm going to buy some supplies." The man was about to leave.

"You used the word 'long'. It looks like you know why Sanford called me to come here," Henry said and turned back to the cave.

Looking at Henry's back disappearing into the cave, the man shook his head and said, "What a silly boy!"

Time passed by.

In the depths of Kun Mountain, two people often lingered. One wore a bamboo hat, and the other was around 20 years old. The stars were moving, and the sun

and the moon were changing. These two figures were free from the secular disturbance.

In the blink of an eye, more than forty days passed.

On the 25th of December, a heavy snowfall fell in Yinzhou.

This was the first snow in Yinzhou this year. Young people were excited about Christmas. The Christmas trees were decorated with exquisite gifts.

In Lins Group.

Cathy Lee, the secretary, knocked on the door of Jenny's office. "President Qin, what are you going to do on Christmas?"

"What did President Lin do over previous years?" Jenny held Lisa in her arms and asked.

"Previous years, president Lin would organize a big banquet for all employees. However, President Lin is not here this year, and we don't know how to arrange it."

"Let's do it like this." Jenny hit the table with her hand and said, "Lins Group and Hengyuan will organize it together. As for President Lin, she will come back in a few days."

"Okay, I'll arrange everything. Thank you, President Qin." Cathy bent down and left the office.

Jenny put Lisa on the ground. She got up and walked to the window and looked at the falling snow outside the window. It was more than a month ago when Sylvia left last time. Jenny didn't know where Sylvia went. When she called her, Sylvia told Jenny that she was on a business trip, investigating some projects.

"Mom Jenny, where did Mom Sylvia and father Henry go? I miss them." Grabbing Jenny's clothes, Lisa pouted her mouth and said pitifully.

"They..." Jenny looked out of the window and shook her head. "They will be back soon."

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Chapter 790

In China, there had always been a controversial question on the Internet, that was, whether winter on the south was cold or not.

In the eyes of many northerners, the south had spring-like weather all year round. After all, in winter, the average temperature in the north was lower than that of the south.

But if one really went to the south to spend the winter, one would realize that the winter in the south was even harder to endure than the winter in the north.

In Du Hai.

Sylvia was wrapped in a fur coat as she walked along the streets of Du Hai. From time to time, she would be pointed at by one or two people as they spoke cruel words. After all, there were many people who did not have the heart to wear a coat made of animal fur.

The temperature in Du Hai was a little higher than that of Yinzhou. However, due to the humidity, the human body's heat dissipation increased and the cold conduction increased, which made this place less bearable than the northern area where the temperature was lower.

In addition, there were many houses without heating here, so they depended solely on the air conditioners and electric carpets to get through the winter.

Sylvia had already stayed in Du Hai for more than a month.

During this period of time, she did not pay any attention to business affairs. On the contrary, she appeared to be much more relaxed than before.

However, although Sylvia was busy in the past, there was

always a smile in her eyes. On her face, one could see future expectations.

But now, Sylvia's eyes were calm, without joy or sorrow. It seemed that she was not interested in anything, and her expectations were long gone.

"President Lin, there are still more than ten days before the wedding. Do you need to inform your family?" A woman from the Zhu clan followed behind Sylvia. To put it bluntly, she was protecting Sylvia, but in fact, she was monitoring Sylvia to prevent her from running away.

"There's no need." Sylvia shook her head. "It's fine as long as the people from Su clan come."

"Well, then we will inform all the major forces. Just now, Master Joe has informed me that the wedding date is set to be on the eighth day of January."

"It's up to you to make the arrangements," Sylvia replied expressionlessly.

In the main hall of the Zhu clan.

Joe was sitting in front of a long table, looking at all kinds of documents on the table. He was in charge of all the problems that the Zhu clan had encountered during the process of entering the human world.

With a "bang", the door of the main hall was pushed open from the outside.

Listening to the sound of opening the door, Joe knew who it was without looking.

"Patriarch." Joe looked at Pan who had just walked in from the entrance and smiled. He did not stand up.

"Joe, let me ask you. Who asked you to set the wedding date for the eighth of January? I want the wedding to happen on the first day of January!" Pan said with an annoyed face. During this period, he could see Sylvia's graceful figure pass by him every day. This made him

itchy and he wanted to hold the wedding ceremony immediately and hold the beauty in his arms.

Joe smiled and said, "Patriarch, it's not the right time yet. Besides, we have to discuss this matter with the Su Clan. Just wait for a few days."

"Wait?" Pan showed a dissatisfied look and strode forward. He flipped over the long table in front of Joe. The documents about the development of the Zhu clan were scattered all over the place. "Joe, remember who you are. You are just a dog raised by my Zhu clan. My father pitied you and gave you some small benefits. What I want you to do is to listen to me, not to give me advice. Understand? I will marry her on the first day of January! If you want to talk nonsense again, get out of here!"

Joe lowered his head. His eyes were gloomy as he replied, "Understood, Patriarch."

"Remember, you are a dog. Dogs don't need to think!" Pan patted Joe's face, turned around, and walked out of the main hall.

It was also on this day that countless invitation cards were sent from the Zhu clan to the various Chinese underground forces.

At present, Chinese underground forces were mostly made up of the three clans and the three major families in the capital.

In the past, there was also the sacred land, Radiant Island. But now, no one was talking about it anymore.

The news came from the western part of the world that the three major forces stationed around Golden City had completely turned against Radiant Island. They had turned their backs on the foreign forces in Golden City. The island did not show any sign of responding to the

behaviour of those three forces. Legend had it that all 100,000 Reapers had been vanquished and returned to their homeland.

Now, even the people who were originally loyal to Radiant Island had turned their backs on them. Everyone could imagine the situation of Radiant Island.

In the underground world, most of the people were talking about the three clans.

For the strength of the three clans, the major forces in China also had their own opinions.

Some people said that the Su clan was the strongest because, at that time in the Shen area, the Zhu clan and the Xiao clan joined forces and attacked the Su clan.

There were others who said that the Zhu clan was strong. After all, the Zhu clan occupied Du Hai. Back then, the Zhu clan had massacred the Zhu family, but the Su clan had a normal relationship with the Su Family.

As for the Xiao clan, no one had made any comment. After the Ancient Martial Family Meeting, the Xiao clan rarely showed up. They had always kept a low profile.

All the major forces, except for talking about the three clans, paid almost all their attention to Qi-refining.

Some forces, for the sake of better Qi-refining, had even made it clear that they had to attach themselves to the bottom of the clan. Now, the three clans had many vassals.

Of course, some people were disgusted to become the "outsiders" of the clan, and most of them were depending on the three major families in the capital.

In this way, a very interesting scene would appear in the Chinese underground world.

The whole underground world was divided into two factions.

One belonged to the forces that attached themselves to the three big clans, and the other was to the forces that attached themselves to the ancient kungfu families.

The people of the two major factions were all arguing with each other. They had shouted at each other many times, but they didn't make any moves.

Firstly, the officials had already said that they could not take any action when the sun was out.

Secondly, everyone was now at the early stage of Qi-refining. They were all in the exploration stage. No one was ready to have a conflict with others. Therefore, they were just gossiping about each other. When they met, they all smiled at each other.

No one knew how long the balance between these two factions would last. Everyone knew that unless a force like Radiant Island stood out and swept through everything to make everyone submit to it, no one else would be able to unite these two factions.

However, there was only one Radiant Island in the world, and it had sunk. Moreover, judging from the current situation, the strength of Radiant Island in front of the three clans was still not enough. Unless the Emperor of Hell would appear, and the ten kings of Radiant Island got resurrected.

Now the three families from the capital were just holding on. If it weren't for the collapse of the Shen area that had killed dozens of the Qi-controlling experts from the three clans, the three families from the capital couldn't compete with the clans at all. The accident in the Shen area weakened the strength of the clans and gave them a chance to breathe.

As soon as the Zhu clan sent out invitations, almost all the forces were preparing gifts and were on their way to Du Hai.

The wedding date was finally set for January 1st.

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Chapter 791

On December 26th, Chinese underground forces began to gather in Du Hai.

Great importance was attached to the marriage of Pan, the head of the Zhu clan.

On December 27th, many underground forces had gathered in Du Hai. The Zhu clan did not prepare guest rooms for the ordinary forces. All the guests who came early were staying in hotels not far from the Zhu clan.

On the night of the 27th, all the hotels near the Zhu clan were fully booked.

On December 28th, huge posters with the word "happiness" were placed over the entire Zhu clan's mansion. They spread from the main hall of the Zhu clan to the road two kilometres away from the manor. It looked magnificent.

On December 29th, the Su clan arrived. The new patriarch of the Su clan, Pollard Su, was the eldest son of the former patriarch, Freud. He did not attend the Ancient Martial Arts Family Meeting.

The Su Clan had brought a total of 127 people, including eight Qi-controlling realm experts, two of whom were in the Transformation Realm, and one of whom was on the verge of reaching the Qi-concentrating realm.

Since the last battle in the Shen area, the clan's Qi-concentrating experts had been completely vanished. Now the one person that was about to enter Qi-concentrating realm could be considered the strongest person in the clan.

Of course, this was the first person that the public had known of. All the forces were clear that the people

buried in the Shen area last time were certainly not all the masters the clans had. There must be more powerful masters guarding the clans. There probably was not too many such masters. They all belonged to the hidden forces of the clan, and they would not show up unless there was no other way.

These people brought by Su clan showed their confidence in front of the major underground forces. Even though they had suffered great losses in the battle in the Shen area, there were still so many experts who were able to control their Qi.

On the other hand, all the underground forces were called "the fast practitioners of Qi-refining", but they had just entered the Qi-controlling Realm, so their control of Qi was very stiff.

On December 30th, when the Xiao clan arrived in Du Hai, they also brought several Qi-controlling realm experts with them.

So far, the three big clans had gathered in Du Hai. The Qi-controlling realm experts from the three big clans exerted great pressure on the underground forces.

December 31st was the last day of this year, and it was also the last day before Sylvia's wedding.

The disciples of the Zhu clan were waiting for guests in front of the manor.

"The three big families from the capital have arrived!"

A shout came from the gate of the Zhu clan's manor.

The Ji family, the Bai family, and the Jiang family were led by Soul, Ernest, and Gavin. Each of them had a hundred disciples.

Although the underground forces were divided into two factions, in the current situation, the major forces still had to do the superficial work.

Zhu clan's manor was very large. Many important members of the underground forces also entered the manor today. They would stay in the manor tonight to attend tomorrow's wedding.

On a long outdoor table in the manor, several important members of the underground forces were sitting together and whispering something.

"Do you all know that the person that Patriarch Pan wishes to marry was the wife of the Emperor of Hell!"

"Hey, who doesn't know about this matter? But Radiant Island has sunk into the deep sea, and Slaughter King and other kings have died in the Shen area. The Emperor of Hell has been detained for nine years. In this world, there is no Radiant Island anymore."

"Everyone, be careful when you speak. After such a long period of time, the underground world is no longer the world of Radiant Island. Let me tell you a bit of information; not only are there clans appearing in China, but there are also ancient, mysterious powers appearing in other countries. Many other top-tier forces have been wiped out, and this world has changed a long time ago."

"Although you said so, the Emperor of Hell came like a king, started a holy war, and swept through the vast chaos. He must have the aptitude to be invincible. I believe that even if the world is changing, as long as the Emperor of Hell is given enough time, he can still rule the world. Don't forget that he is just over 20 years old."

"Alas." One of them let out a sigh. "Even though that's the truth, we all know the power and potential of the Emperor of Hell. If he were to return, given a few years, he would definitely be able to rise above these clans. But he's been imprisoned for nine years! What do nine years mean? By the time he comes out, the world will be totally changed. Things will change."

"Aaron gave us the possibility to practice Qi, and Slaughter King and others gave us the opportunity to leave the Shen area. Without them, we would not have seen the possibility of turning over. Now we will only be enslaved by these clans. If one day the Emperor of Hell comes back, I must follow him."

"That's right. We are now belonging to the three big families from the capital and we have been waiting for that day. I have a hunch that the king will come back, and he will become the Emperor of Hell again!"

"No!" A crisp female voice rang. "It's not a hunch. It's a certainty that the man will come back!"

Several underground gang members who were chatting turned their heads and saw an enchanting woman in a white velvet robe walking toward them.

"White Rose." One person called out the woman's name.

The woman who spoke was none other than Viper Rose's leader.

White Rose looked at them and said, "You haven't fought with that man directly. When you meet him face to face, you will feel that he is like a lofty mountain. There seems to be nothing in the world that he can't do. Just standing there will give people a feeling of trust. He will come back, for sure!"

Listening to the words of White Rose, the people who had just chatted with her had a little excitement in their eyes. They did not attach themselves to the clans, but instead chose to rely on the three big families from the capital. What was the reason? The reason was that they did not want to see the clans that suddenly appeared sit casually on top.

If that man came back, with his means, these clans would be trampled by him sooner or later.

Just as the few of them were full of hope, a shout came from the side.

"What are you guys talking about?"

When everyone turned back, they saw a middle-aged woman striding over.

At the sight of this middle-aged woman, they all showed disdain on their faces.

This woman was Yolande Chen, the wife of the leader of a second-level underground force.

After the battle in the Shen area, the clans suffered heavy losses and offered an olive branch to the major underground forces. No underground force responded to the clans. As a result, Yolande assassinated her husband, took the whole underground force with her, and surrendered to the clan. After the clan had promised her great power, she bullied many underground forces with clan's martial arts masters, causing more and more underground forces to be unable to resist pressure and defect to the clans, and finally formed the current situation between the two factions.

"What are we talking about? What does it have to do with you?" One of the leaders of the underground forces said to Yolande unhappily.

"Haha." Yolande sneered. "If you guys were just having a casual chat, I wouldn't have gotten involved. But just now, I seem to have heard someone mention the dregs from Radiant Island!"

Yolande stepped forward and shouted, "Now, this underground world belongs to our clans. Radiant Island is not as good as my clan's patriarch!"

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Yolande's voice was so loud that many people could hear it clearly.

When they heard Yolande say 'Radiant Island is nothing', many people showed angry looks in their eyes. However, they were in the Zhu clan's mansion, so they did not dare to say anything.

On the other hand, when the clansmen heard this, they all looked very satisfied.

When Yolande saw the satisfaction on the faces of her clan members, she smiled ingratiatingly at them.

A middle-aged man next to White Rose said, "Yolande, if I remember correctly, it was the Reaper who saved your life when you and your husband were chased by foreign forces, right? If there was no Radiant Island, you would have been fed to dogs four years ago!"

Hearing this, Yolande put her hands on her waist and said, "Do you mean that I still have to be grateful to Radiant Island?"

"Radiant Island doesn't need your gratitude, but if you have the slightest sense of gratitude, you shouldn't slander it like this!" The middle-aged man shouted.

"Forget it." White Rose shook her head. "If Yolande was grateful, she wouldn't have killed her husband. Someone told me that her husband couldn't run away because of his damaged left leg, and his left leg was damaged because he wanted to save Yolande. This type of people has long been blinded by greed."

"Ha." Yolande showed a look of indifference. "Radiant Island saved me four years ago, but it was four years ago. If you want me to be grateful to them, you can go

and search for me four years ago."

Hearing Yolande's words, White Rose shook her head. She knew that it was useless to talk to such people. What was shamelessness? Yolande herself could show it incisively and vividly.

"Yolande, now you can be arrogant, and you will regret it!" The middle-aged man pointed at Yolande and said with hatred.

"Oh?" Yolande showed a look of interest. "I'm very curious about who will make me regret it."

"Of course, the Emperor of Hell when he returns!" The middle-aged man subconsciously cried out in excitement.

"Sh*t!" White Rose exclaimed in a low voice.

In the eyes of the major clans, the words "Emperor of Hell" were absolutely taboo and no one was allowed to mention him.

After all, whether it was due to the Emperor of Hell's original reputation, or the fact that the King of Slaughter and the others had buried dozens of experts of the clans, there had been unresolved enmity between the two sides.

At this moment, the middle-aged man was shouting about the return of the Emperor of Hell. How would his clan be willing to listen to this?

A young man from the Zhu clan immediately strode over and chided, "Who's babbling?!"

"It's him." Yolande immediately went up and pointed to the clan's member, "It's them. They kept talking about the dregs of Radiant Island. They should be killed!"

The young man of the Zhu clan walked to the front of the middle-aged man and said in a questioning tone to the middle-aged man, "Did you guys talk about it?"

"So what if we did?" The middle-aged man took a deep breath and puffed out his chest. "We were talking about our old friends. What does it have to do with the Zhu clan?"

The young man of the Zhu clan smiled contemptuously. "You can talk about it, but I don't want to listen to it. Do you understand? This is the rule of the Zhu clan! Not to mention you, even if the so-called Emperor of Hell came personally, he would have to abide by the rules of the Zhu clan!"

The words of the young man of the Zhu clan were overbearing. He told everyone that even if the Emperor of Hell, who everyone was looking forward to, really came out of the prison, he would have to listen to the Zhu clan.

At this moment, a shout came from the gate of the Zhu clan's manor.

"I'm the Emperor of Hell! How dare you ask me for an invitation? Look at yourself!"

The moment the voice rang out, everyone in the Zhu clan's manor trembled in unison.

The Emperor of Hell!

The Emperor of Hell, who should have been detained for nine years, had actually appeared!

The faces of the members of three big clans and the underground forces under them all changed, and then they walked towards the gate of the manor with a serious look.

As for White Rose and the other underground forces that were subordinate to the three families from the capital, they all looked very happy. They were just thinking about when the Emperor of Hell would come back. They didn't expect that he would come so soon.

After the arrival of the emperor, would the clans really dare to be so rampant? It should be known that the King of Slaughter and the other kings buried the top experts of the three clans. Then what could the owner of the island do?

The news of the Emperor of Hell's appearance, almost in more than ten seconds, spread out through various communication channels. Those who were sitting in the Zhu clan's mansion had also received the news. Some left the room with joy and some worried and walked quickly to the door of the Zhu clan.

White Rose and others walked to the gate of the Zhu clan's manor, and everyone's face was full of excitement.

During this period of time, the pressure brought by the clans to the underground forces was too great, making everyone feel that there was a boulder hanging on the top of their heads, and they didn't know when this boulder would fall and smash them into pieces.

Everyone was walking toward the entrance of the manor, and they were even imagining what would happen. The Emperor of Hell was invincible, he would sweep away this clan and take back his woman?

Just when everyone was still daydreaming, a burst of laughter came from the gate of the manor.

"Hahaha, the Emperor of Hell, you must be joking, haha! Whose kid is this?"

"Kid, have you done your homework? Go back to your homework, or the teacher will talk to your parents."

"I can't hold on any longer. My tears are about to burst out."

The burst of laughter made the faces of White Rose and others full of doubts.

Yolande's voice rang out. "Kid, your imitation is quite bad. If you're the real Emperor of Hell, you won't yell at all. Instead, you would kneel at the door like a pug, begging my master to let you in."

"Hahaha, that's right. If the Emperor of Hell really came, he would only wag his tail and beg for mercy. He would never make such a fuss like you."

All kinds of mocking voices rang out.

White Rose and the others looked at the person who stood at the gate of the Zhu clan's manor, who claimed to be the Emperor of Hell. He was a young man who seemed to be in his teens.

Many people had known this person. He was a younger generation from the Jiang family, named Langston Jiang.

Since Langston was born, he had some mental problems, and sometimes he would do some incredible things. Even the Jiang family couldn't figure out his character, and many psychologists couldn't cure him.

But it was sure that Langston was the absolute fan of the Emperor of Hell. Although he had some issues, he could clearly tell every story of the Emperor of Hell, and often put himself in it, fantasizing that he was the Emperor of Hell himself.

No one had expected that the news of the return of the emperor would turn out to be a farce of a young man.

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