

## **Chapter 1350**

**What kind of existence could it be?**

**A mysterious hell?**

**A mysterious organization?**

**Or, a civilization?**

**“Hey, what are you thinking?” Fennel asked.**

**Philip’s eyes darkened as he said, “The door, what kind of existence is it?”**

**“You can think of it as a special organization full of lunatics, and these lunatics don’t usually come out. Those who have come out from there have achieved success or became giants. Take, for example, Supreme Reed Williams. He’s a disciple. Moreover, the lords of the 12 Sacred Halls of the West are also disciples,” Fennel explained briefly.**

**Speaking of the 12 Sacred Halls of the West, Philip suddenly thought of something and said, “By the way, do you know Lord Hades?”**

**On the other end of the phone, there was a sudden silence. With a hint of chill, Fennel asked, “Does Hades, that son of a b\*tch, have friction with you?”**

**Son of a b\*tch?**

**Philip was dumbfounded. He did not know much about Fennel's past and had only talked with him through the phone. He only knew that this guy was very famous abroad.**

**"A few days ago, one of Hades' envoys sent someone to Uppercreek and it's related to Hannah. Do you really know Hades?" Philip asked.**

**Fennel sighed and said, "Well, I'm showing my hand now. To be honest, I'm the Sun God, Apollo."**

**The f\*ck?!**

**Philip rolled his eyes and said, "You're a lord of one of the halls?"**

**Fennel hummed and said, "It's just a false title. I've long since left the Hall of the Sun God to my seven envoys to manage. However, how did Hades get involved with Miss Hannah?"**

**Philip expressed his ignorance. After pondering for a moment, he said, "You can help me warn this Hades guy. If he sends someone over again, I don't mind overturning his hall."**

**There was some silence on the other end of the phone before he said, "Okay."**

**Then, the call ended.**

**Philip looked at the note in his hand, his eyes turning frighteningly cold.**

**The Larson family.**

**What role did they play in this?**

**Just as Philip was leaving the hospital, Theo hurried to report, "Mr. Clarke, we got it. All the white Bentleys in Uppercreek have been found but there's no sign of Miss Clarke. However, ten minutes ago, a white Bentley appeared at the airport. By the time we arrived, they already left."**

**"What about the flight information?" Philip asked.**

**"The headed to Sendona City in Country M," Theo replied.**

**Philip frowned. After a moment of silence, he said, "Let's leave it at that and head to the venue first."**

**Immediately after, a group of people drove to the venue of the world tournament.**

**At this moment, the venue was packed with people and there was still a countdown of ten minutes before commencement.**

**The Jensen family had already arrived and was waiting in the side hall of the venue.**

**Old Master Jensen's urn was placed in the hall and all members of the Jensen family were waiting with serious looks on their faces.**

**Crawford Jensen glanced at the time and asked, "How long before Young Master Clarke arrives?"**

**"Mr. Clarke has already arrived. Patriarch Jensen, don't worry," a man in a black suit replied.**

**Crawford nodded. According to the plan, Old Master Jensen's memorial plaque must be on the stage during the match. It should be placed in the center of the main stage of the whole venue.**

**The reason was none other than to let Old Master Jensen see with his own eyes how national martial arts would dazzle the world!**

**Moreover, it was to officially inform the world martial arts community that Old Master Jensen had passed away.**

**At the same time, it was to deter those eager domestic national arts families and forces from having foolish thoughts.**

**At that very moment, several unexpected guests suddenly barged in!**

**“Hahaha, it turns out that Old Master Jensen is dead. No wonder.”**

**The person who spoke was a middle-aged man who looked to be about 40 or 50 years old. He had a beard, ferocious and predatory eyes, and walked with long powerful strides. With his hands behind his back, he barged in with four or five people in tow.**

**In short, he was here to pick a fight!**