

## **Menu 417**

Chapter 417: Esther's Extreme Maneuver

Write the report!

He would "thoroughly," "objectively" write out everything that happened today.

Of course...

There's that bastard too!

Just thinking about the bastard on the other end of the phone, Edmund gnashed his teeth in hatred.

He knew very well that it was intentional.

The other party must have been waiting by the phone after Shaun had left.

However, they probably didn't expect that Shaun would be killed by "Claw 13".

They certainly wouldn't have imagined that "Claw 11" would be able to kill the "Sword Saint" Divano.

"Since it's like this..."

"I will send you another big gift."

Edmund took a deep breath; he had made a decision that he hadn't made in a long time.

The reason he couldn't make up his mind before was that he knew doing so would inevitably cause a major upheaval within the "Sanctuary".

Now, he had made up his mind because there were too many people around him—Esther, Lord Jason, Lord Aras, Valen, Kuike, Clive, Aidiven, Qiong si, and the families of those six bastards Luodeni—they all needed him to take care of them.

He couldn't just drift along aimlessly and await death like before.

He didn't care about his own life, but he couldn't stand to watch these people around him die.

"Something seems a bit off."

"Wasn't I supposed to be a salted fish?"

"Why has it gotten busier and busier?"

With such doubts in mind, Edmund began to write the report.

...

After Divine Mountain disappeared in a mushroom cloud, the headquarters of the "Sanctuary" became hidden.

In fact, aside from a very few individuals, no one knew where the "Sanctuary" was.

This was a decision made by the current Pope.

After suffering an unexpected raid where the Pope, the twelve Bishops, forty-eight district Bishops, and three hundred full-fledged Knights all perished, causing the once-thriving "Sanctuary" to fall into decline, it was natural that changes were needed for it to continue to survive.

Thirty years had passed, and this decline still persisted.

The Pope was there, but only in "honorary" position.

Not to mention the ability to communicate with Deities that the original Pope once had, he couldn't even sense the presence of Deities.

After all, thirty years ago, he was just a candidate for district Bishop of the "Sanctuary".

And among those candidates, he was the worst.

That was precisely why he survived.

Because he wasn't qualified to ascend Divine Mountain.

He didn't know exactly what had happened atop Divine Mountain, but he saw that dazzling light and the blinding mushroom cloud.

So, when he became Pope, the first thing he did was to move the "Sanctuary" to a secretive underground location unknown to others.

In a grand hall glittering with gold, Hoson, sitting in the Pope's seat, was no longer young. His hair was gray, his body stooped, and even his white robe could not hide it, while his face showed deep fatigue.

Without the guidance of Deities, he felt lost.

It was like being in a fog, having no idea which direction to go.

Especially after learning of the death of his old friend Divano, his sense of bewilderment deepened,

"Begin the ritual."

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"The 'Sanctuary' cannot be without a 'Sword Saint'."

After listening to his subordinate's report, Hoson waved his hand.

"Yes, Your Holiness."

The reporter bowed deeply, then headed straight for a side hall. In this grand hall's side room, a tall, robust young man clad in armor stood within a complex Technique.

The ritual had been prepared the moment they confirmed "Sword Saint" Divano's death.

"You will inherit everything from Lord Divano. You will become the new 'Sword Saint' of the 'Sanctuary', but the entire process will be very painful. You must endure," the Pope's close aide told the young man.

"I vow to complete it!" exclaimed the young man, who had been carefully chosen for his absolute loyalty to the "Sanctuary".

After the Pope's aide nodded slightly, a deep incantation began to echo.

The complex Techniques on the ground began to light up.

A unique fluctuation appeared within the Technique.

As if attracted, the white light that previously appeared on Divano now emerged within the Technique, floating gently.

Then it slowly merged into the young man's body.

As soon as contact was made, the young man with the resolute face fell to the ground in pain, as a slightly familiar aura appeared on him.

To this, the Pope's close aide showed no surprise.

This ritual was, after all, a "resurrection" ritual.

A special secret technique developed by His Holiness the Pope based on the various secret techniques of the 'Sanctuary,' because the Sanctuary's high-end combat power had all perished.

Unlike the half-baked techniques bestowed upon the 'Faceless' Legion, this special secret technique could grant the wielder a chance at 'resurrection,' given the opportunity was fully prepared.

However, the prerequisites for this special secret technique were too harsh, the cost too exorbitant, and the demands for talent too high. Within the entire 'Sanctuary,' no more than five people were capable of learning this technique, and only the Pope and the 'Sword Saint' Divano could truly master it.

The white radiance became more intense.

The young man's body was exuding an increasingly strong aura of Divano.

Indeed, if the Pope's close aides closed their eyes, they would believe they were standing beside the 'Sword Saint' himself.

A smile appeared on the face of one of the Pope's close aides.

Having switched to a younger body full of potential, with just a brief adaptation, 'Sword Saint' Divano was sure to become even stronger.

And by then, no enemy would be spared by 'Sword Saint' Divano's sword.

But at this moment, a sudden mutation occurred—

"It's him!"

"It's him!"

"It's that monster!"

"He's in Ang City!"

"He didn't die!"

Screams of horror erupted from the mouth of the young man, but the voice was Divano's.

Then, before the Pope's close aide could regain his senses—

Boom!



The body of the young man exploded.

The aura of Divano completely dissipated.

Splattered with blood, the Pope's close aide stood in shock.

Failed?

How could it possibly fail?

The close aid couldn't believe what had happened.

Without even bothering to wipe off the blood on his face, he immediately went to report to the Pope.

And at the moment that howling began, the current Pope knew something unforeseen had happened without his knowledge.

Listening to his subordinate's report, his presence grew increasingly solemn.

Only the gleam in his eyes was so bright that it was difficult to look directly at them.

Dangerous, ferocious aura circled ceaselessly inside the great hall.

All those inside the great hall began to tremble uncontrollably.

"Ang City?"

"The 'Masked Man'?"

"The 'Night Owl Court'?"

The current Pope murmured to himself incessantly, his voice sounding like the roar of a terrifying beast.

...

In an apartment temporarily rented by the 'Holy Serpent Society,' a joint important meeting among the 'Brotherhood,' 'Hydra,' 'Taotie Society,' and 'Night Owl Court' was being held.

Jason and Aras were sitting on one side, while Esther sat opposite them.

At that moment, Esther was confidently explaining to Jason the purpose of the writing previously left on the wall.

"Strong!"

"Even stronger!"

"With such strength, all of the 'Night Owl Court's' inconsistencies will begin to seem reasonable."

"They will speculate about the ancient rules we put forth."

"They will delve into the history of Ang City."

"But!"

At this point, Esther's tone grew firmer, and he showed a proud smile.

However, upon seeing Jason's urging look, Esther quickly said, "But, the actual history of Ang City being built is no more than a hundred years, and detailed textual records started at the beginning of the new century. The historical records before that are very vague, not to mention full of gaps—this is good news for us."

"We can let those people speculate."

"I've done my homework so that our organization can exist justifiably!"

Esther gave a thumbs up, revealing a dazzling smile.

However, neither Jason nor Aras looked at him again.

Instead, they turned their gaze to the bedroom door.

Divano stood there, looking puzzled, and asked with bewilderment, "Hello, did you save me? Thank you."

As if he had just awakened, Divano's speech was somewhat unclear.

And as Jason was contemplating how to respond, Esther had already rushed to Divano's side, knelt down with a thud, hugged Divano's legs passionately, and shouted loudly—

"Daddy!"