

## Menu 444

### Chapter 444: Mutual Calculations

The flames flickered.

In the distant sky, a group of small black dots fell amidst the sound of artillery fire.

Anti-aircraft guns!

Lawrence was momentarily stunned before he quickly realized what was happening.

"Is Kael also one of your people?"

The A-class defector narrowed his eyes.

"No."

"He is merely fulfilling the duty of a soldier: to protect the territory and civilians behind him from the attack of those with malicious intent."

Aio. Kite shook his head.

But Lawrence would not believe such an explanation.

The duty of a soldier to protect his home and country was certain, but such a reaction was simply impossible.

After all, this was a surprise attack by him and the 'Sanctuary'!

An attack that covered everything!

It wasn't something that Kael, the soldier, could have detected in advance.

"Did you anticipate our attack this time?"

Lawrence asked with a grave voice.

Aio. Kite did not answer, but his silence said it all. Lawrence paused for a moment, then an exaggerated smile suddenly spread across his calm face.

It was a smile that nearly tore the corners of his mouth.

He cackled twice.

Then he exhaled sharply.

"So, you must have anticipated that we would hide 'anomalies' in those airplanes!"

"You sent more of your forces to deal with those 'anomalies'!"

"Is that 'Masked Man' among them too?"

Lawrence's eyes gleamed with the malicious triumph of a successful scheme.

Without waiting for Aio. Kite to ask any further, he continued, self-absorbed due to the impact of the anomalies.

"My appearance here isn't just to 'purify' Ang City."

"It is also to take that thing back!"

"Immortality, such a thing should rightfully be mine!"

With these words, Lawrence began to walk toward Aio. Kite, the wickedness on his face intensifying to the point it contorted his features. The self-absorbed sounds from his mouth were like the roars of a beast, relentless.

"Don't bother struggling!"

"Since I have predicted your actions, everything there will be arranged."

"You don't really think I would come to Ang City alone, do you?"

"Haven't you forgotten about the 'Sanctuary'?"

"Hahaha!"

As if he had revealed the final answer, Lawrence finally stopped holding back and started to laugh loudly, doubling over, holding his stomach, rolling on the ground.

"Dead!"

"The 'Masked Man' is surely dead!"

"All those who went to stop the 'anomalies' will die!"

While rolling around, Lawrence kept laughing hysterically.

And amidst such laughter, a piercing white light suddenly rose from the northwestern outskirts of Ang City's night sky.

But immediately after, the blinding white was tainted with a glaring crimson.

This crimson made one feel uncomfortable, causing bodily reactions of unease just from looking at it.

In the night of Ang City, many people noticed this peculiar scene.

Ordinary people who took a single glance started to feel dizzy.

Most began to vomit uncontrollably.

A small fraction of those with weaker constitutions fell to the ground, convulsing.

"God!"

"Watch over this place!"

"Look at those heretics!"

"They must be subjected to Your punishment!"

The Pontiff's retinue prayed loudly in the night.

Behind him were hundreds of 'Sanctuary' deacons, along with more than five hundred believers.

As the prayer began, those five hundred believers were the first to act.

A hundred among them, with fervor on their faces, moved toward the Pontiff's retinue. They then knelt around him one by one, beginning their prayers.

With quiet murmurings of prayer, their previously glossy, resilient skin quickly withered, and their firm muscles deflated at a visible rate.

In less than two breaths, the closest hundred people turned into a pile of dry bones.

This scene did not frighten the rest of the believers.

On the contrary, the remaining believers became even more fanatic.

Wave after wave charged forward successively, like moths to a flame, rushing toward the Pontiff's retinue.

Soon, all five hundred believers lay dead.

The hundreds of deacons began to take action.

Unlike the believers who had prayed, they stood near the Pontiff's retinue and slit their wrists open.

Blood spurted out.

It sprayed onto the ground, onto those dry bones.

The lifeless bones instantly began to glow with a crimson light.

Bit by bit.

Piece by piece.

As all the bones began to flicker, a gigantic Technique appeared.

The deacons, upon seeing the Technique, showed no hesitation; they plunged the daggers they held directly into their chests.

Thud, thud, thud!

Amidst the sounds of metal blades slicing through flesh, the deacons collapsed one after another.

Yet there was no fear on their faces.

Only yearning and relief.

Whoo!



The Pontiff's retinue, kneeling at the center, took a deep breath and then bellowed word by word —

"Please punish anyone who hinders the 'anomalies' from landing!"

"Please give them the most severe punishment!"

"Please take their lives!"

"Please annihilate their souls!"

The desperate shouts echoed over this part of Ang City's outskirts.

Then a faint white light appeared on the Pontiff's retinue.

Like a magnet attracted to metal!

Hum!

That moment when the faint white light appeared, the glaring red light from the surrounding bones and corpses rushed toward it.

The next moment—

A blindingly white light surged into the sky.

Accompanying it was an unmistakable crimson red.

It worked!

His Holiness's technique was successful!

A hint of joy was irresistible in the heart of the Pope's confidant as tears involuntarily spilled from his eyes.

He had not failed the Pope; he had not failed the 'Sanctuary'.

This world still belonged to the 'Sanctuary'.

Overwhelmed with excitement, the Pope's confidant lay prostrate, his body trembling with elation, when suddenly, the sound of footsteps echoed.

Step, step step.

The confidant instinctively looked up.

He saw a figure clad in a black cloak, wearing a Night Owl mask, approaching.

Immediately, the confidant's pupils shrank.

...

Aio. Kite observed the awkward brilliance, his eyes flickering, seemingly deep in thought, while Lawrence seemed worried Aio. Kite didn't understand, and quickly started to explain.

"The Sacrificial Wish Technique."

"Have you heard of it?"

"You certainly haven't; it's a technique recently created by the Pontiff, and as the name implies, it can fulfill wishes."

Your next chapter is on empire

"Although it requires a certain sacrifice, the Pontiff was more than willing to cleanse the 'Night Owl Court' of its powers on a large scale!"

"As for the wish?"

"Guess what wish we would make?"

"Right now, I really want to take off your mask and see the expression of the leader of the Kate Family."

"Is it anger?"

"Or is it regret?"

As he spoke, Lawrence rose to his feet, patting the dirt off his body.

"That's it?"

Aio. Kite asked indifferently.

"What else do you want?"

"Significantly reduce the strength of the 'Night Owl Court'."

"Take possession of the Masked Man's mask."

"We've already achieved two goals with one arrow; what more do you want?"

Lawrence said this, but his eyes turned icy, his tone still slightly arrogant but mixed with more calmness, as he pointed at Aio. Kite.

"If we could also get rid of one or two more 'Talons', we wouldn't mind at all."

"The Masked Man was a 'Talon,' right?"

"Everything started because of him!"

"No!"

"It should be said that all this was your scheme—from the moment Edmund found you, you began this setup. He needed to lure me into the game, take away everything I had, while you returned to the public eye."

"Everything was perfect."

"Except for..."

"Your choice to target me."

A self-satisfied smile spread across Lawrence's face.

He had every reason to be complacent.

Nothing had escaped his predictions, everything was under his control; wasn't that enough to be proud of?

'Anomalies' only magnified this arrogance.

This made him want to delay killing his opponent on the spot.

He had more to say to him!

If no one knew about his intricate schemes, wouldn't it be too much of a pity?

Moreover, with everything in his hand, how could the opponent possibly turn the tables?

How could Flying Dragon lose?

"I never cared about the identity of 'the asylum'."

"Nor did I care for any reputation or honor."

"I only needed that identity to more easily obtain the 'tools' I now possess."

Lawrence said, indicating his gloves, hat, and overcoat.

Then...

He pointed at a nail.

It was a ten-centimeter long Iron Nail, with an antique design. One side was flat with unknown, abstract carvings, while Sharpness had already been embedded into the ground.

To be exact, it was embedded into the ground beneath the shadow of Aio. Kite.

"It's also one of my trophies."

"It has no direct destructive power, just the ability to pin someone to the ground."

"Though it has strong side effects, I quite like it."

"Because it lets me watch my opponents struggle helplessly!"

"Otherwise, even if it affected me, I wouldn't be rolling around on the ground!"

With that, Lawrence showed a triumphant grin to Aio. Kite.



He continued:

"These! All of this!"

"Lays the groundwork for my next goal!"

"Yes, immortality."

"What comes after?"

"Naturally, godhood!"

"I shall descend upon the earth like a god!"

With those words, Lawrence raised his arms to the sides, as if embracing the sky, but, in conjunction with his proud, uplifted chin, he looked down upon the earth more like a god.

As if he were a god.

Or rather, Lawrence believed himself to be a god.

This, too, was the influence of 'anomalies.'

One nail can change the course of a battle.

Likewise, one nail can also change a person's habits.

Lawrence was convinced that he had everything under control.

Indeed, looking at the current situation, that was the case.

As the victor, Lawrence was ready to end this fight.

But before that, he wanted to satisfy his curiosity.

He was eager to see what the expression of the head of the Kate Family would be at this moment!

With large strides, Lawrence approached Aio. Kite and plucked off Aio. Kite's mask.

Then, Lawrence's eyes widened, and he exclaimed in disbelief—

"How could it be you?"