

## Menu 410

Chapter 410: 'Sword Saint'...

However, the numbers were much smaller.

After all, with the popularization of knowledge and the explosion of information in the new century, the Sanctuary had lost its air of mystery, especially when evidence of its crimes emerged after its headquarters was breached at the turn of the century, turning the Sanctuary into a rat crossing the street.

But even dung attracts flies.

An organization like the Sanctuary would still attract some extremists.

Especially some orphans adopted by the Sanctuary from a young age.

From childhood, they would be indoctrinated with twisted beliefs.

Divano was such an example.

So was the driver of the car.

"Hmm."

Upon hearing the driver's report, Divano nodded slightly in satisfaction with the other's ability to gather information.

Then, he lowered his head to start looking through the documents in his hands.

Not picking them up, but spreading them out on a wooden elongated box.

This box was entirely black, with intricate seal engravings that would seem extraordinary even to ordinary people.

Similarly, it was evident how much Divano valued the box.

From the moment he entered the car until now, the long black box had always been on Divano's legs, even as he was flipping through the papers, one hand always rested on the box.

The driver glanced at the long black box through the rear-view mirror, his eyes filled with barely concealed envy.

Sword Saint!

That was Divano's title.

It wasn't given by the Sanctuary, but by his enemies through countless battles outside.

Ten years ago, Divano wasn't known as the Sword Saint. Although proficient with the sword, he didn't shun other weapons until he encountered the Holy Sword, after which he discarded all other weapons, only using the sword.

However, it wasn't that Holy Sword!

It was an ordinary Sanctuary-issued longsword that Divano initially used.

But precisely because of this, even more people feared the Sword Saint.

A Sword Saint without the Holy Sword was already terrifyingly powerful, so what if he used the Holy Sword?

But for ten years, nobody had seen Divano wield the Holy Sword.

Because, the enemies he faced were simply not worth using the Holy Sword against.

An ordinary longsword was enough!

I wonder what that Holy Sword looks like?

The driver couldn't help but think.

Then, he saw Divano suddenly look towards the rear-view mirror.

Reflected in the mirror, Divano's eyes were sharp, piercing towards him like a real sword.

"Ah!"

With a cry of pain, the driver immediately hit the brakes.

With his eyes closed, tears streamed down.

But, he repeatedly begged for mercy.

"Lord Divano, I meant no offense... err!"

Whoosh!

The driver's voice abruptly cut off.

A segment of a sword blade pierced through the seat cushion and protruded from the driver's open mouth.

The blade slowly withdrew, the blood absorbed by the seat cushion.

Click!

The standard-issue longsword slowly returned to its scabbard.

Divano did not even glance at the driver, he simply raised his hand to gently stroke the box housing the Holy Sword, whispering softly to himself, "You are mine, with you I will possess extraordinary power, I will be undefeated!"

"Any ant daring to spy on you, I shall slay!"

With those words, Divano, carrying the box, the sword at his side, and the documents, pushed the door open and stepped out of the car.

The corpse would be handled by the people of the Sanctuary.

He did not need to concern himself with it.

What he needed to do now was to investigate the so-called 'JJ Combat Gym'.

According to the information recorded and analyzed, it could potentially be a Hydra secret base.

Although it was previously managed by Aras, with Aras's disappearance, it wouldn't 'vanish' in a short period of time, but would still be there.

"Bait?"

Divano sneered.

He was all too familiar with such tactics.

Presumably, the JJ Combat Gym contained something extremely important to his ally Aras, and Hydra wanted to use it to lure out Aras, then offer his head to please the Night Owl Court.

"Ants always like to use such ornate tricks."

"The truly powerful scorn such methods."

"With me, invincible!"

Filled with the belief that he was invincible in battle, Divano looked on with contempt.

His pace quickened as he headed straight for the JJ Combat Gym.

Stepping into the dirty alley and standing in front of the gym's door, he looked at the sign.

"To be a true fighter, even if you know you are bound to lose, you must have the courage to accept the challenge?"

"Not bad words!"

"Worthy of a fight!"

Divano appraised, then lifted a hand to push against the door before him.

But then...

It didn't open.

"Hm?"

Divano hesitated, then pushed harder.

This time, the door shook a little, opening a small crack.

"Barbell plates?"

Through the small opening, Divano saw the heavy weights behind the door; first bewildered, he then placed both hands on the door, exerting his full Strength to push the door open.

Screech, screech.

Amidst the grating noise, the door slowly opened.



"You think such weight can stop me?"

"Too naive!"

"I am the undefeated Divano!"

With unprecedented confidence, Divano stepped into the gym.

The gym in front of him was no different from the photos in the documents. Although it appeared clean, it was extremely rudimentary, with nothing but the basics.

"Not even a hint of protection?"