

Menu 411

Chapter 411: 'Sword Saint'...

"Indeed, this place is a front for something else."

Divano, after sweeping the surroundings, stated with certainty.

Then, he surveyed the area, hoping to find some clues.

And soon, he made a discovery.

In the corner of the martial arts gym he found a huge book, shimmering with a metallic luster, standing as tall as a toddler of four or five years old, lying flat it was about 40 centimeters.

With just one look, Divano could tell there was something extraordinary about this book.

But why would such an extraordinary book be carelessly placed in a corner?

Could it be...

Thinking of something, Divano quickly stepped back, drew the standard longsword from his waist, his face serious, eyes sharp as he scrutinized the surroundings.

"If a seemingly ordinary martial arts gym corner holds such an extraordinary book, then... how could the entire gym be ordinary?"

"Would an ordinary gym use such heavy barbell plates to block the door?"

"There must be some secret here!"

"Perhaps it's a complicated technique, the barbell plates blocking the door could be a way to activate it, and when I opened that door, the entire technique was triggered."

"No wonder I felt so strained when opening the door, was it because some of my strength was drained away?"

Divano instantly worked out the whole sequence of events.

Right away, the 'Sword Saint' snorted coldly.

"Thinking you can defeat me like this?"

"That's far too naive."

"Even trapped in a technique, I am invincible!"

A firm belief in his heart shielded Divano from any negative emotions.

He felt no fear, nor did he despair.

With one hand holding the longsword, and the other carrying a case with the 'Holy Sword,' he began a thorough search.

This time, he extended his search to the living quarters.

The bathroom was clean, tidy.

The storeroom was clean, neatly arranged.

The living room was clean, with not a trace of mess.

Just like an ordinary household, apart from being a bit cleaner, there was nothing suspicious.

But being in a technique, this was in itself the most deliberate.

Divano, finding nothing in his continuous search, narrowed his eyes.

"What a terrifying technique!"

"It can even deceive the senses of the 'Sword Saint'."

"Must I destroy a part of it?"

"It might trigger a chain reaction of the technique, but... I am invincible, what could such a reaction possibly do to me?"

With that thought, Divano's longsword struck down on the nightstand beside the bed.

Crack!

The sharp standard longsword of the 'Sanctuary' split the nightstand in two with a single blow.

Various items inside scattered onto the floor.

Among them was a photograph in a frame.

The frame shattered the moment it hit the ground, but the photo inside was still intact.

It was a family photo of four generations, a happy moment captured.

Two young people, holding a baby swaddled in cloth, stood in the front, and behind them stood a tall man, resembling a small giant, with a beaming smile on his face.

Divano caught sight of the photo in an instant.

But, as soon as he got a clear view of the old man in the photo, Divano, who hadn't known fear for ten years, began to tremble.

The next moment, the 'Sword Saint,' who believed himself unbeatable, couldn't contain his inner terror and fell to the ground, emitting continuous screams—

"Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh!"

"It's him!"

"It's him!"

"It's that monster!"