

## Menu 412

### Chapter 412: Sensitive Soul Divano

Divano was nearing fifty, having fought in over a thousand battles large and small throughout his life.

Before he earned the title of 'Sword Saint', he had both won and lost many battles.

After he earned the title of 'Sword Saint', he was unbeatable in every fight.

Each battle was a piece of sharpening stone that honed Divano's mindset to the sharpness of a sword's edge and brought about subtle changes to his body.

Abilities not common among ordinary people emerged within him.

When common folk looked at him, their eyes held respect and terror.

When he looked at common folk, his heart was filled with pride and disdain.

His attitude was like that which one has toward ants.

For, he believed this was proper.

For, that man who broke into the 'Sanctuary' thirty years ago had looked at him in the same way.

Back then, twenty-year-old Divano, who already had some renown within the 'Sanctuary', was seen as promising due to his outstanding talent and unyielding character.

There were even rumors that he would be chosen as the next Saint Heir.

Although it was just a rumor, he was looking forward to it.

But the arrival of that man shattered everything.

It was during the 'Descent of the Deity' ceremony when the Pope, the twelve Bishops, and the forty-eight District Bishops gathered to welcome the coming of the deity.

And then, that man who was supposed to be captured by the Knights and burned at the stake just appeared like that.

He strode up from the base of the 'Sanctuary's Divine Mountain, stepping resolutely up the stairs.

With each step, a punch.

With each punch, a thousand fell.

No one could stop his advance, not even Divano.

In fact, upon seeing the colossal figure, Divano didn't even have the courage to draw his sword.

He just stared blankly as the man charged into the great hall.

He watched as the man laughed in disdain at the 'descending deity' and threw his punch.

The Pope, the Bishops, and the District Bishops took their stance in front of that fist.

But in the next moment, including the 'descending deity', all who stood before that punch were reduced to dust and bone!

Nothing remained but the blinding glow!

Nothing remained but the mushroom cloud soaring skyward!

When Divano next opened his eyes, the 'Divine Mountain' that 'connected heaven and earth' had vanished, and with it, the most elite Knightly Order of the 'Sanctuary' and the zealots.

Divano clearly remembered the look of disappointment on the large man's face as he walked out of the crater.

It was the expression of someone who believed they were facing a mighty foe only to be left disappointed.

Then, disdain appeared once again on the man's face.

From beginning to end, Divano never forgot such expressions.

The expressions of a true powerhouse!

He had seared them deep into his soul.

During the following twenty years, Divano ceaselessly honed his skills.

But every time he fought, he couldn't help but think of the tall man, his body shaking uncontrollably, his courage failing, his heart thoroughly shattered.

Until he possessed the 'Holy Sword'!

The 'Holy Sword' that gave him courage!

Allowed him to once again reach the pinnacle!

Ensured his victory in every battle!

"Aaaah!"

The cries of agony continued, but Divano did not hesitate, swiftly reaching for the case containing the 'Holy Sword', not fully opening it, just slipping his hand inside.

In an instant, the terror disappeared.

Divano regained his composure.

He was no longer the twenty-year-old he once was!

He was now the 'Sword Saint' Divano!

Facing that punch, facing that punch... he probably still couldn't take it!

Divano couldn't deceive himself.

His heart, his sword, wouldn't allow him to do so.

He didn't believe he could match his opponent.

Or rather, he didn't think there was anyone in this world who could be that person's opponent.

That person was a monster that should not exist in the human world!

"Fortunately!"

"All of this is an illusion created by the Technique!"

Divano thought this to himself.

Then, his eyes turned to the photograph on the ground.

"Creating the things I fear the most, this must be the key to the Technique. If I just slash it, everything will return to normal!"

Thinking silently, Divano took a deep breath.

Clang!

He slowly drew his service sword.

Then he thrust out with the sword.

A refined strike that should have hit its mark.

Yet his shot went astray the moment he thrust.

And it went astray by a lot.

Instead of aiming at the photograph on the floor, Divano had stabbed toward the wall.

The sword tip went straight into the wall, leaving Divano startled.

He looked down at the photograph within arm's reach, and like someone electrocuted, he withdrew his sword and retreated, trembling and compelled to reach into the sword case again to touch the 'Holy Sword' and find his courage.

It took a full two seconds before Divano returned to normal.

Whew!

He exhaled a heavy breath, his face tense as he stared at the photograph on the floor.

"Indeed not simple!"

"Even an ordinary photograph that captures your image can make it extraordinary, able to divert my sword!"

"But only this once!"

Divano once again stood with his sword ready.



He used his breathing to adjust all the muscles in his body, his will beginning to attach to the sword.

Hum!

The blade trembled.

An invisible, sharp Sword Qi radiated from Divano as the center, slicing through the surroundings.

Crack, crack!

On the hard floor and walls, marks looking like those from a slash appeared, and the furniture was immediately shattered.

But not the photograph.

It was picked up by a hand wearing a black glove, carefully placed into the chest.

Divano was taken aback.

He frowned and glanced at the figure before him, clad in a hooded cloak with a mask.

The mask was strange, mostly white, with sunken black eyes and a protruding nose bridge, resembling an abstract face of a night owl.

Night Owl?

Night Owl Court!

In an instant, Divano came to his senses.

"Of course!"

"All of this was your doing!"

"Night Owl Court!"

After letting out a cold laugh, Divano's voice suddenly filled with unprecedented rage as he growled, "You heretics, dare use such despicable means to insult me!"

As his words fell, Divano's eyes suddenly turned sharp.

Like two long swords thrusting straight into Jason's eyes.

Jason felt a stab of pain in his eyes, and tears involuntarily spilled out, blurring his vision.

This was an instinctive reaction.

The same instinctive reaction Jason had to battle.

Bi!

Muttering the Dufol Language, his left hand forming a six while his right hand formed a seven.

[Flash Technique]!

Bright light!

Intense, blinding light erupted from Jason's eyes.

"Ah, ah, ah!"

Having landed a hit, Divano, who had been thrusting his sword, screamed in pain and retreated, covering his eyes.

But the attack did not stop, the thrusting long sword turned into a downward chop, the blade vibrating, the air being split, rushing filled the gap, turning into a sharp Sword Qi that slashed straight at Jason.

But a cone-shaped flame was even faster.

Boom!

The flames collided with the cone-shaped flame, and with a roaring sound, both the Sword Qi and the flames disappeared without a trace, only leaving behind a scorching, sharp airflow swirling around the room.

The walls and floor, already riddled with scars.

Held out for less than a second before starting to collapse.

Boom rumble!

Amidst the rubble, dust filled the air.

The figures of Jason and Divano were completely obscured.

But Divano didn't care at all.

He even closed his eyes, dazzled by the [Flash Technique].

He was a 'Sword Saint'!

Even without the use of his eyes, he could see everything!

Guided by his heart, he directed his sword to seek his enemy's presence!

"The sword cuts flesh, the heart cuts soul!"

In a soft chanting voice, Divano raised his sword and slashed heavily in front of him.

He sensed danger ahead!

Then...

He struck empty air!

The sword penetrated the floor before his eyes.

Missed?!

Divano was startled.

His heart wouldn't guide him wrong!

The foe radiating danger was indeed here!

Above!

With another dangerous premonition flashing through his mind, Divano almost instinctively raised his sword for a flick.

This strike again met nothing.

Then the left!

And the right!

Without any hesitation, Divano moved like a dragon twisting through the air, slashing left and chopping right.

Jason, who had already left quietly amidst the dust cloud, stood outside the dust, frowning as he watched Divano swinging his sword.

One strike faster than the next, Divano soon turned his long sword into a whirl of silver light, and a whirlwind composed of Sword Qi formed around him, which quickly dispersed the dust engulfed within it.

Yet, Divano didn't stop.

He continued to chop with each sword strike.

It was as if he was fighting an invisible enemy.

And that enemy was extremely powerful!

Jason could see sweat beginning to appear on Divano's forehead.

"What's going on?"

Jason was puzzled by Divano's seemingly chaotic behavior.

However, that didn't stop Jason from throwing a fireball at him without hesitation.

Hum!

The sword blade quivered, and with a turn, Divano sliced Jason's fireball in two, but he didn't stop there. His body continued to turn, and his long sword thrust backward again.

In his heart, there was something even more dangerous behind him.

Crack!



With a snap, the sword tip shattered a piece of wood buried in the mud.

Then, the long sword kept spinning, scattering the wood chips until they were invisible to the naked eye, and Divano once again thrust his sword to the side.

His heart told him there was danger there.

But it was just a fragment of furniture.

A fragment of furniture that once belonged to Aras' grandfather.

It looked very old to the naked eye.

Especially after breaking, it looked even worse.

But at that moment, to ensure he was not affected by magic and the flash, Divano was completely blind, following his heart to strike with his sword.

He couldn't see these things.

He was just striking at danger.

Normally, that would be fine.

But at that moment, in the fighting gym imbued with Aras' grandfather's energy, it became 'a thin line between life and death' for Divano, his heart constantly predicting danger.

His sword sped up more and more.

His stamina started to rapidly deplete.

His breathing became hurried.

Jason didn't know any of this, but he certainly didn't mind the enemy being weaker.

So the fireballs continued, one after another.

Eventually, as his stamina waned and his reactions grew sluggish, Divano was struck to the ground by a fireball.

Explosive-level force flipped Divano over, charred all over.

But, he didn't die.

He got up again.

He knew it was the most critical moment.

So without hesitation, he opened the box containing the 'Holy Sword.'

He grabbed the 'Holy Sword' from inside the box.

Clang!

Drawing the sword from its sheath, he shouted—

"Born from the sword!"

"Holy Sword..."