

Menu 413

Chapter 413: Sword Saint Divano!

Divano stood erect, holding the "Holy Sword" aloft with both hands.

The sheath of the "Holy Sword" was entirely black, appearing to be made of wood or leather, while the hilt was silver-gray, and the guard was bright silver, resembling the partly folded wings of a bat.

Anyone could tell at a glance that this longsword was extraordinary.

However...

Wasn't this "Holy Sword" too modern?

Jason thought.

In his understanding, a "Holy Sword" should be something passed down from ancient times, possessing an unearthly power either because of its wielder's exceptionality or its creator's craftsmanship.

But the "Holy Sword" before him bore no mark of time, instead, it eerily gave off the impression of a modern artifact to Jason.

Nevertheless, the scent of 'food' never lies.

He could smell the 'food' essence on it.

A longsword with such an essence was enough to prove how exceptional (delicious) the sword was.

Whoosh!

Flames wrapped around Jason's fists, the scorching heat stirring the air around, making it hard for people to breathe.

Divano, however, slowly lowered the "Holy Sword" he was holding high, placing it horizontally in front of him, his eyes intently fixed on the sword in his hands, as if the whole world was reduced to just him and the "Holy Sword."

Then, he vanished.

Leaving behind only... the "Holy Sword"!

Instantly, that "Holy Sword" burst into a dazzling brilliance in Divano's 'field of vision'.

It was like the sun!

Even more, it was like the brightness from his memories, the light emanating from those fists!

Unstoppable!

Invincible in battle!

Underneath that glow, Divano's injuries from the 'Charles Burning Technique' explosion that had cracked his flesh began to heal at a visible pace, and his drastically depleted physical strength quickly refilled.

"With 'Holy Sword' in hand, I can dispel all negative states, even death!"

"And when I unsheathe the 'Holy Sword,' I can cleave an entire city with a single strike!"

Divano spoke as he held the scabbard with his left hand and gently caressed the hilt with his right.

Then, a grasp.

Hum!

A surge of Sword Intent soared into the sky.

Jason, being the closest, could distinctly feel a sharpness rushing towards him as if trying to slice him into pieces.

It was no illusion!

The ground began to display fine sword marks.

The ceiling overhead seemed as if it had been stabbed by dozens, if not hundreds, of longswords.

In Ang City, near the 'JJ Combat Gym,' ordinary people felt a trembling in their bodies, instinctively wanting to flee the place.

But those who were trained felt their colors drain away.

They knew very well what such a sharpness indicated, especially the factions and individuals who received word that the 'Sanctuary' had sent people, were now shivering with dread.

'Sword Saint' Divano!

"It's actually him!"

In the office drafting the 'Death of Shaun' report, Edmund stood up and immediately issued the highest level of alert for the Ang City 'Shelter.'

Edmund was acutely aware of what 'Sword Saint' Divano represented.

Invincible in a hundred battles!

The reason the 'Sanctuary' was still feared by all factions in the new century, aside from the 'Faceless' Legion, was largely due to 'Sword Saint' Divano.

Facing the combined forces of various organizations in the new century, 'Sword Saint' Divano alone, with one sword, could confront thousands of troops!

The title of 'Sword Saint' had been truly earned through battle.

"Connect me to the 'Supreme Council' at headquarters!"

Edmund grabbed the emergency communication device and began to call for reinforcements from the 'Sanctuary' headquarters.

At the same time, he hoped in his heart that Jason could hold on a little longer.

"Lord Jason, since you are immortal, please hold on for 15 minutes!"

"Just 15 minutes, and our reinforcements will surely arrive!"

Edmund thought to himself.

But, in the next moment, Edmund's heart plummeted.

"Hello."

"Yes, is that you, Edmund?"

"Long time no see."

The familiar voice coming through made Edmund's face instantly darken.

...

"Damn it!"

Esther, who was at the temporary secret base, felt the surge of sharp Sword Intent and sprang up from his slumped posture, his face turning ugly as he looked towards 'JJ Fighting Gym'.

Esther knew what this represented.

Because whether it was when he joined the 'Holy Serpent Society' or when he entered the 'Sanctuary,' he had thoroughly studied the relevant materials—

Upon encountering 'Sword Saint' Divano, you could abandon the mission.

Esther truly hadn't anticipated encountering 'Sword Saint' Divano so soon.

In Esther's mind, Divano would never appear in Ang City because once they had 'linked' all the outside forces in Ang City, they could make the 'Sanctuary' compromise.

At that time, it was impossible for the 'Sanctuary' to dispatch 'Sword Saint' Divano.

But to his astonishment, the 'Sanctuary' had directly sent 'Sword Saint' Divano.

What was the difference between this and when playing cards, you throw a three and your opponent drops a bomb?

How can we even play now?

Should I just run away with Elder Edmund?

He must have a safe escape route.

Esther subconsciously thought this, but then he shook his head.

No!

It's not just us, there's also Kuituo, Luogen, and the others... Damn it, with so many people, how do we escape?

Esther couldn't help but pull at his hair.

Then, when he came back to his senses, he realized that Aras had long since disappeared.

"Could it be..."

"No way, right?"

Esther turned his head to look at 'JJ Fighting Gym,' where Sword Intent soared to the skies, his face changing back and forth.