

Menu 414

Chapter 414: Sword Saint Divano!

In the end, he gritted his teeth and ran toward the door.

...

Kuya brewed a cup of coffee and another of milk tea.

She held the coffee, placed the milk tea opposite her, and wore a silly smile, as if 'Claw 13 who had accepted her invitation—were sitting across from her.

As for the fact that Jason hadn't spoken?

She took it as Jason's silent consent.

"What do you like?"

"Do you have a dream?"

"What's your favorite food?"

Kuya, holding the coffee, repeated the questions as if in practice.

Scott and Rexus stood at a distance watching this scene.

"Has she lost her mind?"

Rexus, tapping his temple with his right forefinger, asked Scott.

"Love always breeds obsession,"

"You, in love with paper dolls, wouldn't understand,"

Scott said with a light laugh.

"You know! You, who can only experience love through clubs to this day, know it all!"

Rexus burst out at Scott, as if his tail had been stepped on.

"That is dedication, it's lifelong devotion!"

White-haired Scott emphasized.

"Yes, spending money,"

"I spend money, and I have it too,"

Rexus said sarcastically.

"As if you don't spend money on your paper doll wife,"

Scott retorted.

Suddenly, Rexus flared up again.

"You are insulting my faith!"

Rexus roared, rolling up his sleeves to punch Scott.

Just as Rexus raised his arm, a sharp Sword Intent descended.

The two, who were arguing a moment ago, now exchanged a serious look.

"It's that guy, right?"

Rexus asked.

"Yes, it must be,"

Scott confirmed.

Meanwhile, Kuya, who was practicing in the distance, couldn't hold her coffee cup steady any longer and it fell to the ground.

Crash!

Coffee splashed in all directions, and Kuya stood up ready to rush out.

But she was stopped by Haro.

"The base is on level one alert, no one is allowed to leave,"

Haro, the head of the Holy Serpent Society in Ang City, said with rare seriousness.

"Yes,"

Scott and Rexus immediately responded.

Kuya hesitated.

The Night Owl Court couldn't possibly put everything on 'Claw 13', right?

They must be sending someone else!

'Claw 13' will be alright.

With that thought in her heart, Kuya's steps moved inch by inch toward the door.

Clearly, what she thought and what she did were two different things.

Crack!

Haro chopped her on the neck with the side of his hand,

Watching Kuya fall unconscious, Haro sighed slightly.

"Sword Saint Divano..."

"That is not a battle we can partake in!"

Haro said this as he lifted Kuya into a nearby chair and then moved to the window, his knuckles white as he gripped his cane while watching the place where the Sword Intent soared to the sky.

At that moment, he hoped that the Night Owl Court was real.

Because only then would it be possible to stop the Sword Saint's slaughter in Ang City!

When the Sanctuary sent out the Sword Saint, Haro guessed the Sanctuary's attitude toward Ang City.

"You must win!"

Haro prayed.

...

The tangible Sword Intent made Jason's whole body sting with pain.

His cloak had long been torn, and a crack had appeared on his mask.

But his eyes were firmly fixed on Divano opposite him.

The Flame in his hand burned ever more fiercely.

Then—

Whiz, whiz whiz!

Jason made a throwing motion with both hands, and a flurry of fireballs instantly shot out.

Boom boom boom!

A series of explosions blasted on Divano's body.

Fire erupted in a blaze of glory, and the explosions roared.

One moment Divano was blown to smithereens, but the next he was intact once more.

He held the scabbard in his left hand and the hilt in his right. Without a word, he tightened his grip slightly, and the Holy Sword began to slowly draw from the scabbard.

At this moment, Jason finally saw the true face of the Holy Sword.

The sword was a one-handed sword with a single edge.

The blade was not cold and gleaming.

Instead, there was a kind of grey haze, as if the 'Holy Sword' were forged from inferior steel, its blade not sharp, utterly incapable of battle.

Yet, at this moment, with the sword in hand, Divano's Sword Intent soared to the heavens, his aura terrifying, especially the determination on his face and the confidence brimming in his eyes, almost tangible.

I, will win!

This was the impression Divano gave to Jason.

And Jason?

Without a word, he threw out more fireballs.

He himself was the Undying Body.

Therefore, he did not believe in the so-called Undying Body.

The displayed Undying Body was nothing more than not having found a weakness, or... not having undergone enough quantitative change to reach a qualitative transformation.

Divano allowed the fireballs to explode.

In a breath, everything returned to the way it was.

"You are the first one in ten years to make me draw the 'Holy Sword'."

"I had originally hoped to use it for... since you are the first one to make me draw the 'Holy Sword,' you may state your name."

"This is your honor."

Divano said indifferently.

Jason continued to attack without saying a word.

Seeing Jason's behavior, Divano couldn't help but shake his head.

"You have forsaken the honor that should be yours!"

Divano said as he thrust out with his sword.

It was a very ordinary straight thrust.

But, this thrust was incredibly fast!

So fast that Jason, with his nearly six-fold enhanced perception of an average person, could not keep up with the opponent's speed and was run through by the sword.

The tip of the sword protruded from the back, blood dripping down.

Jason seemed to feel no pain at all, his head tilting back slightly, and then, he surged forward with a jolt.

Bang!

With a muffled sound, Divano covered his nose and retreated, withdrawing his sword.

Then, Jason threw a punch.

His fist, ablaze with flames, fell like raindrops.

Huff, puff!

Huff, puff!

Jason instinctively adjusted his body, activating [Daytime Hunt].

He exchanged his 100% Acceleration consumption for a +1 agility boost for that moment.

He couldn't help but shout out the boisterous chants from his mouth.

"Euler Euler Euler Euler!"

The flaming fists, bringing with them layers of phantoms, completely surrounded Divano.

Such fists were not a big deal for Divano.

Even if they were burning with flames.

However, when Jason's fists began to swing raising layers of phantoms, when those boisterous chants started to ring out, Divano's vision blurred.

In his world of only swords, he appeared again.

That figure, like a little giant... also appeared.

The fist of the opponent smashed down directly.

The dazzling light flashed once more.

The mushroom cloud rose again.

Can my sword compete with this?

Divano hesitated.

He wavered.

It was but a moment's hesitation, just an instant of wavering, and the figure that should have been Jason in front of him merged instantly with the figure of the little giant.

At this moment, it was as if he had returned to thirty years ago.

Back to when he dared not even draw his sword.

The sword?

Yes, I have the 'Holy Sword'!

The 'Holy Sword' can help me!

Divano, grasping at straws, used the Holy Sword to block Jason's punch.

Jason made no attempt to dodge.

He keenly noticed Divano's fearsome aura falter.

Although Jason did not understand what caused the change, he knew he couldn't miss the opportunity.

"Euler Euler Euler Euler!"

The voices from his mouth grew louder, and the valiant strikes became more intense.

No matter who stood before him.

Be it the 'Holy Sword' or the 'Sword Saint'.

He just needed to keep punching!

His own attacks will definitely work.

If they don't, then he will just throw more punches.

Bang, bang bang!

Cling, cling cling!

Punch after punch was blocked by Divano with the 'Holy Sword'.

And this temporary blocking was enough to allow Divano to recover.

He calmed down once again.

He entered the realm of the 'Sword Saint' once more.

In his eyes, there was only the 'Holy Sword' again.

Then...

He noticed the Holy Sword was full of cracks.

And then, when Jason threw another punch—

Crack!

The 'Holy Sword' shattered.