

## **Menu 415**

Chapter 415: Let's Get into Character!

The fragmented 'Holy Sword' tumbled down, leaving only the hilt in Divano's hand.

Divano stood there, dazed.

The soaring Sword Intent instantly dissipated.

All that was left...

Was darkness and emptiness!

It was the look of a person who had lost his convictions in life, still alive but as if dead.

A moment ago, Divano was a 'Sword Saint'.

Now, Divano resembled a foolish old man.

His 'sword' had broken.

And with it, his 'heart' shattered too.

That broken heart led to his mental confusion, activating a Technique buried in his soul. A flash of white light emerged from Divano's body.

Jason, who had clashed with the 'Sanctuary' more than once, raised his hand and cast [Protection Against Evil].

Yi!

The activated [Glyph Replication] enveloped Divano in the protective field of [Protection Against Evil] in an instant.

The body radiating white light trembled slightly.

The Technique was directly interrupted, but the white light did not fade, instead, it shot skyward.

Jason threw several fireballs with a flick of his hand.

The scorching fireballs passed through the white light without effect, soaring through the ceiling pierced by the Sword Intent earlier and into the sky above Ang City.

Jason furrowed his brow.

What made him frown even more was Divano's current state.

He stood there foolishly, holding a hilt, and muttering to himself repeatedly—

"Who am I?"

"Where am I?"

"What am I doing?"

With such muttering, Divano walked to a corner of 'JJ Fighting Club,' faced the wall, and sat down.

However, this situation soon changed.

Whoosh!

Aras leapt in through the window.

Relieved to see that Jason was still standing, her attention was quickly captured by Divano's odd state.

Similarly, as her gaze fell on Divano, he abruptly stopped his muttering, turned around, and looked at Aras.

Seeing Aras, his confused eyes gradually cleared.

"Joe?"

"Aaaaah!"

He shouted that name, then flung away the hilt he was holding, clasped his head, and after letting out a series of screams, collapsed to the ground, motionless.

Aras was startled by his reaction.

"What's wrong with him?"

Aras asked Jason, completely bewildered.

"His object of faith shattered."

"Some kind of contingency from the 'Sanctuary' activated."

"Then... memory damage, or something else."

Based on what he had just witnessed, Jason made a rough guess.

In fact, Jason was still somewhat unclear whether the other party was truly powerful or weak.

If he was truly powerful, his performance just now was indeed terrifying. That sharpness made even him shudder.

But how could someone so strong, with such tempered and steadfast convictions, become lifeless just because their so-called 'Holy Sword' broke?

Could that 'Holy Sword' really be that powerful?

Subconsciously, Jason picked up a 'Holy Sword' Fragment, wiped it clean, and put it in his mouth to taste.

Chilly and slightly sweet.

It was somewhat reminiscent of popsicles he had eaten before.

[Consumed 'Holy Sword' Fragment!]

[Physical Strength and Energy slightly recovered!]

[Satiety +1]

[Satiety: 63]

...

The text before his eyes informed Jason that his previous perception was not wrong; the 'Holy Sword' indeed was food, but its scent was not intense.

To confirm this, Jason consumed all the Fragments, which increased his satiety by another 10 points.

Could it be the hilt?

Subconsciously, Jason picked up the hilt, toasted it with high heat to sterilize it, and put it in his mouth.

It still tasted like an old popsicle, but it was like chewing on the wooden stick after finishing the popsicle.

And the increase in satiety was just 1 point.

The total satiety gained from the 'Holy Sword' was 12 points, a value similar to that of [Joke Tomatoes].

And there was no Excitement of Feast.

This meant Divano's strength did not come from the so-called 'Holy Sword'.

But from...

Himself!

However, this brought the question back to square one.

How could someone so powerful become like this after a mere setback?

With the doubt in his mind, Jason turned to Aras.

He had heard the name 'Joe' earlier.

"My maternal grandfather's name is 'Joe'!"

"Does he know my grandfather?"

Aras was also unclear about the situation.

Jason did not continue to question further. He took the photo from his chest and handed it to Aras.

Aras was stunned.

"Grandfather, dad, mom's photo!"

"So this baby must be me, right?"



Aras exclaimed in surprise and joy.

"You didn't know?"

"It was on your bedside table."

Jason replied with a question.

"There's nothing in my nightstand."

Aras said with certainty.

Jason's eyes narrowed immediately.

He believed Aras wouldn't lie to him, so if Aras said there was no photo in the nightstand and yet the photo appeared after Divano smashed the nightstand, there could only be one explanation: Aras's nightstand had a secret compartment where this photo was stored.

Why do that?

Jason glanced at the 'Sword Saint' Divano, who lay unconscious on the ground, and recalling his various abnormalities, he immediately had some speculations.

However, these speculations needed further proof.

And before that?

"Keep it safe, don't show it to anyone else."

Jason instructed.

"Okay."

Aras nodded her head immediately, joyfully touched the portraits of her parents and grandfather on the photo, and then kept it close to her.

For Aras, this was undoubtedly her most important possession.

After all, neither her parents nor her grandfather had left behind any photographs.

Aras wasn't surprised by this.

Because she didn't like it either.

It was too embarrassing for her to face the camera, follow the photographer's instructions, and force an awkward smile.

Her parents and grandfather must have felt the same way.

They only naturally smiled when they were together as a family...

Subconsciously, Aras looked towards Jason.

At that moment, Jason also happened to look her way.

Their gazes met, and Aras immediately revealed a smile. Jason didn't sense anything amiss and asked, "What do you know about your grandfather?"

"Most of what I know about grandfather, I heard from mom."

"Mom said grandfather went to explore the world when I was very young."

"Also, mom said the last time she sparred with grandfather before she got married, she was knocked down by him with one move."

"Before she went to explore the world, I also sparred with mom once, and I was defeated by her with one move too."

"Indeed... I am the clumsiest in our family."

As she spoke, Aras shyly scratched her head, and as her fingers moved, the muscles on her robust forearm undulated like a rising dragon.

Seeing muscles that seemed even more developed than his own, Jason silently bent down to check on 'Sword Saint' Divano's condition.

His breathing was steady, no external or internal injuries appeared, and it seemed like he had fallen into a deep sleep.

But such an enemy...

A chill flashed in Jason's eyes.

For Jason, who had been influenced by Nightless City, no enemy compared to a dead one!

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Just as Jason was about to take action, urgent footsteps came from outside.

Esther, with a firearm in hand, ran inside.

Seeing Jason and Aras safe and sound, this young man, who hoped to live a long life, immediately breathed a sigh of relief. Then, glancing at Divano on the ground, he couldn't help but cheer, "Lord 'Talon', you were actually able to defeat 'Sword Saint' Divano? Indeed, the Night Owl Court, as the millennia-old ruler of Ang City, is truly unfathomable!"

Without a doubt, Esther had already cast himself in a certain role.

Even when alone, he maintained his persona.

"I wouldn't say defeated, he just encountered a little issue."

Jason didn't exaggerate his achievements. When it came to his comrades, he wasn't accustomed to doing so.

Then, Jason roughly recounted the whole process.

He hoped to learn some more detailed information through Esther.

Indeed, Esther did not disappoint Jason.

"'Claw', can we go back to our base first?"

"I have some immature ideas."

"Also, this place will soon be regarded as of paramount importance; if there are any hidden items, it's best to take them all."

Esther reminded him.

To this, Jason had no objections, and he began to meticulously clean the battlefield.

At the very least, the footprints of Aras and Esther could not be left behind.

And Aras did not take anything with her.

After all, the most important photograph was already securely in her possession.

A minute later, just as Jason was preparing to leave, Esther gestured for him to wait a moment.

"Claw 11', don't you think this is an opportunity for our 'Night Owl Court' to become even stronger?"

Esther revealed that familiar smile to Jason.

At the birth of 'Brotherhood', 'Hydra', 'Taotie Society', and 'Night Owl Court', Esther had shown such a smile.

"How?"

Jason did not dislike such a smile.

Because he knew very well, it would make him much safer.

"Listen to me..."

Esther whispered.

Moments later, Jason, carrying the unconscious Divano and accompanied by Esther, exited through the window; Aras followed closely behind.

Ten minutes after the four left, the back alley of JJ Fighting Gym and the street in front turned bustling, wave after wave of people appeared in these areas, looking seriously at the spot.

Among these people, there were some lone wolves attracted by the 'Masked Man', as well as some small organizations.

Of course, there were more local forces from Ang City.

Aside from the already lurking 'Sanctuary', 'Holy Serpent Society', and 'Sanctuary', many small groups also began to appear one after another.

In a short time, no fewer than thirty organizations and groups had gathered near 'JJ Fighting Gym'.



They were all attracted by the sudden disappearance of the towering Sword Intent.

What happened?

The people gathered around thought to themselves.

But as more and more people gathered, the surrounding individuals became more vigilant, and not one wanted to be the first to enter the gym.

The people from the 'Sanctuary', however, were different.

As it concerned Divano, the 'Sword Saint', the highest-end combat power of the 'Sanctuary', they couldn't afford to take it lightly, even if it meant exposing themselves.

The next moment, two intelligence agents from the 'Sanctuary' emerged from a hidden spot and rushed towards the gym.

As soon as someone moved, others immediately followed.

Just a moment ago, everyone was motionless, but now, they swarmed toward the gym, entering through the open door, only to be startled by the scene in front of them.

On a clean wall of the fighting gym, three lines of clear text were scorched by fierce flames:

All things in the universe, burned to ash!

Phoenix from the ashes, the wanderer through embers!

Executioner: Claw 11.