

Menu 418

Chapter 418: Today I Realize I am Myself!

Dad?!

Jason was taken aback.

Aras, on the other hand, was completely dumbfounded.

But Divano was the most shocked of all.

Divano, with a groggy mind, looked at Esther, who was clutching his leg, at a loss for what to do. Although he had lost his memory and was confused, he still understood the concept of family affection.

"You're my son?"

After a good while, Divano finally spoke, his tone filled with disbelief.

"Of course, Dad."

"I am your long-lost son."

"Ever since you, as Deputy Leader of 'Hydra,' went searching for the 'Holy Sword' and disappeared, I have been looking for your whereabouts for the past ten years!" Continue your journey on empire

"Thank God, you're back!"

Esther cried loudly while hugging Divano's leg, sobbing uncontrollably with tears streaming down and his nose running.

It was so emotional that it could make a listener's heart ache and bring them to tears.

Jason could assure that if he didn't know all this was fake, he would be under the illusion as well.

In fact, that was the case.

Divano had begun to have such an illusion.

Because he felt a sense of familiarity with the 'Holy Sword' mentioned by Esther.

Suddenly, the expression of Divano, who had lost his memory and was confused, softened as he placed his hand on the top of Esther's head.

"You get up first."

The other person said so.

"Yes, Dad."

Esther wiped away his tears and stood up respectfully.

Then, he helped Divano to walk towards a nearby sofa by supporting his arm.

The whole process was natural, unforced.

As if Divano truly was his father.

This feeling was felt by Divano.

Could this really be my son?

But why don't I remember anything about it?

Damn it, I can't even remember my wife's face in my memory!

What happened?

What on earth happened?

Divano sat on the sofa, his face showing a struggle.

Jason and Esther noticed this struggle.

Jason remained silent.

Esther, however, gently placed his hand on Divano's palm and said softly, "Dad, I'm glad you're okay. Let's leave the past in the past, we'll be fine."

"The past... what exactly happened?"

Divano couldn't help asking.

"You were once the Deputy Leader of 'Hydra,' and the finest swordsman of this age. Ten years ago, there were rumors of the birth of a 'Holy Sword.' You went in search of it and then were ambushed by the 'Sanctuary.' By the time the 'Claws' of the 'Night Owl Court' came to support you, it was too late. Not only were they unable to find you, but they also suffered heavy losses."

"And you..."

At this, Esther paused.

"What happened to me?"

The confused, memory-lost Divano pressed on.

"You were brainwashed by the current Pope and stripped of all your memories, becoming the 'Sanctuary's 'Sword Saint,' Divano," said Esther with a pained expression.

"Brainwashed?"

"So you're saying..."

"My current state is caused by the 'Sanctuary'?"

A cold light emerged in Divano's expression.

"Yes."

"The current Pope is a genius with techniques, and he must have used some special technique to merge with your soul, making you believe you were a prodigy cultivated by the 'Sanctuary.' Over the past ten years, you have served the 'Sanctuary' under the name of 'Sword Saint,' but your real identity is Avent Jo, the Deputy Leader of 'Hydra.'"

"And I'm your son who inherited the title of Deputy Leader of 'Hydra,' Esther Jo."

Esther spoke with the most sincere-sounding words.

Although not a single word was true, his explanation was logical and well-founded.

Regarding the current Pope of the 'Sanctuary,' Esther was well-informed through information from the 'Holy Serpent Society' and the 'Refuge.' The Pope's reputation as a 'technique genius' was well known to all.

The surname 'Jo,' Esther learned from Jason's narrative just earlier.

He knew what the surname 'Jo' meant to Divano.

So, at this moment, he decisively changed his surname.

No!

It wasn't a change!

It was an addition!

He never had a surname, so what was the harm in adding one now?

Actually, Esther's action was quite clever.

After hearing Esther's rendition, Divano immediately fell deep into thought.

Jo?!

Avent Jo?

Avent Jo!

This name was very familiar to him, even more so than the word 'Holy Sword,' and moreover, he felt instinctively that this surname was important to him, as though it were the answer he had been seeking all his life.

It was a yearning branded deep within his soul.

Even with cracks in his soul, this longing hadn't changed.

On the contrary!

This yearning had grown deeper.

Because...

He had no other distractions.

He retained only that unforgettable scene for eternity.

However, under Esther's narrative, the concept of this eternal scene had been replaced.

Divano sat in silence.

He closed his eyes.

He felt all of it.

Indeed.

He must seek it his entire life.

Because it was his surname!

It was from the beginning of his birth!

Divano, with his eyes closed, suddenly opened them and exhaled a heavy breath.

The haze of confusion and memory loss had mostly dissipated.

After all, he now knew his own name.

The rest would naturally come back, bit by bit.

"Son?"

Divano... no, Avent Jo tentatively called out to Esther.

"Dad, you remember!"

Esther looked at Avent Jo with undisguised joy and no hint of shame or embarrassment.

This, in turn, made Avent Jo feel somewhat disheartened and sorrowful.