

## Menu 431

Chapter 431: Jason: I Know Swordsmanship!

Dawn, the outskirts of Ang City.

Avent walked in front, with Jason and Aras side by side, and Esther bringing up the rear.

Although JJ's Martial Arts Gym had already begun repairs, it would take about a week before it could be used again, and the apartment, though private, was simply not suitable for practicing swordsmanship.

Therefore, the outskirts where Jason and Aras had previously trained together had become the best choice.

"Not bad."

Avent couldn't help but nod his approval at the secluded clearing near the highway, hidden by tall trees and dense shrubs.

The clearing was large enough, not to mention three or five people, it could accommodate a dozen people for practice.

And with the tall trees and dense shrubs providing cover, they could let loose freely.

"Who's first?"

Avent's gaze shifted between Jason and Esther.

Aras had already admitted her lack of talent, choosing to focus on one thing at a time. She would move onto weapon training only after she was satisfied with her hand-to-hand combat skills.

To this, Avent had no objections. Instead, he regarded the robust girl with newfound respect.

He understood the importance of focus.

If a person is not focused, no matter how talented, they'll accomplish nothing.

It's a pity he already had an appointed time to meet with Miss Jennifer; otherwise, this sturdy girl would have been a good choice.

However, both of them shared the 'Joe' surname. Maybe there was some commonality?

Avent couldn't help but ponder.

Then, the train of thought of this Sword Saint began to wander.

If things went smoothly between Esther and Miss Jennifer, their first child would be named 'Jojo'.

The moment Avent thought of soon becoming a grandfather, the slight regret that had risen in his heart turned into full-fledged anticipation.

As for the name 'Jojo'?

Since it's a combination of love from his son and daughter-in-law, naturally, the name should inherit from both.

What's wrong with that?

Avent felt it was only natural.

What Avent was thinking, Jason and Esther could roughly guess.

The other party's expression was too obvious.

"I'm still young, I don't want to get married so early..."

"Since you're going to get married sooner or later, you might as well do it sooner," Esther said to himself, stepping forward with a murmur as Avent looked at his son with a smile and said.

"Why do I hear in that sentence a sense of resignation to an early grave?"

Esther sighed.

Then, he thought of a former colleague.

"I had a colleague who seemed to say something along those lines: The first twenty years I worked to pay off my own mortgage, and the next twenty to pay off my son's mortgage. He must have been enlightened then."

"Good, that's a man's responsibility."

"He must be doing alright now, right?"

Avent nodded and asked.

"Hmm... how shall I put it, if a paper doll wife counts as a wife, then he is very happy," Esther pondered before responding.

"As long as he is happy."

"Although he didn't follow through with his own thoughts, everyone has their own way of seeking happiness. As long as it doesn't harm others and doesn't violate the baseline of being human, that's good."

Avent spoke slowly.

He didn't overly judge his son's colleague.

After all, everyone has their own choices.

Similarly, everyone should bear the consequences of their choices.

No regrets.

As long as one is happy.

Isn't that what life is all about?

Avent looked up at his son, hoping his son could also be like that, but as his son, life wasn't going to be that simple to live the peaceful days he desired.

Strength was a must!

Whoosh!

Avent exhaled, and his presence underwent a transformation.

The sharp Sword Intent appeared again, but this time it didn't rise into the sky; it swirled around Avent, following his will.

It was easy-going, yet he commanded it effortlessly.

Even stronger than before!

Jason narrowed his eyes.

As someone who had sparred with Avent, Jason knew how strong this seemingly absent-minded elder was. Yet, in comparison to then, Avent had improved by more than just a bit.

Aras watched Avent's current state thoughtfully.

She remembered when she was young, something similar had happened with her father. He yelled 'I'm standing up today!' and then got knocked out by her mother, remaining unconscious for several days.

Recalling those happy times, Aras couldn't help but laugh.

However, unlike Jason and Aras, Esther didn't indulge in extra thoughts. The moment Avent's aura changed, Esther instinctively reached for his gun, as if facing a great enemy.

It was instinctive for Esther.

He trusted guns more than swords.

But as his hand touched the hilt of his gun, Esther realized that he was here to learn swordsmanship.

Immediately, Esther let go of his gun and took hold of the longsword instead.

The longsword in his hand was the standard issue from the Sanctuary, only the Sanctuary's insignia had been removed. Explore hidden tales at empire

"Draw your sword," Avent instructed, as his aura grew stronger.

Esther, already gripping the longsword and ready to draw, suddenly felt his breath catch.

Avent before him vanished.

All that remained was a... 'sword'!

A sword that pierced heaven and earth.

As Esther beheld the colossal sword, he felt not only the sharpness bearing down on him but also an intense insignificant feeling. This made him want to throw away his sword and run as far away as possible.

As these thoughts filled his heart, Esther did just that.

He loosened his grip on the sword, and the standard-issue longsword fell to the ground.

Avent watched this scene, a trace of disappointment flickering in his eyes.



Was it really too harsh to start with this kind of test?

He didn't blame his son; he blamed himself more.

If he hadn't pursued the so-called 'Holy Sword', if his son hadn't followed him in practicing swordsmanship from a young age, his son wouldn't be so fragile now.

Nor would the 'Night Owl Court' have become an empty shell.

He wouldn't have had to resort to such cruel methods to hasten his son's growth into a strong, capable individual.

Avent sighed.

He was ready to abandon this cruel method of training and instead teach his son using the most basic techniques.

But at that moment, Esther, who had been overwhelmed by his presence, slowly started to move,

Not fleeing,

Not charging forward,

But slowly bending down to pick up the long sword he had thrown aside.

The whole process was very slow. Esther's bones made cracking noises, his muscles twitched rapidly, and sweat soaked his body in an instant, but the hand he extended didn't tremble at all. It was as steady as a rock, and from behind his bangs, his eyes showed an unwavering resolve.

He couldn't give up like this.

He couldn't abandon his sword and flee.

Because...

"I am the 'Sword Saint's' son!"

With a scream from the bottom of his heart, Esther's slowly moving hand suddenly gripped the fallen standard-issue long sword, and then—

Clang!

A short, vibrating sound.

The sword unsheathed.

The blade cut through the air, the whooshing sound fierce.

The sword pointed straight ahead, the cold light flickering.

In that instant, Esther felt as if everything in the world had changed.

Yet it seemed as if nothing was different.

He looked puzzled at Avent, who had retracted his presence.

"Not bad."

Avent smiled, nodding at Esther.

Though he was smiling on the surface, deep down, Avent was extremely excited and joyful.

Worthy of being my son!

Inheriting my talent!

Even the passing of time can't change the inevitable.

And in the apartment that Esther was temporarily renting, Emma—surrounded by various machines—suddenly twitched, setting off alarms, prompting the doctors to rush over and check, only to find nothing. The machines indicated that everything was normal.

"It should be a normal reaction."

The member of 'Hydra' present said.

As a highly skilled doctor, his words were naturally heeded.

However, as everyone returned to their posts, this member of 'Hydra' carefully recorded everything that had happened and then communicated it to his colleagues.

He couldn't determine exactly what had happened.

He needed more people to piece together the information.

After all, the young girl was obviously favored by Lord Talon, the Judgment Chief, the Deputy Leader, and the Leader, and he dared not be careless.

Once the message was sent out, all of 'Hydra' sprang into action, investigating what had happened in Ang City to affect Emma.

Esther was unaware of this.

At that moment, he was leaning against a large tree, his limbs weak and limp, gasping for air.

"Remember that feeling just now."

"Then, keep experiencing it, deepen the impression, until it becomes instinct."

Avent instructed his son.

"Dad, was that also swordsmanship just now?"

Esther, panting heavily, asked the question that was in his heart.

Drawing a sword counts as swordsmanship?

Shouldn't swordsmanship involve actual sword moves?

"Of course it counts!"

"Moreover, that is the beginning of everything."

"Without that moment just now, swordsmanship is just a skill. With that beginning, swordsmanship can truly be called swordsmanship."

Avent said earnestly.

Seeing his son nod thoughtfully, Avent turned to approach Jason.

He didn't need to say much more; he believed that Esther, who inherited his talent, would grow stronger quickly.

On the other hand, Jason needed targeted guidance.

Unlike his own son, who was like a blank slate, Jason already had his own mark.

What he needed to do was deepen that mark and make him stronger.

Of course, before that, he needed to understand Jason's actual strength.

"Have you learned swordsmanship?"

Avent asked.

"I have," Jason said with certainty.

"Good,"

"Come at me with your sword," Avent nodded and then, just as before, the sharp Sword Intent appeared.

But this time, the sharp Sword Intent was not only emanating from Avent but also enveloping Jason.

Jason's eyes narrowed as if he felt nothing, and he charged straight at Avent.

The sharpness was palpable around Jason.

Unlike Avent's pure sharpness, Jason's had a distinctly unstoppable quality to it.

Whether through a sea of flames on blades

Or through armies of thousands,

He would not retreat.

He would only push forward!

And then...



His long sword raised high, he brought it down with force!