

## Menu 432

Chapter 432: It's time to show off my talent!

The sword brought the fury of wind and thunder, its force unstoppable.

Whoosh!

Before Jason's longsword blade reached, the wind adhering to it caused Avent, standing opposite, to narrow his eyes slightly, and his white-streaked hair to dance wildly behind him.

Not a bad aura, you've already got a glimpse of the pathway!

The strength is good, far surpassing that of ordinary people!

Your technique is there too, clearly you have put in the effort.

But...

This isn't swordsmanship!

Avent moved a step to the side without changing his expression, watching the longsword that's slashed before his eyes, and couldn't help but silently think.

But just at that moment, Jason's sword, seemingly struck with all his might, suddenly stopped mid-air. With a flick of his wrist, the downward hacking blade turned into a horizontal slash, the step inward hooked, the waist twisted, and instantly, Jason's body spun like a top.

Whoosh!

The sound of the sword cleaving the air roared once more.

Like a whirlwind tornado.

Avent's face registered surprise, but he quickly retreated.

Jason's thrust once again hit nothing but air, but he promptly chased after Avent with another sword strike.

Thump, thump, thump!

The heart pounded like the beating of war drums!

Beneath the sound of the charge as if a thousand troops were behind him, they seemed to advance with Jason's charge.

Kill!

The air vibrated with the sword's movement; amidst the neighing of armored horses, Jason lunged with the sword in his hand.

Swish!

The scent of death started to spread, and Esther, watching from afar, widened his eyes. He was worried about the two combatants.

One was his father, the other, his friend; he did not wish harm upon either.

Aras, on the other hand, watched with great interest.

She could tell that Jason, though seemingly exerting his full strength, still had reserves.

Several intense, round-the-clock battles had made her well aware of Jason's style.

Although Jason was using swordsmanship at the moment, his style hadn't changed.

As this thrust went out, a smile appeared on Avent's face.

Better than he had imagined.

Although not using swordsmanship.

With this thought, Avent's body once again dodged with a swift move, as light as a branch in the wind, swaying lightly, he avoided such a thrust.

"Not bad."

"However, the secret technique for connection still lacks something."

"The last charge's secret technique is good, but the sword drawing technique falls a bit short."

Avent first nodded, then pointed out the shortcomings of Jason's 'swordsmanship.'

To this, Jason did not argue.

He had not yet truly grasped the secret technique of 'Whirlwind Dance,' his 'Charge' was only proficient, and the final thrust was merely instinct.

Such shortcomings were to be expected.

Jason would not ignore the facts.

Otherwise, what was the point of him being here?

He was here to refine his skills, to become stronger, not to argue stubbornly.

"The basics of 'Whirlwind Dance' are more challenging than 'Charge,' you need more actual combat!"

Thinking to himself, with battle spirit in his eyes, Jason looked towards Avent.

With Avent as a sparring partner, it would be unlike Jason not to take good advantage of it.

Avent was all too familiar with such a gaze.

He said nothing more.

More words were not as important as the reality.

Jason needed to understand his shortcomings.

With that thought, 'Sword Saint' Avent smiled.

"Continue!"

Swish!

No sooner had the voice sounded than Jason launched into 'Charge,' his body speeding forward, the longsword in his hand thrusting straight out. After it was dodged, came the whoosh of the 'Whirlwind Dance,' and when Jason stood firm, the longsword in his hand was raised high again and slashed down heavily.

It was the same three moves, repeated.

Once, twice, thrice...

Aras was enjoying the sight.

After the initial tension, Esther also completely relaxed at this point.

"Lord Jason, that's not swordsmanship, is it?"

Esther was no expert in bladed weapons, but he could tell the difference between swordsmanship and knife skills.

"Not swordsmanship?"

"Isn't using a sword to chop someone swordsmanship?"

Aras asked, puzzled.

"Of course not!"

"A sword has its own techniques!"

"A knife has its own techniques!"

"And Lord Jason is clearly using knife techniques with a sword!"

Esther said.

Hearing Esther's words, Aras scratched her head. She still thought that using a sword to chop people was swordsmanship, and using a knife to chop was knifemanship.

Avent, who was exchanging blows with Jason, nodded in agreement.

He acknowledged his son's words.

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Worthy of being my son, though he had only just started learning real swordsmanship, he already had the 'seed' of the sword in him.

Avent heard Esther's words, and naturally, so did Jason.

Jason wouldn't admit that he didn't know swordsmanship.



With his sword not stopping, he shouted indignantly:

"I'm holding a sword, so naturally it's swordsmanship!"

"How can swordsmanship be confined to so-called techniques?"

"With a sword in heart, everything can be a sword, whether flowers, grass, trees, or even knives, spears, clubs, and staffs. As long as I believe it to be a sword, then it is a sword!"

As he pronounced the last 'sword,' a hint of Sharpness in Jason's aura intensified suddenly.

When he slashed down again, that sharp aura clung to the blade, and the unstoppable momentum became ferocious.

Instantly, the air hissed sharply.

It was like Sword Qi, yet something else.

At first, Jason was just talking, but then he began to believe what he and Aras had said was correct.

I'm using a sword to chop people, how can it be said that's not swordsmanship?

Using a sword to chop people, that is swordsmanship!

Those who say otherwise... let them take a strike of my sword first!

With his mind clear, Jason's sword strikes became even more fluid, no longer hindered by any awkwardness or indecision.

He followed his own thoughts.

Whoosh, whoosh-whoosh!