

Menu 435

Chapter 435: Avent's Former Friends

Assassin master, some terrifying fellows.

This was Avent's subconscious reaction after seeing Jason's performance.

However, after reflecting for a moment, Avent couldn't help but rise a doubt from deep within: Who is the assassin master?

In his memory, there's not much about these people.

Just a similar title.

My memory... alas.

Avent sighed lightly, and at the same time, he lowered his guard.

He didn't have more complaints. In fact, he was thankful that he could remember some key points.

As for the rest?

He believed that he would gradually remember them.

Even if he couldn't recall, he wouldn't have any regrets.

After all, he had found his son.

Of course, this did not mean that Avent had let go of his hatred.

Towards the 'Sanctuary,' Avent still harbored a bone-deep hatred.

The hatred for the murder of his wife, irreconcilable as heaven and earth.

Therefore, he must do something.

His instincts told him that the 'Sanctuary' would not just let things slide.

"Not bad,"

"With a talent even better than I imagined, no wonder you became the final 'Clawthose guys saw you as a seed."

"When you take root and blossom, when you've fully grown, it will be the 'Night Owl' spreading its wings once again."

Avent said, slowly drawing the unmarked standard longsword.

Then, just like that, he suddenly thrust the sword forward.

Whoosh, whoosh whoosh!

In a short distance, the longsword suddenly accelerated thrice, its breaking through the air sounding like swift arrows.

"The thrust, it's a technique I created based on the military spear thrust and some assassin styles of dagger usage, it will help you overcome the 'sharpness' that your sword lacks during a charge,"

Avent said, then demonstrated again.

This time he concealed his movement slowly, and the instructional explanation was meticulous.

Then, Avent noticed that the 'talent' Jason had displayed earlier had disappeared.

In Avent's view, with Jason's ability to learn [Stealth] in one go and adapt to his own circumstances, learning [Thrust] should also be mastered in one try.

But in reality, after three consecutive attempts, Jason was still fumbling with the basics.

Swordsmanship talent, huh?

Avent couldn't help but sigh quietly at the bottom of his heart.

People's talents are different.

In other areas, Jason is undoubtedly excellent, but swordsmanship... is truly a difficult topic.

Even after finding his own persistent 'Xin'.

But this has not changed Jason's swordsmanship talent.

However, Avent didn't think what Jason had said before was wrong.

That kind of swordsmanship that insists on the 'Xin,' that naturally is swordsmanship.

Your journey continues with empire

Moreover, as an elder, he wouldn't discourage a junior who had already found his own way; he would only encourage Jason.

To make Jason stronger!

Therefore, after giving guidance twice more and another meticulous explanation, Avent smiled and said:

"Practice here."

"This place isn't far from an old friend's estate; I'm going to see what that old guy is up to."

Having said that, Avent waved at Esther, signaling his son to rest here, then he directly walked through the trees, taking the exit road towards one side.

An old friend?

Jason, who was practicing, paused, then subconsciously looked towards Esther.

Without a doubt, Esther must have said something.

But at times like this, shouldn't it be a case of the more you say, the more mistakes you make?

One should keep their words short and to the point.

No!

That's for ordinary people; for Esther... this is not too difficult.

On the contrary, all this will make Avent believe his identity even more.

Esther didn't notice Jason's glance and, seeing Avent leaving, forced himself to stand up despite feeling weak and drained after 'unsheathing' his weapon, and watched his father depart.

His expression and demeanor were utterly those of a son.

Seeing this scene, Jason's eyes twitched.

It wasn't just Avent who believed in his own identity, Esther did too.

It's truly about deceiving oneself before deceiving others!

No, if one believes in it... then doesn't all of this become real?

Jason thought about it, eventually shook his head, and continued practicing.

All of this was part of Esther's plan, and since the plan was already successful, he naturally had no objections.

Meanwhile, Avent, who was already on the road, seemed to sense something and turned to glance at the clearing obscured by trees.

'Sword Saint' Avent's perception instantly captured Esther.

Watching his son's demeanor, Avent couldn't help but smile.

A profound affection arose from deep within his heart.

This feeling... it's wonderful.

Avent took a deep breath and continued towards the destination in his memory.

He had already made one mistake.

He absolutely wouldn't allow himself to make another.

Even for the sake of his son.

With that thought, Avent quickened his pace, and within a few breaths, Avent was speeding along like a racing car, soon disappearing from the main road onto an access road.

After traversing a reasonably smooth path and then a rugged dirt track, Avent arrived in front of an estate.

The estate was not large, and there were no fountains or flower gardens, not even a surrounding wall.

It was just a cluster of buildings that looked like a village.

But the buildings were very tidy.

Moreover, a squad of armed guards was conspicuous.

Avent did not hide his presence and was spotted right away.

"Stop right there."

"This is a private estate, entry is forbidden."

"Please leave,"

Said the guard with a stern face.

"Hmm."

"I wish to see Aio. Kite."

Avent nodded to show that he understood, then continued speaking.

The guard looked at the man cloaked in a cape, his true face hidden, with surprise.

Aio. Kite was a name known only to the higher echelons within their family.

A name that had faded from the public view but still held control over the entire family's power.

"Please wait a moment."

Although still vigilant, the guard's words became much more polite.

Out of respect, the guard who first spoke—clearly the leader of the security team—did not leave. Instead, he stood in front of Avent, while someone from his team picked up a communicator and ran towards the cluster of buildings.

Avent could clearly hear the guard's request.

Obviously, the guard had no authority to take him inside.

But Avent was not surprised by this.

He waited very patiently.

About five minutes later, a person resembling a butler came out.

This was an elderly butler who, despite trying to keep his back straight, still had a bit of a hunch. However, his eyes were still bright. Upon seeing Avent with his cap on, the old butler first bowed and then asked, "May I know who you are?"

"Dar, do you still recognize me?"

As he said this, Avent removed his cap.

The moment Avent removed his cap, the butler shuddered. His voice quivered together with his body.

"My lord, you have finally returned!"

The old butler's eyes turned red as he was about to bow again, but Avent stopped him.

"I've returned."

Avent's voice had a hint of choking, clearly overwhelmed with emotion.

"Please follow me."

"Lord Kite has been waiting for you for too long."

"He has always been hoping for your return."

With that, the old butler turned to lead the way. His steps became much lighter due to his delight.

Led by the old butler, Avent entered the cluster of buildings.

Watching the retreating figure of Avent and the old butler, the surrounding guards wore looks of deep curiosity.

They knew that as the confidant of the senior master, the old butler had not been this excited in a long time.

Naturally, they speculated about Avent's identity.

However, curiosity did not make these guards lose their vigilance.

On the contrary, they became even more alert.

This was experience.

Whenever something involved the senior master, it was never simple.

Battles were a common occurrence.

And fights that broke out near the manor happened from time to time.

Avent was keenly aware of this change.

"The Kates are still as cautious as ever," Avent couldn't help sighing.

"Since your disappearance, after several lords died in battle, Lord Kite has always been so cautious, the night is terrifying but it is also our shelter," the old butler sang softly.

Then a more resonant voice came from the office at the end of the corridor.

"In the night, in the darkness, we are the guardians, we are the rulers!"

"We watch over your travels. Lurking in the shadows of Ang City, hidden among the low walls and attics. At home, he is with you; in bed, he is there too. Never speak his name, lest his claws come seeking your head."

With that voice, an old figure, trembling and frail, appeared at the side of the corridor.

It was an almost hunchbacked elderly man leaning on a cane, with one eye left, bald with a few long white hairs fluttering, wearing a large robe.

The robe, shaken by his excited trembling body, reflected dazzling light in the sunlight.

"The night is your domain.

"Under the moon is the time for you to spread your wings."

"Where the Night Owl Court presides..."

Avent sang softly, quickening his pace.

The old man also quickened his steps, and when the two came face to face, both Avent and the old man's eyes sparkled.

The man in front of him was his comrade-in-arms.

The previous generation's 'Claw' NO.2 of the 'Night Owl Court'.

The two had been the closest of comrades.

Now?

Unchanged!

Avent's right hand gripped Aio. Kite's right hand, and the two clasped each other tightly, singing in unison—

"The time of judgment!"

A reunion after more than a decade, old friends meeting again.

It made Aio. Kite, the noble of the Empire, unable to hold back any longer.

With tears streaming down his face, he said:

"Avent, welcome home."

...

At that moment, Mondy. Kate, the youngest of the Kate family, was on the phone with the Prime Minister of the Empire.

"I can assure you,"

"Ang City will always belong to the Empire; there is no such thing as 'Hydra', nor will there be a 'Night Owl Court'."

"That's right!"

"Please rest assured!"

The Mayor of Ang City said assertively.

After repeatedly assuring, Mondy. Kate ended the call.

The middle-aged man's brow was deeply furrowed.

"What's this 'Hydra', 'Night Owl Court' about?"

"How could such organizations exist in Ang City?"

"Is it someone's scheme?"

"Is it targeted at the Kite family?"

He pondered, and just at that moment, his phone rang again—it was the old butler calling—

"Young Master Mondy, the Master asks you to come home for dinner."