

## Multiverse 123

### Chapter 123: New Research Data

A Peace Treaty?

Upon hearing Azazel's words, a glimmer of light flickered in Kaiser's eyes.

"So, it's finally come to this?"

He muttered silently to himself.

The three major factions forming a peace treaty was something Kaiser had anticipated long ago.

After all, in the original story, the three major forces held a summit meeting right before the full emergence of the Khaos Brigade and were preparing to sign a peace accord.

Although the three factions had been at war for thousands of years, locked in endless bloodshed, as previously mentioned, all three sides had been severely weakened by the prolonged conflict.

Heaven had lost God and could no longer naturally give birth to angels. The Fallen Angels had lost nearly all of their members except for the leaders. The devils had it even worse—having lost the Four Great Satans and a large number of pure-blooded demons. If not for the existence of humans, the question of their very survival would have been on the table.

Things had reached such a dire state—if the war continued, mutual annihilation was inevitable. How could they possibly keep fighting under such circumstances?

No matter how deep the hatred, when the very survival of a race is at stake, compromise becomes inevitable.

For this reason, Heaven had long been hiding the truth of God's death, trying to control the angels and the Church to prevent the believers from going mad. The devils underwent a revolution, exiling the war-hawk Old Satan Faction and removing them from power. The Fallen Angels also established the Grigori and began shifting their focus toward research.

Those who couldn't adapt turned traitor and joined the Khaos Brigade, becoming terrorists.

Now, faced with the common enemy that is the Khaos Brigade, and with the secret of God's fall finally exposed by the enemy, the three factions had no choice but to seriously consider cooperation to combat this threat.

If they continued to fight alone, they would inevitably face an existential crisis.

Reality was clear, and with the current leaders of the three factions all being advocates of peace, a peace accord was the natural outcome.

That's how it went in the original story, and naturally, it was happening now too.

However...

"What does your peace treaty have to do with me?"

Kaiser asked, puzzled.

"It originally had nothing to do with you," Azazel admitted without hesitation. But then he shifted his tone and said, "But do you think the Khaos Brigade will just sit by and watch us sign a peace treaty?"

Of course... they wouldn't.

To the Khaos Brigade, who harbored deep hatred for the three factions—or rather, for the traitors led by the Old Satan Faction—this peace accord was an unbearable eyesore.

Many among them were war hawks. Now that the three factions were preparing to sign a peace treaty?

There's no way they'd let that happen.

Moreover, the representatives attending the treaty signing would naturally be the top leaders of each faction. If the terrorists of the Khaos Brigade could ignore such an opportunity, they might as well quit terrorism and go home to farm.

"What are you trying to say?" Kaiser asked with a strange expression. "You want me to represent the Khaos Brigade and witness your peace treaty?"

What kind of insane idea is that?

"Of course not," Azazel said, scratching his head with a helpless shrug. "I want you to attend the summit as yourself—or rather, as the wielder of the Sacred Gear capable of killing gods."

"The peace treaty between the three major factions recorded in the Bible will no doubt attract global attention."

"We've lost our God. In the eyes of other mythological factions, we're like a headless group playing make-believe behind closed doors."

"They'll definitely look down on us, maybe even try to interfere."

"We must guard against the Khaos Brigade, and we don't have the energy to fend off other pantheons at the same time."

At this point, Kaiser finally understood what Azazel was getting at.

"So, you want me to show up as a witness to make those restless mythological factions back off?"

He voiced Azazel's intentions.

"Exactly," Azazel nodded. "As long as they know that the wielder of a Sacred Gear capable of slaying gods is attending the peace summit, those factions will understand that you're on our side and won't dare to act recklessly."

That way, the other mythological factions would be deterred from interfering.

"Nice idea, but don't forget—I'm also part of the Khaos Brigade," Kaiser reminded him. "You're enemies with the Brigade, and they'll be looking to strike during the summit. If I, a member of the Brigade, stand on your side, don't you think that's a bit contradictory?"

"Why would it be?" Azazel replied nonchalantly with a smile. "Yes, the Khaos Brigade is a terrorist organization, but we now know that it consists of many different factions."

"The ones who truly hate us and refuse to reconcile are the traitors from the three factions led by the Old Satan Faction."

"The Hero Faction targets all supernatural beings—including gods. We're not their only enemy."

"As for the others, some target other pantheons. Some just want power and status. Others joined only to gain Ophis' strength. They have no specific reason to be our enemies—at least, not for now."

"And you, my friend, you don't oppose any particular mythological faction. You just wander the world. Even when you've clashed with other pantheons, they've all chosen to let it go in the end, haven't they?"

Azazel's implication was clear—they had no reason to be enemies.

Even if Kaiser attended the peace summit, the Khaos Brigade couldn't simply label him a traitor, because it would only be a conflict of goals with another faction within the group.

"I can even provide you with a solid reason to attend."

Azazel, as if he had been prepared all along, brought out his trump card.

"After deciding to pursue peace, the three factions have already begun preliminary cooperation. The devils shared their reincarnation technology so that angels and fallen angels can increase their populations through alternative means. The fallen angels contributed research on artificial Sacred Gears. And Heaven has granted us access to the [System]—thanks to that, the Grigori have gained new inspiration for developing artificial Sacred Gears."

Kaiser's eyebrows raised once again.

The [System] Azazel referred to was the divine management program left behind by God.

Prayers, blessings, exorcisms, divine gifts to believers, revelations—miracles that required divine power were all executed by this [System], since God could not personally handle everything.

Objects like crosses and holy water had divine properties and could harm demonic beings because the [System] programmed them to do so, allowing otherwise ordinary items to possess exorcising power.

Naturally, the Sacred Gears created by God could continue functioning—finding hosts, evolving, and being born anew—even after His death, all thanks to the [System]’s management.

Without it, Michael would have never been able to hold Heaven and the Church together.

Though miracles were now significantly weaker than in God’s time—causing even the most devout believers to be met with silence, misfortune, or no blessings at all, like Asia—the existence of the [System] prevented the Abrahamic mythos from collapsing entirely.

And now, after gaining access to the [System], the Grigori had evidently obtained valuable data from its Sacred Gear management protocols.

In other words, artificial Sacred Gear technology had likely become more refined.

"I've compiled all the new research data," Azazel said decisively. "As long as you agree, it's yours."

Kaiser couldn't deny that he was tempted.

While artificial Sacred Gears weren't as powerful as the real ones in many aspects, their biggest advantage was versatility and added value.

Kaiser had already used this technology to indirectly create two Longinus-class weapons and even crafted tools to help others reach their Balance Breakers. If the technology improved, who knew what else he could achieve?

For example, he might be able to modify the Ser-Veresta and Gravisheath to give them the evolutionary properties of Sacred Gears.

These two Orga Lux were excellent weapons, but compared to Sacred Gears that could evolve and grow stronger on their own, they still fell short.

Even though they grew stronger in tandem with Kaiser as his personal weapons, their abilities remained static, lacking further development.

They had no higher-level transformations like Juggernaut Drive.

No sealed beings within, no potential to wield a true "Tyrant's" power.

Kaiser didn't ask for much—he just hoped that these two weapons could have the potential to evolve further.

Maybe one day, they'd gain a second ability, becoming weapons rivaling Longinus-class Sacred Gears—or perhaps even surpassing them.

It was only a dream, and Kaiser knew it would be difficult to achieve. In the future, he might get even more powerful personal weapons and abandon this idea altogether.

But having access to such technology meant he could use it whenever necessary.

After all, attending a meeting as a witness was no big deal. His main role was deterrence, not combat.

And even if it came to a fight—so what?

He'd welcome the chance to test his strength.

With that in mind, Kaiser spoke.

"When should I go?"

Upon hearing this, Azazel smiled.

"Three days from now, at Kuoh Academy in Kuoh Town. We'll be waiting for you there."