

## Multiverse 125

### Chapter 125: The Heir of the Former Demon Kings

This peace conference had essentially been settled in advance—otherwise, the three major factions wouldn't have begun cooperating ahead of time, each reaping benefits from the others.

Since the cooperation was already underway and the benefits had been claimed, there was no chance of any unexpected events disrupting the conference. What remained were just discussions over minor details.

Topics such as how the three sides would deepen their collaboration in the future, the methods of cooperation, how to form a united front against the Khaos Brigade, how to coordinate and deploy their forces, confirming the current military strength and political stances of each faction, and even the future territorial divisions—all these matters had to be negotiated and discussed thoroughly.

Only the leaders at the top of each force were privy to such matters and qualified to deliberate on them. And so, all these issues were brought up at this conference and were being resolved at a steady, deliberate pace.

In the face of such professional and complex topics, not to mention the guards in attendance—even those seated at the table, like Issei Hyoudou, were feeling confused. Each issue relating to the major powers was indeed intricate and difficult to grasp. Without thorough prior understanding, one simply couldn't involve themselves in these discussions.

Of course, Kaiser had no intention of participating. Once he realized that the more he listened, the more muddled his mind became, he simply tuned out the discussions among the six top leaders and instead closed his eyes to review the newly obtained data on artificial Sacred Gears.

Azazel had sent this data to him three days earlier, and Kaiser had already gone through it.

Unfortunately, Kaiser himself couldn't fully comprehend the information, but it was enough for him to understand what he could do with it.

As long as he knew the purpose of the data, he could act accordingly when needed. His Unique Authority would guide him on what to do.

And so, time passed as the conference proceeded in an orderly fashion.

Before long, several hours had gone by.

"Hm?"

Suddenly, among everyone in the conference room, those with stronger abilities—including Kaiser—simultaneously sensed something and looked up.

"Boom—!"

At that very moment, a massive shockwave and deafening roar struck the entire school building, causing the conference room and surrounding structure to shake violently.

"Wah!"

"What's happening?!"

"Watch out!"

"Ahhhh...!"

Cries and screams rang out as the sudden chaos startled everyone. Even Rias and Asia were caught off guard, some people even tripping and falling, banging their heads or noses in the process.

"Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!"...

The explosions and tremors didn't cease. They came repeatedly, shaking the building again and again, throwing the people inside into disarray.

"Wh-What's going on?!"

Issei Hyoudou shouted in panic, causing Vali, who stood nearby, to frown.

In contrast, Kaiser, Azazel, Sirzechs, Michael, and the others remained calmly seated, composed and unshaken.

"So they've finally come."

Azazel spoke, unsurprised in the slightest.

"The Khaos Brigade...!"

Everyone else quickly understood and rushed to the windows to look outside.

What they saw was a world in complete upheaval.

All around Kuoh Academy, teleportation magic circles were activating, and countless figures emerged from them.

Some were demons, others fallen angels, some were church personnel dressed in priestly garb, and there were even mages and sorcerers in robes—a chaotic mix.

As soon as they appeared, they launched attacks on the guards from the three major factions stationed at Kuoh Academy, and also targeted the school building housing the conference room. They unleashed blasts of magical energy, bombarding the structure and causing it to shake violently under the assault.

If not for the protective barrier enveloping the building, it would have already been destroyed under such a large-scale attack.

"The Old Satan Faction!"

Led by Rias, the devils clenched their fists and shouted in recognition.

Then, a voice responded.

"Wrong. We are the True Satan Faction. You dare discard us—the rightful heirs—as relics of the past? That is an unforgivable insult!"

With those words, a magic circle suddenly appeared right within the conference room—before everyone's eyes.

"Protect the Maous!"

Rias and another high-ranking devil reacted instantly, issuing commands for their retainers to shield Sirzechs and Serafall.

"Lord Michael! Lady Gabriel!"

"Please step back!"

Two Holy Sword wielders rushed in front of Michael and Gabriel, shielding the two highest-ranking Seraphs.

On the fallen angel side, it wasn't Vali or Issei who stepped forward, but Baraqiel.

The high-ranking fallen angel stood protectively in front of Azazel, eyes full of caution as he glanced toward the magic circle—and even briefly toward Akeno Himejima.

As for Kaiser, aside from Kuroka grabbing the panicked Asia's hand, no other action was taken.

From within the magic circle, three figures emerged.

Upon seeing them, Sirzechs and Serafall immediately reacted.

"It's you?!"

"You actually came in person?!"

Both were visibly surprised.

Even Azazel let out a low whistle and spoke with amusement.

"Didn't expect all the direct descendants of the Old Satans to show up together. What a delightful surprise."

Heirs of the Old Satans!

Hearing this, Rias and the others looked at the three newcomers in shock.

The trio made no attempt to hide their identities. In fact, they openly declared themselves.

"I am Creuserey Asmodeus, the rightful heir of the true Demon King Asmodeus."

A man dressed in noble attire, hair tied like a samurai, and full of arrogance.

"I am Katerea Leviathan, blood descendant of the genuine Demon King Leviathan. Unlike that imposter over there, I am of true royal lineage."

A woman in a revealing gown with dark tan skin, radiating a seductive aura.

And then—

"My name is Shalba Beelzebub, the legitimate successor of the great Demon King Beelzebub and the rightful ruler of the Underworld."

This man wore light armor and a cloak, his face cold, his presence exuding a chilling aura that froze the room.

"The... rightful ruler of the Underworld?"

Issei didn't understand what that meant, and he wasn't alone.

Azazel explained.

"After the Old Demon Kings perished and before the new Demon Kings assumed power, the one who held actual control over the Underworld was none other than the son of the first Beelzebub."

"In other words, if the current Demon Kings had not taken the throne, the highest authority among devils would have been the ancestors of the man before us—Shalba."

"If our intel is correct, he's also the current leader of the Old Satan Faction within the Khaos Brigade."

"In short, the head of the enemy faction we're up against is now standing right before us."

The moment those words were spoken, everyone in the room turned their eyes sharply toward Shalba, their bodies tensing.

The enemy leader appearing here in person—this was no small shock.

"Governor of the Fallen Angels, Azazel."

Creuserey, heir to Asmodeus, glared at Azazel with fury.

"Watch your words. We are the true heirs of the Demon Kings—the True Satan Faction. Stop calling us the Old Satan Faction!"

True Satan Faction—that was what the blood descendants and supporters of the Old Demon Kings called themselves within the Khaos Brigade.

At least, that's what they called themselves.

But no one else acknowledged the term.

"Oh, please. You were defeated by Sirzechs and the others and exiled from power years ago, yet you still can't accept reality?"

Azazel picked at his ear, looking bored.

"No matter how much you protest, your defeat has already been recorded in history. The fact is, you are no longer Demon Kings. Wouldn't it be more dignified to just accept it?"

His blunt words infuriated Creuserey.

"You—!"

Just as he was about to explode, Katerea Leviathan stopped him.

"As expected of the crows' leader—sharp-tongued as ever." She smiled seductively. "But if you're trying to provoke us into losing our cool, then you've underestimated us."

Her gaze swept over the leaders of the three factions and paused briefly on Serafall, revealing a look of disgust before continuing with a smile.

"The Governor of the Fallen Angels, one of Heaven's top Seraphs..."

"Together with the accursed impostor Demon Kings—Lucifer and Leviathan... The rulers of the three factions have all gathered here."

"If we eliminate you now, the three factions will fall into our hands, and the world will return to its rightful state—under the rule of true kings."

As her voice faded, Shalba spoke coldly.

"What are you waiting for, my brethren?"

With his words, a burst of terrifying magic power erupted inside the conference room.

"Balance Breaker!"

Someone shouted.

"[Vanishing Dragon Balance Breaker]!"

In response to that powerful call, a pure, resonant voice echoed through the room.

In an instant, overwhelming magical energy transformed into pure white flames and sacred white armor—the White Dragon Emperor had arrived.

"Boom!"

The next moment, the White Dragon Emperor destroyed the entire conference room, shattering the barrier-protected building in an instant.

The large structure collapsed, consumed by the pure white blaze. Stones and debris were vaporized and scattered amidst a whirlwind of smoke and destruction.

Fortunately, the dust soon cleared, revealing a spherical barrier descending to the ground.

Inside it were all the people from the conference room—completely unharmed.

The one who had created the barrier was Gabriel.

"Is everyone alright?"

The strongest female angel in Heaven—and the most beautiful woman in the three realms—asked gently, causing several men, including Issei, to gaze at her in awe.

"So you blocked it that easily?"

A familiar voice chuckled, replacing everyone's attention on Gabriel.

"As expected of the strongest female angel. If I didn't already have someone I wanted to challenge today, I'd really want to fight you."

Along with those battle-hungry words, the White Dragon Emperor descended from the sky, glowing with pure white light. He was accompanied by Shalba, Katerea, and Creuserey.

Who else could it be but Vali?

"What are you doing, Vali?!"

Issei finally came to his senses and shouted in shock.

"The White Dragon Emperor...!"

"You..."

Others stared at him—shocked, grim, or furious.

Sirzechs and the others looked at Azazel.

"Sigh..."

Azazel, unsurprised, let out a sigh and said:

"So you've joined the Khaos Brigade after all, Vali."

Joined the Khaos Brigade!

The moment he said that, many people's expressions changed drastically.

"You—you joined them? Vali!"

Issei asked, incredulous.

Vali didn't respond to him.

"Sorry, Azazel." Vali's distorted voice came through his helmet. He chuckled. "They told me that if I joined them, I'd have endless battles. But you guys... you're trying to make peace. No more fights."

"Given that, isn't it obvious which side I'd choose?"

"You understood that too, didn't you? That's why you're not surprised."

Azazel didn't reply, but Shalba spoke up.

"Vali Lucifer—he too is a rightful heir to the name of Lucifer, and belongs with us."

"A mere fallen angel governor dares to use the bloodline of a true Demon King?"

"Don't kid yourself!"

Vali was a descendant of the Old Lucifer. How could the Old Satan Faction not try to recruit him?

Given all that, today's events were perhaps not all that surprising.