

Multiverse 19

Chapter 19: Chapter 67: Blood in the Night Sky

Asterisk – Outer Residential District

As its name suggested, this district was situated on the outskirts of Asterisk.

Unlike the bustling city center, which was designed to accommodate tourists with pedestrian-friendly streets, the Outer Residential District was dominated by wide highways that stretched across the artificial island like elevated corridors, crisscrossing in an intricate web.

Even though it was now deep into the night, the district remained illuminated. Rows of streetlights lined the highways, casting their glow across the surroundings and highlighting the towering skyscrapers in the distance.

Atop one of these skyscrapers, on the highest rooftop, a lone figure stood at the edge, facing the wind.

"So high up..."

Standing outside the railing, balanced on the very edge of the skyscraper, Kaiser murmured to himself.

A single step forward would send him plummeting into the abyss below.

Yet, he remained utterly unfazed.

Tonight, he was not dressed in his usual Seidoukan Academy uniform. Instead, he wore a pitch-black outfit—from his shirt to his pants, to his boots, and even the hooded cloak draped over his shoulders. Every part of his attire blended seamlessly into the night.

Additionally, he wore a mask—a masquerade-style mask that covered the upper half of his face, leaving only his mouth exposed. It was ornate, decorative rather than functional, with no real practical use.

But for Kaiser, this level of disguise was more than enough.

"If this were before, I definitely wouldn't dare stand somewhere this dangerous..."

Looking down at the city streets dozens of meters below, Kaiser felt as though he were standing on the edge of a cliffside abyss.

He had once been afraid of heights.

But ever since obtaining power beyond human limits, he realized something—his fear of heights had vanished without a trace.

Even if he fell from this height, it would still be lethal for a Genestella.

But now, he had more than enough ways to defy gravity.

Previously, he had used Ser-Veresta's heat currents to propel himself, achieving limited flight.

But now...

"Let's see how you perform tonight."

Kaiser reached into his cloak, pulling out a Lux Activator and triggering it.

"Vmm—!"

As the Mana resonance echoed, digital grids materialized, forming a massive scythe—both its long handle and its crimson blade gleaming under the night sky.

The violet Urm-Manadyte core embedded within the scythe pulsed, casting an eerie glow onto its blood-red blade.

This was Gravisheath, the Blood Scythe of Supreme Collapse—an Orga Lux belonging to Le Wolfe Black Institute.

It should have belonged to Irene Urzaiz.

And yet, it was now in Kaiser's hands.

What was more—

It was behaving obediently.

Unlike when Irene wielded it, Gravisheath now exuded absolute submission—a stark contrast to its usual violent and domineering presence.

If Irene were here to witness this, she would have undoubtedly been shocked.

After all, Gravisheath was not a weapon that submitted to anyone.

Quite the opposite—like Pan-Dora, it was an Orga Lux with an extremely malevolent will.

Pan-Dora delighted in tormenting its wielder with visions of death and suffering, savoring their fear and despair.

Gravisheath, however, possessed an overwhelming sense of self, refusing to be a mere tool for its wielder—it sought to control them instead.

Some Orga Luxes, particularly those with strong self-awareness, had a tendency to corrupt their users, altering their minds, personalities, and even bodies to suit their own preferences.

And among them, Gravisheath was particularly infamous for this trait.

It did not simply demand compatibility from its wielder.

It modified them.

It transformed its wielder's body into that of a true vampire—a perfect host for its insatiable hunger.

If the wielder ever let their guard down, Gravisheath would take the opportunity to override their will, seizing control and driving them into madness.

The glowing red eyes that Irene displayed in battle?

That was the influence of Gravisheath's consciousness, slowly overtaking her.

The brighter the crimson glow, the stronger the corruption.

Irene's violent temper, her impulsive aggression—these were not purely her own traits.

They had been exacerbated by Gravisheath.

If Ser-Veresta was a weapon that wanted to be wielded as a sword, existing as a tool for its user...

Then Gravisheath was the complete opposite.

It saw itself as the master, and its wielder as the tool.

Yet, at this very moment—

In Kaiser's hands, Gravisheath was utterly docile.

An impossible sight.

"Let's give you a little taste first."

Even though Gravisheath had already merged with him, becoming his personal weapon, Kaiser did not treat it with the same respect he gave Ser-Veresta.

Ser-Veresta was his partner—a weapon he saw as an equal, treating it with mutual respect.

But Gravisheath?

To Kaiser, it was nothing more than a tool.

A useful one, but a tool nonetheless.

He brought his hand to his mouth, biting his finger and letting a single drop of blood fall onto the scythe's blade.

"Vmm! Vmm! Vmm—!"

The moment the blood touched the blade, Gravisheath reacted violently, trembling with exhilaration and anticipation.

It was only a single drop—practically nothing compared to the vast amounts of blood it usually demanded.

And yet—

Gravisheath had never been more satisfied.

Because not all blood was equal.

The blood of a king could not be compared to the blood of a peasant.

A mere drop of supreme blood was worth far more than countless ordinary sacrifices.

To Gravisheath, Kaiser's blood—the blood of someone with ultimate authority over weapons—was the greatest possible gift.

Even with just a single drop, it could now unleash its full power.

As Kaiser watched, the violet glow from Gravisheath's Urm-Manadyte core flared—brighter than ever before.

"Good."

Satisfied, he turned his gaze downward.

Below, on the wide road beneath the skyscraper, a sleek black limousine cruised by.

Cross-referencing it with the intel Claudia had provided him earlier, Kaiser confirmed—

That was his target.

His lips curled into a cold smirk.

Then—

He jumped.

With a single leap, he descended from the skyscraper.

In his grip, Gravisheath's blood-red blade gleamed eerily against the backdrop of the moonlit sky.

—At the same time, within the limousine—

"The Blood Scythe is missing?"

Inside the luxurious interior, far more akin to a private lounge than a conventional car, a voice echoed.

The seating was not arranged in standard rows. Instead, plush leather sofas and a heavy wooden table gave the vehicle an air of sophistication and power.

Seated at the center was a short, stocky youth with deep crimson-black hair.

His expression was perpetually scowling, his dark, sunken eyes filled with impatience and irritation.

This was Dirk Eberwein, the Student Council President of Le Wolfe Black Institute.

He was the first non-Genestella in the school's history to hold the position.

Unlike Priscilla Urzaiz, who at least possessed Strega abilities despite not fighting, Dirk was a completely ordinary human.

Yet, despite that—

He had still risen to power.

Because he didn't need strength.

His cunning, ruthlessness, and tactical brilliance allowed him to manipulate and control others like pieces on a chessboard.

That was why people called him—

"The Tyrant."

And right now, for the first time in a while—

Dirk's usual scowl was replaced by genuine shock.

But before he could even react—

"BOOM!"

A tremendous force crashed down from above—

Crushing the limousine in an instant.