

## **Multiverse 241**

### Chapter 241: The One-Eyed King! Descent!

Actually, when it comes to the summoning of a Heretic God, it could be said to be difficult, but also easy.

If it is carried out through a ritual, then the requirements are naturally extremely stringent. However, even without relying on rituals, gods may still descend upon the earth due to some trigger and become Heretic Gods.

This trigger is uncertain and must take into account various factors.

For example, when powerful dragons or serpents appear on earth, heroes from myths who specialize in slaying such creatures may descend due to this trigger and manifest on earth.

Or, in places that share an unusual connection with certain deities, gods with ties to such locations may suddenly descend there.

Some divine tools passed down from ancient times may attract gods with their power; some spiritual lands, if their leylines are disrupted, may likewise cause the manifestation of a deity.

Therefore...

"I don't need to perform any demanding descent ritual. As long as I provide a trigger that can prompt a god to descend, I might be able to summon one."

Now, that was exactly what Kaiser intended to do.

What he relied on was the True Longinus in his hand.

The Holy Spear was a divine artifact personally crafted by a god, its prototype being the very famous ancient relic—Spear of Longinus.

This spear can slay gods.

This spear houses the will of a god.

As long as he activated Truth Idea to unleash a miracle, Kaiser believed that a god would definitely be drawn to him.

"O spear! The true holy spear that pierces the divine!"

"Draw forth the ideal of the overlord slumbering within me, carve open the gap between blessing and destruction."

"Thou—proclaim thy will and become radiance!"

Kaiser then raised the Holy Spear high, letting its tip expand to the limit.

"Truth Idea!"

A sacred surge instantly erupted from the wide-open tip of the spear, surging like fiercely burning golden flames, continuously rising toward the heavens.

Divine power gushed forth like a fountain, erupting toward the sky and transforming into a golden aura visible to the naked eye, soaring straight into the clouds.

At this moment, magical societies, occult organizations, and unofficial sorcery structures around the world detected the emergence of an enormous power.

Especially in nearby Japan, the History Compilation Committee, which had just received Mariya Yuri's report, immediately realized what was happening and rushed into action.

The sacred surge expanded between heaven and earth, dyeing the sea beneath the spear-raising Kaiser in brilliant gold.

"Boom!!!"

At last, with a thunderous roar, the world underwent a change.

A tremendous amount of Magical Power descended as if from a domain beyond the heavens, or perhaps pierced through from another world altogether, suddenly crossing layers of space and arriving in the skies above this sea region.

That Magical Power gathered together as if it possessed life, gradually forming flesh and creating life, allowing a great and supreme being to descend into this world.

"It worked."

Kaiser smiled as he watched this scene.

Not long after, that immense Magical Power fully converged into a single body, allowing the great and supreme being to enter Kaiser's view.

"Is it you?"

It was a very serious and dignified voice.

"The one who dares to provoke the Realm of Immortality, to challenge the myths where we dwell—is it you?"

The being who spoke such words was an old man with a single white eye and long white beard, appearing over fifty years old.

He had a tall frame, wore golden armor, an eagle helmet on his head, golden rings on his hands, and a deep, piercing eye that saw through the mysteries of life and death. The spear he held in his hand emitted a mysterious and radiant glow—sacred and beautiful.

He rode a majestic Pegasus with eight legs and fur whiter than snow. The moment this eight-legged steed appeared, the heavens and earth seemed to dim, clouds gathered densely, the sea surged, and a storm subtly began to form.

Looking at the old man, Kaiser was initially stunned, then cried out in surprise.

"A one-eyed old god, wielding a spear made from a tree branch, wearing golden rings, and riding an eight-legged horse?"

There was only one god with such an image in Kaiser's memory.

"You're Odin?"

The king of the Æsir from Norse mythology, King of the Gods, ruler of prophecy, royalty, wisdom, healing, magic, poetry, war, and death—father of the God of Thunder Thor, and sworn brother to the God of Fire Loki—Odin.

He had actually summoned him?

"I see..."

While Kaiser was astonished by this, the ancient god-king flying in the air atop the eight-legged horse had already seen through the entire situation.

"You did not target a specific god, nor a particular myth, but issued a challenge indiscriminately toward the entire domain of the gods?"

As the god who governs foresight, Odin could partially see through the future.

He had once offered one of his eyes to the Well of Wisdom in exchange for a sip of its water and the knowledge it held.

Thus, he easily saw through everything—even Kaiser's intentions.

"To become a Campione, you actually summoned a god proactively, provoked the divine, and issued a challenge to the gods."

"Human, has anyone ever told you—you are arrogant?"

"Has anyone ever told you—that your actions are utterly presumptuous?"

Odin's voice, gaze, and expression were filled with terrifying pressure and might, enough that ordinary humans would suffer mental collapse and death just from hearing his voice, seeing him, or receiving a glance from him.

Unfortunately, Kaiser was no ordinary human.

"Isn't it the gods who are arrogant?" Kaiser smiled calmly. "Since you've already accepted this so-called challenge, then why pass judgment before the fight begins and assume the challenger is overestimating himself?"

"Maybe I simply have confidence in myself?"

"Or is it that, in the presence of a great god, humans are not even allowed the courage to face divinity head-on?"

Saying this, Kaiser raised the Holy Spear in his hand.

"That spear..."

Odin's gaze flashed as he looked at the True Longinus.

"So this is the weapon you rely on to face a god?"

Odin naturally could perceive the extraordinary nature of the True Longinus and even discern some of its background.

"Why don't you try it and find out?"

Kaiser smiled as his gaze shifted toward the spear in Odin's hand.

"Use your spear—let's see whether mine can truly slay a god."

The being before him—no, the god before him—if he was the god-king of Norse mythology, then the identity of the spear in his hand required no guessing.

It was one of the most famous mythological weapons in the world, the Gungnir, the Eternal Spear, forged by dwarves from the branches of Yggdrasil.

People on earth called it "Lightning," and others called it "Meteor."

This spear was sacred—in terms of fame, it was not beneath even the prototype of the True Longinus, the Spear of Longinus.

But clearly, Odin had no intention of using it.

"You are neither from the Vanir nor a giant. You are not yet worthy for me to wield Gungnir."

The eight-legged horse beneath Odin let out a shrill neigh.

"My servants, the fierce wolves Geri and Freki—obey my command and devour the enemy!"

At Odin's summon, two savage giant wolves appeared at his feet.

"Awoo!"

"Awoo!"

The giant wolves howled to the heavens. Though their Magical Power was not as vast as Odin's, it still shook the atmosphere.

They were definitely not ordinary beasts or magical beasts—they were genuine Divine Beasts.

One was named Geri, the other Freki—these were the divine wolves from mythology who guarded Odin and served as his sentinels.

They rode the wind and charged, so fast they were like two missiles, causing Kaiser's eyes to narrow slightly.

"So I'm really... being underestimated, huh."

Muttering this, Kaiser's body suddenly transformed into a streak of light. With a flap of his light wings, he shot toward Odin at a speed even faster than the divine wolves.

"!!!"

Odin's single eye narrowed. With a squeeze of his legs, the eight-legged horse beneath him retreated at astonishing speed, almost like teleportation.

That was Sleipnir, the divine steed and Odin's exclusive mount, capable of galloping across the sky and even entering the Underworld—a Divine Beast as well.

Norsemen often believed that storms signaled Odin riding Sleipnir across the earth, gathering the souls of the dead. Thus, if a traveler suffered misfortune during a storm, it was said that they had been summoned by Odin—and if they followed the storm reverently, they might even receive a blessing.

Now, Odin rode Sleipnir across the sky, and the storm over the sea finally took shape.

"Rumble rumble rumble—"

Without warning, the storm surged across the sea, surrounding Odin and concealing his figure within wind and rain.

"O holy spear..."

Kaiser sensed a vast amount of Magical Power within the storm. Suspecting a trap if he charged in, he raised the Holy Spear and chanted softly, causing its tip to emit a brilliant glow.

Magical Power poured into the spear like flowing water, once again generating immense sacred waves at its tip.

"Boom!"

The sacred wave exploded into aura and struck the storm, dispersing the sizable tempest with a blast.

Odin's figure was revealed.

"A magnificent power! For a mere mortal to wield a sacred artifact equal in divinity to my Gungnir... Mortal, I recognize you as an exceptional warrior!"

Odin's single eye gleamed with brilliance as he shouted loudly.

"In that case, allow me to show you the warriors of the Einherjar whom I have gathered!"

Saying this, Odin held his spear with both hands and raised it horizontally.

"Fallen warriors! Heroes who have sacrificed! Be guided by the Valkyries and ascend to paradise!"

This was a Kotodama—a sacred chant used to raise and manipulate Magical Power and activate an Authority.

"As King of the Æsir, I command you—come to my side!"

"Twilight has come, and the gate to Valgrind shall soon open!"

"Under the gaze of shining Gladsheim—reveal yourselves!"

The vast Magical Power turned into a gate, and one after another, radiant warriors descended.

To fight a single human, the god-king summoned an army—he summoned death.