

## Multiverse 242

### Chapter 242: "Spear of Destiny"

In Norse mythology, the god-king Odin once learned through prophecy of the existence of Ragnarök.

To prepare for the potential arrival of Ragnarök in the future, Odin decided to amass military strength, guiding fallen warriors, heroes, and even kings to his palace to make them into Einherjar.

He sent out his daughters—a group of demi-goddesses known as Valkyries.

The duty of the Valkyries was to collect the souls of the fallen on the battlefield, guide them to the hall of the slain, and make them warriors under Odin's command.

At this moment, Odin activated that Authority and summoned forth the Einherjar under his command.

"Go forth! Stalwart warriors! Tear apart the enemy who stands before you! Bring me glory!"

As Odin raised his Eternal Spear and pointed it at Kaiser, the countless Einherjar instantly launched their charge.

Their momentum was massive, their aura astonishing. Though they didn't shout, their morale and Magical Power increased more and more as they charged. Even before reaching Kaiser, they had already stirred a thunderous roar.

They were not ordinary underlings. In life, they had all been heroes and champions.

They may have slain dragons, or perhaps completed some kind of epic legendary feats. In the times they lived, they were undoubtedly the most dazzling figures—tide-turners of their eras.

But today, here, such beings were so numerous they resembled foot soldiers, forming an entire army.

Under the charge of such a legion, even a god would retreat three steps.

However, Kaiser only curled his lips and charged forward without dodging.

"Boom!!!"

A sacred surge appeared like a storm, like a sun suddenly blooming in the midst of the Einherjar, blasting them flying one after another.

Kaiser swung his Holy Spear, releasing sacred surges that sent the Einherjar charging at him flying, while defeating the ones attacking him head-on, piercing them one by one with the tip of the spear.

"Pshk!" "Pshk!" "Pshk!"...

The spear light rained down, the shining tip of the radiant Holy Spear piercing through one Einherjar after another, sending them back to Valhalla.

From afar, the scene looked like a streak of light had rushed into the dense army of Einherjar. Wherever it passed, radiant flares and explosions followed, as one warrior after another was slain and vanished on the spot.

"Awoo!"

"Awoo!"

At this moment, the two divine wolves finally reached Kaiser, chasing stars and moon, opening their maws to bite down on him.

"Boom!"

Kaiser raised his Holy Spear and blocked the bite of the two divine wolves, but was still inevitably knocked back, whistling as he flew backward.

"Awoo!"

The two divine wolves, seeing they had repelled the enemy, howled in excitement, then tried to pounce toward Kaiser again.

But just as they moved, a voice rang out.

"Divide!"

In an instant, the momentum and Magical Power of the two divine wolves dropped drastically, their strength halved.

"That is..."

Odin, retreating atop his eight-legged steed, saw this scene and was momentarily stunned, then fixed his one eye on Kaiser.

He saw the pure white wings of light behind Kaiser and also noticed that while his own servants' strength had plummeted, the opponent's strength had surged significantly.

Immediately, the retreating Kaiser extended his Holy Spear—and the spear suddenly elongated.

"Pshk!"

Like a flash of light, the extending Holy Spear pierced through the two divine wolves at astonishing speed, causing them to bleed and howl in agony.

"...Even my servants are not his match?"

Odin finally gained some understanding of the power of this bold and presumptuous human.

One must know—the gap between gods and humans in this world is even wider than that between heaven and earth.

Even with the combined wisdom and strength of all humanity, it would still be nearly impossible to defeat a god who has manifested on earth.

This was an absolute gap in strength.

Among humans, many wield the mystical—there are magicians, sorcerers, spiritualists, witches, Hime-Miko, priests, even martial artists and so on. But in this world, there are only two tiers.

One is gods—and the Campione who oppose them.

The other is everyone else.

"Everyone else" does not refer to humans alone, but also includes Divine Beasts, Sacred Beasts, Magical Beasts, spirits, dragons, and so on.

The former are absolute powerhouses—existences the latter cannot defeat no matter how much power or wisdom they gather.

Gods and Campione—just their wrath is more than humans can endure. Their mere presence can destroy a city or two. The gap between them and all other beings is simply overwhelming.

Ordinarily, Divine Beasts under the command of gods already require the deployment of most of a top-tier mystic organization's power to be successfully hunted down—let alone beasts like Geri and Freki, under the rule of the god-king.

Yet, the enemy that humans would treat with utmost caution was now slain with ease by this human before him.

This power didn't seem like something a human could possess. It resembled the terrifying strength of those detestable Rakshasa—or those fearsome God-Slaying Beasts.

But this human was not a God-Slaying Beast—Odin was certain of that.

The reason was simple: gods and Campione are natural enemies, mortal foes. The moment they encounter each other, both parties are instinctively drawn into battle. They can easily recognize one another.

But this human before him gave Odin no such feeling. This proved that he was still human—at least for now.

"Such a valiant man is already far beyond the heroes and champions under my command."

Odin now regarded the human before him seriously.

"Mighty warrior! You have earned the right to make me wield the Eternal Spear!"

With that declaration, Odin finally raised the legendary spear renowned throughout all mythologies.

"———!"

At that moment, Kaiser—who was crushing the Einherjar army—felt a premonition akin to death.

It was as if something terrifying had locked onto him. Kaiser suddenly turned his head to look at Odin.

The Eternal Spear—true name Gungnir—also known as Gáe Gungnir or Gagnrad's Spear, was the most powerful and symbolic treasure of Odin, chief god of Norse mythology.

As for its name, some believe it imitates the sound of "piercing," others say it means "tremble," but no matter the meaning, it does not change its overwhelming might.

It is a spear directly tied to the concept of fate, and thus is also called the Spear of Destiny.

Its existence symbolizes victory—because once it is thrown, it will unfailingly hit its target and pierce through all matter. Nothing can stop its advance.

When it is thrown, the sight of it streaking across the sky resembles a blazing ray of light—thus the people of earth call it "Lightning" or "Meteor."

Due to its association with the power of fate, the spear is sacred. Any oath sworn upon it cannot be revoked and must inevitably come true.

It is because of this that legends about wishing upon a shooting star appeared on earth.

Now, the chief god of Norse mythology was finally about to use it.

And he was going to use it—against a human.

"Vmmm..."

As the atmosphere trembled, Odin hurled the invincible Spear of Destiny in his hand.

The long spear truly became a meteor, taking only a millisecond to streak across the sky.

Kaiser tried to dodge—but found he couldn't.

Kaiser tried to block—but found he couldn't.

Once the Eternal Spear is thrown, the fate of "piercing" is already set. The fate of "hitting" has already appeared. It cannot be dodged or defended against by any means.

Thus—

"Pshk!"

The meteor flashed across the sea, shooting like a laser beam, and pierced through Kaiser's chest.

"Cough...!"

Kaiser violently coughed up a mouthful of blood, feeling a stabbing pain in his chest—his heart had been shredded.

This was the most severe injury he had ever suffered.

This was the closest he had ever been to death.

But—he ignored it. As the Eternal Spear pierced his heart, he reached out and grabbed it.

"Pshk!"

The gripped Eternal Spear trembled fiercely and automatically withdrew from Kaiser's body, drawing a spray of blood as it returned to Odin's hand.

That too was the power of the Eternal Spear—once it hits the enemy, it will always return to its wielder. No one can stop it.

"It's over, mighty one."

Odin looked down at Kaiser from above and said so.

"You are indeed strong, but still far from divine."

"Rest assured, I acknowledge your valor."

"This reckless challenge to the gods—let your soul be the price, to repay for eternity."

Odin was already preparing to welcome this human into his Valhalla, to make him one of his Einherjar.

Such a powerful human could become a trump card in his army—even in battles against other gods or Campione, he could be used to secure victory.

Unfortunately, Odin rejoiced too soon.

"If it were the old me, this level of injury would indeed be fatal."

Kaiser wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth—and actually smiled.

"But to me now, this level of injury... means nothing."

As he spoke, under Odin's somewhat astonished gaze, Kaiser's chest began to heal at a speed visible to the naked eye.

His shredded heart regenerated, and the bloody hole in his chest rapidly shrank until it completely vanished.

High-Speed Regeneration, activated!

"You..."

The astonishment on Odin's face did not fade.

In contrast, Kaiser extended his hand.

"Divide!"

The voice echoed from the wings of light behind him.

The Eternal Spear in Odin's hand instantly lost half its power—its might drastically reduced.