

Multiverse 246

Chapter 246: The Seventh Campione

A massive tsunami appeared off the coast, causing disasters in the coastal cities.

This was newsworthy enough to make the headlines, and the kind of event that major countries around the world would rush to report on.

Although only a single day had passed, this news had already been published in newspapers and on television in various countries, sparking widespread discussion.

Because, according to reports, the scale of this tsunami was extremely large—so much so that it could possibly submerge half of Island.

However, in the end, this great tsunami only caused damage in a small area. It didn't even manage to submerge a single city, and casualties were negligible. It stood out as an accident wrapped in a miracle.

Moreover, the tsunami appeared without any warning. The meteorological bureau detected nothing beforehand, and the weather on that day was good. Logically, such a large-scale tsunami shouldn't have suddenly occurred. Adding to that, on the same day the tsunami struck, some people claimed to have seen strange things, and even photos were leaked. This drew a great deal of attention to the disaster and attracted widespread focus.

Of course, ordinary citizens could only speculate about this strange phenomenon and had no way of perceiving the deeper factors behind it.

Those unpleasant rumors and reports were also, as if by some tacit agreement, swiftly covered up by mysterious forces backing the various nations, and disappeared without a trace.

Meanwhile, the mysterious forces behind each country all launched deep investigations. Some even convened internal high-level meetings. Combining these with abnormal phenomena previously detected through mystical means, they quickly locked onto the truth behind this incident.

"A Heretic God has descended."

"And very likely, has already been defeated."

Many of the powers on the mystical side understood the implications of this.

Especially after each had used their own networks to investigate the whereabouts of current Campione and confirmed that none of them were present at the scene of the incident, they began to vaguely realize one thing.

That is, a new Campione had very likely been born.

This was a matter capable of influencing the world and nations.

It was something that could change the current order and structure.

To confirm the accuracy of this speculation, various forces dispatched intelligence agents, activated covert channels, or sent emissaries to the involved country, seeking to verify the truth by any means.

In such a situation, one force had already confirmed the matter ahead of everyone else.

This force was called the Witenagemot—a secret organization established in the 19th century, headquartered in Greenwich.

The origin of the Witenagemot, if one had to explain it, was a group of busybodies.

These busybodies included magicians, occult scholars, fairy researchers, ordinary scholars bordering on experts, even street researchers, priests, monks, shrine maidens, artists, capitalists, nobles, royalty, and imperial family members. One could say the group was extremely chaotic.

At first, it was merely a collective formed by ambitious, curious, and wealthy individuals who gathered together to exchange information. Later, the group grew larger and more influential, attracting more extraordinary members. After establishing their base in Greenwich, London, the nature of their existence completely changed.

Now, it had become a think tank promoting and supporting mystical and magical research, while also accumulating intelligence on gods and Campione—existing in the world to respond swiftly to the disasters caused by their descent.

In other words, the Witenagemot is the place with the most thorough research on gods and Campione in the world. It is also the place that understands the Campione group best.

Thanks to this, while other mystical forces were still trying to verify the event, the Witenagemot had already essentially confirmed—

"A seventh Campione has been born. The world has gained a new Demon Lord."

A group of aging heavyweights from the mystical side gathered in the Witenagemot headquarters and began to deliberate.

"Is the information confirmed?"

"This is a conclusion sent from the princess's side."

"That one, huh... then it's definitely unquestionable."

"What should we do now?"

"What else can we do?"

"The other party is a Campione. Even if he has just been born, no human can resist him. Are we really going to oppose him?"

"So we're sticking to the usual response?"

"Of course. When it comes to Campione, we can do nothing but gather intelligence and keep a record."

"Has the identity of the new king been confirmed?"

"Basically confirmed. Please review this carefully, and make sure your people are warned not to provoke the Demon Lord."

A dossier was distributed to each participant, urging them to study it carefully.

And on this dossier—was Kaiser.

One had to admit, the Witenagemot truly had impressive means. Even though Kaiser had never shown himself before anyone, these powers and authorities of the mystical world had still easily locked onto his identity.

Spirit Vision, foresight, divination—such abilities could all be used to identify the party involved, so hiding Kaiser's identity from everyone was impossible.

The sages viewed his dossier while murmuring among themselves.

"So young."

"Even younger than Lord Salvatore, right?"

"It's hard to imagine someone like this could slay a god."

"A completely ordinary person with no connection to the magical world, yet he succeeded in God-Slaying..."

"It's not surprising. No Campione is ever normal, and they can't be judged by conventional concepts or logic."

"The birth of a Campione is inherently without pattern, and has nothing to do with whether one is a magician. Before a god, even paladins are no different from ordinary mortals."

"God-Slaying relies not on strength, nor on mystery, not even on knowledge or wisdom, but rather on miraculous coincidence and reckless courage."

"Even so, the fact that so many of them have appeared in this era, and now a seventh has been born, is too unreasonable."

"Demon Lord, huh..."

As the sages discussed, they couldn't help but reveal a trace of fear.

Campione—God-Slayers—are tyrants.

Because they have slain the gods of heaven and seized the supreme powers those gods held.

Campione—God-Slayers—are kings.

Because they command the Authorities stolen through God-Slaying and rule over mortals.

Campione—God-Slayers—are Demon Lords.

Because in this world, no mortal possesses the power to oppose them.

They wield absolute authority. To weak mortals, they are no different from gods, demons, or mythical beasts—beings who stand above all life.

Like natural creatures without predators, they can act however they please in this world, and no one can stop them, much less defy them.

Until now, Campione had indeed caused the world massive trouble, even greater sometimes than that of descending Heretic Gods.

They ignore rules, order, laws, and incite chaos around the world—sometimes worse than what a Heretic God's arrival would bring.

But humanity still must revere them, obey them, kneel before them.

This is the sorrow of the weak, and the cruelty of reality.

The birth of a new Campione is by no means a good thing for major powers.

The more such beings exist, the more detrimental it is for world powers and even ordinary citizens.

Unfortunately, as always, they could do nothing.

Gods and Campione—these beings are on an entirely different level from other life forms.

Therefore...

"Spread the news appropriately. Let all magical societies and mystical forces remember the appearance of this new king."

"Hopefully they'll remain cautious enough not to provoke the king and perish in an instant."

"In history, many renowned and once-glorious powers were destroyed overnight for provoking a Demon Lord—such cases are not few."

"What god did the new king slay?"

"Storms, spirits, meteors... someone even saw an eight-legged horse using farsight. Unless something went wrong, it should be him."

"The chief god of Norse mythology—Odin."

"A chief god-level deity?"

"To think he slew a god of that caliber... what kind of Authority did the new king usurp?"

"From now on, this will be a matter of key interest."

Thus, amid this smoothly flowing discussion, the sages of the Witenagemot built a preliminary intelligence file.

This was the seventh Campione born, after the current sixth king, Salvatore Doni.

Only four years had passed since Salvatore Doni became a Campione, and now a new king had appeared.

Many factions that received the news sensed the madness of this era.

Usually, there would only be three or four Campione in an era. Sometimes just one or two. In some centuries, not a single one would be born.

But in this era, there were already seven Campione.

Those who knew the secrets realized—this age would no longer be peaceful.

With so many Campione gathered in one era, just what kind of chaos would be stirred up? And what kind of entities would be drawn forth?

Those in the know were already growing uneasy.

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At the same time...

In Shichio Shrine, Mariya Yuri was hosting a guest.

"I really didn't expect you to come here personally."

While brewing tea for the other person, Mariya Yuri spoke with genuine surprise.

Seated before her was a woman with a beautiful face, an aura that seemed detached from the mortal world, a slender figure with no excess fat, dressed in a white shirt, suit jacket, and long pants, wearing a tie—clearly in male attire, yet unmistakably female.

Standing behind the woman was another middle-aged man in a suit and tie. He looked like a salaryman, but the aura he exuded was somewhat slack and frivolous, giving off a not-so-simple vibe.

Mariya Yuri spoke with the former, while the latter remained silent like a bodyguard.

The woman in male attire took up the teacup and spoke in an overly cheerful tone.

"Even your Spirit Vision didn't sense my arrival. It seems I really did drop in quite suddenly this time."

At these words, Mariya Yuri furrowed her beautiful brows.

"Spirit Vision isn't such a convenient thing. It's just an occasional glimpse of what others can't see—not something always effective."

This somewhat dissatisfied statement was met with a shrug from the suited woman.

"That's true for most people. But you, Yuri, are the most powerful Spirit Vision user I've ever met—maybe even more powerful than the legendary Divine Ancestor."

The implication being that while others might not be able to use Spirit Vision at will, Mariya Yuri was an exception.

Her Spirit Vision could be triggered easily by a proper catalyst.

That catalyst might be a mere phrase—or just brushing past a stranger could be enough to activate it.

Because of this, the suited woman had never underestimated her due to her youth.

"I don't believe for a second that you know nothing." The woman in male attire asked in a tone that sounded half-provocation, half-probing: "Surely you've sensed something about why I came to see you?"

"...Just a little." Mariya Yuri, clearly not as calculating as the other party, fell silent for a moment, then spoke in a rather complicated tone: "Ever since you arrived, my intuition has been warning me—telling me to drive you out. Otherwise, I'll be drawn into something I really don't want to deal with."

...Indeed, Mariya Yuri's Spirit Vision was the rarest of treasures in this world—on a completely different level from others.

The woman—Sayanomiya Kaoru—confirmed this once more and decided not to beat around the bush anymore.

"Yesterday, you reported your Spirit Vision to us. You said you saw a god descending, didn't you?"

Upon hearing this, Mariya Yuri nodded, her expression growing more complex.

"The chief god of Norse mythology, king of the Aesir, that great being who wields the spear that governs fate—he brought great trouble to the coastal metropolis, right?"

Mariya Yuri did not possess such well-informed intelligence that she would know all this just the day after the incident.

But she had seen the god's true form—Spirit Vision had revealed this knowledge to her.

That alone proved her Spirit Vision was indeed powerful.

However...

"That god-king has been defeated," Sayanomiya Kaoru stated succinctly. "A new Campione has been born in our country, and it seems he shares some kind of fate with you."

This was the reason Sayanomiya Kaoru had come today.

"I—I share a fate with him?"

Mariya Yuri was dumbfounded.

But the next second, her eyes suddenly turned vacant, and her vision leapt—flying off into the distance...