

Multiverse 255

Chapter 255: The Boy and the Girl

"You there, boy."

The boy who walked up to Kaiser—despite appearing even younger than Kaiser—spoke to him in a very old-fashioned tone.

"Art thou inviting me?"

The boy's voice was extremely androgynous, resembling that of a youth going through voice change, making it difficult to tell whether it was male or female. If one had to categorize it, it would barely fit into the baritone range.

A gentle smile adorned the boy's face. His narrow eyes became even narrower due to the expression, and his lips curved upward in a strikingly archaic manner.

If someone who didn't know what this boy was were to hear his tone, they'd likely think he was arrogant and pretentious—like a superior looking down on an inferior.

Fortunately, Kaiser knew what the other party was. He could even discern the language being spoken. It wasn't English, nor was it Italian, but some kind of ancient tongue.

If not for the Librarian of the Fantasy Library's innate language mastery, Kaiser might've really needed the Campione's Thousand Languages to understand what the other was saying.

Kaiser gave the boy a faint smile.

"Not really an invitation, just thought I'd say hello."

Kaiser spoke words incomprehensible to others.

Yet, the boy seemed to understand.

"I see. Like the trumpet blown before a battle, or the white glove thrown before a duel—thou art doing that to me now, correct?"

Though speaking of dangerous things, the boy's smile only grew happier.

"Very well! A challenge from a strong one—I have never and will never refuse such things." The boy looked at Kaiser with burning eyes and asked, "Boy, what is thy name?"

"You don't need to know. After all, I'm just a modern human. Unlike you, famous and named in mythology, known to all." Kaiser shrugged, then suddenly changed his tone and said, "But you—do you even remember your own name?"

"Me?" The boy shook his head and replied with indifference, "I truly cannot recall my name."

"I don't even know why I appeared here, or why I always feel as though I am incomplete, needing to recover my complete self."

"But it matters not. Even if I don't know my name or origin, it brings no particular trouble."

"There is only one thing I need to know."

Saying this, the boy calmly uttered words of extreme arrogance.

"I am the victor. Victory is ever in my hands."

"No matter the battle, no matter the enemy, my victory will never change, nor falter."

"Yes, that's right. I remember now—it is because I want to experience the taste of defeat that I appeared here."

The boy's gaze toward Kaiser turned sharp.

"Boy, thy body seems to emit a presence much like mine. Could it be that thou art the one I have been searching for?"

A similar presence? The boy's words made Kaiser pause, and then he quickly understood.

As a Campione, the aura on Kaiser must not be anything pleasant to the boy—let alone something to be considered "similar."

If there were anything on Kaiser that shared the same essence as the boy before him, it could only be one thing.

That was the Gungnir.

The spear of destiny that ensured victory upon being thrown. In some sense, it was indeed of the same essence as the boy.

After all, both were incarnations of victory, existences that always held triumph in their grasp.

"As expected of you, to even sense the Authority within me." Kaiser remarked in admiration, then smiled. "I don't know if I'm the one you've been searching for."

"But, I did come here for you."

"I want to defeat you."

Upon hearing this, the boy's eyes widened slightly, then he let out a hearty laugh.

"Thy declaration speaks directly to my soul! Boy!"

The boy laughed with genuine joy, almost as if he wanted to dance.

"This is perfect, this is perfect. I was seeking someone like thee—strong and wishing to defeat me!"

"Since we both hold the Authority of victory, it is only natural that we should determine which of us stands above!"

"My journey was not in vain!"

Leaving those words behind, the boy actually turned around as if to leave.

Nothing could be done.

"Though I still cannot recall my name, I faintly sense that in my current state, even if we fought, I would not stand the slightest chance." The boy spoke loudly with his back to Kaiser. "To defeat thee, I must return to my peak condition as soon as possible."

"Boy, forgive me. Grant me a few more days."

"Once I retrieve all of my incarnations and return to my complete, invincible state, I shall accept thy challenge."

However, just as those words left the boy's lips and before he could leave, a voice boldly interrupted.

"How unfortunate. Now isn't a time when you can just say pretty words and walk away unscathed, suspicious boy."

This was spoken in Italian—standard Italian.

The speaker's voice was like heavenly music, as enchanting as a mermaid, yet as dignified as a knight. It gave the impression of a blooming rose, sudden and brilliant.

The owner of the voice walked forward with steps even more confident and powerful than the boy's.

Her posture—rather than walking, it was like posing under a spotlight, dazzling beyond words.

Seeing her, the boy's response was calm, but Kaiser raised his brows and turned to observe.

Upon closer inspection, the person who came into view matched her voice—an extraordinarily eye-catching existence.

She had long golden hair and wore a vibrant red outfit. Her appearance was stunning, her figure elegant and voluptuous—like a masterpiece crafted meticulously by a god, surpassing any doll in grace and liveliness, full of nobility and confidence.

Every move she made radiated elegance, and her every step displayed refined upbringing. She seemed like the daughter of a wealthy household, or a noble lady, but more than anything, she resembled a queen, a knight, a blooming red rose.

Looking at her, Kaiser was reminded of Rias.

Both were equally confident, equally dignified, and equally beautiful. Only, Rias felt more like a noble lady, while the girl before him seemed more like a divine warrior from a prestigious lineage.

"I am Erica Blandelli, the noble one destined to be known as the Diavolo Rosso. I ask the two of you to remember this name and etch it deep within your souls."

The girl—Erica's demeanor was confident to the point of arrogance, yet it didn't come across as conceited or aggressive. Instead, her confidence carried a clear sense of etiquette that others could feel, making people instinctively admire her while also feeling respected.

Though in some people's eyes, such upright confidence might be irritating, neither of the two men here today were of such shallow character.

Thus, Erica's entrance, in their eyes, was not flawed—but rather, full of substance.

Unfortunately...

"Regretfully, I've already found what I must do. So, girl, don't obstruct me."

The boy's attitude toward Erica was not as enthusiastic as toward Kaiser, and he seemed a bit disinterested.

But Erica appeared unconcerned with the boy's departure declaration.

"That's why I said it's unfortunate. Now isn't a time when you can just say pretty words and walk away unscathed." Erica smiled sweetly and said leisurely, "According to the members of our Copper Black Cross stationed in this remote southern location, you've appeared multiple times at the sites where Divine Beasts manifested across Sardinia, and are suspected of brief contact with them."

"Bosa, Orgosolo, Barumini... wherever sightings of Divine Beasts were confirmed, you were seen nearby."

"That can't be a coincidence, can it?"

Erica stood casually, yet blocked the boy's path.

"Apologies, but in order to investigate the truth behind the Heretic God who appeared on this island, I must ask you to come with me, suspicious boy."

Saying this, Erica turned her gaze toward Kaiser's direction.

"And you as well, mysterious individual who appeared on this island without notice, please come with us too?"

Clearly, she had no intention of letting Kaiser off the hook just because he had contact with the boy and was acting just as suspiciously.

To this, the boy said nothing in response to Erica, while Kaiser looked at her with interest.

"You're a knight of the Copper Black Cross?"

At those words, Erica immediately corrected him.

"Wrong. I am a Great Knight of the Copper Black Cross, not someone who can be equated with ordinary knights."

In this world, apart from gods and Campiones being overwhelmingly powerful, ordinary humans also have various professions and abilities on the mystical side, depending on the region.

Such as Miko, Spirit Seers, Spirit Users, Taoists, Martial Artists, Magicians, Curse Users, Priests, Shamans, Ninjas, Samurai... and so on—across the mystical world, many different talents exist, each mastering different abilities.

Knights are a unique profession within the European magical world.

In Italy, Spain, and other Southern European circles, knights usually refer to Paladins—successors of the historical Knights Templar.

Though the Knights Templar were destroyed in the early 14th century, a small number survived and passed down their martial skills and magic to the present.

Those who inherited this lineage are known as knights—not merely magicians, but also skilled in martial arts and embodying the noble spirit of chivalry.

And among them, only the finest among thousands throughout history are granted the title of Great Knight.

Above Great Knights are Paladins—the highest-ranking knights of the human world, titles only bestowed upon the strongest of knights. Their existence represents the pinnacle of humanity and are capable of contending with Divine Beasts or Demigods.

Since this girl before them was a Great Knight, it proved she was already close to touching that pinnacle of humanity.

A true prodigy, an unquestionable powerhouse.