

## Multiverse 26

Chapter 26: Chapter 74: The True Power of the Magic Swords

"Ayato!"

Seeing Ayato Amagiri nearly lose his school badge to Kirin Toudou's blade, Julis-Alexia von Riessfeld broke into a cold sweat.

"Schwing!"

Amidst the raging flames of the explosion, the Ser-Veresta emerged, slashing through the fiery shockwave in a single stroke, severing the entire blast in two.

Bathed in glimmering Prana, his defenses enhanced to withstand the flames, Kaiser strode out unscathed, flashing a confident smile at Julis, whose expression had subtly shifted.

"Kirin is strong," Kaiser remarked casually. "If you forget that, you're going to have a problem."

Despite not being a Strega, an Orga Lux wielder, or even older than thirteen, Kirin's presence was often overshadowed by Kaiser, who stood out in every possible way.

But that did not mean Kirin could be underestimated.

Even now, despite Ayato having overcome his seal and stepped into the Awakening of Perception, his victory over Kirin was far from certain.

Even Kirin herself had admitted she might be weaker than Ayato at this moment. But defeating her would still require immense effort on his part.

"In terms of pure swordsmanship, Kirin still surpasses Ayato." Kaiser smirked. "If you think she's the weak link in our team, then unless you give it your absolute all, you won't even stand a chance."

As he spoke, Kaiser gripped his sword with both hands and raised the Ser-Veresta high above his head.

A massive surge of Prana flowed into the sword, causing black, swirling patterns to appear along its blade.

"Speaking of which, Your Highness, your abilities are quite difficult to deal with. Long-range fire bombardment is one thing, but you've also been quietly setting traps across the battlefield. I wonder... just how many more of those have you hidden on this stage?"

While he spoke, the Ser-Veresta continued to darken as he channeled even more power into it.

"To avoid getting played any further, I think it's time to clean up the battlefield."

Julis' heart skipped a beat.

She immediately realized what Kaiser was about to do.

"Bloom—"

Reacting instantly, she activated her ability, attempting to stop him before he could finish.

But—

She was too late.

Kaiser had already reversed his grip on the Ser-Veresta, clasped the hilt with both hands—

And drove it straight into the ground.

"Shhkk!"

The stage floor of Sirius Dome was pierced as if it were paper, just as it had been in the semifinals.

"Boom—!"

The immense heat concentrated within the Ser-Veresta was suddenly unleashed, erupting beneath the stage with devastating force.

In an instant—

The entire stage turned red-hot, glowing like molten metal. The temperature skyrocketed, forcing the defensive barriers to activate immediately, forming three consecutive layers to contain the heat within the battlefield.

Inside the sealed-off space, the stage had transformed into a blazing furnace, radiating intense, suffocating heat.

In that moment, the entire battlefield's Mana flow was severed.

The flames that had previously surrounded Julis vanished into thin air.

And, naturally, all the trap-based abilities she had placed beforehand were also completely erased—not a single one remained.

"...This is bad."

Julis let out a low, frustrated sigh.

She immediately began backpedaling, distancing herself from Kaiser as much as possible.

Her set-up abilities were gone, the Mana density in the area was depleted, and now—she couldn't even activate her own Strega abilities.

Julis was now completely powerless.

"This completely counters ability users..."

For the first time, Julis truly grasped the sheer terror of the Ser-Veresta.

A Strega or Dante could only use their unique abilities because of their connection to Mana.

But if the Mana flow disappeared, they had nothing to draw upon—their powers became completely unusable.

Unless one wielded an Orga Lux like Ser-Veresta or Gravisheath, which had its own independent Mana supply, a Mana-depleted battlefield would render any Strega or Dante utterly helpless.

In other words—

The Ser-Veresta was a natural counter to every Strega and Dante in existence.

It wasn't just Julis who realized this.

Everyone watching the battle—the academies, executives, and factions that relied on Strega and Dante power—were now deeply unsettled.

"Wait... is the Ser-Veresta really this terrifying?"

"No previous wielder of Ser-Veresta has ever managed to pull this off."

"If Ser-Veresta could always do this, it would've been legendary by now!"

"This means... the previous wielders weren't able to achieve this level of control. It's not that they didn't want to—it's that they couldn't."

"The only one who has ever fully unlocked the Ser-Veresta's potential—is him."

The expressions of countless individuals darkened as they watched Kaiser, their wariness toward him increasing tenfold.

Unaware of the reaction he had stirred, Kaiser simply pulled his sword from the floor, reducing the Prana output and allowing its blade to return to its usual violet-black hue.

"That should take care of your annoying abilities for now."

His golden eyes locked onto Julis, whose expression was shifting between frustration and disbelief.

"Let's see how you stop me now."

With a single burst of movement, Kaiser launched himself toward Julis like an arrow from a bow.

"Julis!"

Ayato's voice erupted across the battlefield.

"OOOOHHHHH—!!"

The normally calm and gentle Ayato roared, his Prana surging explosively around him.

A powerful shockwave burst forth, sending Kirin flying away from him.

The unleashed Prana storm rushed into his Wole-Zain, causing its Urm-Manadyte core to shine brighter than ever before.

Like a raging storm, Ayato charged forward, roaring as he swung his most powerful strike yet at Kaiser.

"Boom—!"

The impact shook the entire stage.

And then—

Something incredible happened.

The moment Ayato's sword slashed forward—

Space itself was severed.

As if a sheet of glass had been shattered, a deep, jagged black rift split open in the air, tearing through the very fabric of reality.

The moment the rift appeared—

Kaiser.

Kirin.

Even Julis.

All of them froze.

Because—

That rift was growing.

Slowly but surely, it was expanding—splitting the battlefield apart.

"Kaise-senpai!"

Kirin, who had barely steadied herself after being knocked back, found herself trapped in a corner, unable to move past the rift.

"Ayato!"

Julis, now isolated on the opposite side, realized that all paths leading to her had been cut off.

Kaiser, who had been mid-charge, was forced to halt abruptly.

Right before him—

The expanding, pitch-black spatial rift had completely blocked his path.

"...So this is the true power of Wole-Zain?"

Kaiser's gaze flickered toward Ayato.

The spectators fell into stunned silence.

Just like the Ser-Veresta, this level of power had never been recorded in history.

Ayato Amagiri had just unlocked Wole-Zain's hidden potential.

And—

He wasn't even aware of what he had done.

"Your opponent is me."

Ayato's gaze turned sharper than ever before.

Kaiser's golden eyes wavered slightly—then curved into an exhilarated smile.

"Come, then."

With no further words needed, Kaiser raised the Ser-Veresta.

Ayato, his Prana burning brighter than ever, dashed forward.

"Amagiri Shinmei Style—Night Dust Pattern!"

Ayato's sword strike, filled with unprecedented force, came slashing toward Kaiser.

Kaiser, eyes blazing, met it head-on.

"Clang!!"

The impact sent shockwaves rippling across the battlefield.

The true battle had begun.