

Multiverse 27

Chapter 27: Chapter 75: The Ultimate Sword Dance

"Vmm—"

It was the sound of the magic swords vibrating—no, the very air itself was trembling.

As Kaiser and Ayato Amagiri let go of all distractions and focused solely on their battle, this resonating hum filled the battlefield.

Their Prana burst forth, scattering like stardust, forming radiant trails of energy that painted their silhouettes like mythical warriors of legend.

Within this dazzling display, the two swordsmen clashed.

"Boom!"

Kaiser surged forward, his entire body enveloped in scorching heat, disrupting the air currents around him as he charged. The Ser-Veresta pulsed with waves of fire, sword light flowing like a ribbon of violet-black energy, slashing fiercely.

"Amagiri Shinmei Style—Thousand Fanged Separation!"

Ayato mirrored the charge, dashing with breakneck speed while swinging Wole-Zain, unleashing a streak of azure radiance brimming with sharp, unrelenting force.

"Clang—!"

The violet-black arc met the azure flash, the collision producing a clear, resounding clash. A violent shockwave rippled outward, pushing both swordsmen back a single step.

But neither hesitated.

Their gazes locked for the briefest moment—then, as if acting in perfect sync, they raised their swords once more and struck again.

"Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!"

The clash of blades rang through the stadium. The Ser-Veresta and Wole-Zain moved with blistering speed, slashing, blocking, and countering each other in rapid succession.

The sheer ferocity of their battle caused sparks to explode like fireworks, while the force of their strikes distorted the air, producing waves of pressure that sent dust and debris scattering across the stage.

Their figures flickered across the battlefield, weaving in and out of range as they pursued each other relentlessly.

A storm of sword flashes and shockwaves engulfed the stage.

Their duel wasn't merely a battle—it was a performance.

It was a sword dance of the highest caliber.

And then—

"OOOOOHHHHHHH!!!"

The audience, having been stunned into silence, suddenly erupted into a deafening cheer.

"What an unbelievable display of swordsmanship!"

"The two Magic Swordsmen are finally going all out! Everyone, witness this spectacular duel unfold before your very eyes!"

The commentators shouted in excitement, but no one was listening.

Because at this moment—all eyes were locked onto the battlefield.

Even Kirin Toudou and Julis-Alexia von Riessfeld, trapped behind the spatial rift, were watching intently.

For Kaiser and Ayato, everything else had faded into the background.

There was only one thing left in their minds—

The overwhelming desire to fight.

Their gazes burned with fiery determination.

"Clang!"

For what must have been the hundredth time, the Ser-Veresta and Wole-Zain collided, their impact producing a massive recoil, forcing both swordsmen to break apart once again.

"Amagiri Shinmei Style—Tenfold Spiral!"

Ayato pivoted, gripping his sword with one hand as he spun in place, swinging a spiraling arc of azure light toward Kaiser.

The sudden change in angle was deceptively fast.

Kaiser initially thought Ayato was striking from the left, but in a mere instant, Ayato twisted his stance, and Wole-Zain came from the right instead.

With barely a moment to react, Kaiser unleashed a burst of heated wind, propelling himself sideways to dodge the blow.

"Amagiri Shinmei Style—Nine Fang Slash!"

But Ayato wasn't finished.

Encased in brilliant Prana, he charged forward like a meteor, his sword flashing through the air as he unleashed nine consecutive slashes.

Four rapid horizontal strikes—followed by five piercing thrusts, striking at Kaiser's limbs and torso with blinding speed.

This was the fastest series of strikes Ayato had ever executed.

It was also the most difficult intermediate technique of the Amagiri Shinmei Style—a technique bordering on the esoteric domain.

Kaiser felt it.

This sensation—

It was similar to Kirin's Renzuru.

It was the feeling of being caught within an inescapable web of attacks.

But instead of attempting to escape—

Kaiser chose not to move.

"Haaah—"

Taking a deep breath, he exploded with Prana, pouring all of it into his sword.

The Ser-Veresta turned pitch-black.

"Boom!"

Heat surged outward.

Kaiser's entire body was surrounded by scorching currents, the air around him distorting like rippling smoke.

And then—

"Vmm—"

The Ser-Veresta changed.

It grew larger—expanding into a massive greatsword, even bigger than its usual fully released state.

"Boom!"

With a single wide sweep, Kaiser's blackened greatsword slashed outward, devouring all nine of Ayato's attacks in one mighty arc.

"Boom!"

A tremendous shockwave erupted, forcefully repelling Wole-Zain.

"What—?"

Ayato's expression flickered in shock.

His strongest consecutive strike had been completely overpowered.

But Kaiser wasn't done.

With heat radiating from his entire body, he rushed forward—his speed reaching a terrifying extreme.

Ayato barely had time to react.

He steeled his resolve, gripping his sword tightly.

"Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang—!"

The battle only grew faster and fiercer.

Sword strikes lashed through the air with deafening speed, the collision of steel intensifying into a thunderous rhythm.

Rather than slowing down, their fight was accelerating—pushing toward an inevitable climax.

Each exchange created violent tremors, shaking the stage and tearing deep gashes into the floor.

It was a clash of titans.

It was the pinnacle of swordsmanship.

Even the most experienced spectators could no longer keep up with the blinding speed of their battle.

In the midst of this unrelenting duel, both swordsmen were launched back once again.

"Ah... Amazing."

On the other side of the battlefield, Julis-Alexia von Riessfeld was utterly mesmerized.

No—she could no longer follow the battle.

Her eyesight simply couldn't keep up.

All she could see were flickering afterimages, black and blue streaks colliding in a dance of destruction.

"Is this... their true power?"

Unlike Julis, however, Kirin Toudou could see everything clearly.

As she had stated before—her eyesight was exceptional.

Not only could she track Kaiser and Ayato's movements, but she could even see the Prana surging through their bodies.

Because of that, she understood—

They were evenly matched.

Their speed, their strength, their Prana, and their swordsmanship were all nearly identical.

Kaiser was faster, thanks to his heat-enhanced acceleration.

But Ayato's Awakening of Perception allowed him to predict and counter Kaiser's movements flawlessly.

Because of this, neither could gain the upper hand.

But—

Kirin knew.

That stalemate wouldn't last.

Because Kaiser had one advantage that no one else could match.

"He has completely mastered the Ser-Veresta..."

And—

As if to prove her point—

"Clang!"

With a single devastating slash, Kaiser sent Ayato skidding backward.

And then—

"Crack—"

Ayato's expression twisted.

Because in his hands—

The Wole-Zain had begun to fracture.