

Multiverse 272

Chapter 272: A Rather Astonishing Battle Record

Southern Italy, Sardinia.

When they saw the sky beginning to clear up, with both the storm and blizzard completely receding, all those from the mysterious side knew one thing.

"The Heretic God has been vanquished."

Only then could Sardinia welcome this moment of clearing skies after the storm, this peace after crisis.

"We won?"

Erica looked up at the now clear sky, her face showing an expression of exhaustion she couldn't hide.

The other members of the mysterious side were mostly the same—each of them with a face full of fatigue, some even collapsed on the ground and didn't get back up, showing just how drained they were.

If one looked closely, they would find that the Magical Power in these people's bodies was nearly depleted.

There was no helping it—for the sake of protecting the people of Sardinia amidst the calamity-like storm and blizzard, they had given their all.

Especially those stationed along the coast—each one of them was completely spent, looking half-dead.

It had to be said, during the fierce battle between Kaiser, Verethragna, and Melqart, this area was hit hardest by the aftershocks—sudden tsunamis, violent shockwaves, even avalanches occurred. It was utterly absurd.

To block these disasters, they had exhausted every means available, yet still could not fully protect the entire coastal region—many areas were damaged as a result.

Fortunately, thanks to prior anticipation and the joint efforts of various magical societies, people in high-risk areas had already been evacuated beforehand. Thus, while the damage might be significant, casualties were relatively minimal.

"Thank goodness it's over... otherwise I wouldn't have been able to hold on."

"Who isn't feeling the same?"

"This is what a battle between gods looks like?"

"Not to mention there was also a God-Slaying Campione involved, right?"

"...As expected of the King, truly powerful and terrifying."

People chatted in small groups, displaying a kind of bitter humor, but their mood was not bad.

After all, the calamity had passed. As long as no lives were lost, and Sardinia still stood, being a little more tired didn't matter.

Of course, this was just a temporary mindset.

Later, they still had to carry out post-disaster reconstruction, organize the aftermath—there were plenty of tasks ahead.

"That Sardinia, located in the Mediterranean, would experience such heavy snow... is quite rare."

Erica stood atop a building, looking at the snowy scenery before her, and sighed.

The sudden change in weather—the unexpected blizzard swept across the entire Sardinia, blanketing everything in white.

The snow was so thick, not only were roads buried, even some buildings were completely covered.

Erica could already imagine how much effort the magical societies of Italy would need to spend just to clear away all this snow.

"Where on earth did that blizzard come from?"

This was the only question Erica couldn't figure out.

Because, none of the three combatants should have possessed an Authority of that nature.

Verethragna possessed Ten Incarnations, each with different powers, but none of them related to ice or snow.

Melqart's Divinity was very complex—sky, life, sea, sun—it had everything, but still no Authority related to ice or snow.

As for Kaiser...

According to the reports provided by the Witenagemot, the god he had slain should have been the chief god of Norse mythology—the one who wielded the infallible spear, Odin.

The domains governed by that chief god were likewise vast—prophecy, kingship, wisdom, healing, magic, poetry, war, and death—but again, none related to ice or snow.

In other words, the Authority Kaiser took from Odin should also not contain the power of ice or snow.

Yet this disaster-level blizzard still came, sweeping across all of Sardinia. To say it wasn't the doing of those three, Erica couldn't believe it.

"Could it be that the King's Authority mutated somehow?"

Erica couldn't help but think so.

Just then, as if noticing something, she lifted her elegant chin and looked up at the sky.

"Whoosh!"

Far away in the Mediterranean, over the drifting ice, a figure flew as if freed from gravity, stopping midair.

"King!"

Erica couldn't help but call out.

Kaiser, now appearing in the sky, seemed to hear Erica's voice and looked in her direction—but didn't fly toward her, instead turning toward the land of Sardinia.

Seeing that the thick snow had nearly covered every corner of Sardinia, Kaiser thought for a moment and finally made his move.

He extended his hand and grasped. A pitch-black Activator immediately appeared in his hand, which he activated.

Intense heat condensed into a pitch-black blade, and the transformed demon sword was tightly gripped by him. The red Urm-Manadyte emitted a blinding light, with dark patterns floating and writhing around the sword.

"Go, Ser-Veresta."

Kaiser then threw the demon sword in his hand toward the ground, letting the blade of Ser-Veresta stab into the thick snow.

In the next moment...

"Boom!"

A burst of intense heat exploded within Sardinia, making the entire island's atmosphere shimmer like it had turned crimson with flame.

Under the searing heat, the thick snow quickly melted. The once white-covered Sardinia returned to full color, vibrant like early spring after a long winter.

Once there was not a trace of snow left in Sardinia, Ser-Veresta, which had pierced the ground and turned it into a furnace, flew back into Kaiser's hand, retracted its blade, and returned to its Activator form.

Only then did Kaiser, controlling gravity, descend in front of Erica.

"Congratulations, my King, on successfully slaying two gods." Erica knelt on one knee before Kaiser, smiling like a blooming flower as she said, "Your Majesty's valor is truly admirable and astonishing. Erica Blandelli is in awe."

These weren't just polite words—they came from the heart.

If Kaiser had only slain one god, Erica wouldn't have been so impressed, because she knew all Campiones had that ability—they had each slain gods more than once.

But to take on two gods at once—two of the highest-ranking gods—and still emerge victorious? That, she had never heard of anyone accomplishing.

No, in general, it was already extremely difficult for a Campione to encounter two gods at once.

Yet Kaiser not only encountered them, he successfully slew them. That was enough to amaze Erica.

Especially since this King before her had only become a Campione a few days ago, had only slain one god before this, and possessed only one Authority—yet could rely on that lone Authority to defeat two gods. What kind of achievement and feat was this?

Just thinking about it, even someone like Erica—who rarely admired others—couldn't find any fault this time.

"Melqart was simply courting death." Kaiser naturally knew what Erica was admiring and shook his head. "If he hadn't chosen to hide in the sea and wait until Verethragna and I had exhausted ourselves, giving me a chance to defeat them one by one, it would've been difficult to take down both gods at once."

If Melqart had chosen to ally with Verethragna, the battle would certainly have become much more brutal.

Unfortunately, Melqart could never team up with the god who had once severely injured him, who had summoned him back just to find a strong foe—even if that foe was a Campione.

"Even so, Your Majesty's valor remains impressive." Erica looked at the man before her, who wasn't much older than herself, and said, "It hasn't even been a full week since Your Majesty became a Campione."

"In such a short time, you've slain three gods—that's already a remarkable feat."

"After this battle, I believe no one will think of you as merely a newly emerged King."

As the newly ascended seventh King, Kaiser, although feared by mysterious factions around the world due to his status as a Campione, still couldn't compare in people's eyes to the other Campiones.

If nothing else, in terms of Authorities—until recently, Kaiser had only one. How could that compare to the other Campiones who had slain many gods and wielded multiple Authorities?

However, after today, Kaiser would no longer be seen as the least threatening Demon Lord.

Being able to slay two gods at once already proved his strength—not to mention that he had now obtained new Authorities, increasing the number to three.

It had to be said—even Salvatore Doni, who became a Campione four years ago, only had four Authorities. That was just one more than Kaiser had now.

This was enough to let the world know—the new King had already begun to shine and was no longer a novice.

And if they knew that the number of gods Kaiser had slain wasn't three, but four—and that Poseidon had been dealt with by him without anyone noticing—they'd be even less inclined to see Kaiser as some greenhorn.

In short, with this battle, Kaiser had truly asserted his dominance and fame. He was destined to cause a greater sensation across the entire world than ever before.

"I don't really care how others see me."

Kaiser, not particularly interested, shook his head and walked toward the building's interior.

Only Erica remained, not following right away, but standing still and gazing at the scene of Sardinia's first snow melting, silently thinking:

"With this, the incident in Sardinia has come to an end."

The outcome, one could say, was gratifying—but her own objective was now effectively shattered.

Based on her performance in this incident, even if she had some shining moments, it wouldn't be enough to earn her the title of "Diavolo Rosso."

This time, she had merely served as a companion to the new King.

"But I will not give up."

After witnessing how great and mighty true gods were, although her shaken confidence hadn't fully recovered, it had steeled her resolve even more.

"I will definitely become the chief knight of the Copper Black Cross and inherit my uncle's title—Diavolo Rosso."

As for how to do it, Erica already had a clear plan in mind.