

Multiverse 274

Chapter 274: I'm No Battle Maniac

Salvatore Doni, twenty-four years old this year, was the youngest King in the world before Kaiser became a Campione, the sixth Campione.

He is the leader of the Southern European Magic Society Alliance. A few years ago, he was just an ordinary knight, and not many people thought highly of him.

Because he possessed a unique constitution that couldn't store Magical Power, and his talent in magic was nearly zero—a person destined from birth to be at odds with the mysterious.

The reason he could still become a knight, despite lacking magical talent, was entirely because he had exceptional talent in swordsmanship.

He once apprenticed under a Paladin and learned swordsmanship under his tutelage. As a result, he completely mastered his master's swordsmanship within a month, becoming a powerful swordsman.

Later, by a twist of fate, he defeated a god with swordsmanship and usurped the Authority, altering his constitution. Although he still couldn't learn magic, he gained vast Magical Power, and thus became the sixth Campione, gradually reaching the top of the Southern European magical world.

He is called the King of the Sword because he basically knows nothing except the sword.

Now, this king, who could be called a prodigy, had come to Sardinia and stood before Kaiser.

"Hello there, compatriot."

When Kaiser saw him, he greeted Kaiser with a bright smile and cheerful voice.

He was sitting in the hotel restaurant, right across from the seat Kaiser had been dining at before, holding a big chicken leg in his hand, seemingly already having been eating for quite some time.

Kaiser immediately sized him up, confirming his appearance.

He was a blond-haired Italian youth, quite handsome in appearance, and slender like a bamboo pole. His body had clearly undergone intense training, giving him the look of an athletic-type man who would surely be popular among schoolgirls.

He wore a casual-style shirt and slacks, sports sneakers on his feet, and a slender cylindrical case by his side, exuding a laid-back and frivolous air that made Kaiser narrow his eyes.

Although this youth appeared to be a frivolous man in attitude, Kaiser still keenly sensed the flash of sharpness in his eyes and the vast Magical Power within him.

Facing this young man, though it wasn't like facing a god where he could instantly flip the switch and enter combat mode, the vague sense of danger still somewhat stirred his constitution, causing the Magical Power in his body to naturally respond and start flowing.

"Salvatore Doni?"

Kaiser ignored his grease-covered hand and made the inquiry.

"That's me." Doni didn't seem to care either, acting like an optimist as he laughed, "You're the seventh one, right? Not bad—you became a Campione even younger than I did."

"About the same, probably?" Kaiser spoke leisurely, "I heard you became a Campione four years ago. You were only twenty back then, right?"

In this world, Kaiser was nineteen—a foreigner who had just graduated high school not long ago and was in a state of indecision about whether to attend university.

So while it was said he was young, in truth, he had only become a Campione one year younger than Doni.

The two could barely be called the same generation—at least in terms of the age they became Campiones.

As for now, Doni was about five years older than Kaiser, making him a senior.

Of course, Kaiser had no intention of showing deference as a junior.

Twenty-four?

Before becoming the Librarian of the Fantasy Library, he had been around that age, and now, after having spent decades in the Bleach world, even if his mindset and mental state were already set and didn't change much, it was impossible to treat a young man in his twenties as a senior.

To him, age and seniority had more or less lost meaning, so he faced Doni on equal footing.

And Doni didn't seem to mind this at all—on the contrary, he looked rather happy.

"When I became a Campione, I wasn't as incredible as you—rushing to Sardinia just days after gaining your powers and fighting two gods—totally badass." Doni said with a grin, "I feel like we'll get along really well. How about I call you bro?"

"No thanks." Kaiser refused without hesitation and said, "I thought you came to demand an explanation."

After all, this was Italy—Doni's territory.

In other words, any gods that appeared here could basically be considered Doni's prey.

The moment he got word, Doni had rushed over, but due to the weather, all flights to Sardinia were suspended, which delayed him and let Kaiser steal the opportunity.

If pursued seriously, entering another's territory without permission and acting against their prey without consent was undeniably a provocation—a problem.

However, Doni didn't seem to care.

"That's how battle is—it arrives suddenly and vanishes just as suddenly. It's my fault for not making it in time. I can't blame you, bro." Doni brushed it off easily and said, "I've snatched other people's prey too. I've got no right to blame you."

Speaking of which, this King of the Sword did have some ties with Mariya Yuri.

A few years ago, Mariya Yuri had been requisitioned by the Wolf King of Eastern Europe to conduct that god summoning ritual that caused heavy casualties.

The summoned god back then wasn't slain by the ancient King, but was instead intercepted by Doni, whose Southern European territory bordered the Eastern King's.

Because of this, the Wolf King of Eastern Europe even hunted Doni for a while—but unfortunately, Doni managed to escape unscathed.

Being someone who didn't follow the rules, Doni naturally wouldn't demand others follow them either.

In any case, with god-slaying, it's first come, first served.

Doni was open-minded—even if he made the trip in vain, he didn't see it as a big deal.

However...

"To be honest, hearing that you successfully slew two gods really surprised me."

Doni stared at Kaiser, the corner of his mouth lifting.

"I knew there were two gods here, and I knew a newly born compatriot was here too. I thought that even if I didn't make it in time, I'd at least get one. Didn't expect you to take down both. That's really..."

As he spoke, the aura around Doni changed completely.

It became like a drawn sword—sharp and blazing.

Standing beside Kaiser, Erica and the rest of the Copper Black Cross members all felt a stinging on their skin and an eerie chill in their hearts.

It was like someone had pressed a sharp blade against their throats—Erica and the others couldn't help but shudder.

In contrast, Kaiser saw joy in Doni's eyes—saw blazing fighting spirit.

That look—Kaiser understood better than anyone.

In the world of Asterisk, the student council president of Jie Long Seventh Institute had shown that look.

In the High School DxD World, the heir to the Old Lucifer bloodline, Vali Lucifer, had shown that look.

In the Bleach world, the captain of the 11th Division, Kenpachi Zaraki, had shown that look.

It was the look of someone who thirsted for battle, longed for opponents, sought strong foes, and relished combat—a true battle maniac.

Now, Kaiser had met such a person again.

"Flipped your switch already?"

Kaiser spoke with nonchalance, as if uninvolved, his tone casual.

"Looks like you really get it, bro." Doni grinned wider and said, "I knew it—we'll definitely get along."

"Cut it out." Kaiser still bluntly denied it. "I'm no battle maniac."

"Are you serious?" Doni blinked and said, "Don't try to fool me, bro. I can feel it—you're also a warrior who enjoys intense combat. That powerful warrior scent—I could smell it all the way across Sardinia."

"Smell..." Kaiser couldn't help but retort, "What kind of breed is that nose of yours?"

That said, Kaiser didn't deny Doni's words.

Back in the Asterisk world, he had already realized he might have some tendencies toward being a battle junkie.

He didn't enjoy slaughter, and he disliked gore—but he truly didn't resent intense battles.

Maybe it was the repression of his past that caused a rebound. After becoming the Librarian of the Fantasy Library, Kaiser began to let loose, growing more unrestrained, and gradually found joy in fierce combat.

This tendency seemed to have grown stronger after becoming a Campione.

Just a bit of focus, and his body would automatically enter battle mode. The hormones in his body stronger than adrenaline would surge, heating up his whole being and making his blood boil—facing gods in battle would stir a deep excitement and thrill within him.

Given that, how could he deny Doni's words?

It's just...

"I won't deny that I don't shy away from combat, but I'm not like you people who single-mindedly pursue it—battle maniacs who can't enjoy anything but fighting."

Kaiser folded his arms and looked at Doni, speaking calmly.

"Besides battle, I also like good food and beautiful women."

This line made Erica's brow twitch ever so slightly on the side.

"Beautiful women, huh..."

Doni didn't seem to expect Kaiser to say that. He was stunned for a moment, then rubbed his chin and muttered.

"Among our fellow Campiones, quite a few like battle, and some like good food too—but ones who like beautiful women... there aren't many, are there?"

Hearing this, Kaiser was speechless.

Seriously... I just said it offhand, why are you analyzing it seriously?

"Forget it, that's not important. As long as you also like fighting, bro, that's enough."

Doni gave up on the thought and looked at Kaiser with blazing eyes.

"Anyway, it's a rare chance—how about a spar?"

That was what Doni truly wanted to say.