

Multiverse 275

Chapter 275: Truly His Honor

If someone were to ask an acquaintance of Doni what kind of person Salvatore Doni was, the answer would most likely be something like this...

"An idiot."

"A fool."

"A hopeless bastard."

That's right—so negative and disgraceful.

Even though many people were well aware that Salvatore Doni was a Campione, a Demon Lord, and the leader of the entire southern European magic world, people still couldn't give him a positive evaluation.

Because that's just the kind of person he was—not only thick-skinned but also unusually scatterbrained, always capable of doing things that were infuriating yet left others helpless. He could even get someone's name wrong; even if someone repeatedly emphasized it in front of him, he'd say he remembered it, but turn around and forget it entirely.

Take this incident in Sardinia, for example. Because all flights were grounded, in order to reach Sardinia, this so-called King of Swords actually intended to jump into the Mediterranean and swim all the way to shore.

Is that an idea a normal person could come up with?

But Salvatore Doni really intended to do it. When his close aides tried to stop him, he even considered knocking them unconscious or tying them up and throwing them into a public toilet, so that no one could stop him.

Anyone capable of coming up with such ideas clearly had something wrong in the head.

But this was Salvatore Doni—the King of Italy.

He was only interested in combat and utterly devoted to the sword. He had no interest in anything outside of battle. A true warrior, and also a troublemaker who did whatever he pleased.

Some called him a cataclysmic bringer of disaster, others a brainless gorilla. Some believed he had left his intellect behind in his mother's womb, while others suspected he had his buttocks attached to his neck—how else could he come up with so many absurd thoughts and actions that always led to big trouble, leaving others with mixed feelings of respect and frustration?

Erica was exactly someone who both respected and loathed him.

She admitted Salvatore Doni's valor and strength, and admired his swordsmanship and purity. But she was sincerely irritated by the King's stupidity and ridiculousness.

So, she feared Salvatore Doni but didn't respect him. She was willing to acknowledge him as a powerful swordsman or warrior, but was reluctant to recognize someone so vulgar and lacking in elegance as a knight.

However, no matter how low people's evaluations of this man were, they had to admit one fact.

That was, this man was truly strong and dangerous.

No one wanted to see him recklessly displaying his power, as it would cause tremendous effects on the outside world.

"Sir Salvatore." Erica stepped forward, bowed to Doni, and said, "Please allow me to speak. I have a few words I wish to say."

Upon hearing this, Doni turned his gaze toward Erica.

"Oh, it's you, Polka Tenny."

Doni seemed to recognize Erica, wearing an expression of sudden realization.

"It's been a while. Seeing you so spirited truly relieves me," Erica said with a forced smile. "Also, I'm Erica Blandelli. Please don't get my name wrong again."

"Is that so?" Doni smacked his forehead and laughed awkwardly. "Sorry, my memory's never been good. I can only remember the names of people I've met more than five times, so I still can't quite remember your full name."

Erica's gaze toward Doni had already turned somewhat disrespectful.

If she remembered correctly, this should be her sixth time meeting this King, right?

Truly a brainless idiot.

Erica reconfirmed this point and decided not to argue with a fool, steering the conversation back on track.

"With all due respect, Sardinia has just experienced a battle between gods. All of the island's functions are still trying to recover. It really can't withstand another disaster of the same scale. I ask that you, for the sake of this land under your governance, suppress your overly vigorous energy for now, would you?"

Although these words were spoken politely, no matter how one listened, it sounded like she was mocking Doni.

And yet, Doni didn't seem to notice.

"No problem, no problem. My Authorities aren't as dangerous as those of the gods. No storms, no lightning. They won't cause trouble for this island."

Doni waved his hand as he said this.

"...You really have no sense of self-awareness." Erica couldn't hold back, and said bluntly, "Compared to storms and lightning, I believe more people fear your sword."

Erica wasn't someone unfamiliar with the world—she knew very well what Doni's Authorities were.

According to the Witenagemot's investigative reports, of the four Authorities Doni possessed, two had already been exposed and were well-known to the world.

Among these two Authorities, one was the one Doni used most frequently and wielded most effectively—perfectly matched with his powerful swordsmanship.

Once that Authority was activated and fully unleashed, its impact might not be any less than the previous storm and blizzard.

With an extremely deep impression of that Authority, Erica did not back down because of Doni.

"And Sir Andrea? He probably wouldn't want to see you acting recklessly, would he?"

Erica began searching around.

Andrea Rivera—Doni's old friend and his trusted Great Knight, currently serving at Doni's side.

He was one of the few people who could openly scold Doni, and he had a stronger restraining effect on Doni than most. Though called a confidant, he was more like a limiter placed on Salvatore Doni.

Without this man's restraint—without him stopping many of Doni's terrible actions—who knows what kind of mess Doni would have caused in Italy?

Therefore, in order to stop Doni, Erica had to confirm this Great Knight's whereabouts.

However, in response to Erica's inquiry, Doni gave a jaw-dropping answer.

"You mean Andrea?" Doni tilted his head. "Huh? Where is he?"

Upon hearing this, Erica froze.

"Don't tell me you tied up Sir Andrea and threw him into a public toilet again?"

Erica couldn't help but question him.

"No, no, how could I do such a terrible thing to my dear friend?" Doni quickly waved his hands and shook his head, then scratched his head sheepishly and said, "It's just that he was pestering me on the plane, and I got annoyed, so I accidentally opened the cabin door and pushed him out..."

The faces of Erica and everyone who heard that sentence immediately began twitching wildly.

Even Kaiser was stunned by Doni's shameless statement, staring at him with an expression of awe.

That there could actually be such a person in this world?

If he weren't a King, surely someone would've stuffed him in a sack, chained him in iron, and sunk him straight to the bottom of the ocean, right?

"Relax. Don't underestimate Andrea—he's actually really strong, you know?" Doni said cheerfully. "It's just falling out of a plane. With Andrea's abilities, he'll be fine for sure."

"Unbelievable," Kaiser remarked. "Just because he'll be fine, you think it's okay to do as you please?"

Andrea Rivera, having a friend like you, truly is his honor.

"It's nothing. Don't worry. At worst, I'll let him scold me when he comes back." Doni truly looked like he didn't care at all about his confidant's safety. With anticipation, he turned to Kaiser and said, "Let's get back to the main point, my brother. Will you fight me or not?"

Erica immediately opened her mouth, wanting to say something more.

But Kaiser raised a hand and stopped her.

"You're sure you want to fight me?" Kaiser asked calmly. "Although I only recently became a Campione, my Authorities are no fewer than yours."

Others thought Kaiser had only three Authorities, but only he knew he actually had four—already no less than Doni.

Moreover, Authorities were just a part of his power. Each of his personal weapons was no weaker than divine Authorities—none inferior to any renowned divine tools.

Strictly speaking, his pure Orga Lux, sacred gear, and Zanpakutō could all be considered as Authorities. Adding in the four divine artifacts, his Authorities already exceeded ten.

The outside world's assessment of his power had been fundamentally wrong.

He truly had no fear of a Salvatore Doni.

"Of course I know you're not weak."

Doni didn't know Kaiser's actual condition, but he seemed to have great confidence in him.

"Didn't I say it before? Even from afar, I can smell that powerful warrior's scent on you. I can even sense the sharp sword within you."

The sword Doni mentioned referred not only to a weapon but also to the skill of a swordsman.

Precisely because he was the world's strongest swordsman, he instinctively recognized that the man before him, who had only recently become his peer, must be an extraordinary swordsman.

How could he miss this?

"As fellow sword-users, let us communicate through our swords." Doni smiled sharply. "You wouldn't refuse, right, brother?"

Doni's expression already showed he was determined to fight no matter what.

"Your Majesty..."

Seeing Doni like this, Erica knew she couldn't stop him. She turned to Kaiser.

Kaiser, meanwhile, looked deeply at Doni, pondered for a moment, then nodded.

"I know how annoying battle maniacs like you can be. If I don't agree here and now, you'll definitely keep pestering me endlessly, right?"

These words brought a happy smile to Doni's face—and left Erica in silent dismay.

"Let's change location," Kaiser said calmly. "This place isn't suitable."

Doni nodded without hesitation.

"Whatever you say, brother."