

Multiverse 279

Chapter 279: Somewhat Looking Forward to It

As the two of them exchanged words back and forth, Erica gradually came to understand.

The battle between the two Kings, although it didn't produce a clear victor, the one with the greater chance of winning was undoubtedly Kaiser, the newly born King.

Although she and the others had witnessed the battle from afar using magic, the intensity of the fight between the two was such that even seeing it made it hard to follow, let alone understand the specifics of what was happening.

Now, with Kaiser and Doni's post-battle analysis, Erica and the eavesdroppers outside the door finally understood the details.

In short, their Italian Sword King had nearly exhausted all his means, yet still failed to take down the newly risen King from the East.

In contrast, the new King of the East had essentially not used any Authorities, only employing a suspected ability that could instantly heal injuries. The rest relied solely on his own swordsmanship, footwork, physical strength, and that unknown divine weapon.

The method he used to slay two gods likely hadn't even been deployed in this battle.

Yet even so, their own Sword King of Italy almost lost. If the other party hadn't voluntarily stopped, there wouldn't have been any result like "no winner".

This fact not only shocked the people outside the door, but even Erica couldn't help but look toward Kaiser, her eyes flashing with a strange light.

Kaiser, however, ignored Erica and continued bickering with Doni.

"By the way, brother, are you planning to leave here next?"

Doni suddenly asked this question.

"Yeah." Kaiser didn't hide anything, nodding and saying, "The matter on Sardinia is settled. There's no point in staying here any longer."

"That's true." Doni agreed, then enthusiastically invited, "Then how about coming with me? We can spar and duel often."

Erica and the people outside all twitched at the corner of their eyes.

Was this going to add another disaster to Italy?

Spar and duel every day?

Even one duel had made an entire forest vanish without a trace—if they sparred daily, wouldn't that be a catastrophe?

Thinking of this, everyone suddenly felt the urge to rush out and stop it.

Only Erica glanced at Kaiser, and in her heart, she felt a bit tempted.

She actually wanted Kaiser to stay.

She thought this new King was different from the other Campiones—mysterious, a bit eccentric, but not a type she disliked.

She never had much affection for Kings like Salvatore Doni, who only had brute strength and no brains.

The King in her mind should be the kind with great wisdom, intelligence, magnanimity, and a sense of elegance within their boldness, and calmness within their daring.

The grace of a King, the bearing of a King, the wisdom of a King, the majesty of a King... her own King in Italy possessed none of these.

She was a knight, a descendant of the Blandelli family. Her ancestor had been a Campione, so she was not like others who feared Campiones.

She hoped to serve a wise King—not necessarily someone as noble and virtuous as her uncle, but at the very least, someone she, Erica Blandelli, could admire.

She didn't know much about this new King, but based on their interactions over the past days, she felt that he, at least, wasn't an idiot like Lord Salvatore, with whom communication was impossible.

After all, she had once drawn her sword against him, and had also pestered him for information, but he never blamed her. Instead, for the sake of Sardinia's people, he selectively shared some intelligence with her.

Under his protection, she had faced a Heretic God for the first time and experienced firsthand a calamity brought about by the descent of a Heretic God, gaining initial insight and understanding.

These were valuable experiences one could never get from books or training.

Furthermore, although he was a newly born King, he had already slain three gods—his strength immense, his background unblemished, his conduct upright and direct. Erica thought that if she were to serve a King someday, it had better be this new King and not someone like Salvatore Doni, that big idiot.

Of course, she had her own selfish reasons too.

The new King had just ascended and hadn't yet made his mark. If she could become his loyal retainer now, earning the title of Diavolo Rosso would only be the beginning.

Erica Blandelli was a prodigy and someone destined to rise to the top of the Copper Black Cross and the Milan magical community—but she didn't want a future that was just handed to her.

She wanted to make a name for herself.

Just like her uncle once did.

Erica's thoughts churned.

As for Kaiser...

"Forget it." He simply glanced at Doni and said casually, "Rather than constantly seeking duels with me, why not travel more around the world, slay a few more Heretic Gods, gain some more useful Authorities, and then come back to fight me?"

"Otherwise, you're not asking for a spar—you're asking to get beaten."

Hearing that, Doni was left speechless.

He had a point...

He had used everything he had and still wasn't Kaiser's match. And Kaiser hadn't even gone all out?

If he brought him back, wouldn't that just be asking to get thrashed every day?

Better to go kill a few more gods, obtain more Authorities, become stronger, and then challenge him again!

"Fine, brother, you're right." Doni spread his hands and said, "If you're not coming with me, where are you heading?"

"Japan." Kaiser answered without hesitation. "There's something I want there."

"The island country in the far east, huh..." Doni mused, then said, "In that case, you better watch out."

Kaiser was slightly startled.

"Watch out?" Kaiser looked at Doni, puzzled. "Watch out for what?"

To this, Doni didn't answer directly, but instead asked back:

"You know who my neighbor is, right?"

This question was rather inexplicable, causing Erica and those outside the door to momentarily show confused expressions.

Only Kaiser seemed to guess whom Doni meant.

"Sasha Dejanstahl Voban... right?"

The moment Kaiser uttered this name, the temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees.

Erica and those standing outside froze as if they'd heard something terrifying.

"Yeah, that old man."

Only Doni said it so brazenly.

Sasha Dejanstahl Voban, the Campione residing in the Balkans of Eastern Europe, was the oldest of the currently surviving Campiones.

He had lived for nearly three hundred years, and had been a Campione for more than two centuries, thus believed to possess the most Authorities and to have slain the most gods.

Some called him the Wolf King, because the first god he slew was associated with wolves. Many had seen him summon hundreds of giant wolves. His personality and demeanor also resembled a wolf—solitary, dangerous, and proud.

Others called him the Marquis, not because he came from nobility, but because he once attacked a marquis's territory and, for some unknown reason, took the name of the fierce dog that marquis had raised—hence the surname "Voban".

Doni had once snatched a god from this ancient Campione. The Heretic God summoning ritual that Mariya Yuri once participated in was also initiated under his orders.

Doni called him a neighbor not because they lived next door, but because their domains were geographically close.

"Why are you bringing him up?" Kaiser remained puzzled. "Want me to help you get revenge?"

After all, because Doni had snatched the Heretic God Voban had painstakingly summoned, he had been hunted for a while by the Eastern European Wolf King.

Compared to someone who had lived for centuries, Doni, a rookie Campione of only four years, had been reckless. Naturally, he'd be taught a lesson.

"No, nothing like that." Doni spoke nonchalantly. "Sure, that old man hunted me, but I did successfully snatch Siegfried from under his nose. He's the one who suffered, not me. So, if anyone should hold a grudge, it's him, not me."

Hmm... that was very much Doni logic.

"I brought him up because that old man seems to be paying attention to the Far East recently."

That sentence made Kaiser narrow his eyes slightly.

"Marquis Voban is interested in the Far East?" Erica was startled and asked, "Why?"

"Who knows?" Doni shrugged. "I only heard André mention it once. No idea what that old man is thinking."

"But given his personality, if he plans to do something, it's definitely not going to be a good thing."

...You should be the last person saying that.

Kaiser almost wanted to say that, but in the end decided against it.

Because he knew, Doni was completely unaware of his own nature.

Still, he agreed with the statement.

That ancient Campione was no benevolent soul. His utter disregard for human life and willingness to sacrifice dozens of innocent young girls just to summon a Heretic God was clear evidence.

Though all Campiones were unruly beings, even among them, that old devil was something else.

Most Campiones, even if labeled as Demon Lords, rarely did overtly evil things.

Voban was different. His brutal deeds were many.

"What does he want to do?"

The moment this question arose, Kaiser already had an idea.

"If I remember correctly, he's probably planning..."

Recalling that, Kaiser fell into thought.

And Doni wasn't done with his updates.

"Right, I also heard the one from China is interested in the Far East too, though the news seems uncertain."

Doni suddenly remembered and clapped his palm, saying this.

"The one from China?" Erica's face changed. "Don't tell me... Luo Hao?"

Kaiser also recalled that very memorable Campione.

Of all the Campiones in the original story, she was the one who interested him the most.

Luo Hao, born at the end of the Qianlong era, surname Luo, styled Hao, given name Cuilian—a Campione as ancient as Marquis Voban.

Having survived for over two hundred years, she was the Wulin Alliance Leader of China and the Leader of the Five Sacred Cults. A true martial arts king reigning at the pinnacle of martial prowess, a master who brought Chinese martial arts to their absolute peak.

She followed the philosophy of Laozi and Zhuangzi, once pursued the Quanzhen Daoist school, and even incorporated Buddhist elements into Daoism, achieving many great feats.

She was just a martial artist when she first encountered a god. Normally, no human, no matter how skilled in martial arts, could defeat a deity—but she chose to face the god head-on with all her learned martial and magical techniques pushed to their limit, and ultimately triumphed, becoming a Campione.

Her body had already reached the peak of martial and magical arts, with an absolutely pure spiritual state. No matter how much time passed, her appearance remained youthful. Even without magical power, she could demolish buildings with her body alone, and a gentle breath could become a shockwave—earthshaking, boundless in power.

In China, nearly all martial artists pledged loyalty to her. Among spellcasters, one-third were her subordinates. Even among Campiones, she was one of the few who could rival Marquis Voban—a fearsome demon and also the most beautiful woman to ever appear in the original story.

That was Luo Hao—China's Martial Arts King, Kaiser's fellow countrywoman, and his senior in the truest sense.

"Is that so?" Kaiser murmured, "She's planning to go to the island nation too?"

She and Marquis Voban had been long-time nemeses.

Yet, as someone familiar with the original story, Kaiser knew clearly that her interest in the Far Eastern island nation stemmed from a different motive than Voban's.

In fact, her goal was similar to his—they were both after one person... no, one god.

Doni had probably heard something from his subordinate André and casually brought up these two people.

But Kaiser knew that within the island nation lay a major secret.

A secret that, once revealed, would surely mobilize all the Campiones and every hidden force behind the world to set their sights on it.

"I almost forgot about that."

Kaiser didn't know what he had recalled, but the corner of his mouth curved up slightly.

"What's wrong?" Doni noticed and asked with interest, "Brother, you seem like you just got fired up for something?"

"Nothing." Kaiser shook his head and smiled. "I'm just starting to look forward to it."

"Oh?" Doni asked curiously, "Looking forward to what?"

"The future." Kaiser leaned back in the massage chair and closed his eyes again. "It should be quite interesting, right?"

Doni didn't know what Kaiser was referring to, but somehow he started looking forward to it as well.

Erica's eyes flickered, clearly lost in thought.