

Multiverse 290

Chapter 290: Big Words, Small Ability

As a spirit channeler capable of summoning divine spirits and using a portion of divine power, Seishuin Ena was undoubtedly very powerful.

When she activated her spirit descent technique, allowing the spirit of Ame no Murakumo no Tsurugi or Susanoo to possess her, both her physical abilities and Magical Power would undergo a massive enhancement.

To what extent, you ask?

To the level equal to that of a demigod or Divine Beast!

In other words, the pinnacle of humanity!

Erica's uncle, Paolo Blandelli—the Paladin and commander-in-chief of the Copper Black Cross—was at this very realm!

Seishuin Ena, once she used her spirit descent technique, could reach this realm, thereby becoming even stronger than the prodigious Erica herself!

That was why Seishuin Ena was known as the number one Hime-Miko of this generation, the foremost among all Hime-Miko—she herself was the trump card of the Japanese magical community, an existence capable of slaying even Divine Beasts!

If the one who had appeared on Sardinia back then hadn't been Erica, but Seishuin Ena instead, she might have been able to fight the "boar" to a draw—or even slay it!

From this, one could imagine just how powerful Seishuin Ena truly was.

However, when such a powerful spirit channeler faced the most unreasonable Demon Lord in the world, she was nothing more than an ant.

"Boom!"

A whirlwind-clad staff descended from the sky, piercing through the torrential rain, braving the storm, and crashed onto the ground, instantly shattering it.

With a thunderous roar, the whirlwind on the staff exploded outward, sending rubble, soil, gravel, and tiles flying—all while launching the Hime-Miko holding the divine sword into the air.

"Yaaaaaaaah...!"

Like a kite with its string cut, Seishuin Ena was blown away from within the storm, crashing heavily into a tree, shattering it on impact.

"So... strong..."

Her entire outfit torn and ragged, Seishuin Ena staggered to her feet. Her delicate face was smudged with dust and dirt, looking utterly wretched.

She could no longer remember how many times she had been blown away.

She also couldn't remember how many times she had collapsed to the ground.

All she knew was—if that whirlwind-staff dancing through the storm hadn't deliberately avoided striking her directly each time, her body would have long since been torn apart, utterly mangled—there would've been no way for her to even stand again.

"This is... the power of a king?"

Though a trace of pain lingered on her face, Seishuin Ena still managed to force a smile.

Then... a staff wreathed in crackling lightning fell from the sky like a bolt of thunder, slamming down before her.

"Boom!"

Accompanied by yet another deafening crash, lightning exploded from the staff embedded in the ground, utterly devastating the area around it, forming a crater, and striking the wavering Seishuin Ena directly.

"Yah!"

Her entire body was engulfed in lightning as she screamed, sent flying once more—her skin scorched and blackened.

"Ena!"

Mariya Yuri, seeing her childhood friend in such a pitiful state, let out a scream of her own.

"King! I beg you..."

She tried to plead for Seishuin Ena, but was coldly cut off by Kaiser, who had remained standing there, unmoved, the entire time.

"I already held back. She won't die."

Kaiser spoke calmly, as if he hadn't seen Seishuin Ena's miserable state at all. With a wave of his hand, the two staffs flew back into the air.

Yagrush, entwined in whirlwind, and Aymur, crackling with lightning—divine weapons personally crafted by the God of Crafts—danced through the storm, completely unaffected by it. In fact, they seemed to be in their element, agile and natural.

"I, wield this divine blade!"

Seishuin Ena, enduring the pain throughout her body, chanted her Kotodama aloud.

"Chihaya, shatter gold with me—stand by my side!"

The divine sword in the girl's hand instantly radiated extraordinary Magical Power. She raised it high, slashing at the oncoming Yagrush and Aymur.

"Bang!"

The pitch-black divine blade clashed with the ancient-looking staffs, erupting into a shockwave.

Seishuin Ena was once again blown away.

But this time, she quickly stabilized herself and, swinging her divine sword, released gales and lightning.

"Boom!" "Boom!"

Yagrush and Aymur were instantly blown away by the gusts and struck by lightning. Spinning through the air, they were repelled by Seishuin Ena.

"Oh?" Kaiser raised an eyebrow. "So that's the ability of Ame no Murakumo no Tsurugi?"

In the ancient times of this country, the Yamato court had conquered the Heretic peoples through sword and army, enslaving the subdued and conscripting them as soldiers, turning their strength into its own.

Ame no Murakumo no Tsurugi was the divine relic enshrined by the Yamato court, a symbol of military might and plunder.

Combined with the traits of the God of the Steel Sword, the blade possessed the ability to copy or steal part of an enemy's power or nature—to convert the divine power that harmed the wielder into their own power, or even to steal the wielder's own strength and merge it with their Authority to generate new effects.

Just now, Seishuin Ena had activated this ability, stealing or copying part of Yagrush and Aymur's power, thereby releasing wind and lightning. She even drained a bit of Magical Power from the divine weapons to replenish herself.

"It's somewhat useful... but in the end, just a thief. And she still dares talk big about testing me?"

Kaiser's comment was especially biting.

"Big words, but sadly, small ability."

As he spoke, Yagrush and Aymur flew in from the horizon once more—moving quickly, unleashing gales and lightning, launching a fierce assault.

Seishuin Ena tried to repeat her trick, using Ame no Murakumo no Tsurugi's ability to steal or copy the divine weapons' power to repel them—but just as she swung the divine blade, the two staves nimbly evaded, drawing elegant arcs as they dodged the pitch-black blade and launched close-range attacks.

"Clang!" "Clang!" "Clang!" ...

Seishuin Ena's swordsmanship was not inferior to Erica's. She quickly reacted, repeatedly swinging her divine blade to block Yagrush and Aymur's strikes—but their attacks only accelerated, as though two invisible masters were wielding them against her, driving her back step by step.

The staffs struck Seishuin Ena multiple times, landing blows across her body, forcing painful expressions onto her face as she staggered back—yet Yagrush and Aymur showed no mercy, relentless in their assault, shaking her delicate frame with every hit.

"Rumble—"

Above, lightning and thunder intensified, swelling the storm further and further, nearly rivaling the one that had struck Sardinia.

"King!"

Mariya Yuri, soaked to the skin and unable to even open her eyes in the wind and rain, couldn't move an inch from the shrine gate. She cried out desperately.

"Please stop! If this continues... the shrine will be destroyed!"

As a Spirit Vision user, Mariya Yuri sharply sensed that the storm was intensifying—not just because the one who had summoned it was increasing their output, but also because Kaiser was fighting for control over it.

Yagrush symbolized wind. Aymur symbolized lightning. Together, they summoned storms—so Kaiser, too, was a master of storms.

He was wrestling control of the heavens from the one who had summoned the storm—engaged in a silent battle.

In other words, Kaiser never saw Seishuin Ena as his true opponent. His real fight was with the person behind her—the one pulling strings from the shadows.

With Seishuin Ena on the brink of collapse, and Mariya Yuri nearly caught in the aftermath, Kaiser furrowed his brow.

"Looks like I'll have to get a little serious..."

So muttering to himself, Kaiser's hand suddenly held a Golden Sword radiating brilliant light.

"Buzz..."

The Golden Sword suddenly quivered, flew from his hand into the sky, and pierced the dark clouds above.

"Shing!"

With a sudden expansion, the Golden Sword transformed into a massive blade over a kilometer long—and slashed downward, splitting the sky in half.

"_____"

The raging storm that engulfed the land instantly froze—its divine power severed in two by the Golden Sword, swiftly dispersing.

Immediately, the lightning and thunder ceased. The oppressive black clouds scattered. The storm itself vanished without a trace—as though it had been cleaved apart.

"Boom!"

On the other side, Yagrush and Aymur struck Seishuin Ena at the same time, knocking her to the ground.

"Cough...!"

Seishuin Ena could no longer hold on. She coughed up blood, her divine blade slipped from her hand, and the divine power within her began to fade—leaving her unable to rise again.

"Ena!"

Soaked through, Mariya Yuri couldn't hold back any longer and ran to her side.

Kaiser, who had remained motionless this whole time, recalled Yagrush and Aymur and summoned the Golden Sword back from the sky.

"This little greeting gift... should be enough to satisfy you, right?"

As if speaking to an invisible person, Kaiser looked skyward and said this indifferently.

And these words, as if imbued with magic, rode the wind—drifting into a world different from the present one.

"Puah!"

In a world wholly distinct from the present—a realm filled with storms—an old man sitting inside a ramshackle wooden hut suddenly spewed blood, his aura rapidly weakening.

"Honestly..."

The old man had just been sipping a cup of wine. Now the wine and cup fell to the floor as he wiped blood from the corner of his mouth and chuckled bitterly.

"Today's God-Slayers are even more hot-tempered than I am."