

## Multiverse 295

### Chapter 295: The Ancient Kings

"The island nation of the Far East..."

Naturally, Liliana wouldn't be unaware of where that was.

Although it was a place extremely distant from the European magical world, something akin to a remote backwater for someone like her who hailed from a proper noble lineage, in recent times, it had entered the view of various mysterious factions from all around the world.

The reason was simple—because there, a king was born. It was said he was not a native of that country, but rather someone from the same homeland as that demonic cult leader.

And now, the oldest Demon Lord had declared he was going there... Liliana could already foresee how much upheaval this journey would cause.

"...Is the Marquis planning to visit the young fellow countryman?"

Liliana tentatively said this, testing the waters.

However, this statement was met with Voban's sneer.

"He's merely a brat who hasn't even been a king for a full month yet—not worthy of a personal visit from me."

As the oldest and most Authority-laden Campione of this era, Voban had the right to say such things.

"I heard he killed two gods simultaneously on Sardinia, and even fought with that bastard Salvatore, didn't he?" Voban seemed somewhat interested and continued, "To achieve that so soon after becoming a king is indeed praiseworthy."

"To prevent a repeat of what happened four years ago, I've decided to act in advance this time. But if you expect me to personally pay him a visit, that kid's not qualified yet."

Four years ago...

Marquis Voban's words inevitably stirred some bad memories in Liliana.

Mainly because that particular point in time was not one she could easily overlook.

Back then, a new king was born in Italy, and the ancient king before her had also gathered a group of Hime-Miko to hold that horrific summoning ritual.

And unfortunately, Liliana had been among them—one of the few, like Mariya Yuri, who narrowly escaped with her life.

"Do you intend to restart the ritual from that time?"

Liliana didn't lift her head, but her voice had grown heavy.

"Indeed." Voban seemed to sense something, looked at Liliana with amusement, and candidly admitted, "Back then, I was played for a fool by that idiot Salvatore. Now, the positioning of the stars and the flow of the ley lines, after four years of realignment, once again hold enough power to summon a Heretic God. Given that, how could I not seek vengeance?"

"Although the conditions are not yet entirely ripe, when the tale of that young fellow countryman of mine spread, I happened to notice that among the many Hime-Miko gathered four years ago, the one who exhibited the greatest potential seems to be in the place where that brat became king."

Thus, Voban had decided to act early and make the journey himself.

If not for the events on Sardinia and the widespread news of Kaiser's battle with Doni, which sparked some interest in the young king, Voban wouldn't have moved so quickly.

Upon understanding this, Liliana no longer knew whether she should offer advice.

If possible, she naturally didn't want the tragedy from four years ago to happen again, much less see a clash between two kings.

But she was a knight. A knight could never defy her lord's command on her own.

Even if she disobeyed, it would likely be meaningless, wouldn't it?

If the oldest Demon Lord had decided on something, not only would she be unable to stop it—if she tried, she would surely fail and only cause unnecessary sacrifice.

In that case, it would be better to take part herself, give her all, and strive to minimize the impact and protect as many innocent lives as possible.

Thus, Liliana asked one last question.

"That place is the land where the new king was born. Is it really alright for you to barge in uninvited?"

Upon hearing this, Voban laughed.

"So what if it's not? If that brat has any complaints, he can come and voice them to me in person."

Hearing these words, Liliana instantly understood.

This ancient Demon Lord before her was likely anticipating it too.

Anticipating what kind of response the new fellow countryman—who had become a king for less than a month, already slain three gods, and survived a clash with the Italian Sword King—would show upon his arrival.

Would he pretend not to notice? Or come forward to object directly?

Either way, for Marquis Voban, it wouldn't be a bad outcome.

If it was the former, he'd simply proceed with the ritual and battle the summoned Heretic God.

If it was the latter, then he'd duel with the new king who came to protest and see if he truly had that much power.

Or perhaps, Marquis Voban was even more hopeful for the latter—otherwise, he wouldn't act ahead of schedule.

"Go prepare." Marquis Voban said no more and directly ordered, "In one hour, I want to be on a plane bound for the East."

What else could Liliana do?

She could only nod in agreement.

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Jiangxi Province, China — Mount Lu.

In this primeval mountain that maintained its natural form stood a small hermitage.

It was extremely simple, resembling the kind of residence used by a reclusive scholar, giving off the aura of a spiritual paradise hidden from the world.

After nightfall, not even the simplest kerosene lamp lit the place. It was completely hidden in darkness, its form unseen.

Yet under such conditions, a figure silently arrived.

It was a young boy, around fourteen years old, with a handsome face, dressed in a black shirt and matching jeans.

"Disciple Lu Yinghua, seeks audience with Master!"

The boy knelt on one knee, cupped his fists in a traditional style, and respectfully called toward the inside of the hermitage.

"O wise and valiant Holy Cult Leader, your name shall endure as long as heaven and earth, your wisdom and compassion shall illuminate the world for eternity!"

As soon as the boy's words fell, a strong gust of wind burst forth from the hermitage and struck him head-on.

"Bang!"

With a muffled sound, the boy was blown away like a rubber ball, crashing into a tree and shattering its trunk.

Immediately after, a voice echoed from within the hermitage.

"To dare visit a woman's residence at night—Ying'er, when did I teach you to become such a shameless person?"

It was a very pleasant female voice—so pleasant it could be called beautiful, like a heavenly maiden singing, akin to celestial music.

Yet Lu Yinghua showed not the slightest hint of being moved. Instead, he reacted as if facing a formidable foe, and also as if not daring to resist, scrambling to his feet at once.

"Master's reprimand is correct. This disciple was negligent."

Judging by his practiced reaction, it was clear this wasn't the first time he had been blown away.

Naturally, Lu Yinghua would never tell anyone that last time, when he deliberately waited until daytime to report, he was still blown away just the same.

"If it's a matter that absolutely requires my personal command, it must be reported to me immediately. What if it's delayed? Deserves punishment!"

These were the words his Master had said last time, which was why Lu Yinghua had come to report at this hour of the night.

Unfortunately, if he said that out loud now, he would definitely be sent flying again.

Therefore, Lu Yinghua wisely took the blame onto himself.

"This time, I'll let it slide. But if you repeat it, I won't spare you."

Sure enough, the celestial voice inside the hermitage showed no awareness of her own fault and continued to speak.

"Speak. Why have you come at this hour of night?"

Seeing his master shift to the main topic, Lu Yinghua quickly reported.

"Reporting to Master, it concerns the Eastern Sea."

Lu Yinghua cupped his fists and bowed, speaking in a low voice, "Following the decree of the great Holy Cult Leader, our Lu family and the Five Prisons Holy Cult have been monitoring the movements of the Eastern Xitian Palace all these years, never once neglecting our duty."

"Thanks to this, we believe the time may have come to once again campaign against the Divine Monarch."

At these words, silence fell inside the hermitage for several seconds.

After several seconds, the celestial voice reached Lu Yinghua's ears.

"After a century... has the right time finally come?"

The owner of the voice seemed to be smiling—a beautiful and pleasant smile—yet it caused the very air outside the hermitage to tremble.

"What prompted you all to make such a judgment?"

The voice's owner asked.

"It is your newly born fellow countryman—the appearance of the seventh great king."

Lu Yinghua reported truthfully.

"A newly born fellow countryman?" the voice's owner questioned in confusion, "Another God-Slaying king has emerged? And in that tiny country of Wa?"

Clearly, this Holy Cult Leader did not yet know that another fellow Campione had appeared.

Understandable—she was a recluse. Though she was the martial alliance leader of China and the Holy Cult Leader of the Five Prisons, commanding nearly all of China's martial world and thirty percent of its Taoist practitioners, she had not investigated her fellow Campione in over two hundred years since usurping a god's Authority.

Because she had no interest.

Luo Cuilian was a king who proclaimed herself sovereign over heaven and earth, a martial peak who sought defeat despite being undefeated.

She had no need to show her majesty to others, nor to remember those who were irrelevant. Whether they were Campione or not—if they provoked her, she would crush them with her fists and annihilate them with her palms.

That was the conduct of one who had reached the pinnacle of martial arts—the style fitting the King of Wuxia.

Given that, even now, when Kaiser's legend was spreading like wildfire, this Holy Cult Leader still didn't even know his name.

But soon, she would begin to take interest in this new fellow.

Because...

"Though he was born in Wa, the new king is not of that small country, but a true Chinese man."

Lu Yinghua respectfully said, "In other words, the new king is your true junior—a fellow countryman who, like you, carries the blood of the Yan and Huang emperors."

"Oh?" the celestial voice sounded surprised, then pleased. "Is that so? So, in the land I govern, another great warrior capable of slaying a god has emerged?"

"Exactly so." Lu Yinghua raised his voice and said, "We have received word that the new king seems to be pursuing another Heretic God. For that, he submitted a request to the authorities in Wa and obtained relevant intelligence."

"Because of this, the new king also went to southern Italy, where he demonstrated valor and slew two gods."

"Now, that king has returned to Wa, and he most likely is still seeking out gods to confront."

"As long as he learns of the Divine Monarch's existence, as your fellow Campione, he will never stand by idly."

"This—this is the opportunity."