

## Multiverse 296

### Chapter 296: People Gathering

In the silent deep mountains, Lu Yinghua's voice rang out clearly, reaching the ears of the person inside the hermitage.

The figure inside the hermitage finally floated out and landed in front of Lu Yinghua.

She was an unparalleled beauty whose appearance matched that heavenly voice.

She had a dignified face like jade and black hair as smooth as silk. Her hair was braided into three strands—two hanging in front, one hanging behind—adorned with a lotus hair ornament. She wore a white Hanfu, with long sleeves and a long skirt-like lower garment, topped with a flowing outer robe. Even the darkness of night could not conceal her beauty—she was as dazzling as a celestial maiden descended from the heavens.

She looked like a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old girl, her stance graceful, her body light yet voluptuous, her figure alluring and captivating. Every part of her exuded charm, making it hard to believe that she was a martial arts king who had lived in the world for over two hundred years.

If she weren't a king, she would still be a woman who could drive kings mad.

If she didn't practice martial arts, she would still be an enchantress capable of killing with her beauty alone.

Unparalleled beauty, peerless grace, captivating a nation, bringing ruin, charming the people, unmatched elegance... all the highest praises could be used on her.

Outshining Diao Chan, surpassing Xi Shi, making fish sink and geese fall, eclipsing the moon and shaming the flowers—for this woman, such feats were effortless.

She was Luo Cuilian, also known as Luo Hao, one of the oldest Campiones of the same generation as Marquis Voban, the strongest martial artist of the present age, a master of martial arts at its absolute peak.

"You finally brought a good piece of news for your master."

Luo Hao looked down imperiously at Lu Yinghua, who saluted with clasped fists, and smiled.

"Very well. Since he shares my bloodline and is truly my compatriot, then he would never allow our nation's hero to be raised by the Japanese. Let alone that he's pursuing a war of gods."

"A junior, is it?"

"In these years, quite a few Campiones have emerged outside. But indeed, only this one can be called my compatriot and junior."

As she spoke, Luo Hao raised her hand and questioned Lu Yinghua.

"Then, the appearance of my junior—how does that become a chance to defeat the Divine Lord?"

Even she had found herself helpless against this for a full century. Luo Hao didn't believe that something she had been unable to accomplish could be done by this newly emerged compatriot.

Unless... the other party possessed some special Authority.

As expected...

"The Taoists monitoring Japan reported something to me," Lu Yinghua said respectfully with his head bowed. "With the help of Spirit Vision, the Taoist saw the new king wield a dazzling Golden Sword."

Taoists were the orthodox term for those who studied various magical arts and techniques passed down in China since ancient times.

Just like how there were knights in Europe, in China there were professions known as martial artists, Taoists, and Taoist priestesses.

Martial artists were those who manipulated Qi (Magical Power), cultivated inner strength (Qi), and could not only use Magical Power to cast magic or techniques but also empower their martial arts, enhancing the power of their moves.

Taoists and Taoist priestesses were the spellcasters.

Besides being the number one martial artist under heaven, Luo Hao was also a Taoist priestess well-versed in spells and techniques.

As for Spirit Vision, as the name implied, it allowed the user to see over great distances, letting them grasp what was happening in faraway places even if they were not physically present.

Lu Yinghua's Lu family managed the martial underworld—that is, the black society. Their main house was in Hong Kong, but they also had bases in Shinjuku and Ikebukuro, and even owned buildings in Akihabara running maid-themed businesses.

Of course, those businesses were only a front for the public. These bases always had Lu family personnel engaged in various occult-related matters.

When Kaiser clashed with Susanoo, the Ame no Murakumo no Tsurugi, Seishuin Ena, and others at Shichio Shrine, some of the Taoists and Taoist priestesses operating locally, who had Spirit Vision, noticed this scene and saw certain things.

Combining this with the report that among the gods slain by the other party in Sardinia was said to be a god of victory from ancient Persia, Lu Yinghua reasonably suspected that the Golden Sword was an Authority usurped from Verethragna.

Of course, that wasn't the main point.

The point was, according to the spellcasters' observations, that Golden Sword seemed capable of striking entities within the Netherworld.

"If it can strike entities in the Netherworld, then it won't be helpless before the Divine Restraint."

"After all, the Divine Lord resides in the Corridor of the Netherworld."

"Therefore, this disciple boldly speculates that once this new king from your homeland learns of the Divine Lord's existence, he will definitely be able to breach the Western Paradise Palace."

Lu Yinghua spoke reverently.

"Of course, this is merely this disciple's reckless speculation. Whether it will succeed or not can only be determined by you, Master."

That was why Lu Yinghua had come in the middle of the night to disturb Luo Hao.

He knew all too well how much his master detested seeing the hero of her nation being raised by Japan.

A century ago, his master had also invaded the Western Paradise Palace, but ultimately returned with nothing.

Yet in the century since, she had never given up on attacking the Western Paradise Palace, never given up on rescuing her nation's hero.

Thus, led by the Lu family, the Five Prisons Sacred Cult that served the King of Chinese Martial Artists had been monitoring the Western Paradise Palace, watching that eastern island nation, seeking the right moment to fulfill Luo Hao's long-held wish in one stroke.

Now, that moment seemed to have come. Understanding the gravity of the matter, Lu Yinghua had come to report.

"A sword that can strike the Netherworld..." Luo Hao mused for a moment, then nodded and said, "It's not entirely impossible."

"Ying'er, go to Japan yourself."

"Appropriately guide my compatriot. Let him know of the Western Paradise Palace's existence. Let him try."

"Remember, you must maintain respect. The other party is not only a king equal to me but also a junior from the same land. If you disgrace yourself before him, be prepared to offer your penitence with thorns."

This penitence with thorns was no metaphor—it was the real deal.

When Lu Yinghua was young, he had tried it once: bare-chested, with cursed thorn rods strapped to his back that grew heavier and caused constant pain, he started climbing Mount Lu from its foot all the way to the summit.

At that time, it had taken him three full days and nights to complete the penance. By the end, half his bones were broken and his back was a bloody mess. If he hadn't sustained himself with Qi, he would have died.

And even in such a pitiful state, his master made him lie in bed for several days to thoroughly reflect on his sins before granting him spiritual elixirs for recovery.

Ever since then, Lu Yinghua strove to do his best in everything. No matter how small the task, he would be cautious, cautious again, never daring to make even the slightest mistake.

Now that he was grown, if he had to offer penitence again, given his master's personality, the intensity would never be the same as when he was a child...

Thinking this, Lu Yinghua became fully serious.

"Yes! This disciple swears to complete the mission!"

No sooner had he spoken than Lu Yinghua was sent flying.

"I told you to show respect to the new king—what are you swearing your life for?"

"Are you saying you don't think you can complete the mission and plan to die in apology in advance?"

"How could I have such a useless disciple!"

Luo Hao looked furious, full of disappointment.

"..."

Dangling upside down from a tree branch, Lu Yinghua fell into deep silence.

This is too hard for me!

...

That night, not only did ancient Campiones begin to take action, even some unknown beings began to move.

On an unnamed island, at the stormy coastline, a child stood alone.

It was a beautiful girl around twelve or thirteen years old.

Though young, the girl was striking in appearance—petite in figure, her face perfectly proportioned, like a classical doll created by a master craftsman who bet his life's skill, charming and exquisite.

Her golden curls formed elegant waves, but she wore an overly mature and seductive black gown. Though this outfit clearly didn't suit such a young girl, for some reason, it looked especially fitting on her.

At this moment, the young girl faced the wind and waves, shouting toward the sky.

"Uncle! Guinevere is heading to the Far East!"

In response to her cry toward the empty sky came a voice unheard by ordinary people, as if it echoed from the back of the world.

"Why so suddenly?"

Hearing this, the girl responded firmly.

"Our Lord—the Last King—very likely slumbers at the end of the East."

Upon hearing this, a dark silhouette appeared on the water's surface not far ahead.

The shadow resembled a reflection on the water. Even though there was no one on the water, it appeared there as if it belonged.

"Our Lord at the end of the East—this is the final possibility you arrived at after years of fruitless searching?"

The shadow on the water spoke faintly.

"Yes." The girl's voice turned somber. "Guinevere has searched the world under Uncle's protection, even creating the myths of our Lord and Uncle, crafting the tales of King Arthur and Lancelot."

"But in the end... we found nothing."

"The end of the East is a place I have rarely set foot in."

"And now, the seventh Campione has been born there. For some unknown reason, multiple Campiones are drawn to that land. Even the old man hidden in the Netherworld has been watching over it."

"So, Guinevere must go see for herself."

Upon hearing her words, the shadow on the water gave a slight nod.

"Then go and see. I hope traces of Our Lord will appear in that land."

With that, the reflection vanished from the water.

"Yes, Uncle."

The girl—Guinevere—immediately vanished like a phantom, heading toward the end of the East.