

Multiverse 302

Chapter 302: What Right Do You Have to Look Down on Me?

In the aerial garden at the top floor of a high-class hotel, the once warm and gentle atmosphere suddenly vanished, replaced by an indescribable sense of heaviness.

The old and the young stood and sat respectively—neither looked at the other, but the air between them was so oppressively heavy it could hardly be ignored.

Voban finally turned to face Kaiser, his eyes glowing with an even brighter green light.

The Evil Eye that could turn people into salt was activated and targeted at Kaiser.

Once locked by those wicked eyes, even a Campione would inevitably have a part of their body temporarily petrified into salt.

However, to Voban's surprise, even though Kaiser was standing openly before the Eyes of Sodom, he didn't move an inch.

He didn't use any Authority, nor did he activate any power—he didn't even circulate his Magical Power. He merely stood there calmly, with no defense whatsoever.

Yet, even though the power of the Eyes of Sodom had been driven to its limit, there wasn't the slightest sign of petrification on this young man.

"Don't waste your energy," Kaiser, who had been staring straight ahead, said with an unusually calm expression. "Those eyes are useless against me."

It must be known that Kaiser's Magical Power resistance had been specially forged by himself, far stronger than that of an ordinary Campione.

Even without circulating Magical Power to further enhance this resistance, Kaiser could effortlessly endure the power of the Eyes of Sodom and render them ineffective.

Voban narrowed his eyes and said, "No wonder you talk so big. You really do have some skill."

"Not as big as yours," Kaiser replied indifferently. "Even if you hadn't said it, I already knew—you never considered me worth your attention, did you?"

"That's how it was before you went to Sardinia," Voban said bluntly, or rather without feeling the need to hide anything, sneering, "Even if you're also a Campione, you're just a little brat who's been king for less than a month. What qualification do you have to earn my respect?"

"Being able to slay two gods simultaneously in Sardinia—that was indeed a surprise."

"Only after that did you earn the right to stand before me and speak arrogantly. Understand?"

Just as Kaiser had said, even though Voban never said it directly, every word and action revealed his arrogance.

A Campione already had the right to be arrogant—let alone him, the oldest Demon Lord of all.

To Voban, it wasn't just Kaiser. Except for Luo Hao, all other Campione were merely juniors.

So what if they were also Campione?

Even among humans, a twenty-year-old adult and a ten-year-old child had a fundamental hierarchy—let alone someone like him who had lived for over three hundred years.

Among all the Campione alive today, aside from Luo Hao, who had been a Campione for more than two hundred years and could match Voban, the rest were essentially part of the new generation.

The Hades King of America was reportedly only twenty-eight.

The Black Prince of Britain was also said to be twenty-eight.

The King of Swords from Italy didn't even need mentioning—he became a Campione at twenty four years ago and is only twenty-four now.

As for Kaiser, he hadn't even reached twenty years old in this world, practically as young as one could be.

The difference between these four and Voban wasn't just ten or twenty years—but two to three hundred years.

That gap of two to three hundred years was enough for Voban to look down on the new generation of Campione.

Not to mention anything else—just in terms of number of Authorities, Voban had far more than these newer Campione.

Ordinary Campione really couldn't compare to him.

Under such circumstances, Kaiser had only just become a Campione and hadn't even held the title for a month—how could Voban possibly take him seriously?

Only after Kaiser succeeded in slaying gods and rushed to his next battlefield without rest, slaying two gods in Sardinia, did Voban finally regard him with a bit more respect.

Of course, it was just a little bit.

To this, Kaiser simply wanted to say...

"Judging the strength of a Campione by their age—that's the biggest joke I've ever heard."

Those words, devoid of mockery, caused the smile on Voban's face to vanish.

"What did you say?"

Voban's eyes flashed with a ghostly light.

"I said you're foolish, said you're outdated, said you haven't recognized reality," Kaiser said bluntly. "Do you even know what a Campione is?"

"They are beings who could slay gods even while still human."

"How long have gods lived? And how long can a human live?"

"If strength were measured by age, then how could a human, who dies in a mere hundred years, possibly slay a god who lives as long as heaven and earth?"

Kaiser's words were calm and indifferent, yet sharp like blades.

"Yet Campione are precisely those who accomplished such impossible feats—they've already proven that they possess the power to overturn common sense."

"After becoming Campione, that power only grows stronger—enabling them to reverse any desperate situation and turn defeat into victory, no matter how bad it looks."

"Only those with such traits deserve to be called Campione."

Kaiser turned around and looked at Voban.

"Whether it's me or the other young Campione, haven't the gods we slew been stronger than you?"

"Don't those gods we slew live longer than you and possess more Authorities than you?"

"And yet, they were still slain by us!"

"You ask what qualifications I have to earn your respect?"

"You're wrong—it's you who has no qualification to look down on me!"

At last, a smile appeared on Kaiser's face—but it was faint.

"Because of that mindset of yours, four years ago, you got played around by that idiot Salvatore Doni, old man."

Every word Kaiser spoke ruthlessly trampled the old Demon Lord's arrogance and even tore open his wounds, striking his sore spots.

The ghostly glow in Voban's eyes surged uncontrollably, and an enraged smile crept across his face, causing a bulging vein to appear on his temple.

"Didn't expect a brat who just became a king to be so sharp-tongued."

The intellectual expression on Voban's face was gone, replaced by a savage look like a beast.

His expression grew dangerous and fierce. Even his posture exuded the aura of a feral wolf about to pounce, sending a chill down the spine.

At that moment, those with sharp instincts would surely feel the urge to flee.

Even those with dulled senses would instinctively shiver in fear.

Only Kaiser continued to stand there, staring at the aged Campione. His eyes lacked brilliance, but were as deep and dark as bottomless pits.

The old and the young locked eyes, and the already heavy atmosphere seemed to burst and surge like a violent storm.

Then... the terrifying Magical Power that surpassed all worldly beings surged from both of them.

"Whoosh!"

Suddenly, several figures appeared behind Kaiser.

They were warriors wielding weapons, with withered faces and bodies that were either gray and decayed, radiating a thick aura of death—like living corpses.

The death warriors almost instantly swung their blades and swords at Kaiser, causing the sound of slicing wind to whistle sharply.

Their strikes and sword speed were so intense that even Great Knights like Erica and Liliana would be forced to yield.

These sudden attackers were undoubtedly beings of Great Knight level.

They weren't living beings—they were Voban's Servants of Death.

The Cage of Death's Servants—one of the four world-renowned Authorities possessed by Marquis Voban, usurped from Osiris, the Egyptian god of harvest and the underworld. This Authority allowed him to turn any human, divine beast, demon, or soul-bearing creature he killed with his own hands into a loyal servant under absolute control.

Over the years, Marquis Voban had killed various beings all over the world who defied or rebelled against him, enslaving those with significant combat power as his Death Servants.

Thus, although Voban appeared to be alone with only Liliana as his retainer, in reality, the old Demon Lord never lacked subordinates he could command.

These Death Servants included Great Knight-level warriors, renowned magicians, and many others. If gathered, even Campione would find them troublesome.

Now, Voban summoned several Great Knight-level warriors to launch an attack on Kaiser.

Facing these sharp strikes, Kaiser still stood there, unmoving—he didn't dodge or even flinch.

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

In the next second, every strike that landed on Kaiser was deflected as if hitting steel.

"Hm?" Voban narrowed his eyes. "An Authority similar to that bastard Salvatore's?"

Clearly, Voban misunderstood.

He thought Kaiser was using an Authority like Doni's, which could give the user a body as hard as steel. But Kaiser hadn't done anything at all.

Even before becoming a Campione, Kaiser already possessed Hierro, which gave him steel-hard flesh akin to armor. After becoming a Campione, he combined the Circle of Usurpation and the Hōgyoku, integrating Hierro into his ritual-based transformation, evolving and metamorphosing inside and out.

Now, Kaiser's body itself possessed steel-like hardness—not just his skin, but every part of him inside and out.

Once, he had used just one finger to block Erica's magic sword, which could easily cut through steel. These Great Knights, whose weapons weren't nearly as extraordinary, stood no chance of harming him.

"To wound me, at the very least, your slash needs to be this strong."

As Kaiser's words fell, black lights suddenly burst out behind him.

These black lights were sword slashes—extremely high-temperature slashes that flashed at incredible speed.

"Pshhk!" "Pshhk!" "Pshhk!"...

Those Death Servants didn't even react in time—they were instantly cleaved into halves by these slashes that carried searing heat strong enough to burn through anything. Some were cut into more than just halves—reduced to fragments and turned to dust.

This scene made the murderous light in Voban's eyes burn even more intensely.

"Slashes strong enough to cut through anything—and a steel body... huh?"

Without a doubt, Kaiser's display reminded Voban of someone he found extremely unpleasant, even loathsome.

"Very good. You've given me one more reason to strike you down, boy."

In response to Voban's mood, countless dark shadows appeared throughout the garden of the hotel.

Some turned into his enslaved Death Servants, others into massive demonic wolves that surrounded Kaiser.

"Awooo!"

"Awooo!"

The moment the demonic wolves appeared, they let out resounding howls that merged into a chorus, creating a terrifying atmosphere.

These were not Death Servants—they were the Pack of Greedy Wolves.

This was an Authority Voban usurped from the Greek sun god Apollo Lyceus, and also the very first Authority he gained as a Campione.

Though Apollo was a sun god, his sacred beast was a creature of darkness and earth—a demon wolf.

After slaying Apollo, Voban gained the power to summon endless demon wolves as familiars to control at will. He could even merge himself or his wolves into werewolf forms, and if he marked others with the Wolf's Sigil, they would permanently become wolves under his command.

At this moment, the wolves summoned by Voban didn't have Divine Beast-level power, but they did possess keen noses, horse-sized bodies, speed to chase cars, and tactical coordination akin to cavalry units. Even individually, they could push anyone below Great Knight-level into a tough battle.

And now, Voban had summoned dozens—if not hundreds—of them. This army was enough to overwhelm even Paladins.

Combined with the Death Servants, this force could annihilate any magical society or occult organization. Even Campione wouldn't dare move carelessly before such a terrifying army.

"My Death Servants and Pack of Greedy Wolves—heed the fury in my heart and cast this one into eternal purgatory!"

At Voban's command, all the Death Servants and demonic wolves charged at Kaiser.

It happened in an instant. From the appearance of the Death Servants and wolves to their collective attack on Kaiser, the entire process took less than three seconds.

Kaiser stood still—and in the blink of an eye, was engulfed by the horde of corpses and wolves, his figure disappearing without a trace.

"Boom!"

The next moment, a violent storm erupted.

The storm roared to life, blasting away all the Death Servants and demonic wolves that had swallowed Kaiser.

Corpses and giant wolves were flung like kites with broken strings, raining down like a storm. Some landed in the garden, others flew out of the garden and crashed down on the lower floors of the hotel.

"Ahhhhhhh...!"

Downstairs, panicked screams filled the air and echoed without end.