

Multiverse 305

Chapter 305: The Shining Golden Sword

Shiba Park 4-Chome, Minato Ward, Tokyo.

In this place not far from the area where the Shichio Shrine is located, there stood a world-famous iron tower.

Tokyo Tower, a landmark and tourist attraction of Tokyo, was built based on the model of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, France. It is the third tallest self-supporting iron tower in the world, and the second tallest structure in Japan after the Tokyo Skytree.

It is 332.6 meters tall, 8.6 meters taller than the Eiffel Tower, 301.4 meters shorter than the Tokyo Skytree, and 267.4 meters shorter than the Guangzhou Tower in China. Weighing 4,000 tons, it began construction in 1957 and has stood for over fifty years, occupying a very important position in all of Japan.

The primary function of the tower is to transmit various broadcast signals such as television and radio. During major earthquakes, it also sends signals to stop trains, and serves as a beacon, wind direction and speed measurement point, and temperature measurement site. Even though in recent years its broadcasting function has been gradually replaced by the Tokyo Skytree, it remains a backup broadcasting station and also serves the tourism industry.

At 150 meters high, Tokyo Tower has a main observation deck; at 250 meters, a special observation deck. Directly below, a four-story tower building houses entrances to the observation decks, as well as an aquarium and various souvenir shops. At night, seasonal lighting colors appear—white in summer, orange in spring, autumn, and winter—making it a beautiful sight.

Radio tower, observation tower, science museum... Tokyo Tower has many nicknames and has long since become one of the favorite tourist destinations for foreign travelers, generating untold wealth.

However, on this day, this important iron tower suffered a near-catastrophic blow.

"Boom!!!"

A massive black shadow came hurtling from the sky like a falling meteor, crashing directly into the upper part of the tower and snapping it in half.

Screams and cries of terror erupted all around, coming not only from inside the tower but also from the surrounding residents.

Anyone within sight of Tokyo Tower saw it break apart, prompting many to shout and fall into panic.

That massive black shadow was buried under countless fragments of the tower on the observation deck, with bright, eye-catching blood spilling from its mouth.

"Damn..."

The huge shadow shakily propped itself up, pushing away the debris covering its body, and revealed its full form amidst the thunderstorm.

It was none other than Voban, transformed into a gray werewolf.

At this moment, Voban wasn't just bleeding from the mouth—his entire body was covered in injuries. It was obvious he had suffered heavy damage.

"To think that I, Sasha Dejanstahl Voban, would one day be beaten like this by a brat who only became a Campione less than a month ago..."

Voban coughed up blood, wiped it away, and glared toward the sky with furious, emerald-green eyes.

There, two staves—one wrapped in wind and one in lightning—came flying and landed before him.

Kaiser's figure appeared right on time, as if stepping through a spatial distortion, landing between Yagrush and Aymur.

"I already said, judging a Campione's strength by age is a joke of cosmic proportions!"

Kaiser, unscathed and composed, was in sharp contrast to Voban as he calmly spoke.

"You've sobered up a bit now, haven't you, old man?"

Voban's eyes flared with anger, but a vicious smile surfaced on his face.

"You think you've won, boy?" Voban stared at Kaiser with eyes like emerald fire, seemingly having seen through him, and sneered. "Though being driven to this state is irritating, I've figured you out."

"Those two clubs behind you, they're the Authorities you usurped from the Mediterranean god-king Melqart, right?"

"Yagrush, the symbol of wind, and Aymur, the symbol of lightning—not only are they divine tools containing the divinity of the Craftsman God, they're also symbols of Melqart, God of Storms!"

"Your ability to summon wind and rain comes from these two clubs, doesn't it?"

As he spoke, countless black shadows appeared around Voban.

The shadows gradually took the form of deathly, gaunt servants—some in armor wielding weapons, others in robes holding staffs—forming an instant army.

Then, gray fur fell from Voban's body, each strand transforming into a wolf the size of a horse.

"Those are indeed powerful divine tools—capable of wounding me easily and even contending with my Authority of Tempest. But can someone like you, who's only recently become a Campione, truly wield them?"

At Voban's command, the wolves and death servants charged at Kaiser.

The wolves howled and leapt forward; the Great Knights rushed with their blades, while the magi began chanting spells, unleashing attacks of wind, fire, thunder, and lightning at Kaiser.

"This time, I'll use three Authorities against you. Let's see how you handle that!"

Voban spread his arms wide, releasing scorching and freezing winds simultaneously, then breathed lightning, mixing it with hot and cold gales that surged toward Kaiser with tremendous force.

Facing this fierce assault, Yagrush and Aymur moved on their own. One clashed with the winds, swirling violently; the other entangled with the lightning, unleashing bursts of explosions and shockwaves.

As for the wolves and servants—Kaiser completely ignored them.

"Three Authorities?"

"Besides the Tempest, why bring out the other two?"

"You think that level of attack will work on me?"

Kaiser didn't even flinch. He took the attacks of the wolves and death servants head-on.

The magic wolves' claws and fangs couldn't even scratch his skin.

The Great Knights' weapons bounced harmlessly off, while the magi's spells vanished on contact as if swept away by a breeze—his clothes fluttered, but not a single wound appeared.

Whether elemental attacks or hidden curses and ambushes, none of them had any effect.

"Using magic against a Campione—what child doesn't know that's pointless? Can't believe Marquis Voban forgot that." Kaiser mocked, "Are you really that old?"

With Kaiser's current resistance to magical power, even Liliana's strongest combat rituals would be ineffective against him.

However, a strange grin crept over Voban's savage wolf face.

"That was just a distraction. Did you really think I'd rely on such attacks to deal with you?"

As he spoke, two of the wolves suddenly enlarged into twenty-meter-tall werewolves.

"Awooo!"

"Awooo!"

With furious howls, they struck Kaiser, sending him flying.

"Boom!"

Their claws slammed into Kaiser's hastily raised arms, sending him hurtling out of the observation deck.

"This your trump card?"

Kaiser borrowed a portion of Gravisheath's power, controlling gravity around him to stop midair.

Those two giant werewolves were indeed powerful—at least Divine Beast level.

"Of course not!"

Voban growled, while several robed magi among his death servants raised their staffs.

These magi had not cast spells earlier—they had been chanting the whole time.

Now, the long incantation completed, and a massive magic circle opened above the observation deck.

From it, a gigantic creature over twenty meters long slowly emerged.

A silver-scaled dragon—its scales peeled off in many places, flesh beneath rotting, over a dozen exposed bones, its right forelimb missing from the elbow down, and its left eye socket empty.

The decaying dragon let out a silent roar, ghostly light flickering in its eye socket, flapping its tattered wings as it flew toward Kaiser.

"A Divine Beast-type death servant?"

Kaiser's brows rose.

Voban's death servant cage wasn't limited to human souls—it also worked on Divine Beasts, demons, and any soul-bearing being within its range.

Over his 300+ years of life, Voban had killed many powerful humans and even some Divine Beasts, though he couldn't summon them freely.

If the imprisoned servant's body wasn't too large, Voban could teleport them to his side. But giant beasts couldn't be moved as easily, so he stored them at his Balkan base.

Now, Voban had his powerful magi servants cast a large-scale teleportation spell to summon these sleeping Divine Beast servants from his Balkan stronghold.

"Wolves and human-sized death servants can't threaten you. What about Divine Beast-class werewolves and servants?"

"One or two still don't threaten you. But what about three, four, or even dozens?"

"With my control over wind, thunder, rain, and lightning—can you keep up that calm face?"

At Voban's roar, rotten Divine Beasts flew out from the magic circle one after another. With the two wind-clad werewolves, a Divine Beast-level army charged at Kaiser.

"Boom!"

Kaiser punched back at the silver dragon's claw, both blasted back by the shockwave, creating distance.

The two wind-riding werewolves attacked from left and right—one with a foul-smelling bite, the other with a claw swipe—splitting wind and storm with ferocious force.

"Shunpo!"

Kaiser vanished, reappearing above the incoming werewolves.

"Slash!" "Slash!"

Two black sword lights cut through them, severing both beasts.

"Awooo!"

But a second later, the two werewolves resurrected, reconnecting their bodies and fully regenerating.

"Useless!" Voban shouted. "Those two Divine Beast werewolves were summoned by my Authority—they can't die, even if decapitated!"

"And the death servants can resurrect even if their bodies are destroyed!"

"This is the undead army that only I can command!"

That's why Greedy Wolf Pack and Death Servant Cage were Authorities capable of opposing gods or Campiones. Without the immortality, sheer numbers wouldn't matter.

"Your slashes are ineffective!"

"And how many Divine Beast attacks can your steel body take?"

"And those two clubs of yours..."

Voban summoned whirlwinds, spat lightning, and fought Yagrush and Aymur while laughing.

"Their opponents are me!"

This, he thought, was checkmate.

At least, from Voban's perspective.

Swordsmanship, steel body, divine tools of the Craftsman God... those were all of Kaiser's Authorities.

So Voban believed that, having neutralized all three threats, his victory was assured.

Unfortunately...

"Clang!"

Just as Voban felt certain of victory, a burst of golden light appeared beside Tokyo Tower under the stormy sky.

The light was dazzling and golden—its source, Kaiser.

From Kaiser's body, radiant golden light bloomed, forming orbs of light.

Within each orb was a dazzling golden sword, flying toward the werewolves and death servants under Kaiser's control.

"Slash!" "Slash!" "Slash!"...

Cutting sounds echoed through the sky as the golden swords pierced through the werewolves and death servants.

"Awooo!"

"Roar!"

The monsters wailed as they vanished in the golden light, never reviving again.

"What?!"

Voban was shocked.

Then, countless golden swords flew at him, slicing his body like a thousand blades.

"Ahhhhhhhhh...!"

Sliced open by countless golden swords, Voban screamed in agony.

His body hair disappeared, his form shrank, and he reverted to his original, no longer ferocious self.

Not just Voban—his surrounding death servants and wolves vanished as if dismissed.

"M-My Authority...?!"

Voban realized something was wrong.