

## Multiverse 328

Chapter 328: "Divine Blade of Salvation"

On the summit of Mount Nantai, as Kaiser's calm voice resounded and reached Guinevere's ears, the air immediately became extremely silent.

"You... what did you say?"

Guinevere somewhat doubted her own ears, doubted what she had just heard.

"I said, I know where the king you've been searching for so desperately is." Kaiser looked at Guinevere and said with a faint smile, "What? You don't believe me?"

"...No, since it's the words of the God-Slaying King, it surely can't be some deceitful nonsense meant to mislead others, right?" Guinevere took a deep breath, suppressed the excitement in her heart, and stared intently at Kaiser. "May I ask you to tell me, where is my liege?"

Though she said that, Guinevere didn't actually think Kaiser would tell her the whereabouts of the Last King.

The reason was simple—he had no reason to do so.

To reveal the location of the one destined to carry the fate of slaying the Campiones, the strongest steel fated to defeat the God-Slayer, would be no different from actively awakening the Last King. Did he have any reason to do that?

Clearly, he did not.

But Guinevere still wanted to gamble.

What if?

What if the other party truly wished to awaken the legendary hero and fight the Last King in a decisive battle?

If it were one of those God-Slayers who treated gods as prey and battles as entertainment, they just might do such a thing.

Guinevere also had some understanding of the new king before her. After becoming a Campione, he had slain several gods in less than a month. Ever since becoming king, he had actively sought out gods, opponents, and powerful enemies.

Such a person might just reveal the location of the Last King out of a desire to fight him.

With that idea in mind, Guinevere had made her inquiry.

To that, Kaiser actually began to explain.

"Approximately fifteen hundred years ago, the Last King was resurrected to eliminate the God-Slayers of that time and very smoothly accomplished that mission."

Historically, the Last King had been revived many times, engaging in deadly battles with the Campiones of those times. With the might of the strongest steel and the assistance of the Grand Covenant, he had exterminated the God-Slayers time and time again.

Otherwise, why would Voban be the oldest Campione?

Could it be that in the era before Voban, across thousands or even tens of thousands of years, no Campiones had ever been born?

Of course not.

In almost every era, someone succeeded in slaying a god and becoming a Campione. The only difference was whether there were more or fewer of them.

In this current era, there were as many as seven Campiones, which was actually a lot.

In past eras, there were some with only four or five, or even just two or three. For seven Campiones to appear in the same era could already be considered an overpopulation phenomenon.

So where did the past Campiones go?

Did they die of old age?

That wasn't the case either.

From the longevity of Voban and Luo Hao alone, it could be seen that even if not eternal, Campiones lived far longer than humans. Witches could maintain their appearance through consummate magical power, and Campiones, too, could extend their lives with immense magical power and special physiques. Living for several hundred years was no problem at all.

If they had special methods or Authorities, Campiones could even live for thousands of years and achieve a kind of alternative immortality.

Such Campiones were basically unlikely to die of natural causes.

So when a Campione died, it was usually due to dying in battle.

And among those who died in battle, only a small number were killed by other Heretic Gods. Most were slain by the awakened Last King.

Whenever multiple Campiones appeared on the earth and caused a certain degree of chaos, the Last King would awaken from slumber, follow the destiny set for him, and slay them. After completing his task, he would fall asleep again, waiting for the next awakening.

"At that time, he completed his mission as usual, and then fell into slumber as a divine blade on an island nearby."

Kaiser had just said this when Guinevere immediately asked eagerly.

"Where is that island?"

Hearing this, Kaiser straightforwardly gave the answer.

"In this country, on the Bōsō Peninsula in Tokyo Bay."

Before Guinevere could react, Kaiser added blandly:

"Unfortunately, his appearance posed a significant problem for some of this country's ancient sages."

"Led by the heroic god Susanoō, those old ones who quietly protect this nation in the Netherworld viewed the Last King as a dangerous existence."

"So they joined forces and hid the whereabouts of this foreign wandering god, whose awakening would bring devastating destruction to this country."

If the Last King awakened, not only would the world fall into an apocalyptic state, but the very life force of the earth would be continuously absorbed and transformed into his power.

If the Last King awoke in this country, it would be nearly destroyed, if not outright annihilated.

Therefore, those Netherworld dwellers separated the island where the Last King slept and hid it in a place where no one could find it.

Then, to prevent the Dragon-Snake Divinity from agitating the strongest steel hero, they also schemed to turn the Steel of Rebellion into the Sword of National Protection, binding Sun Wukong the Great Sage Equal to Heaven to this land, making him suppress the Dragon-Snake.

This was the reason the Cursed Binding of the Keeper of the Horses appeared, and also the greatest secret this country was hiding.

"So that's how it is..."

Guinevere was slightly emotional, her voice trembling.

"No wonder... no wonder my liege has remained asleep for over a thousand years and has yet to appear, allowing the Campiones of the world to proliferate to this extent."

Guinevere had long suspected that something had happened to her liege, that he was being hidden by someone, that something had gone wrong, resulting in such prolonged slumber.

If the hero who slays Campiones had no issues, how could such a ridiculous situation arise where seven Campiones coexisted in the world?

With so many Campiones born in the same era, the conditions to awaken the hero had long since been met.

Yet the Last King still hadn't awakened, still hadn't appeared, not even a hint. Guinevere couldn't help but suspect something had happened to her liege.

And so, she had searched for her king, tirelessly, up to this moment.

Now, she had finally reached the truth.

"As expected, my liege is in this country." Guinevere smiled, and her gaze toward Kaiser became even more intense. "Please, tell me, how can I find my liege?"

Faced with Guinevere's question, Kaiser also smiled.

"Find him?" Kaiser said, "Forget it. You won't be able to."

"Can't find him?" Guinevere asked anxiously, "Why?"

"Because there's no need to," Kaiser replied with a smile. "That hero is no longer here."

No longer... here?

What did that mean?

This question had just formed in Guinevere's heart when the scene that followed left her completely frozen.

"Zheng—"

It was a platinum radiance.

A divine brilliance of salvation.

As Kaiser stretched out his hand and grasped a weapon that appeared in midair, this brilliance began to radiate from him.

The weapon was a sword.

A heavy double-edged blade about one hundred centimeters long, structured like a machete, gleaming with platinum light—this was the Divine Blade.

Staring at this sword, Guinevere trembled all over.

There was no way she wouldn't recognize this sword.

There was no way she could fail to recognize it.

That sword... that sword was—

"Divine Blade of Salvation!"

Guinevere cried out in shock.

"Why...?!"

Hearing Guinevere's cry filled with disbelief, Kaiser suddenly smiled.

"Because this divine blade was my target from the start."

Kaiser said such words.

...

It was during the time when the curse binding Sun Wukong the Great Sage Equal to Heaven had just been broken, and he had turned to stone to gather power, quietly awaiting his emergence.

At that time, Kaiser, who had just left the Western Palace and the Mount Nikko, did not return directly to the Shichio Shrine. Instead, he unfurled the Divine Dividing and flew in the direction of Bōsō.

After arriving, Kaiser did not land but beat his wings and turned into a meteor dragging a trail of light, shooting straight into the sky.

He broke through the clouds, pierced the sky, even passed through the atmosphere, entering the region that could be called space.

This was the high altitude of satellite orbit—looking down, the Japan Archipelago could be seen like a map.

The environment here was harsh. Depending on the angle of the sun, temperatures alternated between extreme cold and heat. Humans couldn't survive here—nor could other lifeforms.

In the past, Kaiser couldn't have reached such a place either. But now, having obtained the Hōgyoku and gained the nature of immortality, he could adapt and survive even in the vacuum of space.

"This should be the place, right?"

Kaiser hovered in satellite orbit, scanning the surroundings.

Before long, he saw a floating island.

Yes.

Above Bōsō, in satellite orbit, an island was floating.

The island looked much like any in the Pacific—hills, flatlands—but devoid of any vegetation or life, only soil and rock.

It simply hovered in geostationary orbit, now entering Kaiser's view.

Humans could not possibly know of this island's existence.

Even if they did, they would merely regard it as some orbital debris.

Only an extremely select few knew this island had been placed there—housing something extraordinary.

"Shua!"

Kaiser flapped his wings, streaking through the sky at incredible speed, and landed upon the island.

The island wasn't large—one might even call it small—but at its center, there was a single iron sword thrust into the ground.

The blade was about one hundred centimeters long, but its surface was rusted to the point of near disintegration.

Yet, looking at the rusted blade, Kaiser's eyes flashed with excitement.

"So this is the Divine Blade of Salvation?"

—"Divine Blade of Salvation."

This was the sword carried by the hero who exterminated the Campiones, the strongest weapon, the steel itself.

It had many names.

Demon Lord Slayer, Iron Sword of the Last King, Holy Sword of the Fallen Star, Platinum Blade, the Blade of Extinction that Cuts All Creation, the Apocalyptic Sword that Slices Earth and Heavens, a Weapon Forged from the Armaments of Countless Heroes, the Symbol of Salvation's Power, the Last Hope of Glory, the Solitary Sword that Conceals Every Weapon's Nature, Caliburnus, Escalibor, Excalibur... and so on.

These were all its other names.

It was not only the Last King's ultimate weapon but also his other half—his body itself transformed into a divine sword after his slumber.

"Those old coots really went to great lengths to hide you."

Kaiser looked at the rusted sword and, half-smiling, seemed to speak to it.

"I bet even they didn't expect that after all their precautions, the one who found you would be me—a newly born Campione."

Other than the residents of the Netherworld, no one should've known the location of the Divine Blade of Salvation.

But Kaiser, of course, was an exception.

After all, he had known of its location from the original story.

"Now, the rebellious Sun Wukong is about to emerge, and the plans of those old ones are being exposed one by one."

"Your whereabouts can no longer remain hidden either."

"But the first one to arrive here—was me."

Saying this, Kaiser reached out toward the rusted blade.

"Since I've come, I'll be taking this divine blade."

"Naturally, you'll never have the chance to reemerge."

"You—the strongest steel forged to slay Campiones—will end your role here."

As he finished speaking, Kaiser gripped the rusted sword.

"Thump, thump—"

With the appearance of golden patterns, Kaiser felt the divine blade pulsating, throbbing, vibrating in his hand.

The golden lines spread from his grip along the handle, crawling across the entire blade.

"Thump, thump—thump, thump—thump, thump—"

The pulsation and vibration within the divine blade grew stronger and more frequent—as if awakening, or perhaps resisting.

Unfortunately, all weapons touched by Kaiser lost the ability to resist him.

Even the Divine Blade of Salvation—the half-body of the legendary hero—was no exception.

The golden lines gradually covered the entire blade and then vanished into it.

"Zheng—"

At that moment, the divine blade released a platinum glow, and the rust on its blade flaked away, revealing a brilliant and dazzling sword.

The platinum radiance blossomed across this unreachable satellite orbit, shining atop the floating island.

After fifteen hundred years, this divine light of salvation had once again appeared in this world.

Only now, the one holding it was no longer the hero—

But the Demon Lord he was meant to slay.