

## **Multiverse 330**

### Chapter 330: Inexhaustible, Limitless

"Rumble—"

Thunder rumbled like firecrackers, constantly roaring across the sky, causing electric flashes and lightning to flicker endlessly—dangerous and manic.

As the thunder and lightning gathered, Lancelot seemed to have transformed into a power generator, with violent lightning flickering all over his body.

"To answer the prayer of my beloved daughter, to crush a worthy foe, I now become lightning and entrust my life to you!"

The witch's guardian loudly chanted his kotodama, absorbing all the thunder and lightning that had gathered around him.

"I hereby proclaim: I will not retreat, I will not fear, I am an unyielding knight, I can only advance forward—with singular resolve, I will break through and pierce my God-Slaying nemesis!"

The moment the kotodama descended, Lancelot charged down.

"Boom!"

It was the roar of the atmosphere.

The knight atop the white horse stepped into the realm of divine speed at that very moment, seemingly transformed into a lightning lance, charging straight toward Mount Nantai.

The atmosphere howled under the friction of the lightning lance, rising in heat, causing the firelight to flicker faintly.

An astonishing amount of Magical Power surged like divine aura, erupting with earth-shattering force as it plummeted downward.

Anyone could see—it was an astonishing assault.

Anyone could see—how terrifying the destructive power was.

At this moment, Lancelot's charge was like a massive meteor falling from the sky, carrying an equally massive impact and destructive force, rushing toward Kaiser.

Judging from the momentum, Kaiser had no doubt—if that strike landed, the entirety of Mount Nantai would instantly be reduced to dust, completely destroyed.

Under this astonishing charge, Kaiser's state also fully erupted.

He turned his gaze toward his hand, looking at the platinum-colored divine sword.

"So be it," Kaiser murmured, "just let me take this chance to witness your might."

With that, Kaiser raised the Divine Blade of Salvation.

"O white light of salvation—strike down my nemesis."

His kotodama wasn't loud; on the contrary, it was unusually calm.

Yet, the moment that short kotodama was chanted, a scene equally astonishing as Lancelot's charge appeared.

A platinum-colored star rose from the divine sword, ascending above Kaiser's head.

In the next second, a flash of light burst forth from within the platinum star.

"BOOM!!!"

The bursting flash collided abruptly with the incoming lightning lance, sparking an ear-splitting roar.

The shockwave rampaged like a storm, warping space itself, the atmosphere wailing continuously. Blinding light bloomed from the center of the collision, radiating light and heat outward, exhibiting an extraordinarily terrifying destructiveness.

The charging Lancelot was blown away in the collision, flying all the way into the clouds before he barely managed to stabilize himself.

"How is this possible...?!"

Guinevere, sitting in front of Lancelot, cried out in shock.

"To think he could actually wield my lord's divine blade..."

Even Lancelot himself seemed somewhat incredulous.

The Divine Blade of Salvation—that was a heroic sword that only a brave one who slayed Demon Lords could wield. It was the signature weapon of the Last King, the strongest divine tool.

And now, this divine blade meant to slay Campiones was being wielded with such mastery by a Campione. To Lancelot and Guinevere, this impact was no less than the revelation that the Last King had been defeated.

But this was only the beginning.

As a collection of divine tools used by the gods of heaven, the Divine Blade of Salvation possessed terrifying might.

Its sharpness and durability needed no further mention. The white star created by the divine blade existed for the purpose of releasing salvation thunder.

The true form of the platinum flash was the thunder light forged from the weapons of the heavenly gods—each strike possessed the power to slay a Campione.

And such salvation thunder existed in inexhaustible, limitless quantity within the divine blade.

Thus, the white star began releasing countless dense flashes outward, like a rain of falling lightning, unleashing salvation thunder that blotted out the sky, covering Lancelot.

"—!"

Lancelot felt an overwhelming sense of alarm rise in his heart, the shadow of death rapidly approaching. Even the hand gripping his spear trembled, and his Magical Power became chaotic.

Not daring to slack off, Lancelot galloped on his white horse, darting back and forth through the sky with astonishing speed, dodging each incoming salvation thunderbolt.

"Uncle!"

Guinevere belatedly cried out, but could no longer elicit a response from Lancelot.

He had devoted his entire body and mind to evasion, unleashing all his focus and lifelong martial skill, just to dodge those countless salvation thunders.

In that dense, endless barrage of flashes, each bolt represented a divine weapon from the gods, each carried devastating power. A single grazing hit could cost an arm or a leg—and that would be the best-case scenario.

If struck directly, even a god would suffer mortal damage instantly.

Therefore, being hit was absolutely not an option.

"Please hold on! Uncle!"

Guinevere also understood how critical the situation was, her little face pale as she shouted.

"Though the Divine Blade of Salvation holds inexhaustible thunder within, the power of its wielder is limited. As long as we endure this most difficult period, that hateful Demon Lord will exhaust himself and offer up his neck!"

Though the Divine Blade of Salvation held infinite power, it was precisely because of its might—because it bore the powers of numerous divine weapons—that wielding it consumed a terrifying amount of energy.

The sustenance of the Divine Blade of Salvation was the life force of the earth. If it could absorb the earth's essence, it could be used freely for a certain period. But without a vast reservoir of earth energy as fuel, the wielder had to provide the energy themselves.

This was no joke. With the divine blade's power, its consumption per second was enormous. Even a Campione, who possessed hundreds of times the Magical Power of a human mage, would be exhausted to death in a short time if supplying it alone.

Thus, so long as one could endure, the barrage of salvation thunder would eventually cease, and the time to counterattack would arrive.

"Mist wind—rise!"

Lancelot also seemed intent on stalling for time, chanting a new kotodama.

This was a blessing borrowed from the Great Grandmother, Goddess of Water. It could summon fog around and even turn himself and his steed into mist—a very practical Authority.

A thick fog rose at that moment, concealing Lancelot's figure and shrouding the entire sky in mist.

"Who do you think you're underestimating?"

Seeing this scene, Kaiser narrowed his eyes.

Sensing his remaining Magical Power, Kaiser didn't hesitate to release more salvation thunder, letting the endless flashes rain upon the sky. Even the platinum star ascended again, plunging into the thick fog.

Indeed, the Divine Blade of Salvation's consumption was terrifying, but after recognizing Kaiser as its master, the blade's consumption had been reduced. Furthermore, Kaiser's own Magical Power far surpassed that of an ordinary Campione—he alone exceeded all other Campiones combined.

Thus, he could unleash salvation thunder recklessly, without worrying about exhaustion.

And so, the endless flashes pierced through the clouds, the platinum star evaporated the fog, forcing Lancelot's figure to flee out in a wretched state.

"Boom!"

Finally, one flash struck Lancelot, penetrating his entire body and sending him bleeding heavily as he plummeted from midair.

"Uncle!"

The fallen Guinevere, battered and bruised, let out a shriek.

Lancelot slammed hard into the ground, shattering it and sinking downward, creating a large crater.

"...This is bad."

He wobbled as he rose from the crater, blood streaming from his body.

Being struck directly by a salvation thunderbolt capable of killing a Campione—that damage was immense, so immense that he instantly approached the verge of death.

"Swish!"

Kaiser's figure appeared as if through teleportation, landing before Lancelot.

"Though you are a god, being only a divine shadow created to protect others is ultimately lacking."

Kaiser slowly walked toward Lancelot, holding the Divine Blade of Salvation radiating platinum light.

"As one qualified to stand beside the Last King and fight alongside him, even if you are not the strongest Steel, you should be a Steel hero second only to the Last King, no?"

This point had already been confirmed by the Ame no Murakumo within Kaiser.

It told Kaiser that the Lancelot before him was, like itself, a pure-blooded Steel—a most pure Steel God.

Compared to the Heretic Sun Wukong, the god before him was even purer, lacking the complicated Divinity and godly nature, and thus even more threatening.

If he had manifested as a Heretic God on earth, he likely would've been able to exhibit power on par with Sun Wukong.

Unfortunately, Lancelot, as merely a divine shadow, had limited threat.

"It's a pity, but this is the end, Lancelot du Lac."

Saying so, Kaiser raised the Divine Blade of Salvation, letting the platinum star rise once more.

"Boom!"

A platinum flash burst from it, instantly striking Lancelot and fully penetrating his body.

"Urgh...AAAAAHHHHHHH...!"

Lancelot let out a cry of anguish. His entire form began to dissipate like mist, slowly disintegrating.

"Uncle!"

Guinevere's despairing and grief-filled scream followed, echoing through heaven and earth.

"Damnable Demon Lord! Damnable God-Slayer!"

Guinevere glared hatefully at Kaiser, then immediately activated a flight spell, swiftly flying off toward the horizon.

"Boom!"

A platinum flash streaked across space, striking the fleeing Guinevere and engulfing her petite figure.