

## Multiverse 43

### Chapter 43: Demon Swords of Different Worlds

"Shing!"

As the pitch-black demonic sword radiated an overwhelming heat, slicing through the storm-like onslaught of aggressive aura, the ground beneath Kaiser had already shattered completely.

Yet, he remained unscathed. The Ser-Veresta in his grasp continued to vibrate intensely, showing no signs of breaking under the assault of the so-called strongest demonic sword.

"What?"

Siegfried's eyes widened in shock.

"It actually cut through Gram's aura?"

The Demon Emperor Sword Gram was renowned as the strongest demonic sword, possessing two formidable attributes.

One was its fearsome sharpness, capable of cutting through and destroying anything.

The other was its immense dragon-slaying power, making it a weapon feared by all dragons.

With these two abilities, Gram had earned its title as the most powerful demonic sword. Its unparalleled sharpness and might had once even eradicated the infamous evil dragon Fafnir of Norse mythology.

To Siegfried, Gram's power was absolute. Even if his opponent wasn't a dragon, preventing the sword from unleashing its full dragon-slaying potential, its sheer sharpness—capable of severing anything—should have been more than enough to secure victory against Kaiser.

A new, experimental demonic sword? It was laughable. Even legendary demonic swords that had earned their fame across myths and legends would be effortlessly crushed by Gram's attack aura.

Yet, the blade in Kaiser's hand had reversed the situation—severing Gram's devastating aura instead!

This...

Just as Siegfried was momentarily stunned, Kaiser, having cleaved apart the storm of energy, made his move.

"Boom!"

A tremendous burst of Touki erupted from Kaiser, his entire body enveloped in a raging white radiance. His power surged dramatically, enhancing his offense, defense, speed, and even his body's internal and external fortitude.

With such immense Touki surging around him, Kaiser stomped down, shattering the ground beneath his feet. A dust cloud erupted as he shot forward like a meteor, hurtling straight toward Siegfried.

"!?"

Siegfried's honed battle instincts kicked in instantly. Without wasting time contemplating his opponent's ability, he swiftly raised Gram in defense.

"Clang!!!"

The next instant, Kaiser was already upon him, bringing Ser-Veresta down in a devastating slash. The impact rang out like a temple bell, sending shockwaves rolling across the battlefield, scattering debris in all directions.

"Buzz!"

The Ser-Veresta hummed with power, its pitch-black blade flashing midair as it transformed into a barrage of radiant sword slashes, relentlessly striking at Siegfried.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!"

Forced onto the defensive, Siegfried hurriedly swung Gram multiple times, parrying the vicious onslaught of slashes. Yet, his body was gradually pushed backward, sparks flying from his sword with every desperate block.

"Clang!"

Seizing the advantage, Kaiser launched another ferocious strike, slamming his blade against Gram, producing an even greater burst of sparks and clashing steel. The two entered a deadlock, locked in a contest of strength.

"As expected of the so-called strongest demonic sword," Kaiser remarked, pushing forward without hesitation. "Even with my Ser-Veresta at maximum output, I can't damage it at all."

Right now, he was wielding the full power of Ser-Veresta.

In this state, even Wole-Zain—one of the Four-Colored Magic Swords—had been shattered within a single exchange when they last clashed.

After all, Kaiser had grown far stronger since the Phoenix Festa, and so had Ser-Veresta, his exclusive weapon. Compared to when he had fought the Wole-Zain, his strength had increased severalfold.

And yet...

Even now, in a direct confrontation against Gram, he had failed to deal any damage to it. On the contrary, he could feel Ser-Veresta trembling, as if letting out an anguished cry in response to Gram's sheer cutting power.

It was clear—even the current Ser-Veresta was struggling to go head-to-head against a legendary divine weapon from myth and legend.

Ultimately, Ser-Veresta was still an Orga Lux. It might be an unparalleled force in the Asterisk War world, but in a realm where gods and myths existed, its dominance was no longer absolute.

Had it not been for its bond with Kaiser—growing stronger alongside him—it might not have even qualified to face Gram directly.

However, Siegfried, unaware of these considerations, saw things differently.

"...I must admit, I'm impressed. To match Gram head-on, your sword is already on par with the other legendary demonic swords, isn't it?"

Siegfried finally regained his composure, his gaze toward Kaiser now carrying a newfound depth.

"You're much stronger than I expected. Honestly, you have the qualifications to be a main force in the Hero Faction." He narrowed his eyes. "And the fact that you haven't even used your Sacred Gear yet... I can't even begin to guess how powerful you really are."

If someone like Kaiser were an ally, it would be a pleasant surprise—perhaps even reassuring.

But Siegfried still had his doubts.

Kaiser had known about both the Khaos Brigade and the Hero Faction, even their hidden activities. That alone made Siegfried suspect he was backed by some unknown force.

Had his sudden change of heart—his willingness to join them—been an order from that hidden faction?

Was he a spy?

This thought surfaced in Siegfried's mind, reminding him of his leader's instructions: Force him to use his Sacred Gear. Find out his true strength.

And so, Siegfried smiled.

"Looks like I'll have to get serious to take you down."

With that declaration, Siegfried freed one hand and reached beneath his ceremonial coat, drawing yet another sword.

A demonic sword, radiating an equally ominous aura, just like Gram.

"Shing—!"

The blade swept through the air in a vicious arc, crashing into Ser-Veresta and sending Kaiser flying backward.

"That sword..."

Kaiser steadied himself midair, gripping Ser-Veresta tightly as he landed. His gaze sharpened upon recognizing Siegfried's newly drawn weapon.

"This is Balmung—a demonic sword forged from the same roots as Gram."

Siegfried smirked as he introduced his weapon.

Balmung—hailing from Norse mythology—was the Dragon Slayer Sword wielded by the legendary hero Siegfried in The Song of the Nibelungs.

Interestingly, The Song of the Nibelungs was derived from the Volsunga Saga, where Gram had first appeared.

Balmung was essentially a later iteration of Gram.

Though not as mighty as the original, it remained a fearsome legendary demonic sword.

"This one is also a dragon slayer. Not exactly ideal for fighting you, but humans are fragile creatures," Siegfried remarked. "Even without its dragon-slaying properties, its corrupting influence alone is enough to deal serious damage."

Wielding both demonic swords, Siegfried lunged forward.

"Boom!"

Gram came slashing down, its fearsome aura shattering the ground beneath Kaiser before even making contact.

Dust and debris exploded outward. Kaiser flipped backward, evading the strike while his Touki shield deflected the scattering rubble, producing a sharp, crackling sound.

"Shing!"

Siegfried emerged from the dust cloud, Balmung slashing toward Kaiser's head at blinding speed.

"Clang!"

Kaiser flipped Ser-Veresta into a reverse grip, intercepting Balmung. The two swords ground against each other violently, sending him skidding backward.

"Still not using your Sacred Gear?" Siegfried taunted, pressing forward. "You can't beat me without it."

Kaiser smirked.

"Is that so?"

The moment his words fell, the Ser-Veresta surged with power, unleashing a scorching tempest.

"Boom—!"

It was as if an invisible inferno had detonated. The sweltering heat spread like a hurricane, sweeping up countless shards of stone and debris, shrouding the battlefield in thick, billowing smoke.

The shockwave expanded outward like a tidal wave, sending both Kaiser and Siegfried flying in opposite directions.

"Ser-Veresta!"

Kaiser channeled an immense surge of Touki and aura into his sword. The pitch-black blade rapidly expanded, growing to an enormous size.

"Haaah!"

With a roar, he raised the now-towering Ser-Veresta, its length exceeding several dozen meters. Without stabilizing his stance, he swung it downward with all his might, aiming at the still-reeling Siegfried.

"Rumble—!"

The enormous demonic sword descended like a collapsing pillar of the heavens, tearing through the air with an explosive sonic boom. The sheer heat it carried distorted the space around it, its overwhelming might reflected in Siegfried's dilating pupils.

"So this is your sword's true ability...?!"

With no time to hesitate, Siegfried let out a battle cry, raising Gram high. He poured every ounce of power into it, unleashing its full attack aura.

"Boom—!"

The sword's devastating energy surged forth like a raging storm, clashing head-on with the descending Ser-Veresta. The impact produced a deafening roar, shaking the battlefield.

The scorching demonic blade and the tempestuous, devastating aura of Gram collided violently, their raw energy tearing through the air. The very atmosphere trembled under the strain, releasing an expanding shockwave that radiated outward in circular waves.

The ground beneath them could not withstand the cataclysmic force—cracking, crumbling, and disintegrating into dust and rubble. Rocks and soil shattered like brittle glass, as if a category 10 hurricane had swept through, reducing everything in its path to ruin.

From the epicenter of their clash, a blinding light erupted. It swallowed the battlefield, illuminating the entire area within a radius of several hundred meters.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Two figures were sent flying from within the explosion. One was launched straight into a distant mountain, while the other crashed violently into the ground, obliterating the impact site.

Thick clouds of dust and debris rose into the air, only to be swept away by the residual shockwaves. What remained were two shattered landscapes, their surfaces continuously crumbling, with rocks tumbling down for what seemed like an eternity.