

Multiverse 44

Chapter 44: As You Wish

"...Cough, cough..."

Amidst the rolling debris, Siegfried staggered to his feet, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

"To think... I'd actually get injured here..."

His eyes darkened, glaring ahead, clearly in a foul mood.

"Hu..."

Higher up, embedded in the side of a mountain, Kaiser also emerged from a pile of rubble, exhaling softly. Though his appearance was somewhat disheveled, he was completely unharmed—unlike Siegfried, who had sustained injuries.

The Touki surging from within Kaiser's body had shielded him from the brunt of the impact, preventing him from taking any real damage.

However, Ser-Veresta in his grasp had lost some of its luster, appearing slightly damaged from the intense clash.

It was clear—going all out against the so-called strongest demonic sword had taken its toll on Ser-Veresta.

"Truly an impressive sword."

Kaiser channeled his aura into Ser-Veresta, repairing the damage.

As his exclusive weapon, one that had fused with him, even if it were destroyed, it would gradually recover within him over time. By nourishing it with his own energy, he could at least accelerate the healing process.

Even as he worked on mending the sword, Kaiser suddenly stepped forward, launching himself off the ground and leaping down the mountain.

At the same time, Siegfried was already charging toward him, landing directly in his path.

—

The two locked eyes, saying nothing.

Kaiser's expression remained calm.

In contrast, Siegfried's smirk had vanished completely—he could no longer bring himself to laugh.

"Enough, don't you think?"

After a brief silence, Kaiser was the first to speak.

"How long do you plan to keep testing me?"

From his perspective, the battle had been nothing more than Siegfried's way of probing his strength.

Siegfried didn't deny it.

Because that had been his goal—at least initially.

But now, his intentions had shifted.

"You don't actually think that was my full strength, do you?"

Siegfried's voice was cold.

"Isn't it?" Kaiser replied, though he clearly didn't believe it. Still, he continued, "The Church's top warrior—the so-called Demonic Sword User Siegfried—you're undoubtedly strong. I'd say your power is at least on par with a Maou-class Devil, wouldn't you agree?"

While this world lacked a standardized power ranking system, most factions categorized individuals based on their strength and standing.

Take the Devils, for instance. They were generally divided into Low-Class, Middle-Class, High-Class, and Ultimate-Class Devils, with Maou (Demon Kings) standing at the pinnacle.

Although these were primarily social and hierarchical classifications, they were undeniably tied to power levels.

For example, a High-Class Devil like Rias Gremory was capable of wiping out an entire mountain with a single attack. If she held back, she could effortlessly destroy a tennis court without causing excessive collateral damage.

Ultimate-Class Devils were even stronger, second only to the Maou.

And in the Underworld, there were only four true Maou.

Though some Devils possessed Maou-level power, Ultimate-Class Devils were the closest beings to reaching that stage.

As for Maou themselves, they had the capability to erase a small nation entirely. If they fought seriously, they could destroy a major metropolis. Compared to them, even weaker deities from some mythologies wouldn't stand a chance.

So for a human to possess strength equivalent to an Ultimate-Class Devil—that was already an incredible feat.

"But this still isn't my full power." Siegfried let out a chilling laugh. "Well... I originally didn't want to reveal it before you did, but since you've forced me into this situation, I'd feel humiliated if I didn't at least regain some of my pride."

"Let me show you—my Sacred Gear."

As Siegfried spoke, his back began to pulsate unnaturally.

Muscles bulged grotesquely beneath his flesh, as if something was trying to break free. Then—a third arm burst out from his back.

It was entirely silver, covered in what appeared to be dragon-like scales, exuding a monstrous aura.

"There exists a Sacred Gear that transforms its wielder's arms into Dragon Arms, granting them the ability to double their power for a limited time."

The newly grown silver arm flexed, while Siegfried's voice deepened slightly.

"It's called Twice Critical, a rather common Sacred Gear."

"But mine is different—it's a Variant of Twice Critical. Instead of transforming my own arms into dragon arms, I grow a third one from my back."

As he explained, Siegfried's dragon arm reached beneath his robe and pulled out another sword.

"This one is Nothung—another legendary demonic sword."

A third demonic sword!

Nothung—a sword originating from *The Ring of the Nibelung*, an opera based on Norse mythology. Also known as the Notung Divine Sword, it was renowned for its overwhelming destructive power.

Kaiser recognized this sword—its strength lay in pure devastation.

"...You sure are reckless, using this many demonic swords at once."

Kaiser's gaze held a trace of admiration.

In this world, demonic swords were called demonic for a reason—they were inherently cursed.

Simply holding them carried risks. Some inflicted curses upon their wielder, while others caused continuous harm when wielded—extremely dangerous weapons.

Compared to them, the Orga Lux Kaiser used—despite its power consumption—was nothing in terms of drawbacks.

Especially Gram—the strongest demonic sword. Simply wielding it drained an immense amount of life force. Mishandling it could mean death.

Yet Siegfried used these swords without hesitation. Not just one—but several at once.

It was practically suicidal.

"I never intended to live long anyway. As long as I can fight and carve my name into battle, that's enough for me."

Siegfried shrugged nonchalantly.

"Besides, you think this is all? This is just the appetizer—the real show begins now."

Hearing that, Kaiser's eyes flickered.

"...It's coming, huh?"

As if he had foreseen this moment, Kaiser murmured softly.

Then—

"Balance Breaker!"

Siegfried roared.

A blinding silver light erupted from his back.

More grotesque bulges formed across his body—then more arms tore through his flesh, bursting forth.

One by one, four more silver dragon arms emerged, until he now possessed six arms in total.

Siegfried stretched out all his hands—his two natural arms, and his four newly grown dragon arms.

"[Feast of Asura and Demonic Dragon]—my Sub-Species Balance Breaker."

A Sub-Species Balance Breaker.

Unlike a standard Balance Breaker, a Sub-Species deviated from its normal form—an advanced stage that even Kaiser had yet to reach.

With his newly grown limbs, Siegfried drew three more swords from his robe.

"Demon Sword, Tyrfing."

"Demon Sword, Dáinsleif."

Tyrfing—a Norse demonic sword known as the Severing Sword. A blade so sharp it could cut through space itself, creating dimensional rifts. Essentially, a superior version of the Seiryuin magic sword.

Dáinsleif—another legendary sword from Norse mythology. The Sword of Högni, wielding the power of ice and frost.

Five legendary demonic swords.

Gram, Balmung, Nothung, Tyrting, Dáinsleif—each wielded by a single man.

This was why Siegfried was called the Demonic Sword User. Not only was he the wielder of Gram, but he also commanded multiple legendary demonic swords—a true swordmaster of the demonic arts.

Even so, five swords were his limit.

His sixth hand wielded not a demonic sword, but a Holy Sword—imbued with divine light.

"By the way, my Balance Breaker ability doubles my power for each arm I have."

Siegfried's confidence returned. Six arms, six swords—his full power, unleashed.

"So? Do you think you can defeat me in this state?"

Faced with Siegfried's provocation, Kaiser remained unexpectedly calm.

"Probably not."

Kaiser admitted without hesitation.

"If it were just a Sub-Species Twice Critical, or if you had drawn one more demonic sword, I might have been able to find a way to deal with it."

"But with your Balance Breaker activated, and with two more demonic swords added to the mix, I have to admit—I don't have the confidence to defeat you in this state."

With Ser-Veresta in hand, Kaiser was certain that he was already stronger than a High-Class Devil.

Even compared to an Ultimate-Class Devil, he wouldn't be too far behind—this much had already been proven in their fight.

But now?

With Siegfried's power multiplying several times through Balance Breaker, along with the addition of multiple legendary demonic swords, Kaiser knew he was at a disadvantage.

And so...

"As you wish... I'll show you my Sacred Gear."

Kaiser dismissed Ser-Veresta and, instead, summoned the power lying dormant within him.

"Hummmm—"

In that instant—

A holy radiance spread across the battlefield, engulfing the land in an overwhelming divine presence.