

Multiverse 54

Chapter 54: Are You Kidding Me?

Kuoh Town – Outskirts

This was an area close to the city limits.

Unlike the desolate outskirts Kaiser had previously visited, this place wasn't entirely abandoned—though human presence was still sparse. People could occasionally be seen in the nearby park, but the deeper one went, the fewer signs of life there were.

In this secluded part of town, an old, worn-down building stood.

A church.

"So, it really is here..."

Following a memory that was already beginning to fade, Kaiser found the location. Seeing that it matched the original story's description almost exactly, he couldn't help but feel a bit amused.

The old church looked abandoned, yet from where he stood, he could see faint lights flickering from inside—proof that the place wasn't as empty as it seemed.

No, perhaps it wasn't just people inside.

Kaiser knew that in this world, all legitimate churches were constantly monitored by Angels, ensuring that neither Devils nor Fallen Angels could set foot in them freely.

This particular church, however, had long since been forsaken. No Angels watched over it. Instead, it had been claimed by those who had abandoned God, who had betrayed Heaven itself.

"I wonder if they're really here..."

Muttering to himself, Kaiser strode toward the church.

Inside the Church

"Creak..."

The heavy doors groaned in protest as they were pushed open.

Kaiser extended a hand, pushing the door wider as he stepped inside.

The dimly lit interior revealed a hall structured like a chapel.

Rows of old wooden pews lined the center, leading to an altar at the very front. Upon it stood a statue of a saint, crucified on a cross—except its head had been destroyed, leaving behind a grotesque, headless figure.

The flickering glow of candles and dim electric bulbs provided just enough illumination to see, while the windows had been boarded up for some unknown reason, preventing any outside light from filtering in.

With each step Kaiser took across the worn wooden floor, the old planks groaned beneath his weight, creating an eerie creak... creak...

He steadily approached the desecrated statue.

Silence.

Then, without warning, Kaiser abruptly shifted his stance to the side.

"Swish!"

At that exact moment, the whoosh of a slicing attack rang through the air—a blade of light cleaving the very spot where Kaiser had stood just a second ago.

"Oh?"

A surprised voice, filled with playful curiosity, echoed from behind him.

Kaiser turned around smoothly, his gaze landing on the person who had appeared without a sound.

A young man with white hair.

Dressed in the traditional garb of a priest, he held a Light Sword in his hand—the same type Siegfried had used before. His posture was frozen mid-swing, eyes filled with amusement as he observed Kaiser.

"Damn, you've got sharp reflexes, kid. Didn't think you'd dodge my sure-kill strike. Impressive!"

The white-haired priest spoke in a casual, almost mocking tone. There was none of the solemnity expected from a clergyman—he was sloppy, almost deranged, his grin brimming with manic energy.

"Sure-kill strike?"

Kaiser gave him a once-over before replying flatly, "Just call it what it is—a sneak attack. Don't try to dress it up like some grand technique."

At his words, the priest didn't show any embarrassment. If anything, he laughed loudly, unashamed.

"Nah, nah, can't do that! My mind is already filled with important things—I don't have space for trivial details. As long as I can kill some damn Devils, slice them into pieces, or cut little rats like you sneaking into our turf into two, that's all that matters!"

The priest's words carried an unsettling glee, his head tilting from side to side as he spoke, as if he were completely unhinged.

To put it bluntly—he was insane.

Kaiser was already starting to find him incredibly irritating.

Which meant he no longer felt the need to be polite.

"First of all, let me correct you—" Kaiser's tone was as calm as ever, but now it carried a sharper edge. "I walked in here openly, not sneaking around. This is a church, after all. Surely, a place like this wouldn't turn away someone coming to pray?"

He paused before continuing, his gaze turning cold.

"Second, the real rats sneaking into this place are you lot. This church doesn't belong to you."

Kaiser narrowed his eyes slightly.

"Am I wrong, stray Exorcist who has defected to the Fallen Angels?"

The moment those words left his mouth, the white-haired priest froze.

Yes—Exorcists could go rogue, too.

Although they were warriors blessed by Heaven, granted the ability to wield Light Power to slay Devils, not all of them remained steadfast in their faith.

Some found pleasure in the act of slaughter itself, reveling in the thrill of exterminating Devils. Over time, their obsession grew, twisting them into fanatics who hunted more for the rush than for righteousness.

Such individuals eventually became mentally unstable, losing touch with normal human emotions.

When that happened, the Church would cast them out.

They would be deemed dangerous, marked for elimination, treated no differently than stray Devils.

That was the reality of the Stray Exorcists—and it was exactly what the white-haired priest before him was.

The priest's playful demeanor cracked slightly.

His wild grin faded, replaced by a more dangerous expression.

"...Don't tell me you're some assassin sent by the Church?"

His grip on the Light Sword tightened, his tone darkening.

"You're here to hunt me down, is that it?"

Kaiser, however, didn't even bother to respond to the accusation.

He simply regarded the man with an indifferent look, as if he were a fool for even asking.

"Do yourself a favor and stop guessing."

His voice remained calm, yet there was an undeniable sense of disdain in his words.

"Just look at you. Acting like a lunatic, completely out of your mind. Do you seriously think someone like you could ever correctly deduce my identity?"

Kaiser's lips curled into a mocking smirk.

"With that broken brain of yours, you honestly believe you could figure me out?"

The last time someone had been subjected to Kaiser's merciless verbal assault, it had been Toudou Kouichirou—the man who deluded himself into believing he could control Toudou Kirin.

Kaiser had only met the man once, yet that brief encounter had left a lasting scar on him.

And now, a second victim had emerged.

"Ha?! Who the hell do you think you are, acting all high and mighty?!"

The white-haired priest's face twitched violently as rage overtook him. His forehead veins bulged, and his entire expression contorted in fury.

Without hesitation, he reached into his robes and pulled out a silver handgun.

"You dare insult me?! Anyone who's ever called me a piece of shit is already rotting in hell! You wanna go to hell too?! Wanna meet the Lord early?! You wanna die?! Of course you do! You must, right?! OK! Then I'll kill you!"

With that declaration, he immediately pulled the trigger.

He fired several times in rapid succession.

Yet, there was no gunshot.

Not a single sound rang out.

The bullets tore through the air silently, streaking toward Kaiser at blinding speed.

Upon closer inspection, they weren't regular bullets at all.

They were light bullets—formed entirely from Light Power, just like the Light Swords.

Because they were pure light, they made no sound upon being fired, and they traveled much faster than conventional bullets.

In a mere instant, the bullets reached Kaiser's body.

"Pop! Pop! Pop!"

The moment the Light Bullets made contact, they exploded upon impact, producing a series of sharp crackling noises—like fireworks going off in rapid succession.

Yet, despite the direct hits...

Kaiser remained completely unscathed.

The bullets had been stopped mid-impact—as though they had crashed into solid steel.

A flowing aura of touki surged around Kaiser's body, completely neutralizing the attack.

"...What?"

The priest froze in sheer disbelief.

His mind refused to process what had just happened.

Meanwhile, Kaiser calmly dusted off his clothes, his eyes utterly devoid of warmth.

"Four shots in total." His voice was eerily indifferent. "One aimed at my head. One aimed at my heart. One aimed at my throat. And the last one—my lower body. That about right?"

The first three shots had clearly been kill shots.

Even though Kaiser wasn't a Devil, a human being struck in those vital spots by Light Bullets would instantly die.

There was no doubt that this lunatic had been aiming to kill him.

As for the last shot...

That was clearly meant to insult him.

Kaiser's expression remained calm, yet his tone carried a chilling finality.

"Congratulations. You've officially secured the number one spot on my list of most annoying bastards I've ever met."

As he spoke, a black activator appeared in his hand—when it had appeared, no one could tell.

"I don't see any reason to give you a clean death. Might as well make it painful."

With that, Kaiser activated the Orga Lux.

The deep purple Urm-Manadyte embedded in the activator glowed ominously.

A surge of Mana poured out, solidifying into a massive, blood-red scythe.

The crimson blade hummed and vibrated, pulsating menacingly in the darkness.

As Kaiser firmly gripped Gravisheath, his very presence became terrifying.

The priest, for the first time, felt something he hadn't in years—real fear.

A horrifying illusion crept into his mind.

For a moment, it wasn't a human standing before him.

It was death itself.

"W-What the hell are you, you piece of shit?! What kind of freak are you?!"

Feeling the overwhelming killing intent, the priest instinctively staggered backward.

"Vrrrm!"

At that moment, the humming of the scythe intensified.

A crimson crescent of energy exploded outward—slashing toward the priest like a crescent moon.

"Shit—so fast—!"

He let out a startled shriek and tried to leap backward to avoid the attack.

But then—

"BOOM!"

The very air rumbled violently as an invisible force slammed down onto him.

A powerful gravitational field crushed him to the ground, instantly paralyzing his movements.

His attempt to dodge failed before it even began.

"Splat!"

The crimson scythe sliced through his chest.

A fountain of blood erupted into the air.

"G-Gahhh...!"

A pained, strangled cry burst from his throat.

"Splat! Splat! Splat!"

Kaiser did not stop.

The blood-red scythe continued its deadly arc, severing the priest's arms, legs, and even his fifth limb.

"Aaaaaaaghhhhh—!"

The man's screams became distorted, frantic, filled with agony beyond comprehension.

His voice was no longer merely in pain.

It was hysterical. Broken.

Kaiser stood over him, staring down at his mutilated body without an ounce of sympathy.

"How's it feel?"

His voice remained emotionless, watching as the priest twitched uncontrollably, his eyes rolling back from the unbearable suffering.

"Still not enough, huh?"

He tilted his head slightly.

"Don't worry—you're bleeding out pretty fast, but you'll get to enjoy this a little longer before you finally die."

And with one final motion—

Kaiser kicked the man's remains across the room.

The priest's mangled corpse smashed into a row of pews, splintering them on impact.

Blood pooled across the floor, dyeing the chapel red.