

Multiverse 56

Chapter 56: Can You Really Do Anything?

Rumble...

A thunderous roar echoed across the outskirts of Kuoh Town. A dense cloud of dust spread through the forest, expanding outward and swallowing everything within a radius of several hundred meters.

Amidst the swirling debris, the sharp crackle of splintering rock and the deep tremors of the earth resonated through the air.

The decrepit church had completely collapsed, swallowed by the ground, consumed piece by piece by the avalanche of rubble.

Moments later, at the very heart of the dust storm, a disheveled figure shot out in a frantic escape.

"Madman! He's a total lunatic!"

Raynare cursed as she fled, her once-flawless appearance now covered in dust and grime. Panic was written all over her face—she wanted nothing more than to get as far away from this place as possible.

"Who the hell fights by throwing themselves into their own attack?! He's completely insane!"

She had no hesitation in voicing her disdain, her expression as ugly as her situation.

"Where did this lunatic even come from?! How does he have this much power?!"

"A Sacred Gear that manipulates gravity, and one this powerful at that... A weapon like this should've been on our radar a long time ago!"

"Why don't I have any information on it? Could it be a newly awakened type?"

Among all the factions in the world, if any had the deepest understanding of Sacred Gears, it was undoubtedly the Fallen Angels.

After all, their Governor-General, the undisputed leader of all Fallen Angels, was an obsessive researcher of Sacred Gears. His greatest passion lay in studying and collecting them, to the point where he had even developed artificial Sacred Gears of significant power.

Thanks to his personal obsession and emphasis on Sacred Gear research, the Fallen Angels had become the most well-informed faction regarding Sacred Gears and their wielders. Many powerful Sacred Gear users had been recruited into their ranks, while others—those deemed too dangerous—were swiftly eliminated.

Because of this, most Fallen Angels had at least a basic knowledge of Sacred Gears. Compared to the other factions, they were far more aware of their existence and capabilities.

Raynare was no exception. She had considerable knowledge of Sacred Gears—so much so that she even possessed the technology to extract them from human wielders and transfer them to herself.

Yet despite her extensive knowledge, she had never heard of a crimson scythe capable of manipulating gravity.

"If I could get my hands on that Sacred Gear..."

Watching the towering dust clouds and the church that had sunk completely into the earth, a glint of desire and greed flashed in Raynare's eyes.

And that greed made her hesitate.

She slowed down.

And that was when she heard it.

The screams.

"Lady Raynare—!!"

Not a call.

A cry of agony.

Not just one.

Several.

"Kalawarna! Mittelt! Donaseek!"

Raynare's face twisted in horror as she shouted the names of her subordinates.

But no response came.

"Damn it!"

A terrible premonition gripped her heart.

Cursing under her breath, she flared her pitch-black wings, ready to escape.

But she was already too late.

BOOM!

A pulse of violet energy—gravity itself—surged across the air, blanketing the area in an oppressive force that made the very atmosphere tremble.

"Ah—!"

Raynare barely had time to let out a startled cry before she was slammed to the ground.

The pressure was suffocating. Immense.

She couldn't move.

And then, that infuriatingly familiar voice reached her ears.

"I already told you—I have business with you."

Kaiser stepped forward from the swirling dust, his crimson scythe Gravisheath resting on his shoulder, his body enveloped in a faint aura of Touki.

Compared to the disheveled Raynare, Kaiser was the picture of composure—not a single speck of dust had touched him.

"You—what do you want!?"

Raynare struggled, but the gravity crushing her left her powerless. Watching Kaiser slowly approach, a deep, instinctive fear began to creep into her heart.

Panic consumed her.

Desperation made her reckless.

"I—I'm an important member of the Fallen Angels! If you dare to kill me—!"

She tried to threaten him.

She didn't even get to finish.

Kaiser cut her off with a laugh.

"An important member?"

His eyes flickered to the two black wings behind her, and his lips curled in amusement.

"You're just a Two-Winged Fallen Angel. Exactly how 'important' do you think you are?"

Devils had a hierarchy.

So did Angels and Fallen Angels.

And one of the easiest ways to gauge their standing?

The number of wings they possessed.

While not an absolute rule, the more wings an Angel or Fallen Angel had, the higher their rank and power.

A Two-Winged Angel or Fallen Angel was the lowest rank—equivalent to a Low-Class Devil.

A Four-Winged Angel or Fallen Angel was equal to a Middle-Class Devil.

A Six-Winged Angel or Fallen Angel was the equivalent of a High-Class Devil—those at this level could be considered elites among their kind. The Church's top-tier Exorcists also tended to fall within this range.

Above that, an Eight-Winged Angel or Fallen Angel was on par with an Ultimate-Class Devil.

Ten Wings signified one of the leaders—essentially the equivalent of a Satans' executive.

And at the very top—Twelve Wings—stood the most powerful among their kind, comparable to the Satans themselves.

For Devils, this system was somewhat similar, as they too possessed wings—though their bat-like appearance made them far less distinct.

Take Rias Gremory, for instance.

She was an undeniable High-Class Devil. By logic, she should be comparable to a Six-Winged Angel or Fallen Angel.

Yet despite that, she only had one pair of Devil's wings.

Perhaps due to her youth, she had yet to fully manifest her full set.

In short, while wing count usually signified a being's standing, it wasn't an absolute measure of strength.

Having fewer wings didn't necessarily mean someone was weak.

But having more wings definitely meant they were strong.

So despite Raynare's arrogance, despite the fact that she had several Fallen Angels and rogue Exorcists under her command, she was, at the end of the day, just a Two-Winged Fallen Angel.

The absolute bottom of the hierarchy.

To Kaiser, she was barely at the level of a Middle-Class Devil—still far from reaching High-Class, let alone Ultimate-Class.

She wasn't even worth considering as an opponent.

Threatening him?

Laughable.

"You think you can intimidate me?" Kaiser scoffed. "Try growing a few more wings first."

Kaiser stepped closer to Raynare, lifting Gravisheath and pressing the cold, curved blade against her chin, tilting her face upward.

"D-Don't kill me!"

Feeling the sharp edge at her throat, Raynare was truly terrified this time.

She wasn't just afraid that Kaiser would swing his crimson scythe and slit her throat in an instant.

She was even more afraid of the weapon itself.

She could feel it.

That scythe—it had a will of its own.

And right now, it was hungry.

It was as if Gravisheath itself wanted to slice her open, to drink her blood. She could sense a faint yet undeniable surge of exhilaration and thirst emanating from it.

"I—I don't think I've ever done anything to offend you, right?" Raynare stammered, desperately trying to save herself. "I don't even know you! Why would you want to kill me?"

Then, grasping at whatever leverage she had left, she quickly added, "If you spare me... I'll do anything!"

Kaiser's brow arched slightly.

"Oh?" A smirk slowly curled across his lips. "Anything?"

Raynare instantly caught his meaning.

"Of course..."

Forcing a smile, she tried her best to sound sultry despite the fear still gripping her.

"As long as you don't kill me... I'll do whatever you want."

With great effort, she reached out in the oppressive gravity field, her fingers brushing against the edges of her already revealing outfit, as if she were preparing to strip.

But just as the atmosphere grew dangerously suggestive, Kaiser suddenly spoke.

"Can you make braised beef rice?"

Silence.

Absolute silence.

"...Huh?"

Raynare's hand froze mid-motion, and the look of sheer disbelief on her face was priceless.

"What? You can't?" Kaiser continued as if he hadn't noticed her stunned expression. His tone remained light, almost amused. "What about zhajiangmian? Stir-fried rice noodles with beef? Surely you can at least make a hamburger steak?"

Raynare's mouth fell open.

Of all the possible outcomes she had anticipated—threats, demands, humiliation—she had not expected this.

Cooking?

Cooking?!

I'm lying here, helpless, completely at your mercy—and your big demand is... food?!

I'm a beautiful woman sprawled at your feet, and instead of doing anything remotely "fun," you want me to cook?!

What the actual hell—?!

She wanted to curse him.

She really did.

But she didn't dare.

And then—to her utter horror—Kaiser's expression shifted.

To disappointment.

"...Wow," he muttered, shaking his head. "So you really are useless. What a worthless Fallen Angel."

Raynare swore—if she weren't completely overpowered right now, she would have materialized a spear of light and shoved it straight into this man's face.

But before she could even process her rage, Kaiser's next words made her blood run cold.

"Well, if you're completely useless... I guess there's no reason to keep you around."

His grip tightened on Gravisheath.

The blade pressed harder.

A thin line of blood trickled down her throat.

"No!" Raynare's face turned deathly pale as she screamed, her voice laced with sheer terror. "I—I can learn! I can learn, okay?!"

Hearing this, Kaiser finally withdrew Gravisheath.

"Well, in that case... I suppose I'll let you live for now."

As he spoke, he casually flicked his weapon, allowing it to absorb the fresh trickle of Fallen Angel blood.

Raynare shuddered as she watched the crimson glow pulse faintly along the scythe's edge—as if savoring its first taste.

"Let's go," Kaiser said, turning away. "We need to leave. That little display we put on just now was way too loud."

"...Yes."

What else could she say?

With no choice left, Raynare obediently followed after Kaiser, leaving the ruins of the church behind.