

Multiverse 60

Chapter 60: The Saint Who Became a Witch

Two days later...

At a café near Kuoh Town's shopping district, Kaiser once again found himself seated in a secluded corner.

The place was as lively as ever, filled with chatter and laughter, a constant buzz of voices blending together.

Kaiser sat there, a faint smile on his lips, enjoying the leisurely afternoon.

However, he wasn't here for the food.

He was waiting for someone.

Waiting for his captive, Raynare, to bring him the person he had asked for.

Just then—

Ding-ling—

The café door swung open, accompanied by the light chime of the entrance bell.

The chime of the café doorbell rang out once again, signaling the long-awaited arrival of Kaiser's guest.

Stepping inside was Raynare, now dressed in a fashionable, form-fitting outfit that was far less revealing than before. She led someone along with her, her expression clearly displaying reluctance and resentment, as though she was utterly unwilling to hand this person over to Kaiser.

"...I brought them," Raynare muttered begrudgingly.

Kaiser, stirring his coffee absentmindedly with a spoon, responded without much interest.

"Appreciate it," he said nonchalantly. His dismissive tone made it clear that he wasn't particularly invested in the effort Raynare had put into bringing this person here.

Raynare's expression soured further.

"So that's why you stormed into my base," she said bitterly. "You were after this person all along..."

Her frustration was genuine.

She had worked hard to keep this individual hidden, carefully withholding their existence from the rest of the Fallen Angel faction.

This person was a crucial part of her grand plan—her key to rising within the ranks, to securing a future where she could ascend in power and status.

For this, she had secretly relocated to this town, evading the attention of her own faction as she set her scheme in motion.

And now, all of that had been ruined.

Raynare could hardly contain her resentment.

Kaiser, of course, understood her frustration.

"You should be grateful," he said, still not sparing her a glance. He continued stirring his coffee, speaking with an air of leisure. "At least I found you before you did anything drastic. Otherwise, you'd probably be dead by now."

"...What?" Raynare frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Kaiser ignored her, finally lifting his gaze to the person she had brought.

The figure before him was clad in a well-fitted nun's habit, complete with a traditional headscarf.

Judging by her height and physique, she was still quite young.

From the moment she stepped into the café, she had kept her head down, silent and unmoving.

She hadn't spoken a single word nor lifted her gaze, leaving her face concealed beneath the fabric of her veil.

Her presence quickly attracted the curious glances of nearby customers, their eyes flickering toward the mysterious nun who seemed out of place in the bustling café.

"Take a seat."

Kaiser studied her carefully, confirming that she was indeed the one he had been looking for. He smiled.

"No need to be nervous. Unlike the Fallen Angels, I'm not going to do anything to you."

Whether or not the nun believed him was unclear.

But one thing was certain—Raynare didn't believe him at all.

He had gone to the lengths of attacking her base, annihilating her subordinates, and sinking her entire hideout underground.

She had been personally captured and forced to comply.

And now, after doing all that, he expected her to believe he wasn't planning anything for this girl?

Yeah. Right.

"...I brought her. Can I leave now?"

Raynare suppressed the words she wanted to say, keeping her response blunt and to the point.

But Kaiser didn't even acknowledge her request.

His gaze remained fixed on the nun, his smile unwavering.

Raynare clenched her fists in frustration, while the nun hesitated before cautiously lowering herself into the seat across from Kaiser.

"Hmph."

Raynare clicked her tongue but ultimately sat down beside them, arms crossed.

"Want something to eat?" Kaiser asked, sliding a menu toward the nun. "Go ahead and order. The Fallen Angels can cover the bill."

Raynare, who had just started calming herself down, nearly lost it again.

"N-No, thank you..."

For the first time since entering the café, the nun spoke.

Her voice was soft and delicate, carrying an unmistakable sense of nervousness—but also a distinct melody-like clarity that made it oddly pleasant to hear.

Interestingly, she wasn't speaking the native language of this country.

Of course, that didn't pose any issue for Kaiser.

Upon entering different fantasy worlds, he had discovered an intriguing aspect of his existence as the Librarian of the Fantasy Library—he automatically acquired knowledge relevant to the life he was supposed to have within each world.

For instance, in The Asterisk War universe, he had become a student of Seidoukan Academy, naturally gaining fluency in its languages and understanding the culture of Asterisk without ever needing to learn them from scratch.

Similarly, in this world, his past had been rewritten as someone raised in a foreign Church since childhood.

Because of that, he instinctively understood and could speak the languages of the Church and the country it was associated with.

Even during his time wandering outside the Church, he had picked up multiple languages, all seamlessly embedded into his memory.

Even if he were to leave this world and travel to another, this linguistic knowledge would remain intact.

At first, Kaiser had marveled at this strange phenomenon.

The idea that, as he traveled through more worlds and accumulated more "lifetimes," he would become fluent in every language across countless dimensions...

It was an exciting thought.

And if one day he gained a background similar to someone like Tony Stark...

Would he end up being able to build an Iron Man suit from scratch?

Kaiser recognized the language immediately—English. It was the same language he had used during his time in the Church in this world, so he understood her perfectly.

"Alright," Kaiser said, not pressing the matter further. He gazed at the nervous girl before him and spoke in a calm tone. "Let's start with introductions. My name is Kaiser."

Then, with a slight smile, he continued, "And you must be Asia Argento, correct?"

Asia hesitated for a brief moment before she reached up, her delicate fingers lifting the edge of her veil.

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In that instant, it was as if a brilliant light had illuminated the entire world.

Beneath the veil was a young foreign girl, around sixteen or seventeen years old.

Her long golden hair cascaded smoothly down to her waist, shimmering like strands of silk. Her facial features were delicate and flawlessly refined, and her emerald-green eyes gleamed like precious gemstones, mesmerizing anyone who met them.

Her presence exuded purity—not necessarily the sacred aura of a devoted nun, but an innocence so compelling that it held a near-fatal attraction.

She was the kind of beauty that could steal the hearts of men at a glance.

Even women would find themselves drawn to her.

Though her allure was entirely different from Rias Gremory's fiery and commanding beauty, it was no less captivating.

The proof was evident.

Just like when Rias had visited this café before, the entire place fell into stunned silence.

Every customer who caught sight of Asia's unveiled face seemed to lose themselves, frozen in place as if momentarily bewitched.

Yet, completely unaware of the commotion she had caused, Asia timidly lifted her gaze and spoke.

"I am Asia Argento."

Her voice was soft and uncertain.

Then, after a brief hesitation, she addressed Kaiser.

"Hello... Fallen Angel sir."

Kaiser hadn't even had a chance to respond before Raynare immediately cut in.

"He's not a Fallen Angel, Asia. Don't get the wrong idea."

There was an edge to her voice, as if she couldn't stand the thought of someone mistaking Kaiser for one of her kind.

"I'm not a Fallen Angel," Kaiser confirmed. "Like you, I'm human. And like you, I also came from the Church. So just call me by my name."

Asia's eyes widened slightly in surprise.

"Kaiser-san is also... a follower of God?"

Her innocent question made Kaiser chuckle silently to himself.

Meanwhile, Raynare scoffed outright.

"Are you still clinging to that nonsense, Asia?" Raynare sneered. "You were cast out by the Church, excommunicated by them. How can you still speak like that?"

Asia immediately lowered her head, her expression clouding with sadness.

"I've heard about you."

Kaiser smoothly picked up where Raynare left off, speaking as if he were simply recounting an old story.

"You were born in Northern Europe, abandoned as a baby and raised by the Church, where you aspired to become a nun."

"You possessed a miraculous healing ability from birth—an ability that allowed you to heal both humans and angels alike. Because of that, the Church deemed you a child blessed by God, revered you as a saint, and showered you with the faith of its believers."

"But one day, by sheer chance, you found a severely wounded Devil... and you healed them."

"In that moment, your life fell apart. The saint they once praised became a heretic—a witch despised by the very people who once worshipped her."

Kaiser's tone was calm, almost detached, as he laid out the truth of Asia's past.

"...Am I wrong?"

Asia didn't answer.

She only lowered her head even further, her sorrowful presence speaking louder than words.

Healing abilities in this world were rare but not unheard of.

Some individuals were simply born with mysterious gifts, and the Church regarded such abilities as divine blessings—gifts from God.

However, those gifts were always selective.

Healing abilities granted by God were supposed to work only on humans and angels.

They were not supposed to heal Devils.

Any power that could mend a Devil's wounds...

Was indisputably heretical.

The Church would never tolerate such an anomaly.

To them, it was proof that the individual was corrupted—a witch.

Asia Argento was one such person.

In her desperate search for a place to belong, she unwittingly accepted the invitation of a rogue exorcist organization—one secretly led by the Fallen Angels. It was there that she caught Raynare's eye.