

## Multiverse 62

### Chapter 62: The Hidden Observer

After finishing their meal and chatting about the essentials, Kaiser took Asia and Raynare to the nearby shopping center to purchase necessities for Asia.

Having been exiled from the Church, Asia had lost everything—not just her social connections, reputation, and status, but even the life she had known up to this point.

She had dedicated her entire childhood and teenage years to the Church, earning the title of "Saint" and the reverence of devout believers. But because she had been placed on such a high pedestal, no one had ever truly approached her. She had spent those years in near-isolation, unable to form genuine relationships.

As a result, Asia was not only unfamiliar with the outside world but also severely lacking in social skills. Her daily life was an absolute mess, and now, in a foreign country where she struggled even with communication, she was incapable of handling the simplest tasks—let alone surviving on her own.

Perhaps this was why she had been so easily deceived by the Stray Exorcists. Desperate and with nowhere to turn, she had fallen into their trap, believing that joining them was her only option.

Unfortunately, that had been nothing more than another cruel deception. Had Kaiser not intervened, Asia would have ended up as nothing more than a pawn for Raynare.

Understanding this, Kaiser assigned all of Asia's affairs to Raynare—whether it was buying clothes, essential supplies, or anything else a girl might need.

Even their place of residence was arranged by Raynare. For the past two days, Kaiser had been staying in the location she provided, waiting for her return. Now, Asia would be moving in as well.

Naturally, Raynare was seething.

Who did he think she was?

She was a proud Fallen Angel!

And yet, a mere human had the audacity to treat her like a servant, ordering her around as if she were his personal maid. This was nothing short of an insult to Raynare, the great Fallen Angel!

Raynare was furious.

But after venting her anger for a brief moment... she obediently followed Kaiser's instructions.

What else could she do?

She still had that ominous, cursed sword tucked away in her coat.

She had yet to win that "great one's" affection—how could she afford to die in such a pathetic manner?

While submitting to a weak human would have been humiliating, Kaiser had already proven himself strong enough to easily defeat the next heir of the Gremory Clan and toy with High-Class Devils. He could no longer be considered weak.

If submitting to a weak human was unacceptable...

Then submitting to a powerful one wasn't so bad, was it?

Raynare consoled herself with this thought as she helped Asia pick out clothing, hygiene products, and even fresh groceries.

She hadn't forgotten that the only reason she was still alive wasn't just because Kaiser had needed her to bring Asia over—

She had also made a promise...

A promise to learn how to cook.

"Why does a noble Fallen Angel like me have to do such degrading tasks...?"

Raynare's inner voice was filled with grievances, but she had no choice but to comply.

While the two girls were busy shopping, Kaiser left them to their own devices and quietly slipped out of the shopping center.

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He entered a narrow alleyway.

The passage was shrouded in shadows, with tall buildings on both sides blocking out the sunlight, leaving the place dim even in broad daylight.

Garbage bags and trash bins were strewn across the alley, along with various discarded items, giving the air a foul, rotting stench.

Kaiser wrinkled his nose as he reached the end of the alley, stretched out his hand, and activated a magic circle left behind earlier.

\*"Zing—"\*

A faint glow radiated from the formation.

Within the glow, a transmission of information took place, and Kaiser absorbed the message.

"So, that's where you are?"

A glint of understanding flashed in his eyes as he turned his head toward a particular direction.

"I've found you."

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A few streets away, not far from the shopping center and café where Kaiser had been earlier, the city remained lively and bustling with activity.

Among the sea of pedestrians, however, there was one figure who stood out.

A young man—handsome, refined, and exuding an air of sophistication—walked down the street.

Though his appearance was striking, he was dressed in stark contrast to the summer heat, clad in a black outfit with a thick, fur-lined cloak draped over his shoulders, as if completely unbothered by the temperature.

But what made him truly out of place wasn't just his attire.

His eyes, constantly narrowed into slits, scanned his surroundings with an eerie coldness—not as if he were looking at people, but as if he were observing livestock in a slaughterhouse.

"Tsk..."

Suddenly, the young man clicked his tongue, shattering the illusion of his composed demeanor.

"This is truly unpleasant," he muttered to himself, his mood visibly worsening.

His growing frustration manifested in the form of an invisible pressure radiating from his body.

That pressure—

Was the gradual expansion of Demonic Power.

Just as his emotions were about to spiral out of control and his energy threatened to surge uncontrollably—

"Hey."

A hand reached out from behind him, landing firmly on his shoulder.

"—!"

The young man's pupils contracted sharply. He attempted to turn around, but the hand pressing against his shoulder locked him in place.

"I know you're shocked, but there's no need to be. Just stay put and listen."

The voice came from directly behind him—casual, relaxed, but carrying an unmistakable weight.

"If I were to tell you that you will die today..."

"What would you want to do most?"

"Would you struggle and fight back—only to be killed anyway?"

"Or... would you begin repenting from this very moment and beg for mercy?"

When these words reached the young man's ears, he could no longer hold back.

"Boom!"

A tremendous surge of demonic power erupted from his body, transforming into a destructive storm that threatened to obliterate the entire street.

However, before that could happen, a violet light flared up, enveloping the young man. Instantly, the gravity around him reversed, and his entire body shot skyward like a launched rocket, soaring uncontrollably into the heavens.

The sudden phenomenon naturally caused a stir on the bustling street, with many bystanders exclaiming in shock, their eyes widening as they watched the fiery figure streak toward the sky.

Because of this, the explosion of demonic power from the young man's body did not land on the street below but instead erupted in midair, preventing widespread destruction and the loss of countless lives.

"What... what the hell is happening?!"

The young man felt a dizzying sensation as his entire body spiraled out of control, zigzagging through the air. His startled voice rang out.

"Bang!"

Moments later, a fist glowing with white energy slammed mercilessly into his face, sending him hurtling away like a broken kite.

In that instant, nearly everyone in Kuoh Town could see a blazing comet streaking across the sky before crashing into a distant mountain.

"Boom—!"

The impact sent tremors rippling through the mountain, shaking its very foundation.

Dust and debris billowed into the air as shattered rocks tumbled downward.

"Cough...!"

The young man staggered out of the crater of rubble, coughing up blood. His entire body trembled, and he swayed unsteadily, looking utterly battered and miserable.

"Not bad."

A voice echoed from behind him, just as a shadow loomed overhead.

"That punch just now—yeah, I didn't hold back at all. I poured every ounce of Touki into it. And yet, you didn't get your skull caved in. Gotta say, you've got one hell of a hard head."

The speaker descended from the sky, his fingers loosely gripping a crimson scythe, his face carrying an expression of amusement laced with mockery.

"Well, I suppose it makes sense. If your head wasn't that thick, you wouldn't have pulled such a scummy stunt. But I wonder... are the other parts of you just as tough?"

Every word dripped with hostility, making it clear that this was no friendly visit.

"It's you?"

The young man's eyes widened in fury as he glared at the smirking figure before him, a deep killing intent flashing within them.

"Oh? So you do know me."

Kaiser remained unfazed by the murderous gaze and spoke leisurely, "Did you already know about me before this? Or was it only after I got involved with Asia that you decided to look into me?"

"If it's the former, then whatever. But if it's the latter... then I doubt you've had time to dig up much about me, have you?"

"I'm right, aren't I? Diodora Astaroth."

If anyone else had been present to hear that name, they would have immediately realized just who this young man was.

Diodora—perhaps not everyone knew that name.

But Astaroth?

That was a name that no one in the supernatural world could possibly be ignorant of.

It was one of the noble 72 Pillars of the Underworld, a lineage as prestigious as the House of Gremory.

Furthermore, among the current Four Great Satans, one bore the surname Astaroth before ascending to the rank of Maou.

Diodora Astaroth—he was the heir of the Astaroth family, just like Rias Gremory was for the Gremory household.

However, unlike his prior interaction with Rias, Kaiser did not treat this man with the same level of courtesy.

Though his lips carried a smirk, his eyes were devoid of any warmth. Instead, they were as cold as when he had confronted that white-haired exorcist earlier.

"Haha... Hahahaha...!"

Bathed in Kaiser's frigid gaze, Diodora suddenly burst into laughter—a crazed, manic laugh.

"You really have no idea what you've just done! Hah, walking straight into my hands? You truly don't know fear!"

Just moments ago, he had been fuming over the fact that this man had stolen his 'prey.'

And now, that very same person had come knocking on his door.

Wasn't this the perfect chance to vent his frustration?

"You knew who I was and still dared to provoke me? You even dared to lay hands on me?" Diodora wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, his expression twisting in fury.

"For that alone, you're dead today."

A tidal wave of wrath and murderous intent burst forth from his body.

"You wretched, lowly human! Burn this lesson into your very soul—raising your hand against a High-Class Devil of the Astaroth family is the height of stupidity!"