

Multiverse 82

Chapter 82: The Pinnacle of the Three Factions

"Boom!"

From the collapsed ground, the falling rubble suddenly exploded outward, and four figures shot out from the debris.

The four figures landed in different directions, each keeping some distance from the others. However, it was clear that two of them were blocking the other two, and three of them stood relatively close together, indicating they were likely from the same faction.

"Cough..."

Azazel coughed up a mouthful of blood, wiped the corner of his mouth, and let out a wry smile.

"Thought I was going to die this time."

Whether the Governor of the Fallen Angels was joking or being serious, it was hard to tell.

Opposite him, facing Azazel, Kaiser frowned, his gaze sharp like blades as it pierced toward the two figures standing between him and Azazel.

Among the two, the most eye-catching was undoubtedly the twelve-winged Angel. The radiance emanating from his body was dazzling and brilliant, making it impossible not to notice him first.

However, Kaiser paid more attention to the red-haired man who was comparatively low-key.

And for good reason.

"Sirzechs Lucifer."

Kaiser called out the man's name.

"One of the current Four Great Satans of the Underworld, the strongest Satan who inherited the name of Lucifer."

"I've heard a lot about you."

"So, you were nearby too."

Kaiser spoke with a calm and emotionless expression.

"Kaiser... was it?"

Sirzechs also looked at Kaiser, particularly at the spear in his hand, which radiated a holy aura that made his entire body feel as if it were being pierced. He couldn't help but glance at it a few more times.

So that's the legendary Holy Spear?

It truly lives up to its name...

Recalling the scene just moments ago when the destructive magic blast he released was effortlessly purified by the spear's holy power, Sirzechs actually chuckled.

"My sister's spoken of you more than once in front of me. Thank you for looking after her."

Sirzechs said sincerely.

"Rias, huh?"

Kaiser raised an eyebrow slightly.

Sirzechs Lucifer—that was his current name.

But before he inherited the name "Lucifer," he was known as Sirzechs Gremory.

The world knows the Four Great Satans as Lucifer, Leviathan, Beelzebub, and Astaroth, but few realize that the original four legendary Demon Kings had long since perished.

In the great wars of the past, the Four Great Satans each suffered fatal injuries and passed away one after another, leaving only their bloodline descendants in the human world while they themselves departed early from this world.

Logically, their bloodline descendants should have inherited their titles and become the new Demon Kings.

However, most of the original Satans' descendants were hardliners who insisted on annihilating Angels and Fallen Angels at all costs, regardless of the casualties among Devils. As a result, Sirzechs Gremory and a group of like-minded Devils raised the banner of revolution. They expelled the descendants of the Old Satan Faction from the Devil territory and elected new Satans to inherit the names of the Four Great Satans.

Sirzechs Gremory became the new Satan who inherited the name Lucifer.

Since then, he has gone by Sirzechs Lucifer, separating himself from the Gremory family.

Rias is Sirzechs' younger sister. Both siblings inherited the destructive trait from their mother's side and possess the Power of Destruction.

Of course, their destructive power is not on the same level.

Rias, at the end of the day, is merely a High-Class Devil—not even an Ultimate-Class Devil, let alone a Satan.

But Sirzechs, as the most powerful Satan and the strongest among the current Devils, has long surpassed the level of a typical Satan.

Kaiser's attention was first drawn to Sirzechs precisely because his power was the greatest among everyone present.

As for the other person...

"You were too reckless, Azazel."

The angel with six pairs of golden wings spoke gently to Azazel.

"Sorry, sorry. I kind of got carried away."

Azazel shrugged, dismissing the tattered armor on his body, reverting it back into its original form—a golden short spear, an artificial Sacred Gear.

However, the moment it returned to its original form, the artificial Sacred Gear shattered, leaving behind only the jewel that sealed the Dragon King, which fell into Azazel's hand.

"Looks like it's reached its limit. If you two hadn't stepped in just now, I might've lost."

Azazel held the jewel and smiled at the angel.

"Thanks, Michael."

He was none other than one of the four Seraphs of Heaven, the angelic leader with twelve golden wings—Michael.

In mythology, he was the right hand of God, standing at His right side, known as the likeness of God.

In reality, he was the de facto leader of Heaven, recognized by the Angels as their highest authority.

Aside from God, he was the most exalted being in Heaven.

The Church, which is part of and managed by Heaven, was also under his command.

Michael seemed rather unimpressed with Azazel's brazen attitude—perhaps because Azazel, despite being once his comrade, had forsaken God and fallen.

After shaking his head at Azazel, Michael turned to Kaiser.

His gaze toward Kaiser was complicated, and when he looked at the Holy Spear in Kaiser's hand, his eyes were filled with indescribable emotion.

"I've wanted to meet you for a long time, Kaiser."

He spoke with a voice that seemed capable of granting salvation.

If Asia were here and heard that voice, she'd probably be very emotional.

Unfortunately, Kaiser was no devout believer.

"Then it's truly my honor."

Kaiser's expression didn't change in the slightest, causing Michael's expression to dim a little.

"I've heard everything about what happened to you," Michael said. "I'm deeply sorry for the way you were treated."

He was, of course, referring to how Kaiser was nearly treated as a test subject by the Church and sent to a lab table.

"That kind of thing doesn't matter anymore."

Kaiser naturally didn't dwell on it.

After all, it was just a background setup in terms of life experience. Although Kaiser retained full memories of it, he hadn't lived through it himself, so it lacked real emotional impact.

Because of that, he never really cared. Otherwise, with his personality, how could he not have gone after the Church for revenge?

Unaware of this, Michael assumed Kaiser was trying to distance himself from the Church, and his expression grew gloomier.

"What's done is done. No use dwelling on it, you bleeding heart."

Azazel, now dressed in a kimono, was still covered in injuries, but his demeanor remained as carefree as ever.

"...I just wanted to do something—anything—to make up for it."

Michael sighed as he spoke.

"Hmm... probably won't work, though?" Azazel replied bluntly. "That kid doesn't seem like someone who needs a belated apology. You'd just be wasting your time."

"Sigh..." Michael sighed again.

"You truly don't care about the past anymore?" Sirzechs looked straight at Kaiser and asked, "Then why did you join the Khaos Brigade?"

It wasn't an accusation.

At the very least, Sirzechs didn't show any hostility. Instead, he looked earnest, like someone simply seeking to understand.

It was clear he didn't harbor animosity toward Kaiser.

Even though Kaiser was a member of the Khaos Brigade, even though he had killed the heir of the Astaroth clan, this current Lucifer did not seem to view Kaiser as an enemy.

Perhaps they believed Kaiser still had a chance to return to their side?

Little did they know, this was simply the choice most aligned with Kaiser's own interests.

"I thought the Fallen Angel Governor was just trying to intimidate me with his words," Kaiser said with a calm smile, raising the Holy Spear and pointing it toward the three of them, "but I didn't expect the true pinnacles of the three factions to all show up here."

"So, my next opponents... are all three of you?"

Despite facing the apex of the three major factions and being covered in wounds, there wasn't the slightest trace of fear on Kaiser's face.

"Don't be like that." Michael shook his head and advised, "You're already injured all over. There's no way you can take on the three of us. Let's just talk."

Surprisingly, the one who objected to Michael's words wasn't Kaiser, but Azazel.

"Whether he can fight the three of us... that's not certain." Azazel smiled. "That wasn't even his full strength just now, was it?"

"Don't forget—he hasn't even used his Balance Breaker yet."

"For someone who could fight me to this extent using only the normal state of the Holy Spear—and nearly win—I don't believe he hasn't achieved Balance Breaker."

Upon hearing that, Sirzechs and Michael's eyes narrowed slightly, and their gazes toward Kaiser grew more cautious.

"Why didn't you activate your Balance Breaker?" Azazel asked curiously. "If you had, you probably wouldn't be this badly injured, right?"

Kaiser met Azazel's gaze and replied in a flat tone.

"No particular reason. I just thought I could defeat you in this state."

That was all.

As for the injuries, with Asia around, he could be healed in a matter of seconds, so Kaiser didn't really care.

And if push came to shove, he had other means as well.

Simply put, it wasn't that Kaiser didn't want to use it—Azazel just hadn't pushed him far enough.

"That's really embarrassing." Azazel mocked himself. "I'm the Governor of the Fallen Angels, and I couldn't even force a human to go all out. Maybe someone like me should just stay in the lab and study Sacred Gears. Being Governor might suit Shemhazai better."

Shemhazai, the Vice-Governor of the Fallen Angels, was also a top-tier Fallen Angel like Azazel. It was said his strength was on par with Azazel's, and the two were considered the twin pillars of the Fallen Angels.

"Let's talk this through."

Sirzechs echoed Michael's sentiment.

"After that, if you still want to fight, I'll entertain you."