

## Multiverse 86

### Chapter 86: Kaiser Is Targeted

The Occult Research Club's room at Kuoh Academy wasn't particularly spacious.

On normal days, when only the Gremory peerage was using it, the space felt more than sufficient. But today, the number of attendees was unusually large, making the room feel quite crowded.

Kaiser glanced around and was surprised to see that members from all three factions had shown up, and each side had brought more than one representative.

From the Angels' side, Michael was present. He was seated in a corner of the sofa—not in the center, even somewhat off to the side—but the radiance emanating from him seemed to declare that wherever he was, that place became the center of the world, making him the first one people would notice.

Behind Michael stood two girls draped in black robes. They appeared to be his guards, both carrying swords that emitted holy energy.

Kaiser recognized them instantly. Those were Holy Swords.

Not replicas made from Sacred Gears like Jeanne's, but genuine, authentic Holy Swords.

Their presence caused visible discomfort among the Devils in the room—especially Yuuto Kiba, who was glaring fiercely at the two Holy Sword wielders, his expression filled with hostility.

Akeno Himejima walked over to stand beside Kiba, accompanied by Rias and Koneko Toujou.

At this moment, Rias was looking at Kaiser with a complicated expression, while Koneko, upon seeing Kuroka behind Kaiser, broke her usual emotionless demeanor and showed clear shock.

"...Nee-sama? Why are you here...?!"

Koneko's voice was filled with shock and fear, but no one responded to her.

Including Kuroka—she only glanced at Koneko briefly before looking away, clearly displaying an attitude of complete allegiance to Kaiser.

"So that's... Lord Michael..."

Asia whispered quietly as she stared at Michael.

Sirzechs was also present, seated on a sofa in front of Rias and her peerage. Beside him stood a beautiful silver-haired maid pushing a tea cart. Unlike Michael, she didn't have a strong presence and remained as low-key as ever.

As for Azazel, being one of the main figures in today's trade, it was only natural that he personally attended.

He was sitting alone on a sofa that wasn't originally part of the Occult Research Club's furnishings, legs crossed, grinning as he watched Kaiser walk through the door.

It was worth mentioning that he hadn't come alone either.

Standing behind him, leaning against the wall, was a silver-haired boy.

The boy wore stylish modern clothing, had a slender figure and handsome features—like a character straight out of a manga, radiating an unusual charm.

His eyes were a clear blue—not like gemstones, but more like the sky—so vivid they naturally drew attention.

He had his eyes closed at first, seemingly resting. But the moment Kaiser entered, the boy abruptly opened his eyes and locked his blue gaze onto him.

Within those eyes burned a startlingly pure fighting spirit.

"Hoh?"

Kaiser was intrigued by the surge of battle intent. When he saw the boy, his brows lifted.

"So... he came too?"

Kaiser murmured internally, then ignored the boy's intense stare and shifted his gaze to the others in the room.

"Quite the turnout, huh."

With that, he made his first remark.

"It's just a trade, isn't it? Is there really a need for such a grand setup?"

To an uninformed observer, it might've seemed like the three-way summit from the original series had been moved up.

Azazel seemed to think the same. Upon hearing Kaiser's comment, he immediately spread his hands.

"Can't help it. The Devils and Angels are worried I'll stir up trouble after getting first-hand intel. They've completely forgotten that I'm the one trading with you—and I'm the one paying the price. Truly unreasonable, isn't it?"

Azazel's words prompted a rebuttal from Sirzechs and Michael.

"We already promised to provide the Fallen Angels with adequate compensation after the fact, didn't we?"

Michael smiled gently as he pointed this out.

"Which means the cost of this deal is something all three factions will share, and the trade should also be conducted jointly."

Sirzechs continued after Michael, using the opportunity to explain why so many of them had shown up.

Their lack of trust in Azazel was one thing. Their curiosity about how Kaiser would handle the valuable artificial Sacred Gear data was another. But above all, it was the first-hand intel on the Khaos Brigade that made this matter too important to ignore.

In fact, if it weren't for the private nature of this transaction, even more people would've attended.

With Azazel, Sirzechs, and Michael all present—the leaders of their respective factions—their gathering could easily be described as a summit. At the beginning, someone had even strongly suggested bringing in full security in case something went wrong.

And Azazel wasn't the only top-level figure currently in Kuoh Town. Maou Leviathan, and another Seraph, Gabriel, had also visited previously. If this had been a formal public meeting, the two of them would no doubt have attended as well.

However, due to the transaction's private nature, those two didn't attend, and large forces weren't dispatched either. That Azazel and the others only brought a select few guards already showed considerable restraint.

Fortunately, Kaiser had brought Kuroka and Asia with him. Otherwise, he would have been facing all the grandeur of the three factions alone.

Even so, the simultaneous presence of the three factions created a subtly tense atmosphere.

Because the relationships between them were complicated.

Take Yuuto Kiba, for example—he clearly held a grudge against the Church. He kept glaring at the two Holy Sword wielders, and if not for the setting, he likely would've drawn his Demonic Sword and attacked.

Akeno Himejima, much like when she first met Raynare, showed obvious disdain toward the Fallen Angels. Her eyes toward Azazel were filled with disgust and hostility.

Rias watched Kaiser with a complicated gaze. The silver-haired boy stared at him with burning intensity. Koneko was still in shock at her wanted older sister appearing in this setting—especially since she was standing beside Kaiser.

Sirzechs and Michael, meanwhile, were both watching the visibly nervous Asia, their eyes tinged with a hint of guilt.

Everyone in the room was watching someone else. Some were focused on those they were concerned about. Only Kaiser, Azazel, the maid beside Sirzechs, and the two Holy Sword wielders remained entirely composed, creating a stark contrast and a subtly strained atmosphere.

"If we weren't here, I get the feeling something really interesting might've happened..."

The Governor-General of the Fallen Angels rubbed his chin with an impish grin, drawing a few covert glares.

"Mind if I say a few words, Azazel?"

Just then, the silver-haired boy behind Azazel spoke, and several people in the room visibly tensed.

It was clear that they had all been paying attention to him—he wasn't someone to be underestimated.

"Hold on, Vali."

Azazel remained casual, legs still crossed as he calmly replied.

"I can probably guess what you're thinking. But if you act now, this trade might fall through. So let's wait until it's over, okay?"

Hearing that, the boy seemed to consider it for a moment, then nodded, apparently persuaded. He said nothing further, and the fighting intent in his eyes faded slightly.

Only slightly, though. Kaiser could still feel the blazing intensity—as if a dragon had locked its sights on him, its presence growing more and more overpowering.

"Interesting..."

Kaiser didn't flinch—on the contrary, he seemed intrigued by what the other intended to do.

He could more or less guess what it was.

"If things go smoothly, maybe I can make my move first..."

A plan was already forming in Kaiser's mind. Once he obtained the artificial Sacred Gear data from Azazel, he could begin executing it.

If the other party truly wanted to fight him, then all the better. He could use it as an opportunity to acquire what he wanted without unnecessary complications.

With that thought, Kaiser took out a stack of white paper.

"This is the information I've compiled over the past two days—everything I currently know about the Khaos Brigade."

It didn't include any future developments, only intel relevant to the current stage. Kaiser had organized all the information he knew into this collection.

"While I can't guarantee this represents the entirety of the Khaos Brigade, for you all, it should still be extremely valuable."

He tossed the stack—something all three factions had desperately sought—onto the coffee table, as if it were just a pile of worthless paper.

"This much, huh?"

Azazel looked at the stack, a bit surprised, then smiled with satisfaction.

"Looks like you're quite sincere. In that case, I won't keep hiding things either."

With that, Azazel took out a sheet of parchment.

Unlike the plain paper Kaiser had used, Azazel's was an ancient piece of parchment etched with mysterious patterns. It wasn't thick—just one sheet, rolled up like a scroll.

"This is a little something I put together. Don't underestimate it just because it's small—it can store a lot more than you'd think."

Azazel casually tossed the parchment to Kaiser and said with a grin:

"This contains the culmination of all the research done by me and the Sacred Gear Researchers over the years. You'd better make good use of it."

Kaiser caught the scroll and, right in front of everyone, unrolled it.

To his surprise, the ancient parchment displayed streams of text flowing like data.

Just a single glance, and an overwhelming amount of information poured into his mind, instantly absorbed and understood.