

Kryptonian 751

Chapter 751 Black Void

It can be said that Captain Yamamoto's sword is destroying the balance of the three realms.

It sounds difficult to destroy spirit particles, but in fact, all Quincy can do it.

Their power of annihilation is to completely destroy hollows and spirit particles, destroying the balance and cycle of the three realms.

Therefore, it is impossible for Captain Yamamoto to destroy the corpse, and it can only be sent to hell for decomposition.

This has been the way for so many years, and there have been no accidents. I didn't expect that the hidden danger had been buried long ago.

How much resentment will the strong men who have been suffering in hell and refused to be decomposed for millions of years have against the people who sent them to hell?

No one knows, and Captain Yamamoto doesn't want to think about this problem.

Luther's words made the Soul Society and the Zero Squad busy.

In the depths of the God's World, in a silent and solemn area, a group of hollows and Arrancars tightly bound by God's chains stood quietly.

They were once powerful beings in Hueco Mundo, but now they are like tamed beasts, losing their former arrogance and hostility.

Luther looked down at them.

Under his gaze, the bound Hollows and Arrancars all lowered their heads involuntarily, not daring to look him in the eye.

"Ulquiorra is not here."

Luther sighed softly, as if he felt a little sorry for the once powerful Arrancar.

Ulquiorra, as one of the strongest Arrancars under Aizen Sosuke, his loyalty and strength are unquestionable. However, at this moment, he chose to follow Aizen to the real world.

Among these captured Arrancars, a tall and stern-looking woman attracted Luther's attention.

She is Tia Harribel, an Arrancar who is also loyal to Aizen.

However, her luck seems to be not very good. On the way to the real world, she unfortunately met Kenpachi Zaraki, who directly chopped her down and captured her back to the God World.

It can be said that most of the Arrancars were captured to the God World.

Luther did not have much interest in Tia. Although her strength was good, there was still a big gap compared to the Hollows he raised.

The Arrancar whose potential has been exhausted, such as Nogo and Ge Liu.

They were once strong men in Hueco Mundo, but as time went by, their potential had been exhausted and could no longer be improved.

For Luther, such an existence has lost its value of use.

Bylergan saw Luther.

"The omniscient and omnipotent God King?"

Bylergan could not see Luther's spiritual pressure, which was like a void and unpredictable.

He knew that Aizen was afraid of Luther. After witnessing it with his own eyes, Bylergan realized that the other party was an existence above the Hollows, the Gods of Death, and the Arrancars.

It was not a life at all.

Therefore, even the unruly Bylergan, who claimed to be a king, had to bow his head in front of Luther.

After all, he had been beaten by Kenpachi Zaraki and Esdeath.

He couldn't even beat his men, let alone the God King?

Stark was tied up and had an indifferent attitude, but after seeing Luther, he became serious.

After all, Stark could feel that Luther's spiritual pressure did not exist, it was nothingness.

But it could also be said to be the abyss!

Not being able to feel spiritual pressure shows how terrible the other party is.

Stark can be said to be a natural Vastod. He has been looking for companions since he could remember, but the Hollows who approached him were directly crushed by his powerful spiritual pressure.

So Stark is very lonely.

So lonely that he split himself into a soul to be his companion.

Moreover, many people speculate that after Stark self-hollowed and was strengthened by the Hougyoku, he was not strengthened, but weakened.

It is estimated that his idea of wanting to become weak was absorbed by the Hougyoku, and then the strength he showed was not as good as Ulquiorra's return to the blade.

Not to mention the second stage of return to the blade.

"Those who want to become the God of Destruction can stay. If you don't want to become the God of Destruction, you just need to defeat the Black Hollow."

Luther said to them.

"Black Hollow?"

The Hollows and Hollows looked at Luther in surprise.

Luther then let the Black Hollow appear.

The Black Hollow is the Hollow that Luther raised with the potential of Vastode.

This is the Black Hollow, the Hollow that Luther raised with the potential of Vastode.

Its body is as black as ink, and even the mask that should have been white has been dyed black, with only a few lines still retaining the white luster.

From the shape of the mask, it seems to be a unicorn, but it walks upright and maintains a human size, unlike Achucas.

Even the Hollow Hole is filled with unknown black matter.

But that spiritual pressure is indeed a Hollow.

"Just defeat it and you can leave?"

Grimmjow's voice sounded among the crowd, his eyes fixed on the Black Hollow, his eyes flashing with excitement.

Luther nodded and replied: "Yes, but if you fail, you will be swallowed by it."

There was no mercy or sympathy in his words, as if all this was taken for granted.

Luther was not surprised that Grimmjow would stand up first, as Ironhead and Reckless were like this.

Grimmjow was not frightened by Luther's words, but became even more excited.

He was a warlike leopard, so he readily accepted the challenge.

"Ha, that was Xu's fate."

He laughed.

"Crackle, Panther King!"

After getting the permission from the God King, Grimmjow returned to the Blade.

He knew very well that this Hollow that was valued by the God King must be extraordinary.

So he returned to the Blade and turned into a humanoid leopard.

He roared and rushed towards the Black Hollow like lightning.

The Black Hollow was not moved by Grimmjow's charge. It still stood there quietly, like a towering mountain.

When Grimmjow's giant claws were about to touch its body, it suddenly moved.

Its figure flashed and disappeared from the spot. When Grimmjow reacted, it had appeared behind him.

Its speed was even faster than Grimmjow.

Grimmjow was startled and quickly turned around and swung his claws to attack the Black Hollow. But the Black Hollow seemed to be able to predict his movements and slightly turned his body to avoid his attack.

Then the Black Hollow launched an attack and punched Grimmjow.

Grimmjow suddenly felt a sharp pain in his body, and visible black appeared on his body.

"This is..."

Grimmjow looked at the black spots on his body.

"The ability of the Black Hollow is to devour. All the spirit particles it touches will be infected and transformed into its own spirit particles."

Luther explained the ability of the Black Hollow.

Devour? There is such an ability?

Chapter 752 Devouring Grimmjow

Grimmjow's figure seemed particularly lonely.

The black stripes on his body were like living snakes, wriggling on his skin, and every wriggling was accompanied by severe pain, as if countless small insects were gnawing at his skin.

This pain penetrated deep into his bones, making him almost unbearable.

Constantly devouring his strength, his flesh and blood.

He felt that he was being gradually consumed, and his vitality was constantly draining away.

Grimmjow gritted his teeth, he knew he couldn't just give up.

He stretched out his trembling hand and tore off a large piece of flesh and blood with force.

The piece of flesh and blood was instantly covered by black pollution, and finally turned completely black, turning into a group of black gas like smoke and fog, rising up, and finally merging into the body of the black void in the distance.

"Roar————!!!"

The black void seemed to be extremely satisfied with such devouring, and it let out a deafening roar.

The sound echoed on the battlefield, making people shudder.

Grimmjow's face was pale, he had no more flesh and blood to tear. His body was covered with wounds, each of which was deep enough to see the bone, and blood was pouring out.

"If this goes on, I will be exhausted to death by it."

Grimmjow felt a sense of despair.

He knew that he did not have the super-fast regeneration ability like Ulquiorra. In order to gain more power, the Hollow gave up a large part of the super-fast regeneration ability when he became an Arrancar. In the back of the comics, when Ichigo and Ulquiorra were fighting, Ulquiorra said.

So once injured, it takes a long time to recover.

And now, he doesn't even have a chance to recover.

Bylergan stood aside, observing the battle. There was a playful smile on his face, and he didn't seem to sympathize with Grimmjow's predicament. He touched his chin and fell into deep thought.

"Fighting it means being eaten all the time?"

Bylergan whispered to himself, his voice full of fear of the black hollow's ability. He understood that the black hollow's devouring ability was not a simple physical attack, but a destruction starting from the spirit level. This ability is fatal to any creature.

Harribel and Stark stood on both sides of Bylergan, their brows furrowed, obviously also feeling the pressure brought by the Black Hollow.

"The ability of this Black Hollow is indeed very dangerous."

Harribel said in a deep voice, her voice full of worry.

Stark also nodded in agreement. They all knew that facing such an enemy, any underestimation of the enemy could lead to failure.

However, Bylergan did not show the slightest worry.

He shook his head gently, as if he was dismissive of Harribel and Stark's concerns.

He thought to himself: "The ability of this Black Hollow is indeed very dangerous, but I am not afraid of it. My decay ability can restrain its devouring ability."

However, he did not intend to stand up and fight the Black Hollow immediately. He had a bigger goal - he wanted to become a god of destruction, wanted to become stronger, and become an existence beyond the god of death and the Hollow!

Grimmjow's battle continued. He faced the powerful enemy Black Hollow and continued to attack. However, every attack would be contaminated by the opponent's ability and then devoured.

His injuries were getting worse and worse, and his physical strength was constantly being consumed. He knew he couldn't hold on for much longer.

Grimmjow's body was covered with scars, and almost every inch of his skin was cut. The wounds were so deep that the bones could be seen, as if they were going to tear his body apart completely.

His blood had been drained, and every breath was accompanied by severe pain. However, he did not give up, and he still gritted his teeth and persisted.

He knew that he couldn't just lose to the Black Void. He had to find the opponent's weakness in order to have a chance to defeat it. However, the Black Void seemed to have no weaknesses, and no matter how he attacked, he could not cause substantial damage to it.

A gleam of determination flashed in Grimmjow's eyes.

He decided to take a risk, and Grimmjow rushed forward, his figure drawing a sharp arc.

He did not hesitate to put his right hand into the Black Void's body, ready to use his own strength to make the final destruction.

However, his attack did not cause any damage to the Black Void as he wished.

On the contrary, his right hand seemed to be firmly sucked by an invisible force, and then swallowed by the Black Void bit by bit. Grimmjow could clearly feel the pain of being swallowed.

Luther enjoyed watching this scene.

He watched the battle between Grimmjow and the Black Hollow with great appreciation.

The devouring ability of the Black Hollow is indeed amazing, but the Hollow itself started with devouring.

It can be said that all Hollows are good at devouring, but 99% of Hollows have very weak devouring abilities. The Black Hollow is just amplified and stronger in this aspect.

Although its devouring ability can start from the level of spirit particles, it seems hard to defend against, but there is no shortage of microscopic attack methods that can act on the level of spirit particles in the world of death.

Grimmjow lost his right hand, his combat effectiveness was greatly reduced, and his body was shaky.

However, he did not beg for mercy, he silently accepted his fate.

He had tried his best, although he failed, but he had no regrets.

Grimmjow was finally completely devoured by the Black Hollow.

His body and soul became part of the Black Hollow and disappeared forever in the darkness.

The mask on the face of the Black Hollow that devoured Grimmjow began to crack.

These cracks streaked across its face like lightning, making it look even more hideous and terrifying.

"Oh, is it going to break its body soon?"

Luther looked at the cracks on the black hollow's face and looked forward to it.

"After all, after eating an Arrancar, it's time to break its body by itself."

Arrancar refers to the nickname of a Hollow that has comprehended the power of the god of death, also known as a "hollow transformed into a god of death".

Usually, only Hollows of the level of Great Hollow Gillian or above can evolve into Arrancar.

The characteristic of an Arrancar is that the mask of the Hollow is broken, revealing a human face, and carrying weapons shaped like Zanpakuto, which are sealed by the "spiritual core" of the power of the Arrancar.

The Arrancar still has a brutal nature and devours souls. They have skin as hard as steel, which is a steel skin that is difficult for Zanpakuto to penetrate.

After being released, the attack and defense capabilities of the Arrancar will be significantly improved, and the appearance will also change greatly.

However, it seems that Grimmjow cannot meet the needs of the black hollow. Five or six cracks appeared on the black hollow's mask, and then there was no movement.

"Who's next?"

Luther looked down at the Arrancars.

No one stood up. After seeing what happened to Grimmjow, the Arrancars were not stupid and would not go and die.

Chapter 753 Black Void Breaks the Mask.

"There are too many of you. I think it is better to reduce the number by one."

Luther planned to see if Heixu could make an Arrancar if another Arrancar was eaten.

As soon as these words came out, the Arrancars who were still immersed in their own thoughts suddenly fell into panic.

They whispered to each other, eyes flashing with uneasiness.

These Arrancars are now like prey being targeted by hunters, and everyone is in danger.

Although Bailegang was confident, he could also see that Luther valued Heixu very much. If he killed Heixu himself, he would probably be blamed by the God King.

However, Luther didn't give these Arrancars much time to think. His eyes swept over everyone, and finally settled on a figure.

"Just you."

If you admire Grimmjow, you probably don't like No5.

But he doesn't want to take action himself, so it's best to feed it to Heixu.

Nnoitra Gilga, the fifth of the Ten Blades, claims to be the strongest of the Ten Blades and has the hardest steel skin.

However, at this moment, he became Luther's chosen target. He widened his eyes and looked at Luther in disbelief, as if he wanted to see something from Luther's eyes.

"I?"

Nnoitra Gilga's voice was trembling, and he couldn't believe his ears. He is the strongest among the Ten Blades, how could he be chosen so easily?

However, Luther did not give him the right to refuse.

Luther waved his hand gently, and a powerful force pulled Nnoitra Gilga's body up, and then sent it to Heixu.

"asshole!"

Nnoitra Gilga roared in the air, his voice shaking the surrounding air like thunder, full of unwillingness and anger.

He never thought that he would face death in this way, and what he couldn't accept was that he was abandoned so easily. In his eyes, death should be a heroic battle, not such a meaningless sacrifice.

However, at this moment, he had no choice, and his body rushed towards Heixu uncontrollably. He could only wave the sickle in his hand, trying to fight for a chance of survival for himself.

It is true that he is very warlike, but what Nnoitra Gilga wants is to die in the hands of a strong man.

Heixu is strong, but he, Nnoitra Gilga, does not recognize this kind of strength!

Just like Balegang, if he didn't have that kind of corrupt ability, Nnoitra Gilga would have dared to challenge him.

However, Heixu could no longer hold back and rushed over.

Nnoitra Gilga knew not to touch Heixu's body easily, otherwise she might be swallowed by it instantly.

He waved the scythe in his hand, trying to leave scars on Heixu's body.

However, his attack was like a mud cow entering the sea, without any effect. Heixu's body seems to be made of a special substance that can swallow all attacks.

The sickle in Neutra Gilga's hand was directly contaminated by the black void, and black markings appeared on the originally sharp blade.

These markings continue to spread, swallowing up the spirit seeds on the scythe. He felt that his power was constantly draining away, while Heixu's power was constantly increasing.

"Pray, Holy Crying Mantis!"

Neutra Gilga suddenly shouted, and then his body began to undergo drastic changes.

A crescent-shaped horn grew on his head, cross-shaped yellow facial lines appeared on his face, and a tooth-like eyepatch-shaped mask appeared on the empty hole.

Most notably, he sprouted six arthropod-like arms, each holding a double-edged scythe.

This is the returning form of Nnoitra Gilga - the Holy Crying Mantis.

In this form, Nnoitra Gilga's power is greatly enhanced. His speed became faster and his attacks became more violent. He waved the scythe in his hand and launched a fierce attack on Heixu.

The six arms waved the sickles like a violent storm, constantly leaving scars on Heixu's body. Although these scars briefly weakened Heixu's power, they were quickly devoured and restored.

However, Neutra Gilga did not give up. He kept swinging the scythe, trying to find Heixu's weakness.

However, Heixu's body seems to be made of a special substance that can swallow all attacks.

Although Nnoitra Gilga's scythe can leave scars on his body, these scars are quickly devoured and healed.

At the same time, the polluted black was constantly devouring his soul, making him feel weaker and weaker.

"hateful!"

Nnoitra Gilga roared, feeling that his power was almost exhausted. However, he did not give up. He knew that he couldn't die so easily, and he had to use his actions to prove his worth.

He continued to wave the scythe and launched an even more violent attack on Heixu.

Each attack made him feel more exhausted and weaker, but he didn't stop.

He wants to use his actions to tell everyone: he is not a weak person, he is a real strong person!

He gritted his teeth and continued to wave the sickle in his hand.

He knew that this was his only hope. He can't give up or back down. He will use up his last bit of strength to fight Heixu to the death.

In the end, he was naturally swallowed up by Heixu without any accident.

After the Black Hollow devoured the second Arrancar, its body began to change. More cracks appeared on its mask, and these cracks spread like a spider web.

At the same time, there was a cracking sound, which echoed in the empty field, making people shudder.

The cracks became more and more numerous and larger. Finally, the mask broke into pieces and fell to the ground. In the fragments of the mask, an unexpected face was revealed.

This face looked somewhat similar to Stark's style, but younger and more hideous.

Its eyes flashed red, full of greed and covetousness.

All the Arrancars present felt at this moment that they seemed to be stared at. They felt a fear that they had never felt before, which was deeply rooted in their hearts and made them unable to move.

The Black Hollow's eyes swept between them, as if he was selecting the next target.

Its eyes were full of undisguised greed and covetousness, as if each of them was a delicious meal in its eyes.

"This guy is really arrogant."

Bailagan suddenly spoke.

His voice echoed in the silent place, breaking the silence.

The Black Void immediately locked onto Bylergan, who stared at it without fear.

Chapter 754: Fight to the death, endless!

Bailegang is really not afraid of Heixu, and thinks that Heixu's devouring ability is no big deal.

The atmosphere between the two gradually became tense, as if a storm was coming.

However, at this moment, Luther's voice flowed through the palace like a clear spring, breaking the tense atmosphere that was about to erupt.

"Now that Heixu has broken through, you should start training with the power of the God of Destruction."

Luther said calmly.

After hearing Luther's words, Bailegang lowered his head slightly, a trace of pride flashed in his eyes.

In his opinion, Luther stopped him from fighting Heixu because he was worried that Heixu would be easily solved by him.

This confidence comes from his absolute trust in his own power, and also from his awe of Luther, the God-King.

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Heixu said respectfully.

Its fanaticism is directed only at those who dare to challenge it.

But in front of Luther, it was respectful, just like Ulquiorra's loyalty to Aizen Soyousuke.

This loyalty was born not of fear but of a deep awe of Luther's power.

Luther looked at Heixu, his eyes revealing an indescribable interest.

He saw through Heixu's mind and knew that although it looked calm on the outside, it was as wild as a beast on the inside.

This fanaticism does not stem from a desire to kill, but from a desire for power and an obsession with fighting.

Heixu is warlike, but the reason Heixu is warlike is to eat his opponent.

It can still be swallowed to become stronger.

Heixu could feel the hunger from the bottom of his heart, which was the desire for power and the pursuit of becoming stronger.

Therefore, it will not refuse any battle, because every battle is an opportunity for it to become stronger.

Devouring is the most direct way for it to become stronger.

Just like Balegang's decaying ability will become stronger after returning to the edge, now Heixu's devouring ability will also become stronger after returning to the edge.

The power training of the God of Destruction is actually to integrate the soul blade into oneself, and the final stage of returning the blade is like this.

The Soul Blade, to the God of Destruction, is like the key Luther gave them to open their souls.

Only by possessing this key can they truly understand their own power and maximize this power.

Stark also got a soul blade.

However, unlike the others, Stark wasn't very interested in new powers. He is already strong enough, so strong that he even wants to become weak.

What he pursues is the balance of power, not endless growth.

For others, however, new powers are always attractive.

Especially this kind of power is obviously more powerful than their original strength, which makes them excited.

They began to practice the practice of destroying God according to Luther's instructions. They know that only through such practice can they truly become gods of destruction and have the power to change the world.

"You have the ability to command Daxu. In this case, the job of capturing Xu will be left to you."

Luther said to them.

"yes."

The Arrancars had no objection and started training to become the God of Destruction.

They now know that Zaraki Kenpachi has not yet completed his training as the God of Destruction. Of course, he has successfully drawn his sword later, so he is now the God of Destruction.

You have the power to defeat them without becoming the God of Destruction, let alone after becoming the God of Destruction?

But another thing happened at this time, that is, Unohana Retsu applied for a duel with Zaraki Kenpachi.

It's not a sparring match, it's a duel.

This word sounds very bad, but it also seems normal. After all, it is Uzuki Retsu's pursuit and wish for so many years.

The duel between the two Gods of Destruction would definitely be a big scene, and Unohana Retsu would of course want to say hello.

If Luther didn't agree...the two of them would probably run to Hueco Mundo through the Divine Gate to fight.

Luther agreed.

Unohana Retsu and Zaraki Kenpachi are destined to have a battle, but the original plot feels like it was a waste of Unohana Retsu's fighting power.

Now, Luther would certainly not let them suffer any casualties.

The battle between Unohana Retsu and Zaraki Kenpachi was of great significance, so he created a special space called "Muma" as their battlefield.

The interior of "Wu Jian" is like a pure dream. The ground is a piece of pure white snow, reflecting the faint light like the Milky Way.

And all around was deep darkness, like a huge black hole, swallowing everything.

There is no wind here, no noise, no smell. There are only two people, Unohana Retsu and Zaraki Kenpachi. They seem to be the center of the world, and each other's existence has become the only focus in each other's eyes.

Unohana Retsu, the beautiful and powerful female captain, has a determined light in her eyes. She was wearing a gorgeous team uniform, and her long hair was fluttering in the wind, like black flames dancing.

The long knife in her hand shone with cold light, as if it could split space.

She took a step forward, and the spiritual pressure beyond the captain level exploded, shaking the entire "Wu Jian".

Clang!

There was a clear sound of metal collision, and Unohana Retsu's long sword and Zarakī Kenpachi's long sword met in the air. The two forces collided at this moment, causing a small explosion.

The shock wave generated by the explosion shook the surrounding darkness slightly, as if even the space was distorted.

Unohana Retsu moved and disappeared like a ghost.

Her long sword drew a perfect arc in the air, with a sharp blade light going straight to the vitals of Zarakī Kenpachi.

Zarakī Kenpachi was not afraid at all. He grinned, swung his long sword, and collided with Unohana Retsu's long sword again.

"Ding——"

Another metal collision sound rang out, and the two long swords intersected again. This time the collision was more intense than the last time, and the shock wave was more powerful. Unohana Retsu and Zarakī Kenpachi were both shocked by this force and took a few steps back.

However, they did not stop because of this.

On the contrary, their eyes were more full of fighting spirit.

Unohana Retsu launched an attack again, her long sword dancing in the air with elegant trajectories, and each attack was as fierce as a storm.

Not to be outdone, Kenpachi Zarakī brandished his long sword and engaged in a fierce battle with Unohana Retsu.

Both of their attacks and defenses were exquisite and dazzling.

Each of their collisions could trigger a small explosion, shaking the entire "Infernal World".

The energy waves generated by these explosions continued to spread, as if they were about to tear the entire space apart.

Chapter 755 The Killing Maniac

On the battlefield, two completely different forces are colliding.

Every move of Kenpachi Zarakī is as shocking as thunder.

His skin is rough and his muscles are knotted, as if he contains endless power.

And his eyes are like two burning flames, flashing wild and unyielding light.

His opponent, Unohana Retsu, is a completely different existence.

She is slender and has long flowing hair, like a blooming flower.

Her swordsmanship is superb, and every move is full of skill and speed. Her long sword is like a silver snake in her hand, flexible and deadly.

At the beginning of the battle, Kenpachi Zarakī showed his unparalleled power.

He roared, like a tiger descending from the mountain, his muscles tensed instantly, and a strong spiritual pressure burst out from him.

He waved the long sword in his hand, and every attack seemed to be with the force of thunder, going straight to Unohana Retsu's vitals.

However, Unohana Retsu was not afraid at all.

Her figure was erratic, like a light butterfly flying through the flowers.

Her long sword fluttered in her hands, and every swing of the sword was accurate and deadly.

Her sword skills were varied, sometimes as fierce as a storm, and sometimes as continuous as a long stream.

Wherever the tip of her sword pointed, it was Kenpachi Zarakī's flaw.

As time went on, the battle between the two became more and more intense.

Unohana Retsu began to show her true strength.

Her long sword became more sharp and swift, and every swing of the sword seemed to carry an unstoppable force.

Her sword skills were unpredictable and dazzling.

Sometimes she was like a cunning fox, using exquisite sword skills to lure Kenpachi Zarakī into a trap; sometimes she was like a ferocious lion, using violent attacks to force Kenpachi Zarakī into a desperate situation.

And Kenpachi Zarakī was even more wild and domineering.

He was not afraid of Unohana Retsu's attack at all, but instead met it with more excitement.

He swung his long sword, and every attack seemed to cut Unohana Retsu in two.

His strength was so strong that it was unimaginable, and every swing of the sword seemed to carry a destructive force.

"That's what makes it fun!"

Kenpachi Zarakī's wild laughter echoed on the battlefield like thunder, and his eyes flashed wildly, like an out-of-control beast.

He stretched out his rough palm and gently wiped the deep wound on his shoulder, and the blood jumped on his fingertips like flames.

He tilted his head slightly and put the blood on his fingertips into his mouth. The fishy and sweet taste stimulated his taste buds and made him feel an unprecedented pleasure.

This pleasure ran through his body like an electric current, making his heart beat more powerfully and his muscles more tense.

He felt that he was pushed by an invisible force, and his attacks became more fierce and domineering.

He swung the long sword in his hand, and every swing made the air around him tremble.

Suddenly, Unohana Retsu's figure appeared above Kenpachi Zarakī's head like a ghost.

The long sword in her hand turned into a silver light, piercing Kenpachi Zarakī's head like a meteor.

Kenpachi Zarakī sneered, he was not afraid at all, but raised his sword to meet it.

The two long swords collided in the air, making a crisp sound, the sound was as sharp as metal collision.

The huge impact made both of them step back a few steps, but Kenpachi Zarakī did not retreat at all.

He roared, and his figure rushed towards Unohana Retsu like a cannonball.

His long sword drew a golden trajectory in the air.

Unohana Retsu's face changed slightly, but she was not panicked at all.

Her figure became erratic again, dodging like catkins in the wind. Her long sword turned into a silver light curtain, blocking all of Kenpachi Zarakī's attacks.

The battle between the two has entered a white-hot stage. Their figures shuttled quickly on the battlefield, and every attack seemed to carry a life-and-death crisis.

They went back and forth, attacking each other's flaws.

It makes people hold their breath and concentrate.

However, it is this kind of life-and-death contest that makes them more excited and involved.

Suddenly, Kenpachi Zarakī roared wildly.

He held the knife in both hands and raised it high above his head.

A strong spiritual pressure burst out from him, as if to engulf the entire battlefield.

Kenpachi Zarakī slashed down with a knife, and the golden spiritual pressure surged out like a mountain torrent. The knife was so powerful that it seemed to split the entire battlefield in half.

Unohana Retsu went up with a solemn face. She flashed and avoided Kenpachi Zarakī's fatal blow.

At the same time, the long sword in her hand turned into a silver lightning and stabbed at Kenpachi Zarakī.

The two long swords collided in the air again, making a crisper sound. The sound was as harsh as the collision of gold and stone, and people couldn't help but cover their ears.

The cracked earth cracked inch by inch like a broken mirror, and the cracks burst out a hundred meters away in an instant.

The spiritual pressure impacted the small area, and after rebounding, it destroyed everything in all directions, and the ground was cut off several layers, as if it had been cut by a huge knife.

"Come on! Fight————"

Kenpachi Zarakī laughed wildly with excitement.

His laughter was full of fighting spirit and wildness, as if it was going to ignite the entire battlefield.

He held the long sword tightly with both hands, and the blade flashed with cold light.

He raised the sword above his head and stepped forward with one leg, as if he wanted to concentrate all his strength in this attack.

His body was tense, his muscles were as hard as steel, and full of power.

He seemed to have turned into an indestructible long sword, rushing towards Unohana Retsu with endless killing intent and power.

Time seemed to freeze at this moment, and the figures of the two intertwined, like a moving painting.

The next second, the blade had fallen to the ground, but Kenpachi Zarakī's attack did not stop.

He raised his right shoulder high, dragged the long sword behind him into a semicircle, and then chopped it down heavily.

The golden spiritual pressure gushed out from Kenpachi Zarakī's body, and it surged several times. The golden spiritual pressure burned like a flame, reflecting his figure like a god of war.

Then, the golden spiritual pressure suddenly slashed across the sky, bombarding Unohana Retsu with endless killing intent and power.

A trace of solemnity flashed across Unohana Retsu's eyes, and she quickly leaped back, swinging her sword at the golden spiritual pressure. However, the golden spiritual pressure surged like a torrent, and her attack was simply unstoppable.

Boom!

A loud noise echoed in the night sky, and the golden spiritual pressure hit the ground in front of Unohana Retsu, bursting into a dazzling light.

Then, the light suddenly exploded, and the aftermath of the impact spread like ripples, shaking the ground around into pieces.

Chapter 756 Draw the sword and kill them all

In the blazing golden light, Kenpachi Zarakī stood at the center of the explosion like an unyielding god of war.

The golden light did not come from the outside world, but from the spiritual pressure surging in his body. Even the surrounding air was ignited by this spiritual pressure, becoming hot and dazzling.

Just now, he collided with Unohana Retsu's sword intent. It was a duel that changed the color of the world.

Under this huge impact, two huge holes were torn in Kenpachi Zarakī's chest, and blood flowed out like a spring, staining his already tattered battle clothes red.

His shoulder bones and ribs were all broken at that moment, and the pain was like countless steel needles piercing his body, but he seemed to be unaware.

There was no fear on his face, but an unprecedented excitement.

This excitement did not come from the joy of victory, but from the desire for battle.

Kenpachi Zarakī, this madman who loves war, has a love for battle and a desire for victory flowing in his blood.

Every fierce battle was the most precious moment in his life, and this level of battle made him so excited that he almost burned.

Dang! Dang! Dang!

—The sound of swords colliding with each other echoed in the empty battlefield.

Every confrontation was like two meteors colliding in the night sky, shining with dazzling light.

Kenpachi Zarakī swung his sword and chopped it down. Every time he slashed, he had the power to destroy the world and split the whole world apart.

And when the long sword of Unohana collided with the sword of Kenpachi Zarakī, every time it aroused a sharp sword energy, it felt like a rain curtain.

Wherever the sword energy passed, the surrounding ground was turned over, and the originally pure white earth became a mess.

Those traces cut by the sword energy were like crisscrossing rivers, dividing the earth into countless pieces.

This battlefield was like a ruin after intensive bombing, riddled with holes, and only the traces left by the sword energy were still telling the thrilling battle just now.

On the desolate battlefield, the wind, sand and dust interweave into a desolate picture.

Suddenly, a sharp blade light cut through the sky, and Kenpachi Zarakī slashed down with a knife like a tiger descending from the mountain.

His knife seemed to gather all the power between heaven and earth. Wherever the blade passed, the air was torn apart, making a sharp whistle.

Unohana Retsu stood opposite, and she felt a huge force pressing down like a mountain.

This force was like a flood and a beast, making her bones creak under this force, as if they would break at any time.

The long knife she held tightly in her hand was constantly pressed down by Kenpachi Zarakī's knife, and the distance between the tip of the knife and the ground was getting closer and closer, until finally, the long knife actually fell on her shoulder.

The sound of the sharp blade cutting through the skin was particularly harsh on the silent battlefield. The bright red blood instantly gushed out from Unohana Retsu's shoulder, staining her clothes red.

That was the "divine suit" specially made by Luther for ordinary gods and gods of destruction. It could resist all kinds of powerful attacks on weekdays, but at this moment, it seemed so fragile in front of this huge spiritual pressure.

However, Unohana Retsu seemed to have no feeling.

There was a light of excitement in her eyes, which was similar to that of Kenpachi Zaraki, which came from her love of fighting and desire for victory.

There was no trace of pain on her face, but a smile, which was an expectation and enjoyment of fighting.

The eyes of the two met in the air, as if there was an electric current running through them.

Kenpachi Zaraki looked at Unohana Retsu, with a fanatical light in his eyes.

He seemed to see a soul who loved fighting as much as he did, an opponent who could compete with him. His heart was full of excitement and expectation, and he knew that this would be an unprecedented battle.

And Unohana Retsu also looked at Kenpachi Zaraki, and her eyes were also shining with excitement.

She felt the powerful momentum and spiritual pressure on Kenpachi Zaraki, which made her even more excited and expectant. She knew that this would be a battle that would allow her to fully release her power.

At this moment, the battle between them was no longer a simple duel of life and death, but a collision and fusion of two souls.

They were all enjoying the pleasure brought by this battle, enjoying the wildness and freedom that put life and death aside.

Their hearts were full of desire for victory and respect for their opponents.

In Luther's eyes, this battle had transcended the boundaries of life and death.

He saw the resonance and fusion of the two souls, which was a more intimate and deeper soul exchange than the flesh.

He felt the passion and passion of the battle between them, as if he was also involved in it.

Unohana Retsu knew that he could not wait any longer and must fight back as soon as possible, otherwise he would fall into a more passive situation.

Zaraki Kenpachi was already able to hurt himself.

However, this alone was far from enough.

So, Unohana Retsu took a deep breath and pulled out his long sword.

A sharp knife light burst out instantly, like a lightning bolt that cut through the night sky and illuminated the entire battlefield. The moment she drew out her long sword, it seemed to merge with her soul, releasing amazing power.

"Draw the sword——"

Unohana Retsu shouted in a low voice.

Every word she said seemed to contain endless power, making people shudder.

"——Kill them all!"

As she shouted, an amazing blade light instantly burst out from her long sword.

This blade light was like a huge beam of light, instantly tearing the surrounding air apart, making a sharp sound of breaking through the air.

It slashed towards Kenpachi Zaraki, as if to split him in half.

At this moment, Unohana Retsu transformed all her extra emotions into her own strength and spiritual pressure.

Her fighting spirit, killing intention, pain, hatred... even simple pain and pleasure were transformed into strength by her.

At this moment, she seemed to have become a ruthless killing machine, existing only for fighting.

Her soul blade seemed to have undergone amazing changes after it was pulled out.

The original long sword became abnormally curved, like a winding dragon and snake.

Unohana Retsu stroked the sword with his hand, and after using his hand as a scabbard, the pulled out sword became another look.

It became sharper and more terrifying, as if it could cut off everything that blocked it.

This is her soul - [Ken Slash]!

As soon as [Ken Slash] came out, the entire battlefield seemed to be shrouded by a powerful momentum.

Thick spiritual pressure dripped from Unohana Retsu's soul blade like blood, one drop, two drops, three drops...

These blood-like spiritual pressure dripped onto the ground, instantly dyeing the surrounding white ground red.

Chapter 757 The Roaring Prajna Ghost

The blood seemed to be endowed with life. It gathered into a trickle, and then entangled and intertwined into a rushing river.

Under the sunlight, the river flashed a strange red light, and the whole river was dyed the color of blood.

As time passed, the river became more and more turbulent. Finally, it submerged the entire land in a sea of blood like a hundred rivers returning to the sea.

In the sea of blood, the waves were surging and the waves were surging.

Each wave carried a strong murderous intent and violent spiritual pressure, submerging the ground within sight in this boundless sea of blood.

In the center of this sea of blood, Unohana Retsu stood proudly, her figure looming in the sea of blood, as if she had merged with this sea of blood.

Her body was covered with blood, but her eyes were shining.

Zaraki Kenpachi stood on the edge of the sea of blood, feeling this powerful momentum and spiritual pressure.

He looked up at Unohana Retsu, with a flash of surprise and excitement in his eyes.

He knew that this was Unohana Retsu's true strength.

He was not afraid at all, but even more excited. Because he knew that only by fighting with such an opponent could he stimulate his true potential.

"Draw your sword?"

Kenpachi Zaraki asked with a grin. He did not draw his sword, but chose to chop with Unohana Retsu again.

He believed in his strength and could compete with Unohana Retsu even without drawing his sword.

"Dang!" A deafening collision sound echoed on the sea, and Unohana Retsu's sword and Kenpachi Zaraki's sword met again in an instant, and the sparks from the collision were like bright stars in the night sky.

This time, Unohana Retsu did not give Kenpachi Zaraki any chance to breathe.

With a crisp "click", Kenpachi Zaraki's blade actually cracked under Unohana Retsu's fierce attack.

Unohana Retsu seized this fleeting opportunity, and her power burst out like a torrent. Her sword was even more fierce, instantly splitting Kenpachi Zaraki's sword and knocking him hundreds of meters away.

Kenpachi Zaraki rolled in the air, and several deep wounds were cut on his body by Unohana Retsu's sword.

He struggled to stand up, his eyes full of unwillingness and anger.

He understood that Unohana Retsu's strength at this time had reached a height he had never seen before.

Unohana Retsu's state at this moment can be described in four words-killing heart.

Her body seemed to have turned into a huge energy furnace, constantly transforming her own killing intent into power and spiritual pressure.

This was a killing intent that had been suppressed for hundreds of years, so strong that it was unimaginable, and it made Unohana Retsu unable to remain calm and rational, even if there was any, it could not be transformed and consumed.

So her current spiritual pressure was manic and peaceful, contradictory and unified, and contained endless power.

Her long hair fluttered in the sea breeze, and her clothes were also dyed bright red, as if they were integrated with this sea of blood.

The steaming blood was floating on the sea, making Unohana Retsu look even more unreal.

Her figure appeared and disappeared in the sea of blood, like a ghost.

Her long sword was full of blood color, and every swing seemed to split the entire sea of blood.

Kenpachi Zarakī felt the powerful spiritual pressure and murderous intent emanating from Unohana Retsu, and a strong sense of crisis rose in his heart.

The flashes of swords and shadows intertwined in the sea of blood to form a thrilling picture.

The swords of Unohana Retsu and Kenpachi Zarakī collided and offset each other, and every collision made a deafening noise.

Their figures shuttled and jumped in the sea of blood, like two ghosts dancing in the sea of blood.

However, as time went on, Kenpachi Zarakī gradually felt the horror of Unohana Retsu's strength.

Although he tried his best to fight back, Unohana Retsu's power seemed endless and endless.

This time, Unohana Retsu did not give Kenpachi Zarakī any chance to breathe.

She moved, and her figure disappeared and flashed in the sea of blood like a ghost, with a speed so fast that it was dazzling.

Her long sword flashed cold light in the moonlight, with a strong blood color, like a bloodthirsty dragon, and suddenly slashed towards Kenpachi Zarakī's shoulder.

Kenpachi Zarakī felt an unprecedented sense of crisis. He tried his best to dodge, and his figure drew a beautiful arc in the sea of blood.

However, Unohana Retsu's attack was like a thorn in the bone, following his figure closely, and finally left a deep wound on his shoulder.

Blood gushed out of the wound in an instant, staining Kenpachi Zarakī's clothes red.

He felt a sharp pain, as if thousands of needles were piercing his skin.

On the battlefield where the sea of blood was churning, the air solidified, and it was so oppressive that people could not breathe.

Kenpachi Zarakī did not sink into the sea of blood.

A low and hoarse roar came from the depths of his throat, like a beast roaring, shaking the air around him.

The spiritual pressure that permeated around him, like the calm before the storm, gradually gathered into a point, and then suddenly burst out, breaking through the shackles of the sea of blood, and also breaking through the sword lights and shadows carefully arranged by Unohana Retsu.

Zaraki Kenpachi stretched out his right hand, and his palm instantly became as hard as iron, as if it had turned into the strongest scabbard.

He held his soul blade tightly, and then pulled it hard, and a huge soul blade was pulled out of his hand.

A cold light flashed on the blade.

A strong spiritual pressure and murderous intent emanated from the blade, sweeping across the entire battlefield like a violent storm, making people feel terrified.

"Roar, roar, roar, roar————"

The Soul Blade made a deafening sound of breaking through the air, announcing its arrival to the whole world.

Kenpachi Zaraki held the sword in his hand, feeling the power coming from the blade, and a satisfied smile appeared on his face.

"Is this your sword drawing?"

Unohana Retsu looked at the huge sword in Kenpachi Zaraki's hand, and a trace of surprise flashed in his eyes.

"Yes, it's called Hannya Menggui."

Kenpachi Zaraki smiled proudly, and then explained.

"The ability of this sword is to increase my strength and spiritual pressure by multiples. Now, I have strengthened it to twice."

Unohana Retsu nodded slightly, she understood what this meant.

Double the strength and spiritual pressure are undoubtedly a huge improvement for a warrior like Kenpachi Zaraki.

"Very good, you have completely surpassed your previous self..."

Unohana Retsu said with relief.

She looked at Kenpachi Zaraki.

"Now, let's completely put everything aside and fight to our heart's content!"

Before Unohana Retsu finished speaking, he had already swung the sword in his hand.

A swift hurricane of sword energy burst out from Unohana Retsu's sword, and attacked Zaraki Kenpachi like an overwhelming force.

The mighty hurricane came with the power to destroy everything.

However, Zaraki Kenpachi had no intention of dodging.

Chapter 758 Sword Fight

On the vast battlefield, Kenpachi Zarakī stood like a pine tree. The Prajna Menggui in his hand was like a sleeping giant beast, with a heavy blade and a wide blade, flashing a cold light.

He stared ahead, where a hurricane was gathering madly, as if foreshadowing the coming storm.

Kenpachi Zarakī's eyes were burning with unyielding fighting spirit. He grinned, did not dodge, held the hilt tightly, and swung down the Prajna Menggui in his hand.

The huge blade drew an elegant arc in the air, accompanied by the whistling wind, and a powerful force burst out from the blade, surging like a volcanic eruption.

This force instantly collided with the incoming hurricane, making a deafening roar.

The hurricane was ruthlessly torn apart by the blade of Prajna Menggui, turning into countless tiny wind blades flying everywhere.

The entire battlefield seemed to be still at this moment, with only the sound of wind blades flying in the air echoing.

However, this was just the beginning of the battle.

The shredded wind did not dissipate, but rushed in the opposite direction towards Unohana Retsu.

Unohana Retsu was the initiator of this storm. She stood there, with a sharp light flashing in her half-closed eyes.

Her arm quickly raised and fell, and the sword in her hand tapped several times in the void, and a few faint sword winds cut through, unexpectedly resisting the downward wind one by one.

With a bang, the wind was offset one by one in front of Unohana Retsu's sword wind.

As expected of the first generation of Kenpachi, every move and style showed the peak level of swordsmanship.

The two people's eyes were like torches, like two lightning bolts intersecting in the air, and then, their figures seemed to be pulled by an invisible force and disappeared in an instant.

The air was filled with a tense and oppressive atmosphere, as if foreshadowing the upcoming fierce collision.

"Boom--"

A loud noise shook the entire space, and the figures of the two appeared again, but they were already colliding fiercely in the air. In an instant, the world seemed to lose its color, leaving only their intertwined figures and the flashing swords.

Then, a dazzling light burst out from the center of the collision, instantly illuminating everything around.

The strong wind generated by the explosion swept across the entire battlefield, shaking the surrounding air into ripples.

However, in this strong wind, the two people in the center seemed to be unaffected. They were in the violent vortex of spiritual pressure, but their bodies did not move at all.

Before the strong wind dissipated, the two raised their swords and rushed towards each other again.

"Dang! Dang! Dang! Dang---"

This time the collision was more intense, and a series of sword collisions sounded in the air, like dense raindrops.

There were countless afterimages in the air, sparks flew everywhere, and every collision seemed to tear the air apart.

Unohana Retsu, her swordsmanship was as beautiful and deadly as her name.

Her swordsmanship not only included the nine basic slashing directions of swordsmanship, but also incorporated countless changes into these nine directions.

Her swordsmanship is like a wild horse, an antelope hanging its horns, and every strike is perfect, making it impossible to predict her next move.

Her swordsmanship is both elegant and sharp, making people marvel at her strength while appreciating the beauty of her swordsmanship.

Although Kenpachi Zaraki's swordsmanship does not have the exquisite swordsmanship changes of Unohana Retsu, his strength is enough to make up for everything.

His swordsmanship is simple and direct, but it is extremely powerful.

Each of his swords seems to contain a thousand pounds of force, making it impossible to resist.

Although his swordsmanship seems clumsy, it contains the wisdom of great ingenuity.

He responds to changes with the same, he does not need complicated swordsmanship changes, he only needs to use the simplest moves to exert the most powerful power.

Each of his swords is like a landslide, making it impossible to resist.

The two blades flashing with cold light collided violently in mid-air, and a deafening roar was heard in an instant.

The sound was like thunder rolling across the sky, shocking people.

Unohana Retsu's pupils shrank at this moment.

The power displayed by Kenpachi Zaraki at this moment has far exceeded her expectations.

The overwhelming power coming from the blade was as fierce as a storm, shaking her and the sword in her hand to the point of instability.

She had clearly merged with the sword in her hand, and could even use the sword to replace her hands to put on clothes, but at this moment, she felt that she could not hold the sword in her hand.

Kenpachi Zaraki's swordsmanship was as fierce as a storm, and every sword was powerful and heavy, as if it could split the sky and the earth.

He swung the Kaizan in Unohana Retsu's hand with a sword, and leaned over to cut off the big sword in his hand.

The blade cut through the air like lightning, with a sharp sound of breaking wind, and hit Unohana Retsu's chest heavily.

A dull collision sound rang out, and Unohana Retsu only felt a huge force coming, and her body flew backwards involuntarily.

She stabilized her body, looked down, and saw that there was a deep wound on her chest that could be seen to the bone.

The blade cut through her shoulder bone and ribs, and blood gushed out like an uncontrolled flood, instantly staining her clothes red and even forming a small pool of blood on the ground.

However, Unohana Retsu did not show any pain.

On the contrary, she showed a hint of excitement on her face.

Her fingertips gently brushed across the horrible wound with blood and flesh turned outward, and as her fingertips touched, a faint blood-red glow suddenly emerged from the wound.

The glow jumped and flickered in the darkness, as if it had life. Under the illumination of this glow, Unohana Retsu's wound began to heal at an astonishing speed.

The flesh and blood gradually grew again, and the bones were also repaired quickly. After a while, the wound that was so deep that the bone could be seen disappeared without a trace.

Only a piece of skin as smooth as jade was left, and even the scar that Kenpachi Zaraki left on her at the beginning was restored by Unohana Retsu.

Because she had changed herself and Kenpachi Zaraki, there was no need to leave that scar.

Without the infinite recovery treatment of Bankai·Jinjin, Unohana Retsu was not an ordinary person.

As the captain of Kaido for many years, she had already mastered the use of spiritual power.

It is true that the God of Destruction is good at destroying spirit particles and spirit particle structures, but in reverse, there is actually no difference in using them for treatment. Unohana Retsu knew this very well, so she was not afraid of any harm.

She raised the knife and pointed it diagonally, and gently swung it. The sword pressure emitted by the blade instantly cut a straight cut surface on the ground. The cut surface was as smooth as a mirror, as if it had been carefully polished.

The ground woven of Wujian's hard spirit particles was as fragile as tofu in front of this sword pressure.

She looked at Kenpachi Zaraki.

"Continue."

The air was filled with a repressive atmosphere, as if even time had frozen at this moment.

The sword in Unohana Retsu's hand was flowing with blood-colored spiritual pressure. Those spiritual pressures were like swimming dragons, circling and roaring on the sword, releasing terrifying power.

Chapter 759 is about to

Unohana Retsu's sword, like an ancient poem precipitated by the years, finally left her strokes in silence.

At that moment, the sword intent that had accumulated countless battles and sharpenings burst out like a volcanic eruption, turning into a blood-colored spiritual pressure and condensing into a huge crescent-shaped sword energy.

This sword energy, like a meteor that cuts through the night sky, rushed towards Zarak Kenpachi with the momentum of destroying everything.

It passed through the air and tore through the space, as if even time had stopped for a moment in front of this power.

The blood-colored light shone in the air, like a falling star, illuminating half of the sky, and even the surrounding smoke and dust were shaken away by this power, revealing the clear and cold night sky.

Zarak Kenpachi seemed unusually calm in the face of this sudden attack.

He shook his head slightly, as if he had expected Unohana Retsu's attack.

He suddenly raised his right hand, and a scarred, thick-jointed palm instantly pressed on the bloody crescent.

This palm, after countless battles and tempering, had long become as hard as iron, emitting a strong golden spiritual pressure.

The golden spiritual pressure and the bloody sword energy met in the air, forming a spectacular picture.

Gold and blood intertwined together.

Under the golden spiritual pressure of Kenpachi Zarak, the bloody crescent seemed to be restrained by an invisible force and could not move forward.

It trembled in the air, making a piercing roar, as if struggling to break free from the restraint.

However, Kenpachi Zarak did not give it this opportunity.

His five fingers gradually tightened, and a powerful force burst out from his palm.

This force was so strong that the surrounding air was distorted under this force.

There was only a crisp sound, and the bloody crescent was actually crushed into pieces by him.

These fragments scattered in the air, turning into countless tiny sword auras, shooting towards Kenpachi Zarak.

However, these sword auras seemed so powerless in front of the golden spiritual pressure around Kenpachi Zarak.

They seemed to have encountered an insurmountable barrier, and they collapsed and dissipated in front of the golden spiritual pressure.

Kenpachi Zarak stood there like a towering mountain, and he remained motionless despite the wind and rain.

After the smoke and dust dissipated, the tall figure and cold face of Kenpachi Zarakī were revealed. There was a gleam of disdain in his eyes, as if he was disappointed with Unohana Retsu's attack.

"Is that all your strength?"

Kenpachi Zarakī's voice echoed in the air, full of provocation and disdain.

Unohana Retsu stood there quietly, without showing any sign of being shaken by Kenpachi Zarakī's contemptuous words.

Her eyes were as calm as water, and her palm gently stroked the blade, feeling the cold and sharp touch.

Taking a deep breath, Unohana Retsu swung the knife in his hand violently.

The tip of the knife drew a long track in the air, like a silver dragon dancing in the air.

This track flashed a dazzling light in the air, as if it was going to tear the space apart.

Then, the tip of the knife swung down violently, slashing towards Kenpachi Zarakī with an unstoppable momentum.

This attack was completely different from the previous one. It had no signs or delays, as fast and fierce as a flash of lightning that broke through the night sky.

The rioting earth seemed to be awakened at this moment and began to shake violently.

They all trembled at this moment, as if they could not bear this powerful force.

Wherever Unohana Retsu's blade pointed, it was sharp and even the air was cut open.

When the tip of the sword fell, blood splashed, and the cold sword intent broke Kenpachi Zarakī's spiritual pressure first.

It was an invisible force, but it had substantial destructive power.

Under the impact of this force, the divine clothing and spiritual pressure on Kenpachi Zarakī were easily torn apart like paper.

Kenpachi Zarakī showed a surprised expression on his face. He didn't expect that Unohana Retsu's attack would be so sharp.

She flashed and appeared in front of Kenpachi Zarakī in an instant. The Kaizan in her hand slashed down fiercely with an indomitable momentum.

With this knife, Unohana Retsu concentrated all the strength of his body.

The blade cut through the air, making a sharp sound of breaking through the air. Although the divine clothing on Kenpachi Zarakī was extremely hard, it was easily cut apart like paper under this knife.

The blade continued to move forward, cutting through Kenpachi Zarakī's skin and flesh, and blood gushed out like a fountain.

At that moment, it seemed as if time had frozen.

The air was filled with a strong smell of blood, and the blood-red liquid splashed in the air, as gorgeous as a blooming flower. Kenpachi Zarakī's chest was cut open by the blade, and hot blood splashed high, falling on his face and body.

However, Kenpachi Zarakī did not flinch at all.

He felt the cold blade raging in his body, but a crazy smile appeared on his face.

"That's it!"

He roared wildly, advancing instead of retreating, and counterattacking instead of defending.

The Prajna Demon in his hand slashed at Unohana Retsu, and it was a huge blade light, as if it was going to split the whole world apart.

Unohana Retsu's face changed slightly when she saw this.

She quickly turned back to block, but when Kenpachi Zarakī's giant sword fell, it still brought a huge impact.

This force made Unohana Retsu's body tremble slightly, but she resisted this force with her powerful spiritual pressure.

The sword energy burst out behind Unohana Retsu, and the majestic sword energy was split into two by her spiritual pressure, spreading from both sides in a V shape.

And she stood there like a rock, unscathed.

Clang!

The silver-white sword light cut through the air again, and the crisp sound of the sword lingered.

Unohana Retsu's Jiezhān was swung out again, and the indestructible sword energy cut through the flesh and blood of Kenpachi Zarakī.

However, this wild beast seemed to have no sense of pain. He laughed wildly from the bottom of his heart and swung the sword, cutting the ground around Unohana Retsu into hundreds of pieces.

Even though Unohana Retsu resisted all of it, the residual force of the blade still did not stop.

Deep and bloody wounds were cut on her body, and the blood stained her clothes red.

However, she seemed to feel no pain, and still calmly responded to Kenpachi Zarakī's attack.

Luther began to feel bored watching the battle between the two slashing maniacs.

However, Unohana Retsu's divine clothing was already tattered, and it would be an exaggeration to say that it was ragged.

This made Luther feel interesting again.

This kind of mountains and rivers, towering and majestic, are really beautiful and make people linger.

Zarakī Kenpachi didn't think about it. He just thought that they were two heavy pieces of useless fat, which made him feel disgusted. Instead, he stared at Unohana Retsu's sword.

Unohana Retsu didn't care that Zarakī Kenpachi was naked now.

Chapter 760 Ending

The wills of both of them are very pure, and that is why Unohana Retsu is not so easy to be conquered.

Unless he can beat her, but Kenpachi Zaraki who can beat her is not interested in her.

Not to mention Luther, he has long surpassed this kind of low-level interest. If it is not a character he likes from the beginning, he will not have any thoughts even if he sees it.

Just like now, he looks at the tolerant Unohana Retsu with pure appreciation.

On a vast white ground, two figures rushed past like meteors, bringing up dust.

Suddenly, one of the figures stopped abruptly, and a sharp sword light cut through the sky and slashed forward.

Unohana Retsu suddenly drew her sword, and the sharp sound of breaking through the air seemed to tear the air, carrying endless murderous intent and coldness.

The sword light rushed like a meteor, rushing straight to Kenpachi Zaraki in front.

Facing Unohana Retsu's attack, he did not retreat, but met it.

However, just when the sword light was about to hit Kenpachi Zaraki, something strange happened.

After the light hit Kenpachi Zaraki, it seemed to penetrate his body without any hindrance, directly drawing a straight thin line on the ground, and then disappeared at the end of the horizon.

Unohana Retsu was slightly stunned, and then snorted coldly.

However, at the moment when she was stunned, Kenpachi Zaraki had already launched a counterattack.

The Prajna Demon in his hand was like a huge demon, slashing towards Unohana Retsu with violent sword pressure.

The sword pressure was so strong that it seemed to be able to destroy everything.

Unohana Retsu did not retreat at all. Her eyes were indifferent, and all her emotions turned into strength. Now Unohana Retsu was absolutely calm and absolutely rational.

She also met it with a knife, and the slender Jiezhuan collided with the huge Prajna Demon in the air.

"Boom--"

A deafening roar, like the roar of an ancient beast, instantly tore through the silent night sky and shocked everyone's heart. This loud noise not only resounded through the sky, but also seemed to penetrate people's souls, making people tremble involuntarily.

Amid the roar, the ground around the two seemed to be swallowed by a terrifying energy and evaporated in an instant.

The originally solid land now looked like it had been burned by a raging fire, forming a huge bottomless pit.

The edge of the pit, the originally uniform white stone, now turned into nothingness under this energy, leaving only a wasteland, like a forgotten ruin.

In the pit, the figures of Unohana Retsu and Zarak Kenpachi were looming.

Unohana Retsu held a long sword, and the sword was surging, as if it could swallow everything.

Every time she swung her sword, countless sword lights and shadows flashed in the air, forcing Zarak Kenpachi to retreat step by step. Although Zarak Kenpachi was extremely violent, he seemed powerless under Unohana Retsu's fierce attack.

Zarak Kenpachi had more and more scars on his body, each of which was deep enough to see the bone, enough to be fatal.

However, he seemed to feel no pain and continued to swing the Prajna Menggui in his hand.

His eyes were full of madness and unwillingness, as if he wanted to release all his anger and strength.

Suddenly, Kenpachi Zarak roared fiercely, and all the muscles in his body swelled up, as if they were about to explode.

The Prajna Menggui in his hand became more violent, and a sword pressure that was almost real burst out from the blade, cutting through the hurricane and crashing straight into Unohana Retsu.

This sword pressure was like a flash of lightning, cutting through the night sky, rushing towards Unohana Retsu with the momentum of destroying the world.

However, Unohana Retsu did not retreat in the face of this terrifying attack.

Her eyes were firm, and the Jiezhai in her hand became more fierce. She flashed and actually met the sword pressure.

"Boom--"

There was another loud noise, and the sword pressures of the two collided in the air, bursting out with a stronger light.

This light was as dazzling as the sun, making it impossible to look directly at it.

The two intersecting long swords bounced off each other, and then the ground below them suddenly exploded into a circle of deep pits, and the bottomless cracks spread out, as if to tear the whole world apart.

The sound of swords and swords accompanied by the roar of gas explosions continued, and the two figures fought fiercely in the sky and on the ground.

Sometimes they jumped into the sky, and sometimes they dived to the ground. Every collision was accompanied by strong vibrations and explosions. Their speed was extremely fast, like lightning, dazzling.

Unohana Retsu's sword momentum was as fierce as a storm, and each sword was full of murderous aura and power.

Every attack of hers seemed to be able to tear the space apart, making it impossible to resist.

Although Zarakī Kenpachi was extremely violent, he seemed powerless under Unohana Retsu's attack. He had more and more scars on his body, but he seemed to feel no pain and continued to wave the Prajna Demon in his hand.

In this fierce confrontation, Zarakī Kenpachi suddenly changed his attack method. He no longer simply slashed and collided, but began to use some exquisite swordsmanship.

Unohana Retsu showed an admiring expression when she saw this. It was worth it that she had been demonstrating to Kenpachi Zarakī. The beast finally learned how to use a sword.

Then, it was time to teach him how to condense and compress his own spiritual pressure.

The two of them clashed again, and the sound of swords clashing continued to ring out.

Every collision was accompanied by strong vibrations and explosions, which made people tremble with fear. However, in this fierce confrontation, Kenpachi Zarakī suddenly revealed a flaw.

Unohana Retsu immediately seized the opportunity when she saw this. She appeared beside Kenpachi Zarakī in a flash.

She swung the Kaizan in her hand and slashed at Kenpachi Zarakī's neck.

The blade cut through the air, leaving twisted black lines. These black lines seemed to have life, twisting and changing in the air, and finally condensed into countless afterimages floating in the air.

These afterimages were like countless knives slashing from all directions at the same time, making it impossible to distinguish the real from the fake.

Blood bloomed in an instant, and Kenpachi Zarakī groaned.

"If you don't learn this move, you will die here."

Unohana Retsu said to Kenpachi Zarakī.

Kenpachi Zarakī didn't care about these messes, and just picked up the knife and went for it.

This battle lasted for a long time, but the end was very simple.

Kenpachi Zarakī finally learned to restrain his spiritual pressure, using all his spiritual pressure for attack and defense, without leaking a single bit.

The combat power was a world of difference from before.

Unohana Retsu was defeated, but she didn't die, which was completely different from the original plot.

After all, with Luther here, it would be difficult for her to die.

After finishing this test that can be regarded as the first generation Kenpachi against the strongest Kenpachi, Unohana Retsu completely calmed down.