

## Multiverse 160

### Chapter 160: The Blade That Will Defeat You

The venue Mayuri Kurotsuchi prepared was not an existing location within Seireitei, but rather an experimental site built beneath the Division 12 barracks.

This experimental site seemed originally intended to house large living specimens, but all of them had already been disposed of by Mayuri—either dissected or used for some experiment and scrapped—so now the area stood completely empty.

Multiple layers of barriers were deployed around this place, making it impossible even for a Menos Grande to escape. Even if an Adjuchas-class Hollow used a Cero to bombard the barriers, they could withstand the attack perfectly, and not even a ripple would be sensed from the outside.

In other words, even if Captain-level individuals went all out in battle here, it would not impact the outside world in the slightest.

Kaiser and Kenpachi Zaraki entered this site and stepped into the combat zone.

"You may begin at any time."

Mayuri Kurotsuchi stood in the distance with the other Captains, his sharp and slightly mocking voice clearly reaching both of them.

"Feel free to go wild. With your level of strength, it's impossible to completely destroy this place anyway."

With that said, Mayuri spoke no more, instead calling for a subordinate to begin recording data from the upcoming battle.

The other Captains either crossed their arms or stood calmly in the breeze, watching the confrontation in the distance. No one spoke a word—they simply waited in silence for the fight to begin.

The two within the arena did not keep them waiting long. The moment Mayuri finished speaking, they started moving.

Kenpachi Zaraki was the first to draw his Zanpakutō.

His Zanpakutō was peculiar. The guard was a three-dimensional polygon, the blade jagged and uneven, and the handle wrapped in tattered white cloth—it looked heavily worn, battered beyond repair.

"Come on, draw your sword," Kenpachi Zaraki grinned, looking unbearably excited. "Want me to give you a few steps' head start?"

"Do as you please." Kaiser's expression remained perfectly calm. He slowly placed a hand on the hilt at his waist and drew his Zanpakutō as he spoke. "Whatever you're planning won't affect what I intend to do next."

"Whether you want to give me a head start, go all out, or even surrender on the spot—I don't care at all."

"As long as you remain on the battlefield, I will keep swinging my blade. That's all there is to it."

Kenpachi Zarakī seemed quite satisfied with this remark, and the curve of his smile widened.

But more than the exchange, what caught Kenpachi Zarakī's attention was Kaiser's Zanpakutō.

Kaiser's Zanpakutō was the complete opposite of his. Its appearance was not crude at all, but rather elegant—noble even—with a refined aura that made Kenpachi Zarakī feel like his own Zanpakutō was slightly trembling just by being near it.

And he wasn't the only one whose attention was drawn to Kaiser's Zanpakutō—the Captains observing the fight were also captivated.

"That Zanpakutō doesn't look ordinary at all." Isshin Kurosaki stroked his chin and said suspiciously, "It doesn't even seem to be in Shikai yet, but it already doesn't look like the rest of ours."

"Indeed. There's something strange about it," Sajin Komamura rumbled from behind his iron mask. "I sense a hidden Reitsu within. Even though it hasn't released yet, it's already so unusual. Very odd."

"He's already attained Shikai, hasn't he?" Kaname Tōsen couldn't see Kaiser's Zanpakutō, but he could clearly sense a faint spiritual pressure. Calmly, he said, "Even though I can't see it, a Zanpakutō that unique can't possibly be just an unreleased Asauchi."

"He must've already achieved Shikai." Shunsui Kyōraku spoke with interest, smiling. "Amazing. He's only had his Asauchi for a few days, yet he's already mastered Shikai. No wonder he's the most outstanding prodigy in a thousand years."

"Captain Aizen, you've interacted with the prodigy before, haven't you?" Retsu Unohana had been watching Kenpachi Zarakī, but upon seeing how gleefully he was smiling, she turned to face Kaiser and observed his Zanpakutō for a moment before turning to Sōsuke Aizen. "Have you ever seen the boy's Shikai?"

"No, I haven't." Aizen shook his head, his voice tinged with a hint of regret. "Back in the World of the Living, he defeated an Adjuchas-class Menos Grande without using Shikai. As for the other Hollows, they couldn't force him to use it either."

Sōsuke Aizen was very intrigued by Kaiser's Zanpakutō.

He had noticed its unusual aura back in the World of the Living. Though faint, its spiritual signature had unique characteristics that had piqued his interest.

Unfortunately, a Zanpakutō without release was no different from an Asauchi. Even with Aizen's insight, if he hadn't seen its Shikai, he couldn't fully grasp the nature of its power.

That's why he genuinely felt regret. It wasn't just a show.

And precisely because of that, Sōsuke Aizen became even more interested in Kaiser's Zanpakutō.

For a sealed blade to already exhibit such distinctiveness—wasn't that proof of its extraordinary nature?

If he had known, he would have prepared a more thorough "gift."

While Aizen and the other Captains exchanged observations, Suì-Fēng, Mayuri Kurotsuchi, and the Captain of Division 6 remained silent, silently observing. Genryūsai Shigekuni Yamamoto also remained quiet.

Unlike the other Captains, Kenpachi Zarakī could tell that Kaiser's Zanpakutō was unusual, but his sensory skills weren't keen enough to identify specifics. So he simply grinned and said:

"No Shikai? I can wait!"

Kaiser responded with a half-smile.

"Getting me to use Shikai won't be so easy. Let's see if you're capable of it."

It was the truth—not an insult to Kenpachi Zarakī.

Kaiser didn't look down on him, but he sincerely believed it was best not to release his Zanpakutō lightly.

The reason was simple—his Zanpakutō was special. Once it revealed its true power, it could cause terrible consequences.

Mayuri Kurotsuchi had confidently declared that they could fight here as much as they wanted, but Kaiser believed that if he released his Zanpakutō, one strike might be all it took to level the entire facility. There wouldn't be any "as much as you like."

So, Kaiser had no intention of using Shikai easily.

Of course, Kenpachi Zarakī didn't think that way.

"...I'm not like the others. Just because I'm a Captain doesn't mean I think I'm better than everyone. I won't scold you for speaking that way."

Kenpachi Zarakī raised his Zanpakutō, a red gleam flashing in his eyes.

"But being underestimated really pisses me off."

With that, he unleashed his Reiatsu.

It surged through the entire arena, distorting the air and shaking the space itself.

"Just like you said, it doesn't matter what you do. All I have to do is swing my blade!"

Kenpachi Zarakī's killing intent erupted as he laughed wildly.

"Come fight me, Kaiser!"

The instant those words fell, Kenpachi Zarakī charged.

"Hahahahaha!"

With wild laughter, Kenpachi Zarakī charged toward Kaiser, radiating terrifying Reiatsu.

Wind howled around him as he tore through the air, his charging form causing a storm of pressure to explode outward.

In the blink of an eye, Kenpachi Zarakī arrived in front of Kaiser and, without a single flourish, brought down his blade in a heavy slash.

BOOM!

In that moment, dust erupted into the air, forming a cloud of smoke.

Kenpachi Zarakī's single, unadorned attack landed like a missile, sending out shockwaves and explosive force.

The sheer power of the blow was so immense that even a typical Captain might not walk away unscathed.

Kaiser felt that terrifying force as he blocked the blow, but still held firm, keeping the attack at bay. The edge of Kenpachi's heavily worn blade ground violently against his, throwing off a shower of sparks.

"Hah!"

Kenpachi Zarakī's joy only deepened. His bloodlust grew more savage, and with another loud laugh, he raised his sword and swung again.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!...

As Kenpachi Zarakı continued to swing his sword, thunderous blasts echoed one after another, sending dust into the sky again and again.

Kaiser didn't retreat. He received every strike head-on, each one hammering incredible power through his blade and into the ground beneath his feet, which cracked and caved in under the pressure.

"Your sword is certainly brutal, Captain Zarakı."

Kaiser parried another devastating slash and, ignoring the shockwaves and pressure, spoke to his opponent.

"This is how I fight. If you've got a complaint, try beating me and see what happens!"

Kenpachi Zarakı showed no shame. He reveled in the sheer violence, laughing wildly as he swung again and again.

His attacks had no pattern, no technique—not even a name for his moves. It was like watching a street thug brawl with a stick. He had no poise of a swordsman and was, by far, the most unrefined opponent Kaiser had ever fought.

But his overwhelming spiritual pressure made every blow terrifyingly powerful. He fully embodied the idea of brute force overcoming finesse.

CLANG!

Kaiser knocked away another ferocious strike, then suddenly stepped forward and closed the distance.

"Then watch closely—this is the blade that's going to defeat you."

With that quiet declaration, Kaiser's Zanpakutō arced like a crescent moon.

SPLASH!

A sudden, frigid slash landed cleanly on Kenpachi Zaraki's chest, leaving a wound across his body.

A flash of blood erupted, spraying into the air.