

Multiverse 162

Chapter 162: Sword Pressure! The Final Outcome

BOOM!!!

A wave of Reiatsu no weaker than Kenpachi Zarakī's suddenly erupted in this space, triggering a thunderous boom.

This Reiatsu was also golden—but it shimmered with a refined, gilded luster, both brilliant and dazzling.

Kaiser released this terrifying Reiatsu from his entire body, surging outward to engulf the surroundings and instantly clashing with Kenpachi Zarakī's own.

If Kenpachi Zarakī's Reiatsu was a violent wind, a roaring current, then Kaiser's Reiatsu was a flash flood, a tsunami. The moment the two collided, it was like a meteor striking the earth, sending violent tremors through the space and ground alike.

Crack crack crack crack...

The ground split continuously, shattering piece by piece.

Rumble rumble...

The barrier erected across the experimental site began to emit tooth-grinding creaks, as if on the verge of collapse.

The two golden Reiatu collided like a stormy downpour, clashing again and again, making the earth tremble and the heavens shift.

The Captains observing from afar all showed a shift in expression, shaken enough by the Reiatu that they had to raise their hands to shield their faces.

"What unbelievable Reiatu...!"

Sui-Fēng, Sajin Komamura, Kaname Tōsen, Isshin Kurosaki, Mayuri Kurotsuchi, and the Captain of Division 6 could no longer maintain the calm and composure they had at the start—cold sweat began to slide down their foreheads.

"This is..."

Retsu Unohana and Shunsui Kyōraku both revealed heavy expressions.

"..."

Sōsuke Aizen's eyes flickered slightly, but he said nothing.

As for Genryūsai Shigekuni Yamamoto, he too looked at Kaiser with some surprise, clearly taken aback by the Reiatsu now radiating from him—one not inferior to Kenpachi Zaraki's in the slightest. A faint hint of astonishment flickered across his aged eyes.

"Hahahahahahahahaha!"

Kenpachi Zaraki hadn't expected Kaiser's Reiatsu to be so strong. He froze for a moment, then his eyes lit up, overjoyed.

"You were hiding this kind of Reiatsu too, huh?! Kaiser!"

Kenpachi Zaraki shouted toward Kaiser, his expression full of uncontainable glee.

"I wasn't hiding anything. I just hadn't fully released it," Kaiser replied calmly. "I'm a Second-Class Spiritual Pressure holder—did you really think my Reiatsu would be weak?"

"You just didn't expect that I could already control it so well. That I could manipulate this level of Reiatsu with ease."

Kaiser raised his Zanpakutō and pointed it directly at Kenpachi Zaraki.

"If you're planning to crush me through sheer Reiatsu, then you've miscalculated."

"And if this is your full-power state already, then the outcome won't change."

"This battle ends here."

All of Kaiser's Reiatsu converged on his Zanpakutō, which began to radiate a golden aura.

Seeing this, Kenpachi Zarakī trembled with excitement, his overflowing battle intent fully transforming into joy, released without restraint.

"I really don't want this to end."

That was the truest thought in Kenpachi Zarakī's heart.

"I want to keep fighting."

"I want to keep enjoying this."

"But what comes next is the decisive moment. That much I understand."

Kenpachi Zarakī, like Kaiser, poured all of his Reiat̄su into his Zanpakutō.

The two simultaneously raised their swords, their Reiat̄su surging like a storm, like a raging flood, creating the most violent collision yet.

"Let's finish this!"

They shouted the same words in unison, swelling their Reiat̄su to its peak.

"Brace yourselves."

Genryūsai Shigekuni Yamamoto finally spoke.

"Sword Pressure is coming."

Sword Pressure—the technique of releasing the Reiat̄su on one's Zanpakutō to attack the enemy. It was a combat skill known to many Shinigami.

In the hands of ordinary Shinigami, it was merely a way to widen attack range or increase reach. But in the hands of those with immense Reiatsu, it became a devastating, lethal blow.

Without a doubt, both Kaiser and Kenpachi Zarakī belonged to the latter category.

What was about to come would shake the heavens and earth.

"Heir of the heavens, iron-walled citadel, dragon roars, lion bellows, tiger howls, wolf runs—sever heaven and earth before the collapse!"

Among the Captains who understood this, several began chanting Kidō.

"Bakudō #81: Dankū!"

A colossal transparent protective wall immediately rose from the ground, standing tall before them all.

Almost at the exact same moment, Kaiser and Kenpachi Zarakī moved.

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

They roared in unison, swinging their raised Zanpakutōs down toward one another.

In the next instant, two golden sword strikes, both forged from astonishing Reiatsu, erupted from their blades—ripping through air and earth as they flew toward each other.

The golden strikes surged like torrents of light visible to the naked eye. This was solidified Sword Pressure, akin in nature to a Hollow's Cero.

Wherever the two attacks passed, all Reishi was incinerated. The earth, as though split open by an irresistible force, was torn apart, churned up, and blown skyward in a storm of dust and debris.

BOOOOOOOOM!!!!

Before long, the two golden sword waves collided, triggering a cataclysmic explosion.

RUMBLE RUMBLE...!

Thunderous noise rolled through the air like rolling thunder, and the clashing golden Sword Pressure spilled power outward in all directions. The shockwaves turned the surrounding ground to loose soil—flying, crumbling, and breaking apart.

The winds surged like tidal waves.

The Reiatsu spread like a monstrous flood.

The entire experimental site shattered beneath the force of their clash. The closer to the center, the more catastrophic the destruction. Even faraway areas suffered damage as if struck by a natural disaster, revealing the glowing outlines of the containment barrier.

"_"

The Captains protected behind the transparent wall didn't even have time to speak before the incoming shockwave engulfed them.

Anyone still able to keep their eyes open and gaze into the center of the battlefield would see that, after a long standoff, one of the two colliding Sword Pressure waves gradually overwhelmed the other—ultimately shattering it.

The earth-shaking impact seemed to last forever before it finally subsided.

When all was calm again, the entire experimental site had been transformed into a ruin.

Only then did the Captains raise their heads, hastily looking into the battlefield.

And what they saw made more than a few pupils tremble.

At the very center of the clash, the original terrain had been completely obliterated.

Only a massive crater remained, with two intact strips of ground at its edges. On those stood Kaiser and Kenpachi Zaraki respectively.

They both held their Zanpakutōs mid-swing. One still radiated pulsating Reiatsu, while the other looked as if all power had been spent—smoke wafting from his body.

This scene remained frozen for around ten seconds.

Then—

Splurt!

Blood exploded from the smoking figure's body, drenching him completely in red.

"Haha..."

Kenpachi Zarakī was still laughing—but the strength had gone from it.

"...You win."

Leaving behind those words, the blood-drenched Kenpachi Zarakī finally toppled backward, collapsing into a pool of blood.

THUD!

His Zanpakutō shattered as it hit the ground—the blade snapping into several pieces.

"Thank you for the match, Captain Zarakī."

Kaiser muttered inaudibly to anyone, then slowly sheathed his Zanpakutō with a soft click.

"Kenpachi has lost."

"Captain Zarakī has lost."

"Kenpachi of Division 11... has lost."

Those were the thoughts that simultaneously surfaced in the minds of the watching Captains as they stared at Kaiser standing tall with his blade sheathed—falling into speechless silence.

"Captain Unohana."

Genryūsai Shigekuni Yamamoto gazed deeply at Kaiser without offering comment—only calling out to Retsu Unohana.

"I understand."

Unohana nodded, stepped forward with Shunpo, and reappeared beside the fallen Kenpachi Zarakī. Lifting his massive frame, she vanished without a word—leaving behind the devastated battlefield.

"Let's return."

With that single line, Yamamoto declared the end of the duel.

The Captains exchanged looks, then all gave Kaiser one final long glance before turning to leave.

"Kaiser."

Yamamoto called out to him one last time—but this time, he no longer called him an Academy Student.

"You did well."

With that, Genryūsai Shigekuni Yamamoto turned and left without further delay.

Kaiser did not respond—he only looked in the direction where Kenpachi Zaraki had disappeared, lips pressed in silence.

"If you'd mastered your Zanpakutō completely... this fight wouldn't have ended so easily."

Throughout this entire battle, Kenpachi Zaraki had never done one thing.

He never released his Zanpakutō's true form or power.

Not even Shikai—let alone Bankai.

Of course, he and Kaiser were different.

Kaiser didn't want to release Shikai because the power of his Zanpakutō was too great—excessive, even. To avoid catastrophic consequences, he refrained from using Shikai, let alone the even more overwhelming Bankai.

Kenpachi Zarakī, on the other hand, simply didn't have Bankai—and his Shikai was only half-awakened.

He had always treated his Zanpakutō as a tool for combat, never forming any bond with it, never wishing to fight alongside it. As a result, he couldn't hear its voice or learn its name.

The only reason his Zanpakutō had partially reached Shikai was because his Reiatsu was so overwhelming that it forcefully awakened some of the blade's power.

Without even a complete Shikai, Bankai was out of the question.

Thus, Kenpachi Zarakī was the first Shinigami in the history of the Soul Society to become a Captain without a Bankai—and the only current Captain who lacked one.

If he had a Bankai, or even a complete Shikai, this battle wouldn't have ended so quickly.

With these thoughts, Kaiser turned around—and silently walked away...

