

Multiverse 193

Chapter 193: Ryoka! Just Taking a Stroll?

As days passed one after another, the day of Rukia Kuchiki's execution drew nearer, making the atmosphere within Seireitei grow more tense.

On the surface, the Shinigami of each Division still went about their duties as usual, doing their assigned tasks, not paying much attention to Rukia Kuchiki's situation. Only the more perceptive individuals realized that Seireitei, which seemed as it always was, was actually brewing a storm.

Rukia Kuchiki—a mere Division member of the Thirteenth Division, an adopted daughter of the Kuchiki Clan, average in origin and talent—should not, even if executed, cause such a stir. Yet it was this seemingly ordinary Shinigami who drew the attention of many important figures.

If time continued to pass like this until the day of execution arrived, no one knew what might happen.

But the fuse that would ignite this powder keg of a seemingly calm Seireitei arrived quickly.

"Buzz..."

That day, outside Seireitei, in the sky above Rukongai, a gate suddenly appeared out of nowhere, and several figures tumbled out from it.

"Wahhhhhhhh...!"

Amid chaotic screams, those figures fell into Rukongai, stirring up clouds of dust.

"Ow..."

"Thought we were goners..."

"Did we make it?"

Those who had landed in a heap groaned and struggled to stand, looking disheveled and travel-worn.

Upon closer inspection, their clothing was entirely different from the style of the Soul Society. No kimonos, no traditional wear—rather, they were clad in modern clothing, entirely out of place in the Soul Society.

"We're back... Soul Society..."

A black cat walked calmly, gazing at the familiar scene with a voice full of emotion and nostalgia.

"...So this is the Soul Society?"

One person had already stood up early, staring toward Seireitei as he muttered.

He had orange hair and brown eyes, wore a Shihakushō, and carried a Zanpakutō on his back—clearly a Shinigami.

The Zanpakutō on his back had a very unique appearance: shaped like a cleaver, the blade was massive, with the handle wrapped in white cloth, lacking any guard or ornamentation—highly conspicuous.

Of course, the unique appearance of the blade was only a minor feature. What was truly striking was the powerful Reiatsu faintly emanating from the Shinigami.

That Reiatsu was not much weaker than a Lieutenant's, at the very least comparable to a Third or Fourth Seat.

If that were all, it would be nothing special. The problem was that his Reiatsu fluctuated wildly, like only the tip of the iceberg was visible.

Such peculiar Reiatsu would definitely be noticed by those with keen spiritual perception.

"Is Rukia in there?"

The man stared fixedly at Seireitei, seemingly unaware that his companions had gathered behind him.

"I wonder how Kuchiki-san is doing now?"

A girl with long, waist-length orange-red hair, gray-blue eyes, wearing a pair of pale blue flower-shaped hairpins, and with a stunning figure and refined beauty, voiced her concern.

"She's become a criminal... I doubt she's having it easy."

A tall, slender man with short, midnight-blue parted hair, dark blue eyes, and silver-framed glasses, dressed in a white battle uniform with blue stripes and a shoulder mantle, replied calmly.

"What now, Ichigo?"

A muscular man with brown skin, short curly brown hair, and brown eyes partly hidden by bangs, bearing a tattoo of a twin-winged heart entwined by a snake with a ribbon reading "Amore e Morte" in Galician on his left shoulder, and wearing a gold coin pendant with an eagle engraving on his neck, turned to the lead Shinigami and asked.

"I must warn you, Seireitei is the Shinigami's stronghold. There are thousands of Shinigami there, and those stronger than you are countless. Especially the Captains of the Gotei 13—each one is a monster. You all aren't a match for them right now."

The talking black cat leapt onto the woman's head, issuing a sharp warning to everyone.

Unfortunately, the orange-haired Shinigami showed not the slightest hint of fear.

"Dragon's lair, tiger's den... I've heard those warnings far too many times. No need to repeat them now."

His eyes grew sharp, and his previously fluctuating Reiatsu suddenly surged to its peak.

It lasted only a moment, but during that moment, the orange-haired Shinigami's Reiatsu reached the Captain level.

"No matter if this is hell or the underworld, I only have one goal."

He stepped forward, heading firmly toward Seireitei.

"I'm going to rescue Rukia!"

The one who had received spiritual power from Rukia Kuchiki and became a Shinigami... had arrived in the Soul Society.

The chaos of the Soul Society was about to begin.

...

"Bang—bang—bang—bang—bang—"

That day, a blaring alarm echoed throughout Seireitei.

Someone struck the alarm boards at each Division's barracks, and the sound resounded in every corner.

"Ryoka have invaded Seireitei!"

"Ryoka have invaded Seireitei!"

The warnings spread rapidly, startling many Shinigami.

"Ryoka?"

"There are actually Ryoka?"

"That's rare indeed."

So-called Ryoka referred to individuals who entered the Soul Society through unofficial means, without permission.

If a Soul arrived in the Soul Society without being guided by a Shinigami, the Shinigami would deem it a harbinger of disaster, capable of shaking Seireitei or even all of the Soul Society—these beings were labeled as Ryoka.

The Adjuchas that had invaded the Soul Society and been defeated by Kaiser before could also be considered a type of Ryoka, though more often they were classified as invaders.

This time, however, the invaders were genuine Ryoka—souls, or even living humans, who had arrived in the Soul Society without being guided.

"Where are the Ryoka?"

"How did they get into Seireitei so easily?"

"Did someone open the gate for them?"

The Shinigami spoke amongst themselves.

The walls around Seireitei were constructed of Sekkiseki, which could disrupt spiritual energy. The waves emitted by Sekkiseki formed a spherical barrier that extended from the sky to the ground, fully protecting Seireitei. Normal souls couldn't break through the walls to enter.

To enter Seireitei safely, one had to pass through one of the four gates in the east, south, west, or north. Each of these gates was guarded—not by Shinigami, but by elite warriors carefully selected from within the Soul Society. Ordinary Shinigami might not even be able to defeat them.

If Ryoka wanted to enter Seireitei, they either had to force their way through the Sekkiseki walls and barrier—something that would cause a massive disturbance, not something that would go unnoticed until now.

Or... they had to defeat one of the four gatekeepers and have them open the gate.

Clearly, this Ryoka incursion happened by the latter method.

"Enough chatting, let's go find the Ryoka."

"The Captain Commander has personally issued the order: all Divisions are to freely deploy and capture the Ryoka."

"Apparently one of them is a Shinigami."

"A Shinigami becoming a Ryoka? How does that make sense?"

The Shinigami grumbled and discussed as they began to mobilize en masse, spreading throughout Seireitei to search for the Ryoka.

At first, they took it rather lightly. The Ryoka were few in number and had faint Reitsu. To most Shinigami, they seemed like weaklings.

But then, shocking news began to spread.

"Third Seat of Division 11 has been defeated by the Ryoka!"

"And Fifth Seat of Division 11, too! Also defeated!"

"No way! Those are officers from Division 11!"

"Third and Fifth Seat... those are upper-level officers!"

The Shinigami were dumbfounded.

As the most elite combat Division of the Gotei 13, Division 11's members were stronger than those of other Divisions.

A Fifth Seat of Division 11 would be at least a Third or Fourth Seat elsewhere.

A Third Seat might be equivalent to a Lieutenant.

Yet such officers had been defeated by the Ryoka—this made the seriousness of the situation clear.

"Quick! Send for the Lieutenants or Captains!"

"You're kidding... to deal with Ryoka, we need Captains?"

"Idiot! Even Division 11's Third and Fifth Seats were taken down! If the Captains don't act, how can we guarantee results?"

"Don't act alone! You'll be picked off one by one!"

"Latest news! Kenpachi of Division 11 has made his move!"

"Those Ryoka are finished now!"

Seireitei descended into chaos. Some were frightened, some were anxious, some were furious, and some took the opportunity to act—stirring up the waters further.

"Things are finally getting interesting."

Inside the Third Division barracks, in the Captain's office, Kaiser looked out the window at the now-fiery Seireitei, a smile on his face as if he feared peace more than war.

"So Kenpachi has moved?" Kaiser muttered. "Of course he has. The moment prey appears, he'll be the first to charge. It'd be stranger if he didn't."

He closed the window, cutting off the noise outside, and walked toward the desk.

"Huff... huff..."

Momo Hinamori was sprawled across the desk, fast asleep.

These past few days, Kaiser hadn't handled any duties, leaving Momo to take care of everything—no wonder she'd dozed off at her desk.

Thinking of the suffering Momo went through in the original story during this event, Kaiser felt a pang of pity.

"At the very least, this time... you won't be hurt."

He draped a coat over Momo, then turned to leave.

"Whoosh!"

With a Shunpo, he moved through the window and exited the barracks, preparing to head out.

But the moment he appeared outside, several dark figures arrived in a flash, surrounding him.

They wore black garments, resembling stealthy ninjas. No Zanpakutō were visible, but various hidden weapons could be vaguely seen.

Seeing them, Kaiser raised an eyebrow.

"Not the Patrol Corps... but the Executive Militia?"

He recognized them instantly—they were from the Onmitsukidō.

The Onmitsukidō had five squads, each with different duties.

Squad One: Executive Militia—a combat unit responsible for executions and assassinations, skilled in Shunpo and Hakuda, directly under Sui-Fēng, Captain of Division 2.

Squad Two: Patrol Corps—responsible for surveillance within Seireitei and monitoring Shinigami movements, led by Ōmaeda Marechiyo, Lieutenant of Division 2.

Squad Three: Detention Unit—oversees the Surveillance Tower and handles Shinigami deemed a threat to the Soul Society.

Squad Four: Search Unit—locates missing Shinigami, closely connected to the Shinigami Research and Development Institute. They were the ones who found the powerless Rukia in the World of the Living and discovered Isshin Kurosaki's disappearance.

Squad Five: Inner Court Troop—tasked with delivering orders swiftly, said to be faster and more precise than Hell Butterflies, usually carrying top-priority orders.

Kaiser had already sensed someone monitoring him and had assumed it was the Patrol Corps.

But now the ones before him were from the Executive Militia?

"Don't tell me you're here to assassinate me... Captain

Kaiser chuckled toward the back of the group, remaining relaxed even while surrounded.

"Whoosh!"

Sui-Fēng, clad in her Captain's Haori, appeared instantly, standing at the front of the Executive Militia, entering the encirclement with Kaiser.

"Considering it's you, if you tried anything, the Patrol Corps wouldn't be able to stop you."

Her expression remained cold.

If a fight were to break out, there was no doubt the Executive Militia was more suited to act—and Sui-Fēng herself had come, showing just how seriously she was treating Kaiser.

"Let me ask you this, Captain Kaiser," Sui-Fēng said sternly, eyes locked on him. "While the Ryoka are invading, you've left your Lieutenant behind—what exactly are you planning?"

Hearing this, Kaiser tilted his head slightly and replied:

"Nothing. Just taking a stroll."

That one line brought the entire atmosphere to its lowest point.