

Multiverse 269

Chapter 269: The Demon Sword That Severed the Sun

The Thousand-Year Ice Prison—among all of Hyōrinmaru's ultimate techniques, this ranked second in terms of strength.

It manipulated the moisture in the atmosphere to form countless massive ice pillars around the target, freezing and sealing the opponent. Once formed, unless externally disrupted, the resulting ice prison would take a thousand years to melt.

Hence, it was called the Thousand-Year Ice Prison.

This technique, if used by Hitsugaya Tōshirō, could only be employed in the Bankai state.

In Shikai, Hitsugaya Tōshirō could not unleash such a powerful technique.

But Kaiser was different. Even while in Shikai, he could execute all of Hyōrinmaru's techniques, including those accessible only in Bankai.

Because his Hyōrinmaru, even in Shikai, was vastly more powerful than Hitsugaya Tōshirō's Bankai.

The current Hyōrinmaru was the true strongest ice-type Zanpakutō, capable of contending equally with Ryūjin Jakka.

Of course, this was in comparison to Kaiser's own Ryūjin Jakka. Compared to Yamamoto Genryūsai Shigekuni's Ryūjin Jakka, such a comparison was already meaningless.

Now that Kaiser had become a Campione, with a substantial power increase, he could easily defeat Yamamoto Genryūsai Shigekuni without using any specialized weapon—there was simply no need to draw his Zanpakutō.

That Ryūjin Jakka, which Yamamoto Genryūsai Shigekuni had mastered through two thousand years of training, could no longer even come close to Kaiser's Ryūjin Jakka. Even with elemental compatibility in its favor, it was impossible for it to surpass Kaiser's Hyōrinmaru.

Under such circumstances, even in its Shikai state, Hyōrinmaru was sufficient to battle against gods.

As for Bankai... Kaiser simply dared not use it now.

He had no choice. Sardinia was nearby, and even just Shikai had already plunged the entire island into a blizzard. The Mediterranean Sea had turned into a frozen field. If he used Bankai, Sardinia would undoubtedly become an ice island, and everyone on it would be turned into ice sculptures.

Just as Ryūjin Jakka's Bankai was enough to destroy the Soul Society, the Hyōrinmaru in Kaiser's hand, on par with Ryūjin Jakka, once in Bankai would absolutely turn the entire Soul Society into a forbidden zone for life—a world of ice.

Glancing at Sardinia behind him, battered by the blizzard, Kaiser instinctively canceled Hyōrinmaru's release, returning it to its sealed form.

Thanks to this, the blizzard began to weaken.

"Crack..."

Suddenly, a cracking sound emerged.

Kaiser swiftly turned his head to look in the direction of the ice prison.

"Crack crack crack...!"

One crack after another suddenly spread across the ice prison, as the sound of splintering continued.

"Boom!!!"

Before long, the ice prison shattered explosively, turning into countless shards that scattered into the frozen sea below.

"Roar!!!"

With a familiar roar, a massive wild boar smashed through the thousand-year unmelting ice, struggling out of the prison.

Its body was covered in jet-black fur, stretching several dozen meters long. Golden bristles grew from its back, its tusks jutted out like blades, and its eyes gleamed blood-red.

That was the same "boar" Kaiser had seen once in Cagliari.

"Roar!!!"

With a savage roar, the massive boar's voice turned into a shockwave, shattering the entire ice prison.

Verethragna's fifth avatar—the "Boar"—was the embodiment of destruction.

This boar with razor-sharp claws was a Divine Beast from legend said to shatter anything in a single strike. It was the form Verethragna took to annihilate the enemies of the chief god Mithra.

Its roar transformed into ultrasonic waves that destroyed surrounding structures; galloping across the ground, it could trigger earthquakes of magnitude 5. It would continue destroying relentlessly until its target was turned to dust. Its charging and destructive capabilities were overwhelmingly powerful—far beyond ordinary Divine Beasts.

Verethragna had taken this form to break through the Thousand-Year Ice Prison.

"You have broken the covenant and brought sin upon the world."

A sacred hymn transformed into Kotodama, echoing through the heavens and earth.

"The Lord saith—sinners shall be punished. Break their spine, gouge out their tendons, hair, and brain matter. Trample their blood into the dirt. If I be sharp fangs that none can approach, then in the Lord's name, I grant you destruction!"

The massive boar chanted as it stood upon the void, its blood-red eyes locking onto Kaiser as it charged.

"Rumble—"

In an instant, a thunderous roar akin to mountains collapsing and earth splitting resounded in the sky.

The embodiment of destruction broke through everything, scattering the blizzard. Like a titanic mountain sprinting forward, it roared with earth-shaking fury, its sonic waves turning into shockwaves that shattered the dark clouds overhead.

"Hyōrinmaru!"

Staring at the massive boar charging forward with terrifying momentum, Kaiser's pupils shrank. He loudly released Hyōrinmaru, summoning a colossal ice dragon to circle him.

"Haaaaaaah...!"

With Kaiser's low cry, the ice dragon roared as it was hurled forward, charging head-on toward the incoming boar.

Upon the snow-covered battlefield beneath the now-clear sky, the massive ice dragon and equally massive boar each let out deafening roars before colliding fiercely.

"BOOM!!!!!!!"

Impact.

The most violent impact.

As the shockwaves of the collision spread in all directions, the frozen sea below surged violently.

Countless ice fragments shattered and flew into the sky, mixed with seawater.

The ice fields crumbled, snow collapsed, and seawater and snow burst onto the surface, surging under the force of the shockwave and ultimately forming towering tsunamis and avalanches—an awe-inspiring sight.

At that moment, Sardinia seemed like a lone leaf adrift in a storm, rising and falling with the natural disaster—powerless and alone.

The tsunami and avalanche swept toward Sardinia, submerging the coastal areas and even reaching the near-shore cities, toppling countless buildings.

"Campione!"

From the shattered ice dragon emerged Verethragna, his body covered in ice shards and snowflakes, bloodied and battered.

He laughed maniacally, exalted, furious, and delighted—like the embodiment of all emotions, revealing the capriciousness of a god.

The Golden Sword was clutched tightly in his hand, slashing like a golden storm, clashing violently against Kaiser's Hyōrinmaru.

Ice blade met golden sword. Sword light and blade gleam flew as man and god clashed like lunatics, fighting desperately. The world echoed with the sound of steel on steel, bursting with blinding sparks—dangerous and overwhelming.

Facing the nearly berserk Verethragna, Kaiser merely swung his blade calmly, countering each strike, deflecting each slash of the Golden Sword, turning each of the god's assaults into nothingness.

"Splurt!"

Suddenly, Hyōrinmaru drew an incredible arc, bypassing Verethragna's storm of sword strikes and slashing across his chest.

"!!!"

Verethragna's eyes widened as he distorted his expression and pressed forward.

"Splurt!"

The next second, Kaiser's blade struck Verethragna's neck, cutting through it and causing blood to spray.

Clutching his bleeding neck, Verethragna staggered back as if struck by lightning, and the realization dawned in his eyes.

"A power that always hits!"

Yes.

Both of Kaiser's strikes had carried the power of certainty.

This was naturally due to borrowing a portion of Gungnir's power, rendering Verethragna unable to evade Kaiser's slashes.

Although he couldn't use those legendary mythological weapons outright, as long as he didn't bring them out directly, Kaiser didn't believe Verethragna could discern their origins.

Even now, Verethragna likely didn't know that Kaiser's strikes had hit their mark because of Gungnir.

In that case, he certainly wouldn't think to sever Gungnir's divinity and power with the Golden Sword.

Thus—

"Divide!"

Just as Verethragna was struck with realization, a voice rang out. A dragon's power descended upon him.

In an instant, Verethragna's power was halved, drastically changing his expression.

"It's over, Verethragna."

Kaiser stood before him, raising a pitch-black demon sword.

"Buzz!"

A vast amount of Magical Power was poured into the sword, causing the red core within to radiate with brilliance.

The black blade, forged from extreme heat, trembled. Black patterns floated around it, spiraling downward, ultimately converging into the glowing red core.

"I shall not be defeated!"

Sensing the omen of death, Verethragna let out his most piercing shout yet, beginning the chant of his final Kotodama.

"For victory, come swiftly to my side!"

"O undying sun, grant me a radiant steed!"

"O steed of swift hooves and sacred spirit, bring forth the solar halo that symbolizes your master!"

Verethragna's seventh avatar—the "White Horse"—was brilliance, was the sun.

Since ancient times, horses had always been closely associated with solar gods.

A solar god riding a chariot from east to west—this was a recurring motif in mythologies of many civilizations.

The East, India, Norse, China, Babylon... in various myths, there were tales of sun gods being pulled across the sky by horses.

Even in ancient Persian mythology, the god of light, Mithra, was said to be carried as the sun by the white horse avatar of his servant, Verethragna—rising in the east and setting in the west, appearing by day and resting at night.

Thus, Verethragna's seventh avatar—the White Horse—was a Divine Beast that carried the sun, a divine form capable of bringing solar flames down upon its target.

At Verethragna's call, a divine white horse appeared in the eastern sky, neighing as it carried blazing white solar flames and dove down from the heavens.

Wherever it landed, the sea would evaporate, and the earth would melt—as if a shard of the sun had fallen upon the land, terrifying and dreadful.

Unfortunately... Verethragna, who summoned this sun-horse, now possessed only half his strength.

In other words, the "White Horse" now had much less power.

"Boom!"

The pitch-black demon sword, which suddenly extended to over a thousand meters long, tore through the skies, severed the solar fragment, and cleaved through that majestic white horse.

"Splurt!"

Without slowing down, the demon sword slashed down, finally cutting through Verethragna's body, slicing him in two.

"_____"

Verethragna stood frozen, eyes wide open.

"Whoosh!"

A disc appeared above his head, swallowing him whole.