

[Third Person. POV.]

In the chilling depths of the 12th Division headquarters, the gleaming stainless-steel lab pulsed with a cryptic hum as Mayuri Kurotsuchi, the captain of the 12th Division and president of the Shinigami Research Institute, stood in its center, bathed in the harsh fluorescent lighting that washed out his already pallid skin.

His lips twisted into an insane grin as his eyes, concealed behind unnerving golden goggles, glistened with a disturbing fascination.

"Interesting," Mayuri muttered to himself, as he examined the latest sample that he had extracted from his test subject.

The subject, Selene, a woman with blonde-silver hair lay strapped to a cold metal table, her eyes wide with anger and pain. Mayuri's twisted mind reveled in her agony, as he prodded and poked at her body with gleeful curiosity, noting down his observations in a small notebook.

"Y-you won't get a-away with this," Selene muttered, her voice strained and weak.

Mayuri approached the table, each step echoing ominously against the cold, clinical walls of his lab. His purple-streaked hair, shaped to the side, casting long, distorted shadows on the polished floor. "Hm, it seems the subject it's still suffering from heavy delusions."

With an unsettlingly smooth motion, Mayuri drew out a syringe filled with a fluorescent liquid, its eerie light dancing on his painted, skeletal face. "Delusional or not, however, your body will provide me with unprecedented data, my dear," he crooned, his voice a chilling serenade in the sterile silence. "The advancements I'll make, will even leave that man in the dust."

Selene strained against her bonds. "I will kill you, monster."

He chuckled low, an eerie, hollow sound that bounced off the cold steel surfaces. "Will you? How absurd." He shrugged nonchalantly, injecting the liquid into her bloodstream. "Though I suppose I don't mind this kind of absurdity."

Having said that.

He injected her.

As the liquid coursed through her, she convulsed, her body buckling against the restraints in an agonizing symphony. Her face contorted in pain, in tears, in blood, but no scream could escape her lips.

Kurotsuchi's eyes sparked with a demented interest as he closely observed her reactions, scribbling notes with a speed that rivaled the agony engulfing her. "Fascinating," he murmured, relishing each spasm, each sign of her pain as if it were a delicacy.

"Mayuri-sama," Nemu interrupted, her voice resonating through a nearby speaker in her usual monotone. "You have been summoned by the Captain Commander, they want a report on your findings."

Mayuri moved his eyes away from his experimental subject, his face twisting into the most unnerving smile. "I see how... annoying, very well, Nemu! Tell them that I'll be there momentarily."

"Understood," Nemu replied, before the speakers went quiet.

Shaking his head with some annoyance, Mayuri returned his gaze to Selene. "I'm truly sorry, but I'm going to have to cut this experiment short for the time being." He leaned over her, his lips brushing her ear. "But fear not, we will meet again."

Selene gritted her teeth, her body growing weaker by moment. "I will kill you."

A cold gust of wind swirled into the grand meeting hall of the First Division Headquarters, the ancient wooden door creaking open to admit the figure of Mayuri Kurotsuchi. The Captains of the Gotei 13, each a paragon of spiritual prowess, turned to regard their late colleague with a mixture of anticipation and curiosity.

With a huff of annoyance, the mad scientist sauntered to his assigned place at the large hall, his attention only partially on his peers. He regarded them with clear irritation, his annoyance etched into every painted line on his face.

"Is it really necessary to disturb my work with such trivial meetings?" Mayuri began, his voice a dry rasp echoing throughout the silent room. "I have experiments that require my attention."

The stern figure of Genryūsai Shigekuni Yamamoto, the Captain-Commander, observed him quietly. His scarred visage seemed unaffected by Kurotsuchi's complaints, his stern gaze unwavering. "You have a duty to accomplish. We wouldn't have summoned you if it wasn't important."

With a click, Mayuri activated a holographic projector, and an intricate diagram of a soul sprang to life, hovering above the table. He still looked frustrated, but there was no mistaking the spark of enthusiasm in his eyes as he began his presentation.

"Very well," Mayuri grumbled. "But let's make it quick. I've made a groundbreaking discovery in soul reconfiguration of a foreign soul, and every minute here is time wasted."

"Who is the woman that dared to invade the soul society?" Komamura growled; his tone filled with barely suppressed rage.

"There shouldn't be any of her kind in this part of the world, the London division makes sure of that," Ukitake added, his eyes narrowing as he gazed upon the diagram.

"That's because, she isn't one of them," Mayuri replied with a sadistic smirk as he tapped at the image of the woman, zooming in to show a particular organ within her. "See that?"

Unohana's gaze hardened, and her eyes glinted with an unspoken sense of malice that for most went unnoticed. "I see. It appears that these organs do not match the anatomy of the dragons we are familiar with."

"Precisely," Mayuri confirmed. "It would seem that this woman, while being a dragon, it's not one of our dragons. In terms of energy and body, her physiology is strikingly similar to a Hollow and a Human."

Toshiro sighed. "Is she a new type of Dragon then?"

Aizen shook his head, a kind smile on his face. "I doubt it. If she were, the London division would have reported her existence long before this."

Mayuri clicked the image off, and the diagram returned to a blueprint of the soul. "Indeed, in fact, I have determined that her soul, it's not from this plane of existence."

Shunsui Kyōraku's eyebrows rose in mild surprise, letting out a small yawn. "No kidding? You're certain?"

"Are you questioning my intellect?" Mayuri scoffed. "Of course, I'm certain."

Ukitake sighed. "How did she get here then?"

Another click, and a new image appeared. A blue and white sphere, suspended in space amidst a sea of darkness. "She created a key, an Oken, using the soul of someone connected to our world."

Aizen's eyes widened for the briefest of moments.

Byakuya closed his eyes. "Should we prepare for an invasion?"

Mayuri clicked the image off and turned to face Byakuya with a blank gaze. "I'm monitoring that, so if I detect anything, then yes, we should prepare for a possible invasion. But until then, this is a matter for the science division."

"Mayuri," Yamamoto said, breaking his silence since the meeting had started. "What about the anchor she used to come here?"

Mayuri smiled at that. "Don't worry, I'm already working on a way to... bring it back, so to speak, that way we would prevent a situation like this happening again. I should be done with this project in two months, three if you keep bothering me."