

[Adam POV]

I continued to train under Brain, and while having unlocked my magic had brought a sense of hope I had once deemed lost, my life continued to be difficult.

I was nonetheless more determined than ever. I could feel something in my blade, something growing stronger with each passing day.

As for my torturer, well, he was disappointed, so far my blade was just that, a blade, a very sharp blade that could cut through rocks and fend off some of his attacks.

But other than that. It did nothing. Brain blamed this on me, saying I was a late bloomer, but that my magic power alone compensated for my lack of talent.

I couldn't give a fat frog's ass about his opinion. I knew I was getting stronger, and even though I didn't show massive progress, I could feel my power increase now that I was getting in tune with it.

I still hadn't figured out what kind of power I had, but I knew it was something special.

It would even come to me in dreams, a voice whispering that soon it would all be over, that soon I would have the power to break my chains.

I didn't recognize the voice of whoever appeared in my dreams, not even the appearance. It looked like a woman, beautiful, elegant, yet dangerous. Her eyes looked at me with kindness, with a tenderness I hadn't seen in a while, yet I did not know her.

But she seemed to know me.

It was strange.

I could feel I knew her name. But every time I felt close to remembering her name, I would wake up.

I was happy about those dreams, they were better than the nightmares. Much, much better.

"Six months and all you can do is use your blade like a common blade," Brain said as he looked at me with a condescending smile pasted on his face.

I glared at him.

"Yet somehow your magic power is increasing. You keep surprising me, you're both completely mundane, below average, and a prodigy at the same time," Brain chuckled,

sending a few blasts of energy my way, both of which I managed to parry at the nick of time with my katana.

"I'm happy to be of service," I replied, my hands shaking after having parried the attacks. The fact that I could block or parry some of his attacks now didn't mean they didn't ring anymore.

I still felt pain when I blocked them, it was just considerably less pain for me if I blocked them, instead of letting them hit.

It also didn't help that I had no actual training with the sword, a few kendo classes I had taken when I was a teenager in my first life, but nothing to actually draw experience from.

Right now I was using the blade like I imagined a swordsman would, which I reckoned I was doing a pretty bad job at. But until I had some real training to fix that, I would keep doing it.

"You know," Brain began, throwing a few blasts at me. "I've been thinking. Your power, your magic power is too big for your magic to be that pathetic little blade alone."

At this, I could feel my blade getting hotter. It looked like my katana didn't appreciate being insulted.

I smiled at my blade's reaction inwardly, dodging the blasts that Brain had sent, letting them collide on the ground with small but powerful explosions.

"Only weak and pathetic wizards get weak magic," Brain continued, launching several more attacks my way as if swatting a fly with a movement of his hand. "It's only natural, you know? The Ethernano is wise, very wise. It doesn't give anyone magic they can't handle."

I dodged a few of his blasts, being forced to block more than half of them as I couldn't move fast enough to avoid them completely. The multiple collisions of his remaining blasts brought me to my knee, shaking, bleeding, and sweating.

"Most people get weak magic," Brain smiled, his hands glowing. "After all, most people are weak. But you, my little pet, you aren't weak. If anything, you are far from it."

I gritted my teeth, glaring at him as I forced my body to stand up.

"Your magic power is beyond anything I have ever seen in my life in a kid your age," Brain smiled once again, this time his smile turning deranged as if he was losing control of something inside his head. "Your magic power, alone, is comparable to that of grown and seasoned wizards. And the best part is, that's just the tip of the iceberg!"

Having said that, Brain sent a massive blast my way, one that I had no other choice but to meet head-on. It was simply too big to dodge from the distance he was shooting at me.

I gritted my teeth and gripped my blade with both of my hands as the attack neared me, promising me a very painful end if I didn't do something about it.

I focused, placing one foot forward, as I bent his knees, holding my blade about my head, then, as the attack was about to hit, I swung my blade downwards with all my might refusing to die, and almost as if answering my call, the air in front of me seemed to burst in a silent explosion, cutting Brain's attack in two.

Brain grinned, pleased with the result. "Such power! I actually meant to kill you with that last attack, but once again, you managed to surprise me! Good, good!"

Glaring at him, I dropped to the floor exhausted, gasping for air as I struggled to remain conscious, whatever I had done just now, had drained me of my stamina completely.

"Oh don't look so down," Brain told me, waving his hand in the air. "We finally began to make some tangible progress, aren't you glad you have my help? In fact, as a good servant, you should thank me."

"Thank you, for everything. For the pain, for the beatings, for everything," I said through gritted teeth in a tired voice. I knew well what would happen if I didn't indulge him in his little games. Last time I didn't comply with his games, he spent an entire week torturing me just for the sake of it.

"Wonderful," Brain clapped his hands together. "Now all we have to do is focus on recreating what you did today. I honestly have no clue what kind of sword magic you have, but the fact you were able to cut one of my attacks when I wasn't holding back speaks lengths of the caliber of your magic."

I said nothing. I just stood there, gasping for air while fantasizing about cutting his head. Something that my blade seemed to like, it always vibrated in approval when I imagined such things.

Brain continued, his eyes turning red. "I don't know what kind of magic exactly it is, I know it enters the realm of sword magic. But that makes it all the more exciting, I like learning new things, and you... my little slave, are quite the project."

Keep it up, bastard. Eventually, you will have given me the tools to destroy, so keep it up, keep my hate strong, and resolve unwavering, I will enjoy tearing you apart when the time comes.

"Well in any case, you can't continue training for today, you're on the verge of dropping to the ground, and there's no fun in beating a broken toy," Brain said, waving me off. "Go to your quarters, I will send the medics to heal your wounds. We resume training tomorrow."

"As you wish, Brain," I nodded, bowing a bit, just as he had instructed me to do, or there would be consequences.

"And as always, remember. Tomorrow's training will be twice as hard as today, so you either swim or sink," Brain said, as I started to walk back to my heavily surveilled room to wait for the medics.

As I walked or rather stumbled out of the training grounds, I could feel my blade vibrating ever so slightly in concern and anger, I could tell it wanted to know something, but alas our connection had yet to grow to the level where I could actually talk to it.

I could feel its general emotions now, rather easily if I could say so myself, to the point I could keep a semblance of conversation with my blade, but beyond that, I hadn't progressed much.

"One day at a time," I muttered, as I finally reached my room, struggling to open the door from how tired I was. Even walking right now felt like a Herculean feat.

[Unknown POV]

Ōetsu Nimaiya is one of the strongest Shinigami to have ever lived, being the one credited with having created the Zanpakutō, something that even the Soul King recognized as a significant contribution to Soul Society, hence his eventual promotion to the Royal Guard.

His life in the Royal Guard wasn't without its bits of randomness, so all and all, Nimaiya couldn't complain about his life.

However, as unpredictable as the life of a Royal Guard was, some things couldn't be rationalized.

"Nimaiya," Ichibe called, walking towards his companion with a jolly smile. But don't let this fool you, Ichibe may appear as a loving monk, ready to embrace anyone who needs a warm hug, but in truth, he's known as the cruelest and most evil Shinigami to have ever lived. The Monk Who Calls the Real Name.

"Hey what up yo!" Nimaiya greeted Ichibe, turning around to strike a cool pose. "What brings you to my crib man?"

Ichibe chuckled, paying Nimaiya's antics no heed. "Well, you see. I'm most curious about something that happened a few months ago now. You remember that Asauchi you created, the one you said was your special little baby?"

"Hell yeah," Nimaiya nodded. "How could I forget, I put a lot of love into that blade. Besides, don't you remember my nickname? The blade guy! I always remember my babies, each and one of them before they take form."

"Hahaha, how could I forget? After all, I gave you that title!" Ichibe guffawed, slapping Nimaiya on his back. "The thing I wanted to inquire about, is that that particular blade is no longer anywhere in the soul society."

Nimaiya frowned. "That can't be my man, the only ones that use those blades are our friends and lackeys of the Gotei 13! Yeah!"

Ichibe chuckled, rubbing his long beard. "Well, that's exactly what happened. As soon as I named the blade, it disappeared out of my reach."

Nimaiya frowned again, this time in a serious tone. "You think that bastard has anything to do with this?"

Ichibe shook his head with a booming laugh. "Not at all. If anything, the one that has something to do with it, is our King! But still, he hasn't interacted with anything, since the creation of the world as we know it. So, yeah, I find it rather odd."

Nimaiya hummed. "When I was making that Asauchi, I felt compelled to make it extra sharp, and extra durable. I felt it was my muse of some kind as I worked on it."

Ichibe remained silent for a few moments, as he pondered about what Nimaiya had said. "Now that you say it, I did feel like giving this blade really awesome names." At this Ichibe sighed. "I suppose it's out of our hands now. I do hope however to one day figure out what happened."

Nimaiya shrugged. "I will be hella honest man, I don't care as long as my baby is in good hands, fuck yeah!"