

Harry ignored the eyes and the whispers that followed him as he walked through the halls of the First Division barracks. If he didn't know any better, he'd have assumed he was in some sort of trouble as he was being called into the Captain Commander's office.

*"You are in trouble, you idiot. I told you not to release my Bankai outside your inner world if you wanted to keep our power a secret."*

Harry ignored the feminine voice coming from the depths of his soul.

"I placed a barrier to protect my privacy." Harry argued back.

*"Clearly, your barrier was one weak little thing to contain my power."*

Harry fell silent as he had no counter for that. His barrier collapsed right after he released the Bankai form of his Zanpakuto. In retrospect, he could see it was a mistake to unleash the full power of his Zanpakuto when he had yet to train with his Bankai properly. Early on, he had decided to go under the radar of pesky nobles and higher officials of the Thirteen Court guard squads. His intent was quite simple. He wanted to avoid any unnecessary attention and thereby get himself embroiled in unnecessary problems. He had a zillion of those in his previous life until he inevitably met his end at the hands of Voldemort and his Death Eaters. It was not his death alone that bothered him the most. He became the reason his friends also met gruesome ends in the Department of Mysteries.

Flashes of deeply buried memories passed through his mind, making him drop his shoulder.

Harry alone had come to Soul Society, and he had no idea what had happened to the rest of his friends who had died. The sad fact was that he didn't even know whether he was in the same universe. He died by falling into the Veil in DoM. It could be said that the Veil was a dimensional barrier between his world and Soul Society. Or his world could exist in a node of space where the Veil functions as one of the portals to different dimensions. He could have fallen into Soul Society by luck. There were infinite possibilities to consider when it came to space and time. None knew it as intimately as he did.

*"And don't ever forget that, Harry. Always keep that in mind. Space and time are ever-changing, evolving and advancing. Nothing remains permanent."*

Harry listened to the feminine voice coming from his soul.

"I know. I won't forget." he whispered back.

The rest of his journey was silent as he contemplated the fate of his friends in his old life. Even after the passage of decades, he always remembered those dearest to his heart. They lived on in his heart. He considered it a privilege to have known them and called them friends. Friends who had given their lives for him. His only regret was that he could not save them. He'd have gladly sacrificed his life to ensure that even one of them lived.

'Unfortunately, life never tends to go how we intend despite how hard we wish it otherwise.' Harry thought grimly.

This was why he went out of his way to seclude himself from the rest of the students of the Shino Academy and later when he joined the Thirteen Court Guard Squads. Besides, someone not strong enough to protect his friends and family didn't deserve to have friends and family. It was a lesson he learned from his enemy Voldemort. The Dark Lord was wrong about good and evil, but power was very important. Nothing lasts without power. Voldemort's power allowed the Dark Lord to survive without a body. Harry's lack of power left him and his friends dead. It was a valuable lesson that he'd never forget.

He finally reached the principal's office. He knocked on the door and waited quietly outside.

"Come in."

Harry slid the door to the side and stepped into the office of Head Captain Yamamoto, who was also the captain of Squad 1.

"Harry san. Take a seat."

"Thank you, Head Captain." Harry bowed before sitting across from the strongest Shinigami in Soul Society.

"I've been reading your performance reports from teachers of different disciplines. There is no Shinigami in my squad that could triumph over you when it comes to Kido. Your Zanjutsu and Hoho are on par with that of a Captain, and your Hakuda is level with the Lieutenants of many squads. What you lack is better control over your spiritual power, but that develops in time and with experience. And now, you have achieved Bankai."

Harry remained silent, merely observing the words of the Captain Commander.

"Lieutenant Sasakibe reported that you've one of the highest rates of performing Konso, paying diligence to our sacred duty of guiding souls to Soul Society. You've also dispatched many hollows while on duty, releasing the souls trapped to a new beginning. Your experience and dedication to duty are appreciated by the Gotei 13."

"Yes, sir."

"Good." The Captain Commander opened his eyes to stare at Harry. "You're effectively transferred to Squad 13 as the newly appointed Lieutenant under Captain Ukitake."

Harry's eyes widened as he registered the words of the Head Captain in his mind. There was the urge to protest in his mind, but Harry knew the Gotei 13 was a military organisation and had been in constant war with the Hollows since its inception. From a military perspective, the Head Captain was merely assigning resources at his disposal effectively. Squad 13 had been without a Lieutenant since Kaen Shiba fell to a Hollow, and Captain Ukitake has been shouldering all the responsibility ever since.

"I'll execute my duties to the best of my abilities in Squad 13, Head Captain." Harry dipped his head.

"See that you do, Lieutenant Harry. Captain Ukitake was my student once. His guidance will aid you in your development." said the Head Captain.

Harry thought he saw a ghost of a smile from the Head Captain, but it was gone the next moment.

“You may leave.”

“Yes, sir.”

Harry immediately stood up. Bowing one last time, he exited the Head Captain’s office and went straight for his quarters.

Later that night, Harry stared off into the starry sky of Seireitei in thought. He was nearing a hundred years since he came to Soul Society as a soul in Rukongai. For a few decades, he had wandered around in Rukongai looking for his friends or someone from his world, but he found nothing. Even the last forty-odd years of his service as a Shinigami had left him only with more questions. He never got the opportunity to visit Britain as he was never stationed in the island nation. The closer he came to Britain was when he was assigned to Paris, which ended up being his sole mission in Western Europe. The sights he saw in Paris made him realise he had died and time travelled simultaneously or had fallen into an alternate reality.

Harry could only know for sure if he could find the wizarding world. Unfortunately, he had no idea about the entrances to other magical communities around the world. He had scoured Japan and Asia for any sign of a magical community during his missions in the World of the Living. Unfortunately, there was no luck.

‘Perhaps, as a Lieutenant, I could visit Britain and search for the Leaky Cauldron.’ Harry thought.

*“What if you don’t find anything, Harry?”*

Harry tore his eyes away from the sky to look at the woman with flowing red hair that materialised by his bedside.

“I don’t know,” he answered honestly.

*“What if you find something?”* she asked instead.

Harry let out a deep breath and smiled. “Frankly, I have no idea. My heart tells me to search, so I search for a lost world. I guess that makes me an idiot.”

*“No, Harry. It makes you someone who listens to his heart,”* she whispered, lying down next to him on the bed and staring at the sky.

They lay there for a long time, staring at the night sky.

“I should train with the Bankai.” Harry finally said.

*“Of course, you should. Let’s go.”*

His Zanpakuto spirit returned to his inner world, and so did his consciousness as he slipped into Jinzen trance.

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The flash step was one of the favourite skills Harry liked being a Shinigami. The kido spells were his forte, but he enjoyed travelling at high speeds far more than launching spells. Besides, Hollows tend to sense the gathering of massive spirit energy using their acute senses. As corrupted souls who devoured souls with greater spirit energy, Hollows were dispositioned to sense spirit energy better than the average soul reaper. Because of this, Harry had always used kido spells as a last resort during his encounters with a hollow. This left him to use the flash step and his Zanpakuto to dispatch troublesome hollows.

There were hollows of greater power like the Menos Grande or the Adjuchas. But Harry had rarely encountered them in the World of the Living and therefore had any reason to rely on his Kido skills. In the rare chance a powerful Hollow was located, the protocol was to send a message for help, and a Lieutenant or Captain would arrive to dispose of the Hollow.

Harry travelled through great distances inside Seireitei using shunpo. Using shunpo was fun but also necessary in his case. His skin complexion made him stick out like a sore thumb in the city. He attracted a lot of attention wherever he went because of his 'alien' look. Sometimes he felt like he was a circus monkey. It was one more reason for Harry to stay away from any social gatherings. Because he had no social life to speak of, he had thrown himself to his work with a gusto that made him score a few records. He had it on good authority that the number of souls he had purified in his eighty years of service was the highest in his age group. The exact number was in the hands of Squad 12, but he was not going into that evil place. The captain of Squad 12 was a creepy dude with a clown face. He had seen hollows with more humanity on their masked faces than Kurotsuchi Mayuri.

The wind rushed past him as he made a few more quick steps taking a short route by accessing the city's rooftops. With a final shunpo, Harry found himself appearing before the entrance of Squad 13, startling a few Shinigami gathered at the gate.

"Phew. It looks like I'm on time." Harry muttered, taking off the backpack secured on his shoulders on the floor.

To his surprise, two Shinigami appeared by his side with impressive speed.

"Lieutenant Harry sama. I'm third seat Kiyone Kotetsu. Let me take your bags." A petite woman with blonde hair introduced herself, taking the bags from his hand just before the bottom of his bag touched the ground.

"Oh. Thank yo..."

"Harry sama. Third seat Sentaro Kotsubaki reporting for duty, sir. I'll take your bags." A man with a short goatee said, catching his bags with both hands.

"Oh, umm... hmm..." Harry rubbed the back of his neck as the two third seats glared at each other while tugging his bag back and forth.

"I was the first to take Harry sama's bag." Kiyone argued, glaring daggers at her colleague.

"I'm the senior third seat. My seniority makes me the authority in collecting the bag of Harry sama." Sentaro argued right back.

"That doesn't even make sense, you dolt." Kiyone screamed back, tugging the bag closer to her chest.

"It won't make sense to an idiot like you." Sentaro shouted, pulling the bag to his side.

"Umm, hello. I can carry the bag." Harry intervened with what he assumed was a solution to the quarrel.

"Look at that, you pig. You've made a bad impression on Harry sama, and now he wants to carry his bag to the barracks. Shame on you." Kiyone glared at her rival while shaking her fist in a threatening manner.

"How dare you? You're the one who disobeyed your senior and made Harry sama dislike us." Sentaro accused loudly.

"I don't..." Harry tried to say, but the two third seats butted their heads and began a contest of strength.

"All right, that's enough, you two." Harry snapped forcefully, letting out a portion of spiritual pressure to make his point across.

That seemed to do the trick as the two third seats snapped into attention.

"Good. Kiyone san will take the bag to my quarters while Sentaro san can escort me to Captain Ukitake's office."

"Hai, Harry sama." Kiyone and Sentaro chorused together.

Kiyone disappeared in a shunpo with Harry's bag while Sentaro led him inside the barracks of Squad 13 towards Captain Ukitake's office.

"Ah! Harry san. Welcome." Captain Ukitake greeted him with a bright smile.

"Captain Ukitake. I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

"No, not at all." Captain Ukitake shook his head with a gentle smile. "You need not have taken charge today itself. You could've taken a day off to say goodbye to your fellow squad members."

"Duty comes first, Captain Ukitake. How may I be of service to you, sir?" asked Harry, ready to assume the duties of a Lieutenant.

"In that case, I should start with the badge ceremony." Captain Ukitake said.

A few minutes later, Harry found himself standing before the members of Squad 13 with Captain Ukitake tying the badge of Lieutenant on his left arm.

"Hello, everyone. My name is Harry. I hope we can work together in the coming days and keep the balance of the Spirit world as is the mandate from the heavens."

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Harry decided Captain Ukitake was a relatively easygoing man for leading a military wing of the Gotei thirteen. But that was until he had the honour of conversing briefly with Captain Koyaraku Shunsui.

“So this is your new Lieutenant.” Captain Kyoraku said, an easygoing grin plastered on his face as he stared at Harry while drinking sake inside Captain Ukitake’s office.

Harry stared at the captain of Squad 8, not knowing what to say to the man wearing a straw hat and a pink haori over the Captain’s coat.

“Shunsui, meet Lieutenant Harry.” Captain Ukitake said with a smile.

Harry had noticed that particular quirk of his captain. Among all the thirteen captains of Soul Society, Captain Ukitake had the most friendly smile. Even Captain Aizen came short of Captain Ukitake despite the popularity of the Squad 5 captain.

“Just Harry?” Captain Kyoraku asked with a raised eyebrow.

“That’s all I remember, and I didn’t bother making up a new one, sir.” Harry said with practised ease.

On the off chance some Death Eaters were around, he didn’t want anyone catching wind of his existence. It also meant his friends could not find him here as well. But as years went by, he leaned towards the theory that he had fallen into an entirely different reality. However, he had no idea whether the wizarding world existed here. Therefore, he abandoned the Potter name and went with just Harry.

Even the name Harry was rare. He suspected he was the only one with such a European name in the Gotei 13 and perhaps even Seireitei. Harry suspected that the Gotei 13 rarely extended its manpower into the continent because their focus was primarily in Asia. For some odd reason, more spiritually powerful souls were in Asia, which tended to attract the attention of Hollows. There was also the fact that Asia was more populated than Europe or any other continent. The only non-Asian soul he found in Soul Society was the squad seven captain, Tousen Kaname.

“Oho! Ukitake, we should look for a good last name for Harry san.” Captain Kyoraku said, leaning forward on his seat and looking up from the sake he was drinking.

“I think Harry san can find a good name for himself in time, Shunsui.” Ukitake placated his old friend.

“Uhh... If you say so, Ukitake.” Captain Kyoraku pouted before turning his sights on Harry again.

“Anyway, Yama ji said you released your Bankai inside a barrier. Which barrier did you use?”

Harry blinked in surprise at the turn in conversation topic.

“The standard Three Mirror Deflector barrier, sir. It was taught to me by Sasakibe dono for training purposes.” Harry answered honestly.

“I see.” Captain Kyoraku observed him with a strange intensity before hiding behind his straw hat. “There’ll be an inquiry into the release of your zanpakuto. It’ll be conducted by Captain Aizen.”

“But I had taken permission beforehand.” Harry argued.

“Yes, but that was for releasing your Shikai under the standard training barrier. Anyhow, it won’t matter much. Captain Aizen is rather lax when it comes to small discrepancies. You should learn better barriers from now on, or Ukitake could set up a suitable one when you’re training.”

“Yes, sir.” Harry nodded stiffly before turning his eyes on Captain Ukitake. “I’d appreciate your help in learning more suitable barriers, sir.”

“My my... this one is polite, huh? It seems you got lucky, Ukitake.” Kyoraku playfully nudged his old friend. “Now that you have a proper Lieutenant, you can dump all the work on him and join me for some sake occasionally.”

“I hope not, Captain. You are already a drunkard. Don’t turn Captain Ukitake into one as well.”

Harry eyed the woman who spoke up from the corner of Captain Ukitake’s office. It was none other than the Lieutenant of Squad 8. For the life of him, he could not recall the name of the Lieutenant of Squad 8.

“That was cruel, Nanao chan. Now, you’ve painted a bad impression about me in Harry san’s mind.” Captain Kyoraku pouted.

Harry carefully noted down the name in his mind.

“I sure hope so, Captain. The last thing we want is for everyone to become like you.” said Lieutenant Nanao, pushing her glasses up her nose.

Captain Kyoraku fell comically on the floor face down, bemoaning his subordinates were not showing him proper respect.

To Harry’s eyes, this was an entirely new side of Gotei 13. He had only known strict discipline and bone-crushing work in Squad 1. Everything was formal in the squad, and discipline was paramount in the division. So, it was surprising to see this level of free interaction between Captain Ukitake and Kyoraku, who were the famed students of the Head Captain.

‘Maybe I should’ve talked with those outside Squad 1 or even taken up on the offer of Captain Aizen to join Squad 5 when I was in Shino Academy.’ Harry thought.

Harry was snapped out of his musings when Lieutenant Nanao gave him a flyer.

“Uhh...what is this?” Harry asked, staring at the pink-coloured paper with a frown.

“It’s an invitation for the new Lieutenant meeting. All the details are available in the leaflet.” said lieutenant Nanao.

Harry was surprised to learn there was a gathering of Lieutenants like the captains. He had never heard of such a thing. But then again, he had always spent most of his time on missions in the Land of the Living.

“Will Sasakibe dono be present during the meeting?” Harry asked curiously.

“You’ll find out during the meeting.” said Lieutenant Nanao, giving him a strange stare.

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“Hi, green-eyes chan.”

Harry could only blink and stare at the pink-haired kid who was happily waving at him when he arrived at the address that was on the flyer given by Lieutenant Nanao Ise.

“Uhh...hello.” Harry awkwardly waved at the small girl. “Maybe I came to the wrong place.”

“No. You came to the correct place Harry kun.”

Harry was taken aback to see a woman with flowing blond hair, a curvy body and sizeable breasts. He was pretty confident this was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in Soul Society.

“I’m Rangiku Matsumoto, Lieutenant of Squad 10. You can call me Rangiku.” Rangiky winked at him suavely before pulling him inside the room. “First, let’s introduce you to everyone else.”

The next few minutes made Harry sweat bullets as he was introduced to all the Lieutenants of Gotei 13 by an ever-excitable Lieutenant Rangiku, who hung on to his arm and Lieutenant Yachiru, who was conveniently perched on his head somehow.

“Sasakibe dono.” Harry tried to bow his head, but Lieutenant Yachiru dragged his head back by tugging his hair.

“I’ve tried to shield you from the indignities of other squads for as long as I could, Harry san. There is nothing else to do but somehow survive. Best of luck.” Lieutenant Sasakibe whispered.

Harry could do nothing but gape at the man who took a seat behind a small table in a dignified manner as if nothing had happened. Lieutenants Shuhei Hisagi, Tetsuzaemon Iba and Renji Abarai looked at him with pity.

“Good luck.” Lieutenant Izuru Kira of Squad 3 waved at him with a thin smile.

“Come on, green-eyes. Let's meet Isane chan.” Lieutenant Ichiru hollered, pushing him towards the Squad 4 Lieutenant, a beautiful woman with grey eyes and silver hair.

Harry was getting increasingly skittish as he had almost forgotten to hold long conversations. His decades of isolation were biting his back, with Harry struggling to find proper conversation topics. He even met Lieutenant Hinamori, who was the politest person he met in Soul Society. Two Lieutenants were absent. They were Lieutenant Nemu of Squad 12 and Lieutenant Omaeda. Harry was a mess by the time all the introductions were done, and his Zanpakuto spirit was conveniently silent. His only friend in Soul Society was his Zanpakuto, which was a convenient way of saying he was his own best friend. After all, Zanpakuto spirits were the other half of a Shinigami's soul.

To Harry's mortification, he was asked to draw pictures of everyone present. Supposedly, it was tradition for a newcomer Lieutenant to do this, and Harry had the most unpleasant time doing it under peer pressure. He had to play Pictionary with them, and he had to draw the pictures on the board. There were other activities planned for the following meetings, and Harry was already making up excuses in his head to somehow escape from the meetings.

Thankfully, the meeting took a turn from focusing on Harry and instead on magazines and newsletters to be published for the month. Harry had never even heard of the Lieutenants publishing any such readable materials. He chanced a sneak peek at Lieutenant Sasakibe, but his old boss was looking stoic as ever.

“Harry san. We'll have to take some photos of you for the magazine cover. A new feature would start about you, detailing your journey to soul society and climbing to the post of Lieutenant.” Lieutenant Nanao said.

“My journey to soul society? Why?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Stories can be inspiring.” Nanao said shortly and left it at that.

“After we are done, ladies will be queuing up to meet you, Harry kun.” Rangiku winked at him, laughing her heart out, which did interesting things to her 'assets' that made Harry uncomfortable as he could not stop himself from staring.

“Yeah, right! They'll be queuing up to beat the crap out of you.” Lieutenant Renji Abarai muttered, making Harry blanch.

‘What have I gotten myself into now?’ Harry thought fearfully.

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Night had fallen over Sereitei, but Harry was not asleep. He had immediately set up everything he wanted in his office in the squad barracks. There was a lot of administrative work pending in the absence of Kaien Shiba. Though Sentaro Kotsubaki and Kiyone Kotetsu did an admirable job, some areas needed to be more thorough. The glaring failure he could

see so far was their primary objective. Squad 13 had one primary objective: to look after the Jureichi. As an exclusive zone with the greatest reishi in the World of the Living, the Jureichi attracted a lot of attention from some of the most powerful Hollows from Hueco Mundo.

The monitoring systems on the current Jureichi, Karakura Town, were lacking in his observation. The sensing consoles and communicators used by Squad 13 were outdated for centuries. He'd have to take stock of the division members and formulate a new order for Squad 12 to complete. To make matters worse, some of the performance stats of the division members assigned to Karakura Town were subpar. There was a general problem with the stats of almost every member of Squad 13. While Harry knew comparing Squad 13 with Squad 1 was a bit too much, the fighting and defensive abilities of the Squad were too poor, in his opinion. In fact, Harry would bet Squad 13 was the weakest division in the Gotei 13, which was unacceptable.

But before he got ahead of himself, Harry had to run several of his proposals by Captain Ukitake.

'Which means I better start drafting the proposals.' Harry thought, grinning at the thought of doing his favourite administrative work.

Harry didn't know how, but he discovered he had a knack for formulating proposals, especially those meant for Squad 12 and Central 46. The trick was always to make it so that the proposals came with a tone stressing the importance of Squad 12 and Central 46. Stroking their egos always yielded better results, and Harry had certain patented flowery phrases that made the two groups disposed to heed his requests.

The next morning, Harry came up with three proposals and gave them to Captain Ukitake. One was about procuring equipment from Squad 12. The other two were about creating a Jureichi monitoring task force focused on fast communication, and the other was about revamping the training for squad members.

"Ah, I see. Now I understand why Genryusai dono sent you straight to my squad. The famed efficiency of Squad 1 members remains intact." said Captain Ukitake, signing all three proposals Harry wrote up after a cursory reading.

Harry was a bit bemused to see that Captain Ukitake signed all three without any reservations expressed or revisions to the original text. He had thought the Captain would take at least three days to properly study the proposals before making a decision.

'I guess Captain Ukitake was already aware of the shortcomings, but his health kept him from properly administering the division.' Harry thought.

"Do not worry, Captain. I'll make sure the Squad's performance rises to your satisfaction." Harry promised.

After he met with Captain Ukitake, Harry immediately went to work. First, he summoned all seated officers up to seat 10 of Squad 13 for an emergency meeting.

“Good morning, everyone. Please be seated.” said Harry, watching all the seated officers arrive in a private hall he had set up for the meeting.

The seated officer bowed before him, and they took their seats as instructed. Harry nodded at Kiyone Kotetsu, who had arranged the hall for the meeting in short order.

“Does anyone know how many Shinigami serve in the Gotei 13?” Harry asked.

“About 6000, sir.” Kiyone quickly answered.

“5874, to be exact. How many do you reckon serve in Squad 13?” Harry asked.

“327 members, including you, sir.” Sentaro answered immediately.

“Correct. We have the lowest strength among all the other Squads of Gotei 13. Do you know why this is so?”

Only silence greeted his question.

“It’s because our focus should be on the World of the Living while our patrolling duty in Rukongai is minimal. I’ve been reviewing the Squad’s efficiency, and there are areas we can improve. With Captain Ukitake’s blessing, I’m making several changes to the Squad’s functioning.”

Several uneasy glances were thrown between the seated officers hearing Harry’s declaration.

“There’ll be a reshuffling of seated posts in the Squad as I evaluate every seated member. I’ll also categorise you into those with skills in Hakuda, Hoho, Kido and Zanjutsu. I recommend that you notch up your training if you hope to move up the ladder.” said Harry, taking a brief pause to stare at all the nine seated officers in the room. “Is there anything you’d like to ask?”

More silence was Harry’s answer.

“In that case, you are dismissed. More details will be relayed to you in the coming days.” said Harry, dismissing the seated officers.

Harry started revamping the squad the very next day. He started off with a simple format to assess the performance of the seated officers till rank ten. They were asked to select the best ten Shinigami from Squad 13 and form a team. They were given time till noon to formulate a team and submit their names before him. Harry was relieved to see all nine seated officers of the Squad manage to form a team rather quickly.

When evening came, Harry summoned the third seat Sentaro Kotsubaki and his team, to the training grounds.

“Your task is simple, Sentaro san. You must lead your team and use any means necessary to take the Zanpakuto strapped over my shoulders. I’ll be using only Kido and Hoho against you and your team. You’ll have one hour, starting now.” said Harry, nodding at Kiyone san, who started the timer for all the gathered squad members to see.

“But sir, you’ll be at a disadvan...” Sentaro started to say, and Harry acted immediately.

Harry flickered away using shunpo, slipping right next to Sentaro in a crouching position. Harry struck out with force, gathering spirit energy into the palm of his right hand.

“Gha!”

Sentaro was blown away by Harry’s strike on his abdomen, crashing into the Kido training range and kicking up a storm of dust clouds.

“In battle, there is no room for hesitation. Every second is an opportunity for victory or defeat.” said Harry, disappearing again using shunpo.

Slipping inside the guard of a Shinigami, Harry threw two rapid punches to the stomach and struck fast behind the man’s neck. Like a puppet with its strings cut, the Shinigami fell unconscious on the ground.

“Bakudo no.9: Horin.”

A cackle of bright yellow energy formed between his index finger and middle finger on his left arm. Harry threw his arm out, and a long rope made of bright yellow spirit energy expanded outward quickly, binding two Shinigami in the group before they could even draw their Zanpakutos. Harry flipped over Sentaro as the third seat tried to catch the sword from his back while he was distracted.

As he was above Sentaro, Harry quickly drew a triangle with his spirit energy.

“Bakudo no.30: Shitotsu Sansen.”

The tips of the bright yellow triangle shot out small triangular energy constructs that bound Sentaro’s limbs against the ground in quick order.

“Against a superior opponent, speed and teamwork are necessary for survival.” said Harry, flickering away using shunpo.

He proceeded to decimate the entire team, Hoho and Hakuda. By the time he was done, the whole group of Shinigami led by third-seat Sentaro was left on the ground unconscious or their limbs bound in kido. The minute hand on the timer hardly moved since the exercise began, making Harry sigh in disappointment.

‘This is much worse than I thought.’ Harry thought, a frown of displeasure adorning his face. ‘I’ll have to increase their training.’