

Chapter 36

26th of March 1522

Thriller Bark

Vice Admiral Momonga stood resolute on the deck of his warship, his gaze fixed upon the massive silhouette of Thriller Bark on the horizon. The colossal island-ship floated with an eerie stillness, its spires and turrets cutting starkly against the sky. The thought that the Marine HQ was only two days away and that they let such pirates infest the waters near them made him scowl. His ship slowed to a halt a hundred meters from the boat-island's edge. With a last, firm nod to his crew, Momonga launched himself into the air using Geppo, bridging the distance with practiced ease. His boots landed softly on the ground, the only sound the faint rustle of his coat.

He was greeted by a pirate, Selena Whitefang. Huh. She came here fast - she had to have the basic of observation Haki to be already there. She stood tall and imposing, her red hair cascading in wild waves around her muscular frame. Resting casually on her shoulder was an enormous axe, nearly three meters in length. The sight of her prompted a sneer from Momonga. Pirates. He held nothing but contempt for them. The Warlords were a stain on the world, and soon, Moria would be eradicated.

Momonga's salutations were curt, his tone ice-cold. "Take me to Moria."

She smirked, turning on her heel and leading him through the twisted paths of Thriller Bark. As she walked ahead of him, Momonga couldn't help but notice the sway of her hips and the firm, muscular curves of her ass. He felt a twinge of unwanted attraction and grunted in irritation, disappointed in himself for such a lapse.

"Admiring my weapon, Vice Admiral?" Selena's voice was taunting, her eyes gleaming with a mocking light.

"No. Ugly Axe", he scowled even more, before his sharp eyes noted the deliberate detours, the concealed routes that hinted at secrets hidden within the island's depths. The distant sound of stone being struck echoed through the air, but he dismissed it as irrelevant for now. His objective was clear: deliver the message and leave.

They approached the central castle. The architecture was a fusion of intricate metalwork and somber grandeur, with enormous gears and cogs embedded in its façade. Gargoyle-like statues perched on ledges, their stone gazes seeming to follow his every step. However, Selena diverted their path to a smaller pavilion nearby, where Moria awaited. The towering Warlord, standing an imposing seven meters tall, was seated at a table. His monstrous form cast a long shadow, his broad shoulders and massive frame exuding an intimidating presence. Moria's face was twisted into a perpetual grin, sharp teeth gleaming under the light. Not the head they saw on the newspaper. Had they trafficked the photos for PR?

Flanking Moria were two figures. Isabella von Carsten, a notorious mafioso from the West Blue, sat to his right. To his left was a red-haired girl with a blindfold, her identity unfamiliar to Momonga.

"Vice Admiral Momonga, what an unexpected pleasure," Moria greeted, his grin widening even further. "Please, join us."

Momonga's voice was steely, devoid of any warmth. "I'm here to deliver a message. There's a Warlord meeting at Marine HQ. You are required to come. Now."

Moria's eyebrows rose in surprise before his expression turned dark. "I see. Unfortunately, as you must know, I'm marrying in five days. My presence is indispensable for my wedding."

Momonga's gaze hardened. "That's not my concern. Marine HQ is only two days away by boat. You can be back here within four days. For the rest... Well, not my problem."

A shadow of annoyance crossed Moria's face. The pirate leaned back, fingers drumming on the table as he assessed the situation. Momonga stood his ground, secretly hoping for an excuse to engage the pirate. Momonga's hand hovered near his weapon, ready to strike should Moria make a wrong move.

"Very well. I'll be in Marineford in two days. But I'll go through my own means", the Warlord conceded.

Momonga hoped he lied and would not come - it would shorten his lifespan even more.

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26th of March 1522
Thriller Bark

Monet jolted awake in a frigid, dank cell, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Her head pounded with a nauseating intensity as fragments of memory clawed their way to the surface: she had gone to assist Caesar, encountered Selena Whitefang, and then... nothing but an abyss of darkness. Panic gnawed at her insides, a relentless, writhing serpent.

Attempting to move, Monet was met with a jarring, alien sensation. She stared in growing horror at her transformed limbs. Where her arms had been, grotesque white feathers now sprouted, morphing into twisted, avian wings with sickly light green tips. Her fingers had elongated into razor-sharp talons, and her feet were no longer human but cruel, bird-like claws. She touched her face, feeling the smooth, feathered contours that replaced her once-human skin. Her non-avian features—a voluptuous figure with large, bare breasts—were now starkly contrasted by the monstrous alterations. The sheer wrongness of her form made her stomach churn, the bones and muscles beneath her skin shifting in ways that defied nature. Her long, wavy green hair, usually a source of pride, now felt like a cruel mockery, cascading over her naked, disfigured body.

The sudden, deliberate clack of footsteps reverberated down the corridor. Monet's pulse quickened as an orange-haired witch materialized at the cell's threshold. The witch's face split into an unnaturally wide, grotesque grin. "Ah, you're awake," she purred, her voice a chilling blend of sweet malice. "We're going to be great friends now, you and I." The witch's smile stretched impossibly wider, revealing rows of jagged, glistening teeth, each one more menacing than the last. "But first, we will talk a bit..."

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27th of March 1522,
Alabasta

Gecko Moria entered the laboratory. The air was thick with the acrid smell of chemicals and the metallic tang of blood. Bottles filled with bubbling, neon liquids lined the shelves, and corpses, crudely stitched together, lay on metal slabs, awaiting their next grotesque experiment. At the center, Caesar Clown and Dr. Hogback were deep in a heated argument, their voices clashing amidst the hum of machinery.

"Your method lacks precision, Hogback!" Caesar snapped, his wild hair bristling with irritation. "We need to maximize the lethality curve!"

Hogback scoffed, his hands waving dismissively. "And your approach sacrifices stability for speed, Caesar. My creations endure!"

Moria's imposing presence silenced their bickering. He smiled, his sharp teeth gleaming. "Gentlemen," he greeted, his voice a gravelly echo. "I trust you are getting along well?"

Both scientists turned to him, their previous animosity replaced by an expression of mutual respect and delight. "Absolutely, Moria," Hogback replied, a rare smile stretching across his sallow face. "Caesar's insights are truly remarkable."

Caesar nodded, his grin manic. "It's an honor to work here, Moria. The resources and freedom you've provided are unparalleled."

Scientists...He had heard them bickering like children. Moria's grin widened, pleased with their camaraderie.

"Excellent. Now, I have a task for you both. I need a virus—one that is devastatingly lethal but disappears entirely after fifteen days. I want a battlefield strewn with corpses, none of which remain infectious. Can you achieve this?"

Hogback and Caesar exchanged a glance, a wicked understanding passing between them. Hogback's eyes glittered with anticipation, his smile growing more sinister. "Consider it done, Moria," he replied, his voice barely above a whisper but heavy with promise.

Caesar's grin stretched impossibly wider, his eyes gleaming with perverse delight. "We'll craft something truly exquisite," he assured, his tone laced with manic enthusiasm. "It will be a masterpiece of death and decay."

28th March 1522

Alabasta

The palace, draped in the serene glow of moonlight, seemed to hum with an unspoken promise. Vivi knew the tradition: she had no right to see her husband before the wedding. As the clock struck midnight, a gentle knock at her high window made her heart skip a beat.

Startled, she approached the window and, with a fluttering heart, opened it. There stood Moria, a roguish smile playing on his lips. "Good evening, my Princess," he greeted, his voice a low, velvety murmur. "I have missed you since our last dinner."

Vivi's cheeks flushed a deep crimson. She was in her pajamas, an ensemble of delicate silk that clung to her form, the fabric whispering against her skin with every movement. The moonlight cast a soft glow over her, highlighting the delicate curves of her body. The pajamas, a soft blue with intricate golden embroidery, hinted at her figure beneath without revealing too much. The sight of her in such intimate attire made Moria's grin widen.

"Moria," she stammered, trying to gather her composure. "You shouldn't be here..."

"But it is the night, Princess," he said, his tone gentle yet insistent. "May I come in?"

With a shy nod, she stepped aside, allowing him to enter. He moved with the grace of a desert panther, closing the window behind him. His presence filled the room, a mix of danger and allure. From the depths of his shadow, he produced a bottle of wine, the dark glass shimmering in the moonlight.

"How do you always do that?" she asked, her voice filled with wonder at the sight.

He chuckled softly. "A little magic, perhaps. Crocodile is a weakling compared to what I can do." His confidence was intoxicating, and Vivi felt her cheeks burn hotter. The thought of Moria becoming her prince was almost too overwhelming.

He poured them each a glass of wine, the ruby liquid catching the light as it filled the glasses. He handed her one, their fingers brushing lightly, sending a thrill through her. They sat by the window, the cool night air mingling with the warmth of their bodies.

"So," he began, his voice a soothing balm to her nerves, "how was your day?"

"It was... busy. Preparations, you know," she fumbled with her words, her mind still reeling from his unexpected visit.

He nodded, his gaze never leaving hers. "I can imagine. Our wedding is an event worth every effort."

"Yes, it is," she said, her heart fluttering at his words.

"Tell me more," he leaned closer, his eyes sparkling with genuine interest. "I want to know every detail."

She hesitated for a moment, then began to recount her day, the conversations flowing more smoothly as she relaxed in his presence. They laughed together over small anecdotes, and Vivi found herself feeling more at ease.

"Unfortunately," Moria said, a hint of regret in his voice, "I've been convoked by the Marines."

"Why? What do they want?" she asked, her eyes widened with concern.

"I don't know," he shrugged, a shadow of annoyance passing over his features. "But I promise you, I will be back in time for our wedding."

Relief washed over her, and she smiled softly. "Thank you."

"Before I go, may I ask for a kiss?" he said, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

"It's not proper..." she stammered, her face turning scarlet.

"But it would be a secret, just between us," he murmured, his voice a seductive whisper that sent shivers down her spine.

Summoning her courage, she leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. His skin was warm, his presence magnetic. Gently, he cupped her cheek, his touch sending a shiver down her spine. He leaned closer and pressed a chaste kiss to her lips. The sensation was electric, a soft fluttering in her belly that spread warmth through her entire being.

"Good night, Princess," he whispered against her lips, and then he was gone, disappearing into the shadows as if he had never been there at all.

Vivi stood by the window, her heart racing, the ghost of his kiss lingering on her lips. Her mind swirled with a mix of excitement and longing, her body still tingling from the warmth of his touch. She could still feel the gentle pressure of his lips, the intoxicating blend of danger and allure that he carried with him. Eagerness blossomed in her chest, and she found herself yearning for the days ahead, dreaming of the moments they would share. The anticipation was almost too much to bear, each heartbeat a reminder of the thrilling future that awaited them. She sighed softly, her eyes drifting to the stars outside.

"Maybe...I am falling for you, Gecko Moria...My Prince..."

He was so romantic, such a gentleman...

28th March 1522

Alabasta

NSFW

"Yes! Fuck me harder!"

Selena's screams filled the air, raw and urgent. Her voice, thick with desperation, echoed through the room. Moria, towering and ferocious, answered her call with a guttural growl, his hands gripping her hips so tightly they left marks.

The bed beneath them creaked in protest as Moria pounded into her with relentless force. His hand came down hard on her ass, the sharp crack echoing in the chamber. Selena's cry was one of pure ecstasy, her body arching in response.

"You love this, don't you?" he snarled, his voice a dark, primal growl.

"Yes, Master! Yes!" she panted, her breaths coming in ragged gasps. Her body met his every thrust, her pleasure mounting with each brutal movement. Each slap of his hand on her ass drove her wild, the sting blending with the overwhelming sensation of him inside her. Their coupling was raw and animalistic, a furious tangle of limbs and sweat. Selena's moans filled the room, mingling with Moria's deep, feral grunts.

He could feel her tightening around him, her impending release driving him to thrust even harder. With a final, savage thrust, he pushed them both over the edge. Selena's scream of release was matched by Moria's roar, their bodies shuddering violently as they came together. Her inner walls convulsed around him, milking every last drop of his seed as he spilled into her.

Breathing heavily, Moria pulled out of her. Selena collapsed onto her back, her chest heaving. Her eyes, glazed with satisfaction, watched as he moved to stand over her, his still-hard cock glistening with their combined fluids.

"Clean me," he commanded, his voice rough with lingering desire.

Selena obediently opened her mouth, taking him in. Her tongue worked expertly, cleaning every inch of him. Moria groaned at the sensation, watching her with dark, hungry eyes. The sight of her, submissive and eager, sent a final thrill through him.

When he was satisfied, he withdrew from her mouth, a smirk playing on his lips. He dressed quickly, his movements efficient and determined.

"It's time to go," he said, a mix of irritation and resignation in his voice. He took a rapid shower and dressed up. The duties of a Warlord awaited him at Marineford.

He went back to his room and, with a heavy sigh, he allowed the shadows to envelop him. He cast one last glance at Selena, her body still sprawled on the bed, a vision of spent desire.

"Be ready for my return," he commanded, his tone softer but still authoritative. Then, with a final, lingering look, he disappeared into the darkness, the shadows carrying him away to his obligations.

Chapter 37

28th March 1522
Marineford

Gecko Moria emerged from the shadows, his towering form materializing in a secluded crevice within Marineford. The heart of Marineford was not a place many dared to intrude upon, notably if you were a seven-meter tall, half a ton heavy man that was not very discreet.

[Gecko Moria]

Class: Marquis of Dusk
Job: Warlord of the Seas
Fruit: Kage Kage no Mi

Dourikis: 6,121/8,000
Potential: S
Fate: S

Moria had been meticulous in his preparations. He had hidden numerous Shadow Warriors – primarily shadow servants, as anything more potent required too many souls – in strategic locations. This particular shadow had been planted within Smoker, a maneuver executed deftly in the Blues. The shadow had remained dormant, biding its time until Smoker's arrival at Marineford, where it had discreetly detached and hidden itself away.

Seconds later, the rapid footsteps of two Vice Admirals echoed through the narrow passageway. They appeared swiftly, their faces a mix of shock and fury. The alarm in their eyes was palpable; sensing Moria's sudden presence in such a heavily fortified area must have set their Haki ablaze with urgency.

Moria's smirk widened. The sheer panic he had induced was almost palpable. "Well, well," he drawled, his voice dripping with mockery. "It seems I've caused quite a stir."

"How did you get here?" one of the Vice Admirals demanded, his voice tight with tension.

Moria's eyes gleamed with dark amusement. "I believe the question isn't how, but why," he replied, his tone nonchalant. "I was convoked, after all. Surely you wouldn't deny a Warlord's compliance with a summons?"

One of them looked like he wanted to kill him. Which he probably was.

"This way," the other finally said, his voice clipped.

They moved through Marineford, and Moria drew many looks. Some marines stared because they remembered the bloated figure he used to be; now, he was a lean, lithe seven-meter tall giant with pale skin and a monstrous face. Others gawked because his face was the old one, his true visage, not the image they had seen in the newspapers. The incongruity was striking.

As they traversed a corridor, the atmosphere grew tense. Marines whispered and pointed, the air thick with suspicion and hostility. They rounded a corner, and there stood Garp the Fist, his expression thunderous. He barely contained his fury as he approached, his massive fist clenched.

[Monkey D. Garp]

Class: Marine
Job: Hero of the Marine

Dourikis: 28 252
Potential: SSS
Fate: SSS

While walking past him, Garp shoved Moria with his shoulder. Hard. The force was immense, sending the Warlord tumbling backward. Moria knew it was deliberate. This fucker. He righted himself, glaring daggers at Garp, who had already walked away without a backward glance. Finally, they arrived at a large, imposing door. Moria paused, feeling the powerful signatures beyond. Sengoku's presence was unmistakable, along with several Captain-level Marines, Tsuru, and... four Warlord-level signatures?

The door opened, and Moria stepped inside. Sengoku stood at the head of a long table, his expression severe. Tsuru sat calmly, her gaze piercing. Around the table were three familiar figures.

[Sengoku]

Class: Marine
Job: Fleet Admiral
Fruit: Hito Hito no Mi, Model: Daibutsu

Dourikis: 34 673
Potential: SSS
Fate: S

Holy shit.

[Tsuru]

Class: Marine
Job: Vice Admiral
Fruit : Woshu Woshu no Mi

Dourikis: 12 762
Potential: SS
Fate: A

Dracule Mihawk lounged with an air of detached superiority. His sharp, hawk-like eyes, framed by dark, bushy eyebrows, seemed to pierce through anyone who met his gaze. He nodded at Moria, surprising everyone. Beside Mihawk was Bartholomew Kuma, a towering, hulking figure. His immense frame was clad in a long, dark coat, and his face was obscured by his signature hat and sunglasses. Sitting near them was Donquixote Doflamingo, in his arrogant flamboyance. The fucker who helped Kaido. His bright pink feathered coat was a stark contrast to the seriousness of the room.

[Dracule Mihawk]

Class: Swordsman
Job: Warlord of the Seas

Douriki: 17,256
Potential: SS
Fate: S

[Bartholomew Kuma]

Class: Cyborg (22%) - Buccaneer
Job: Warlord of the Seas

Douriki: 12,766
Potential: SS
Fate: A

[Don Quichotte Doflamingo]

Class: Fallen World Noble
Job: Warlord of the Seas, Dressrosa King

Douriki: 10,984
Potential: SS
Fate: S*

Then there was Blackbeard, the source of the boisterous laugh. "ZEHAHAHAHAHA! So, you're Moria, huh?" His wild mane of black hair framed a face marked by a perpetual grin and gleaming white teeth. Blackbeard's large, imposing frame was adorned with a captain's coat draped over his shoulders, and his presence exuded a chaotic energy that was both unsettling and captivating.

[Marsshall/D. Teach]

Class: [Error! Cannot display XEBC!3i!Same<Timsjn]
Job: [Error! Cannot display Imu)Pluton??R0ckk,ze!3i!Same<Timsjn]

Fruit: slot 1 / Inu Inu No Mi Model: Cerberus of the Abyss
Fruit: slot 2 / Yam Yam No Mi
Fruit: slot 3 / Empty

Douriki: 3,988/17,765/?
Potential: EX
Fate: SSS

Moria froze, a rare moment of genuine shock paralyzing him. What. The. Fuck.

The room fell into a charged silence. Mihawk and Tsuru studied him intently, having sensed that he was much stronger now than the last time they saw him. Doflamingo and Sengoku, however, focused on the way he had frozen upon seeing Blackbeard.

"Do you two know each other?" Sengoku asked.

After a brief, loaded silence, Moria answered, "No."

He forced himself to move, his steps heavy as he approached one of the massive chairs. Lowering his frame into the seat, he could feel the weight of the moment pressing down on him. His mind raced, but he willed himself to focus on the meeting.

Sengoku cleared his throat. "First, let me introduce Blackbeard as the new Warlord."

A ripple of surprise spread through the room. Sengoku continued, "Two Warlords have died recently, and we need suggestions for their replacements. Blackbeard have filled one slot...But we need one more."

Kuma spoke first, his deep voice steady. "I propose Don Chinjao. He has the necessary reputation..."

Doflamingo leaned forward, his fingers steepled in contemplation. "Selena Whitefang would be a suitable choice. She's formidable and has been making quite a name for herself, and she is weak enough to be easily controlled."

Sengoku shook his head. "No. Selena Whitefang is reportedly a subordinate of Moria."

Doflamingo's eyes widened briefly before a sly smile curled his lips. "Oh?" he drawled, casting a curious glance at Moria. A brief exchange of bickering followed, but Moria remained silent, too shaken by Blackbeard's presence to engage.

Sengoku sighed, rubbing his temples. "Let's move to the second part of this meeting, the most critical part."

"Blackbeard is a Warlord because he captured Firefist Ace."

Doflamingo's smirk vanished, replaced by genuine surprise. Mihawk's interest sharpened, his hawk-like eyes narrowing in focus.

Sengoku continued, his voice like a hammer striking an anvil. "In a four days, the world will know. Ace will be executed in precisely one month. Whitebeard will undoubtedly mount a rescue. We are summoning you, the Warlords, to prepare for the war."

He adjusted his glasses, his gaze as cold and unyielding as steel. "You are ordered to be there. If you fail to comply, Kizaru will personally hunt you after the war. Be there in twenty-eight days."

A profound silence fell over the room, the enormity of Sengoku's words settling like a heavy shroud.

"Zehahahahaha!" Blackbeard's laugh exploded into the stillness, a dark, booming sound that reverberated off the walls, shattering the silence.

Moria was beyond fucked. He had to get stronger the soonest possible. Finish his quests. Not to go to war with Whitebeard, but to be able to flee from Kizaru.

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28th March 1522

Amazon Lily

Boa Hancock felt a sudden cough escape her lips. It was strange; in all her life, she had never experienced illness before. Marigold, her sister, looked at her with concern.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Of course," Hancock replied, unaware of the faint trace of blood on her fingertips.

28th March 1522
Thriller Bark.

Gecko Moria was back at Thriller Bark, his footsteps echoing ominously through the cavernous throne room. He paced relentlessly, each step a percussion of frustration and contemplation. The situation was dire, a prelude to the chaos of war that would soon sweep across the seas, leaving a wake of the dead. For Moria, a war meant opportunity—an abundance of corpses ripe for his power to command. Admirals and Emperors would fall, and their strength could be his. He stopped pacing, a sinister grin creeping across his face. It was not by staying hidden that he would become strong enough to defeat Kaido.

But still. Fuck.

The massive double doors creaked open, spilling an eerie, flickering light into the throne room. Nami entered, her presence unsettlingly serene and tinged with a twisted delight. At her feet, crawling in abject humiliation and forced obedience, was Monet. Naked and leashed like a prized pet, her long, green hair cascaded over her shoulders, partly obscuring her downcast face. Her wings trailed behind her, and her taloned feet clicked softly against the cold floor.

Moria's eyes widened in surprise and a hint of repulsion as he took in the scene. Nami had always been a bit unhinged, but this was a new depth. Nami really had a problem in the head, he thought, amused.

"Ullo, Moria," Nami greeted with a saccharine smile, her voice laced with an unnerving edge. She yanked Monet's leash, forcing the transformed woman to sit up and meet Moria's gaze. "I've got great news!"

Moria raised an eyebrow, curiosity piqued despite himself. "Go on," he urged, his voice a low rumble in the cavernous space.

Nami's grin widened, her eyes gleaming with manic delight. "We have the location of the SMILEs factory, and even better," she paused, savoring the moment, "I learned about Sugar, Monet's little sister. She's a special officer of the Donquixote Pirates' Trebol Army. Her Hobi Hobi no Mi powers turn dissenters into toys, keeping Dressrosa in line. So if we...", Nami started spilling everything she had learnt from...talking with Monet.

Moria's eyes listened with interest as he listened to her plan. But he sighed, a note of impatience in his voice. "This is... fascinating, but it will have to wait until after my wedding."

Nami nodded, her expression still eager and disturbingly enthusiastic. She directed Monet to face Moria. "Remember his scent," she commanded softly, her tone dripping with a twisted, almost loving affection. "He is your new master now."

Monet, her eyes filled with a mix of fear and reluctant obedience, threw herself at Moria's feet in a gesture of desperate submission. Her body trembled, her wings fluttering helplessly as she pressed her face against his boots, as if trying to imprint his very essence into her memory. Moria stared down at her, the flicker of confusion replaced by a growing pleasure. "What the fuck?" he murmured, barely audible, as he processed the bizarre and unsettling turn his day had taken. He felt a dark satisfaction. Nami's actions, as twisted as they were, proved her worth. She truly fit well in his monstrous crew, her depravity and cunning adding to the nightmarish family he was building. He smiled, pleased by the new addition and the depths to which Nami would sink to serve him.

Main Quest [A Court, a Kingdom and a Champion]

[A Court] : 8/10 → 9/10

29th March 1522
Alabasta

Vivi's heart pounded in her chest. Tomorrow, she was to be wed. Tomorrow, she would be Gecko Moria's wife. His Wife! The reality of it all seemed both surreal and daunting, yet laced with a strange, intoxicating excitement. Her thoughts were a tempest as her maids worked meticulously, their deft fingers arranging the intricate layers of her wedding attire.

She was thinking about Gecko Moria. She was marrying him to save her country from Crocodile's clutches, a sacrifice she had willingly embraced. They had been no news of Coracle for a few days...he was probably preparing for ! Yet, she couldn't deny the allure Moria held—his mysterious nature, his commanding presence, and, she reddened at the thought, his undeniable masculinity. She had seen his picture form "before", on his bounty poster...but she did not believe for one moment it had been him! And handsomeness. And that kiss, it had been...Ah! Even if she knew it was a political marriage and that they would not see each other that much, maybe even less than once a week...

"Princess, we are finished with the first proposition for the wedding dress," one of the maids announced softly, her voice filled with reverent admiration.

Vivi took a deep breath, gathering her courage, and was about to turn to face the mirror when one of the maids, a mischievous glint in her eye, snickered softly.

"Gecko Moria is going to be a very happy man...And he seems to be quite the vigorous one. You have to get a lot of sleep tonight, Princess!"

Vivi's cheeks flushed a deeper shade of crimson, her heart skipping a beat. She averted her gaze, trying to regain her composure. She forced herself to look back at the mirror.

As her eyes met her reflection, she felt a rush of astonishment. The figure before her was almost unrecognizable. Her long, azure hair was intricately braided and adorned with delicate golden chains and small, sparkling jewels that caught the light. Her eyes, deep and expressive, were accentuated with subtle, kohl-lined artistry. Her wedding attire was a traditional Alabastan robe, an opulent blend of deep blues and rich golds. The luxurious fabric was embroidered with intricate patterns that spoke of the kingdom's rich cultural heritage. The robe's neckline dipped provocatively, revealing just enough of her décolletage to entice, while the fitted bodice hugged her slender waist and accentuated the sensual swell of her hips.

Her belly was visible, the toned muscles from her time as Miss Wednesday creating a perfect canvas for the jewels that adorned her navel. The sleeves were long and flowing, adorned with delicate golden filigree. The skirt, though modest in its coverage, was designed with slits that allowed glimpses of her long, toned legs, muscled from her countless adventures, as she moved.

For a moment, Vivi allowed herself to smile, a flicker of confidence igniting within her. She was doing this for Alabasta, but she was also stepping into a new chapter of her life. As she prepared to meet her future with Gecko Moria, she couldn't help but feel a thrilling anticipation. Tomorrow, she would be his, and the thought of the passion and desire that awaited made her pulse quicken.

Chapter 38

30th March 1522
Thriller Bark

Lyra stood near Moria, her breath visible in the chill air. He was in his handsome two-meter form, the tailored suit fitting perfectly, the dark fabric accentuating his pallid skin. Apparently, he was getting married today. Nearby, Nami stood, dressed in a light blue bridesmaid dress that flowed like liquid silk. The dress hugged her curves, contrasting beautifully with her fiery red hair, which cascaded in soft waves around her shoulders. She exuded confidence, her eyes sparkling with intelligence.

"Are you sure we are just below the isle?" Moria asked, his voice smooth and commanding.

Nami nodded confidently. "Yes, I've done all the calculations. We're in the perfect position."

Moria took out a polished pocket watch, its silver surface gleaming. He glanced at it briefly before turning back to the rank of statues Lyra had meticulously crafted. The towering Necrosphinx dominated the landscape. Colossal wings, etched with arcane symbols, seemed poised to unleash a tempest at any moment, while its glowing eyes, set deep within its stone visage, burned with a malevolent light that chilled the air. Nearby, the ranks of Winged-Ushabtis stood poised for battle, their slender humanoid forms and majestic wings both beautiful and terrifying. The two Winged War Sphinxes, massive and imposing, promised swift and devastating mobility with their powerful, leonine bodies and enormous wings. Sinister Sepulchral Stalkers, with their elongated, serpentine forms, coiled with latent malice.

A satisfied smile spread across his face as he turned to Lyra. "You've outdone yourself, Lyra. Excellent work," he praised, his voice warm yet authoritative.

Lyra felt her cheeks flush under his gaze. She stammered, "Th-thank you, Master Moria. I... I worked very h...hard on them."

Moria's smile widened. "Tell me, what would you like as a reward?"

Lyra hesitated, then said, "I heard one of your subordinates has painting-based powers. I'd like to meet her."

Moria nodded. "Miss Goldenweek, yes. I'll summon her for you. You'll be able to make her your subordinate."

Lyra's eyes widened in surprise. "Me, a b...boss?"

"Yes, you. You've earned it."

With a gesture, Moria commanded a wave of shadows to envelop her sculptures. The warriors surged forward, slipping into the depths of the statues' shadows.

Moria then turned to his assembled team, each a vital part of the impending operation. Absalom stood firm, his rubber boots planted solidly, a large, mysterious bag slung over his shoulder. Selena, an imposing figure in heavy plate armor reinforced with rubber, her pale skin contrasting sharply with the dark metal, gripped her enormous, gleaming axe. Monet, with her green hair cascading down her back, grovelled at the feet of Moria. Before they departed, Isabella, dressed as a bridesmaid with her pale skin almost luminescent and her ample bosom barely contained by the bodice, glanced at Monet one last time, her red eyes ensuring the hypnosis would hold.

Clearing his throat, Moria addressed them. "You will succeed, I trust you. And remember: I do not care about the people or the island—I only need more Shadows, and my soldiers can absorb them themselves," he declared. Absalom and Selena straightened, smiling and proud.

He reached out, grabbing Nami and Isabella, putting his arms around their waists. With a final nod to his crew, Moria enveloped Nami and Isabella, the world around them darkening as the shadows wrapped around them like a cloak, and they disappeared, leaving Lyra amidst her now-animated creations.

"Well... time to go, I guess?" Lyra muttered as the wings of her statues began to flap at Moria's command.

"Fly! To Skypiea!"

30th March 1522

Alabasta

Capone Bege took a measured look at his watch, the polished silver reflecting the morning sun. It was 12:00 AM. The wedding ceremony was set to commence in two hours, and Moria was nowhere in sight. Yet, Bege wasn't troubled. His boss had a flair for dramatic, last-minute entrances, often materializing out of thin air when least expected.

Bege's keen eyes scanned the opulent palace gardens, a haven of ancient luxury. Date palms swayed gently in the breeze, their fronds whispering secrets to the almond trees that stood sentinel beside them. Exotic flowers, resplendent in hues of crimson and gold, filled the air with their heady perfume, mingling with the crisp scent of the fountains that gushed clear, cool water into meticulously carved basins. Marble statues of forgotten gods and heroes added an aura of timeless grandeur to the landscape. The pathways were lined with intricate mosaics, their tesserae forming elaborate geometric patterns and mythological scenes. One particularly striking mosaic depicted the legendary Nika battling a ferocious Cerberus, their figures locked in eternal combat at the edge of a yawning abyss with ominous eyes peering from its depths. The artistry was exquisite, each tile painstakingly placed to capture the intensity and drama of the scene.

The gardens were alive with the hum of conversation, a symphony of cultured voices. Aristocrats and bourgeois from Alabasta and distant kingdoms had gathered, their attire a kaleidoscope of silks and satins, adorned with jewels that caught and refracted the sunlight in dazzling displays. The men wore intricately embroidered robes, their patterns telling stories of their lineage and power. The women's gowns flowed like liquid silk, adorned with pearls and gemstones.

"Princess Vivi's dress is rumored to be a masterpiece," murmured a duchess, her fan fluttering delicately as she spoke. "Handcrafted lace and the finest silks, they say."

"And to think, a Warlord as her groom! Quite the surprising union," responded a nobleman nearby, his tone a blend of admiration and envy. "I hear the alliance is strategic. Strengthening ties between Alabasta and the Warlords can only bode well for our future - it's an omen of a stable world."

Another guest, a woman draped in luxurious silks, chimed in. "Rumors have been circulating for months about the decline of the Royal Family of Alabasta, but seeing this opulence, one would never believe it. The grandeur of this event speaks volumes."

A portly gentleman nodded in agreement. "Indeed, the royal coffers must still be deep. Look at the splendor around us. This is not the display of a kingdom in decline."

Nearby, a group of ladies-in-waiting giggled behind their fans, casting glances at the formidable figures milling about. "Did you see the diamonds on Lady Marigold's necklace? They must be worth a king's ransom," one whispered.

"Indeed," replied another, her eyes wide with awe. "And I heard that King Cobra has spared no expense for the festivities. The finest wines, the most exquisite dishes... nothing but the best for his only daughter's wedding."

Bege's gaze sharpened as he observed the mingling guests. King Cobra held court in the VVIP area, his robust laughter mingling with the clinking of crystal glasses. His eyes, though, betrayed the shrewd mind behind the genial façade. It was an event to prove the stability of his reign, to prove wrong the rumors. Not far off, King Wapol indulged himself at a lavish banquet table, his appetite legendary and insatiable.

Yet, among the noble faces, there were also surprises. Three of the Underworld emperors had made their appearance. Stussy, with a stylish hat and an enigmatic smile; Morgans, towering and his beak ever-hungry for news; and Giberson. Their presence underscored the significance of this union, a marriage that bridged the world of pirates and the World Government - well, between a Warlord and a Princess.

Bege's attention was drawn to Vinsmoke Judge, imposing and stern, flanked by one of his sons and his daughter. Their presence was unexpected but not entirely surprising. The Vinsmokes were royalty, and Bege had seen the national accounts; their commercial exchanges with Alabasta were substantial, making them indispensable allies. Next to him, Prince Fukaboshi of Fishman Island, with his two guards, moved with an air of quiet dignity. His presence had caused a stir.

However, it was the scene unfolding before him that commanded Bege's full attention. Admiral Kizaru and Doflamingo stood in a tense standoff, their eyes locked in a silent duel of dominance. Kizaru's lazy demeanor masked his deadliness, while Doflamingo's smile was a sharp blade. The air literally crackled with tension, and Bege felt a sudden weakness in his knees. Despite his rugged exterior and hardened demeanor, the sheer power radiating from the two combatants was enough to make even him falter.

“Sirs...” he stammered, trying to find his voice amidst the oppressive atmosphere.

To his immense relief, the air around him seemed to shift and cool. A shadow flickered at the edge of his vision, and Moria materialized beside him with a flourish, his presence commanding and undeniable. He was all smiles and courtesy, his demeanor a stark contrast to the electric hostility that had gripped the gardens.

“Gentlemen,” Moria greeted warmly, his voice smooth and inviting. “What a pleasure it is to see you both here. Such esteemed guests at this joyous occasion truly honor us.”

30th March 1522

Skypeia

Enel had never encountered such fervent veneration in all his days. The green-haired creature—a human with talons for hands and wings in place of arms—had appeared, plummeting from the heavens into the periphery of his Haki field. Intrigued, he descended from his lofty perch to inspect this curiosity. Her mind, a swirling tempest of unwavering devotion, was nearly unsettling in its intensity. As he approached, the creature prostrated herself before him, her wings spread wide in supplication, her eyes filled with an adoration that Enel found both amusing and gratifying. He, the only god, deserved nothing less than such profound reverence from his followers.

The creature crawled toward him, her every movement a testament to her worship. She reached his feet, her hands—those peculiar talons—trembling as they touched his divine form. Enel felt no malice, no deceit within her; only a raw, unadulterated devotion. He allowed her this proximity, reveling in the affirmation of his godhood. But in a swift motion, she lunged. How? How could he not have perceived that through his Mantra? Shackles, crafted from a strange, ominous stone, clamped around his ankles. A sickening wave of weakness surged through him. Enel, for the first time in his life, felt something akin to panic. His connection to his divine powers was severed; the familiar hum of electricity within him silenced.

Rage and fear mingled in his eyes as he raised his staff, intending to smite the treacherous creature. But his attack passed through her as she transformed, her body becoming an ethereal, strange white solid mist. He swung again, but his staff met only the biting cold of her new form. Enel staggered, his breath visible in the frigid air, and for the first time, the god of Skypeia felt a chill of mortal dread.

As he struggled, Enel saw her eyes go from their crimson hue to a more normal brown. Diving into her mind, he glimpsed an image. The vision of himself, once radiant and divine, flickered and morphed into the form of a strange, tall, very pale monster. This grotesque figure loomed in her thoughts, supplanting his once-glorious visage as the objects of her intense devotion. How...How could Haki fail him? In that horrifying moment, the white mist that was Monet surged around him, enveloping him completely. The cold was like nothing he had ever experienced, piercing to his very core. The god of Skypeia was engulfed by a relentless, bone-chilling frost.

A few seconds later, Enel passed out, as he felt entering from above his Mantra field...Were those the souls of dead people?

In the nearest city, the massacre began.

30th March 1522

Alabasta

Moria materialized at the edge of the grand gardens. As he stepped fully into the light, he exchanged a brief, silent communication with one of the Shadows attached to Capone Bege. Receiving the mental image, he swore under his breath, his voice a guttural growl. “The fuckers! What assholes! Can’t I have some peace for a day?”. He moved quickly to the entrance, and appeared behind Bege.

Before him stood Doflamingo, with his perpetual smirk, and fucking Borsalino. Their presence at the wedding set his nerves on edge. Steeling himself, Moria adopted a warm smile and approached them with an air of practiced grace.

“Gentlemen,” he greeted smoothly, his voice rich and inviting. “What a pleasure it is to see you both here. Such esteemed guests at this joyous occasion truly honor us.”

Doflamingo’s grin widened, a flash of white teeth under the glaring sun. “Well, well, Moria,” he drawled, his tone dripping with amusement. “You almost look human today. What’s your secret? A new diet, perhaps?”

Kizaru’s slow drawl followed, his voice carrying a strange, almost eerie resonance. “Ooooh! Nice! Looking, I mean. Not the joke. Well...It was fun”

[Borsalino]

Class: Marine

Job: Admiral Kizaru, the Yellow Monkey

Fruit : Pika Pika no Mi

Dourikis: 22 152

Potential: SSS

Fate: S

The words were stretched out in a manner that seemed almost stupid. Moria forced himself to maintain his genial façade, though his mind raced. He knew better than to underestimate Kizaru. The man’s seemingly languid demeanor concealed a mind that operated at light speed, processing information and potential threats faster than anyone Moria had ever encountered. If not for his peculiar personality, Kizaru would undoubtedly be the successor to Sengoku as Fleet Admiral.

“Ah, Doflamingo,” Moria responded with a chuckle that masked his irritation. “It’s all about good company and fine events such as this one. The happiness of a union can do wonders for one’s appearance.”

He turned to Kizaru, his eyes narrowing slightly as he assessed the Admiral. “And Admiral Kizaru, it is an honor. Your presence adds a certain... brilliance to the occasion.”

Kizaru’s eyes half-laughed. “Just here to enjoy the festivities, Moria,” he replied, his tone light yet carrying a hidden weight.

Moria nodded, sensing the undercurrents of tension still simmering beneath the surface. “Indeed, let’s all enjoy this beautiful day.”

Kizaru’s expression remained inscrutable as he shifted slightly, a lazy drawl seeping into his words. “Ah yes, just one thing.” He paused, his gaze locking onto Moria with a hint of lethality. “I won’t stay for long. I’m only here to check that the wedding proceeds smoothly. You know, the Nefertari family is quite important to the World Government. The Five Elders themselves asked me to ensure that both King Cobra and Princess Vivi are here willingly, that they weren’t coerced into this union. So, if you did anything to force them, Moria... well, you understand. It wouldn’t end well for you. And by that, I mean that you will be tortured before being executed.”

Doflamingo let out a sharp laugh, the sound slicing through the tension like a knife. His amusement was palpable, a cruel mockery of the situation.

Before Moria could respond, Kizaru’s form began to shimmer, his body dissolving into particles of light. In an instant, he was gone, leaving a faint trail of luminescence in his wake.

Chapter 39

30th March 1522

Alabasta

Vivi sat alone in her boudoir, the day of her marriage finally upon her. The room was bathed in the soft glow of morning light filtering through the intricately carved wooden shutters. The distant hum of the gathering guests reached her ears, a reminder of the ceremony that awaited her. As per tradition, she was not to appear in public until the wedding itself, leaving her secluded from the opulent cocktail party outside. The air was filled with the scent of blooming jasmine, mingling with the aroma of freshly polished wood and the faint hint of incense.

She stood before an ornate mirror, her wide blue eyes filled with a mixture of anticipation and trepidation. She had finally chosen the fourth design, the simplest for her wedding dress. The gown was crafted from the finest white linen, exuding a quiet elegance that aligned perfectly with tradition. The robe, modest in front and back, was designed like a large sheet of fabric, open at the sides, revealing tantalizing glimpses of her tanned skin and the curves of her breasts. The high neckline and flowing sleeves added to its conservative allure, while the soft, slightly sheer linen hinted at her natural form beneath, draping gracefully over her gentle curves.

Her hair, styled in a melon cut with soft bangs framing her face, shimmered like spun silk in the light. A simple crown of gold rested atop her head, its delicate filigree work catching the light and casting intricate patterns on the walls. Around her neck lay a single, resplendent diamond necklace, the gem sparkling with an inner fire that mirrored the light in her eyes. Golden bands encircled her upper arms, their metallic sheen contrasting with the soft, creamy texture of her skin.

Vivi's beauty was reminiscent of a siren, the mythical enchantress whose allure was said to be irresistible. Her deep blue eyes, framed by dark lashes, held a depth of emotion. They were eyes that had seen much, endured much, and yet remained hopeful. Her lips, soft and full, were slightly parted as she breathed in deeply, trying to calm the fluttering of her heart.

She traced a finger along the delicate embroidery of her gown, the intricate patterns a testament to the skilled artisans of Alabasta. As she stared at her reflection, a blush crept up her cheeks. Would Moria find her cute? A beauty? Sexy? The thought sent a thrill through her, quickly followed by a wave of embarrassment. Tonight would be their wedding night, a night she had secretly longed for. The image of Moria, his commanding presence and enigmatic smile, filled her mind. She wondered what it would be like, his touch, his kiss, the way his hands would feel against her skin.

Her thoughts drifted to more intimate imaginings, and her blush deepened. She envisioned him making love to her, the way he would undress her, the feel of his lips tracing a path along her neck, his hands exploring the curves of her body. The thought of their bodies entwined, of becoming one with him, sent a shiver down her spine. She averted her gaze from the mirror, trying to regain her composure. The very idea of their wedding night was both terrifying and exhilarating, a step into the unknown that she desired.

"Princess Vivi, everything is ready. Is there anything you need?" one of her maids asked, bowing respectfully as she entered the room.

Vivi smiled, a radiant, heart-stopping smile that seemed to light up the room. "No, thank you. I'm ready."

She turned back to the window, inhaling the fragrant air deeply, the scents of blooming jasmine and distant festivities mingling in a heady mix. Humming softly to herself, she allowed a moment of tranquility to wash over her.

"Princess Vivi."

She jumped, a startled scream escaping her lips as she knocked over a delicate vase, which shattered on the floor. Spinning around, she found herself face-to-face with a very tall man in a yellow suit, his eyes hidden behind dark sunglasses.

At her scream, the maid rushed back in. "You...! Who are you? You have no right to be here!"

Pell, her royal guard, burst into the room instantly, his hand on the hilt of his sword. He paused, his tension easing slightly when he saw the intruder. "Admiral Kizaru," he said, recognizing the high-ranking Marine. Turning to Vivi, he explained, "Princess, this is Admiral Kizaru. He is a high-ranking Marine officer."

Pell then faced Kizaru again, his tone respectful but firm. “Admiral, with all due respect, you are not authorized to see the bride before the marriage. And certainly not to surprise her in this manner. If the Marines wish to request an audience, they must follow the proper channels.”

Kizaru drawled lazily, “Ohhh...” His voice trailed off as he regarded Vivi with a curious look. “Princess Vivi, I need to ask you something important. Is Moria coercing you in any way? If he is, you can tell me. I can deal with him right now. You have nothing to fear.”

A surge of anger welled up in Vivi at his words. She straightened, her eyes flashing with defiance. “Admiral Kizaru,” she began, her voice formal and unwavering, “I assure you, this marriage is my choice. Gecko Moria has shown me nothing but respect and kindness. He is a remarkable man, and I have willingly chosen to marry him, as my Father choose to marry my mother. Your insinuation that I could be coerced into such a decision is deeply offensive, not only to me but to the honor of my family and to Gecko Moria.”

She took a step forward, her voice growing even more firm. “As a princess of Alabasta, I expect the same respect and deference from the Marines as any royal figure. If you have concerns or need to address matters of state, you will do so through proper channels, not by barging into my chambers unannounced.”

Kizaru blinked behind his sunglasses, taken aback by her intensity. “Ohhh... I see,” he murmured. “Just ensuring everything is as it should be.”

Vivi’s eyes narrowed. “It is. Now, if you’ll excuse me, Admiral, I have a wedding to prepare for.”

Pell stepped forward, guiding Kizaru out of the room. As the door closed behind them, Vivi took a deep breath, her heart still pounding. She glanced at herself in the mirror, her thoughts once again drifting to Moria. Would he find her beautiful, even desirable? The thought made her blush, her mind racing with the possibilities of their wedding night. But for now, she focused on the present, determined to face the challenges ahead with grace and strength.

30th March 1522

Skypeia

"Fuck!" she muttered, frustration palpable.

Selena stood resolute in her heavy, rubber-reinforced armor before the Necrosphinx, gazing at the frozen corpse of Enel. They had crafted elaborate contingency plans, and even contingencies upon those contingencies, anticipating a protracted battle against one of the most potent Devil Fruit users in existence. Yet, all those preparations seemed superfluous now, redundant in the face of a single successful gambit by Isabella and Nami's mind-fucking Monet, and sending the logia to fight someone without armament Haki.

"Fucking bitch...". She had envisioned herself at the forefront of the confrontation, her new axe glinting ominously at her side, untouched and untested. How was she to be scratched behind the ears by Moria if she did not fight! Instead, she was left standing victorious but unfulfilled, the thrill of battle denied by the unforeseen success of a simpler, more elegant plan—and that had seemed fucking stupid. Which Haki users were so dependent on it? So arrogant? And she had not even been able to test her new battle axe! "Fuck!" she growled.

Selena turned away with a sigh, her armor clinking softly. In the distance, Absalom surveyed the scene with a satisfied smile. Moria's order had already been fulfilled. There would be other battles, other opportunities to test her mettle. For now, they had won, and that was enough.

But at least... Before her, the golden city of Skypeia shimmered in the waning light, a breathtaking spectacle of opulence. Golden spires reached towards the heavens, their surfaces gleaming with the reflected glow of countless treasures. Streets paved with gold wound through the city like rivers of molten sunlight, and the walls of buildings sparkled with encrusted gems and precious metals. Statues of ancient gods, cast in pure gold, stood sentinel over the city, their cold, indifferent gazes fixed upon the horizon.

In the distance, she heard the faint, desperate screams of the Skypieans as the massacre began, but she did not care. There was so much gold! Moria would be so happy with so many riches. She could almost feel the comforting scratch behind her ears that he always gave when she pleased him. Yes, there would be other battles, but for now, the spoils of victory lay before her, and that was would be more than enough to satisfy her boss.

30th March 1522

Alabasta

Through the soldier hidden in Vivi's shadow, Gecko Moria listened intently. Ah! Take that, Borsalino! She really was a good girl... The sound of Admiral Borsalino's drawl faded into the distance as the Marine left the palace grounds. Perfect. With Kizaru gone, his only remaining concern was the other Warlord.

Turning to Doflamingo, Moria said, "I must attend to my guests. Enjoy the festivities."

Doflamingo's grin sharpened "Of course, Moria. Don't let me keep you from your...duties."

Seizing the opportunity, Moria summoned three Shadow Soldier Assassins. He ordered them mentally, and they silently melted into Doflamingo's shadow, unseen and undetectable. He guessed the other Warlord had not learnt yet for the disparition of Caesar...Or else, he wouldn't be here. Adjusting his coat, Moria strode toward the gardens. Sunlight filtered through the ornate arches. The murmur of conversations and clinking glasses grew louder. The moment he stepped into view, the crowd hushed, then erupted in recognition and admiration. Nobles and dignitaries turned toward him, faces lighting up with smiles and nods of approval. His towering height and broad frame commanded attention.

"Lord Moria... Well, Prince Moria!" a duchess called, her gown shimmering as she approached with a graceful curtsy, a cocktail glass delicately held in her hand. "Congratulations on your wedding. Princess Vivi is truly a vision."

Moria inclined his head, his smile courteous. "Thank you, Duchess. Your kind words honor us both."

A baron from a neighboring kingdom, his mustache meticulously twirled, extended a firm handshake, his other hand holding a glass of fine wine. "This union strengthens not just Alabasta, but the entire region. A commendable alliance."

"Indeed," Moria replied, his grip strong and steady. "A step toward greater stability and prosperity for all our lands."

Main Quest [A Court, a Kingdom and a Champion]

[A Court] : 9/10 → 10/10

Subquest completed !

[A Court] - 10/10

Nami: 2,922 Dourikis
Selena Whitefang: 2,691 Dourikis
Roronoa Zoro: 2,311 Dourikis
Caesar Clown: 2,154 Dourikis
Monet: 2,035 Dourikis
Trafalgar D. Water Law: 1,800 Dourikis
Absalom: 1,396 Dourikis
Lily Perona: 1,266 Dourikis
Isabella von Carstein: 1,023 Dourikis
Daz Bones: 1,000 Dourikis

Moria smiled as more guests approached, their congratulations and well-wishes flowing like a river. He responded with practiced ease, blending courteous charm with reserved authority. Each interaction was meticulously polite, the epitome of bourgeois etiquette, accompanied by the soft clinking of crystal glasses and the gentle hum of refined conversation.

30th March 1522
Skypeia

The sun casted a golden glow over the cloud-soft beach of Skypeia, where Pagaya and his daughter, Conis, played. The billowing, cotton-like clouds felt like pillows beneath their feet as they ran along the shoreline, their laughter mingling with the gentle whisper of the breeze through the towering wisteria trees. Conis, with her flaxen hair catching the sunlight, twirled and spun, her giggles a melody of innocence and joy. Pagaya watched her with a tender smile, his heart swelling with love and pride. This was their sanctuary, a place where the world's troubles seemed to vanish beneath the endless blue sky.

Suddenly, from the sea of clouds above, three monstrous figures descended, their forms emerging from the darkness like nightmarish phantoms. They were serpentine in shape, their bodies undulating with a sinister grace. Each was adorned with bone and stone, a grotesque amalgamation of skeletal remains and ancient, enchanted rock. Their heads, crowned with fanged maws and hollow, glowing eyes, evoked an aura of death and decay that sent a shiver down Pagaya's spine.

"Whaaa..."

Conis clung to her father's leg, her small body trembling as the first of the creatures landed with a thud, sending ripples through the cloud-ground. The second and third followed, their eyes scanning the landscape with an unearthly intelligence. Pagaya's heart pounded in his chest as he took a step back, shielding Conis with his body.

"Stay behind me, Conis," he whispered, his voice shaking.

The creatures moved with a predatory elegance, their bodies coiling and uncoiling as they advanced. One of them fixed its glowing gaze on Pagaya, and he felt a cold dread seep into his bones. He reached for the only weapon he had—a simple, ornate staff—but he knew it would be futile against such horrors. With a sudden, terrifying speed, the first creature lunged. Pagaya swung his staff, but the beast was too quick. Its fangs sank into his shoulder, and he screamed in agony as the other two closed in. Blood splattered onto the cloud-ground, staining the pristine white with crimson. Conis's screams joined her father's, high-pitched and heart-wrenching.

"Run, Conis! Run!" Pagaya managed to choke out, but it was too late.

One of the beasts, moving with a speed that belied its size, caught Conis in its coils.

30th March 1522
Alabasta

"Lord Moria," an elderly countess said, her eyes gleaming with curiosity as she sipped from a champagne flute. "You must be very pleased with today's proceedings."

"Absolutely, Countess," Moria responded, his smile concealing his inner machinations. "It is a day of great joy and significance."

The crowd continued to gather around him, voices buzzing with excitement and admiration. Moria navigated the sea of guests with the grace of a seasoned diplomat. Fuck. He was...good at that? Who knew?

The Shandians gathered around their campfires, celebrating a rare moment of peace with feasting and song. The air was filled with the savory aroma of roasting meat and the hearty laughter of warriors. Children

played games under the watchful eyes of their elders. The Shandians, with their long braids and fierce tattoos, embraced the festive spirit.

Suddenly, an unnatural screech tore through the air. Dark shapes descended from the sky, monstrous and otherworldly, landing with thunderous impact. The festive atmosphere turned to stunned silence. The creatures, forged of stone and with gem-like eyes, advanced with chilling synchronization. The Shandians roared into action, activating their Dials and raising shields. The air filled with the clash of power against stone and the screams of the dying.

Wyper, a veteran warrior, charged with a Flame Dial, unleashing a torrent of fire. He shattered a creature's wing, but more monsters took its place. The Shandians fought valiantly, but the beasts were relentless. Warriors were torn apart, their bodies littering the camp.

From the shadows, knights of pure darkness emerged, their spectral forms gliding silently. Wyper's heart pounded as he attacked with a Thunder Dial, the electrical surge causing a shadow creature to recoil before regenerating. A warrior unleashed a blast of wind from a Breath Dial, scattering monsters, but they regrouped. The relentless attacks left no room for rest. Exhausted, the Shandians fought on, driven only by sheer determination.

As dawn approached, the camp was a scene of horror, filled with mutilated bodies. Wyper, bloodied but unbroken, activated a Flash Dial, blinding the enemies for a moment. But the reprieve was short-lived. A shadow spear pierced his chest, cold energy spreading through him.

Wyper fell to his knees, watching his comrades fall. The shadow knights and stone monsters closed in, their victory complete. The dawn broke over a silent, desolate battlefield. The monsters faded into the shadows, leaving only death and destruction. The Shandians had fought bravely, but in the end, they were all lost to the darkness.

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Chapter 40

30th March 1522

Alabasta

The high-vaulted ceilings, awash in deep lapis lazuli, sparkled with golden stars that mirrored the night sky. Rich tapestries in hues of turquoise, amber, and gold adorned the walls, depicting scenes of desert landscapes and mythical creatures that shimmered in the flickering torchlight, casting dancing shadows across the assembly. The air was thick with the intoxicating scent of blooming lotus and sandalwood incense, mingling with the earthy fragrance of aged stone and the faint, metallic tang of ceremonial armor.

Rows of guests filled the hall, a resplendent sea of linen and silk, jewels and precious stones, each individual a living testament to the grandeur of Alabasta. Aristocrats and dignitaries, their robes embroidered with symbols of power and prosperity, whispered amongst themselves, their conversations a soft murmur reverberating off the ancient stone walls.

At the far end of the hall, elevated on a dais, stood the Priest of Nika and the old gods. His robe, a deep indigo adorned with golden ankhs and symbols of forgotten deities, marked him as a relic of a bygone era. His eyes, sharp and knowing, scanned the room before he began to speak.

"Honored guests," he intoned, his voice resonating through the hall, silencing the guests. "We gather here to witness the union of Princess Nefertari Vivi and Warlord Gecko Moria, a union that promises to bring strength and prosperity to our land."

Spontaneously—well, apparently—the guests from Alabasta cheered and clapped to show their appreciation of the union. The sound swelled through the hall, a wave of approval and hope. Beyond the palace, the ceremony was projected onto the main cities of Alabasta through Den Den Mushi, the snails transmitting the scene to the farthest reaches of the kingdom. Ordinary citizens, who had seen their thirst quenched and bellies filled by Moria and his men, cheered in appreciation, their voices rising in a collective exultation that echoed through the streets and alleyways.

The priest continued, his voice cutting through the joyous noise, drawing the room's attention back to the ceremony. "In this union, we see the convergence of two powerful lineages, two souls brought together by destiny and purpose."

Standing before him, with his back to the guests, was Gecko Moria. Moria's shoulders were broad and strong, his posture regal. The high collar of his tunic framed his face, drawing attention to his aristocratic features. His skin was pale, almost ethereal, a stark contrast to the richness of his attire. His hair, a deep ebony, was neatly tied back, emphasizing the sharp lines of his jaw and the intensity of his gaze. His eyes, dark and piercing, held a depth of emotion that belied his stoic expression. He wore traditional garb inspired by the ancients—an elegant tunic of the finest white linen, embroidered with intricate patterns of gold and silver that told stories of valor and eternity. A wide, gem-studded belt cinched his waist, from which hung a ceremonial scimitar, its hilt encrusted with precious stones and its blade etched with symbols of protection and power. This was the very attire worn by King Cobra at his own wedding, adding a deep layer of symbolism.

The hall fell silent once more as the priest raised his hands, calling for quiet. "Let us honor this moment and the promises it holds. May this union be blessed by the old gods, and may it bring forth a new era of peace and prosperity for Alabasta."

As he spoke, the guests remained enraptured by the sight of Gecko Moria, their future ruler by marriage, a man who had already shown his strength and benevolence to their land. The weight of the occasion settled upon them, binding them in shared hope and anticipation for the future that this union symbolized.

"And by this union," the priest continued, his voice echoing through the grand hall, "Gecko Moria shall be crowned Prince of Alabasta."

A wave of cheers erupted from the assembly, a joyous clamor that filled the hall. As the applause subsided, a profound silence followed. The strains of traditional wedding music began to fill the air, a harmonious blend of strings and percussions. The rhythmic beats of the doumbek mingled with the haunting melodies of the ney. The grand doors of the hall slowly opened, revealing King Cobra, regal in his ceremonial attire. His robes, woven from the finest silks, were adorned with intricate patterns of gold and turquoise. His crown, a symbol of his sovereignty, glimmered in the light. His face, though marked with the lines of age and wisdom, held a look of pride and solemnity.

At his arm was Princess Vivi, the bride. She was a vision of grace and beauty, her wedding dress a masterpiece of elegance. The gown, crafted from the finest white linen, featured intricate gold embroidery that highlighted her regal bearing. Her azure hair, styled meticulously, shimmered like a cascade of blue silk, adorned with delicate jewels that caught the light with every step. Her wide, expressive eyes, a deep cerulean, held a blend of timidity and eager anticipation, reflecting the weight of the moment and the promise of the future.

Vivi's cheeks were flushed with a soft blush, her lips slightly parted as she took in the grandeur of the hall and the eyes upon her. Her slender neck was adorned with a simple yet elegant necklace, drawing attention to her delicate collarbones. The gown's fitted bodice accentuated her graceful figure, while the flowing skirt swayed with each step, adding to her ethereal presence.

Together, they advanced down the aisle, their steps synchronized with the rhythm of the music. The guests watched in silent admiration, their eyes following the father and daughter as they made their way towards the groom. King Cobra's grip on Vivi's arm was firm yet gentle, guiding her with the dignity befitting a princess, his own pride and emotion evident in the way he carried himself.

As they reached the dais, King Cobra paused, his eyes meeting Moria's. Gecko Moria smiled at Vivi, a smile that was both reassuring and warm. Vivi's heart fluttered, and she felt herself melt under his gaze. The priest, momentarily distracted, found himself lost in the red eyes of one of the bridesmaids. Her gaze was piercing and mesmerizing, almost hypnotic. Beside her, the orange-haired bridesmaid smiled, her lips curving into a knowing expression as she softly sang a slow, guttural melody under her breath, a hauntingly beautiful counterpoint to the ceremony.

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30th March 1522

Skypeia

Gan Fall had smelt the smoke before hearing the screams. The acrid scent, sharp and suffocating, snaked through the serene air of Skypeia. As he soared above the treetops on Pierre, his trusty steed, the horizon darkened with billowing clouds of ash. His heart quickened its pace. The cries of panic and despair, muffled by the distance, soon reached his ears, urging him to descend toward the city center.

To his horror, everything was burning. The once-vibrant streets were now engulfed in a hellish inferno. Amidst the chaotic tapestry of flames and shadows, monstrous figures loomed—stone titans with the faces of animals. Their bodies, etched with ancient hieroglyphs, dripped with blood and gore, chunks of flesh clinging to their massive weapons. The snarling jackal-headed beast swung its blade, severing limbs with sickening ease, while a falcon-headed titan crushed skulls underfoot, their beaks stained crimson. The crocodile-faced horror, its maw open in a perpetual, silent roar, flung corpses aside like ragdolls.

Gan Fall's resolve solidified as he prepared to strike the stone titans ravaging his city. But before he could move, a colossal dragon of shadows erupted from the darkness. The beast lunged, its maw a nightmare of jagged obsidian teeth dripping with blood. With terrifying speed, it clamped down on Gan Fall, severing his arm in a burst of blood and searing pain.

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30th March 1522

Alabasta

Vivi took Moria's hand in hers, the connection sending a warm thrill through her. Moria gently ran a finger along her palm, the subtle touch sending shivers down her spine. Her hand fit perfectly in his.

The priest, recovering from his momentary distraction, began the ancient rites. "By the old gods and the news, we witness the joining of Princess Nefertari Vivi and Warlord Gecko Moria. May their union be blessed and bring forth an era of peace and prosperity."

Moria and Vivi turned to face each other, their hands still intertwined. With a deep, resonant voice, Moria began his vows. "Nefertari Vivi, I vow to stand by your side, to protect and cherish you, and to bring strength and prosperity to Alabasta. In unity, we will face the future together."

Vivi's eyes shimmered with emotion as she responded, her voice soft yet resolute. "Gecko Moria, I promise to support and honor you, to walk beside you through all challenges, and to share in the joys and burdens of our people. Together, we will build a future of peace and prosperity."

Moria reached into a small, ornately decorated box and took out a ring. It glimmered with an almost ethereal light, the gold band intricately forged and enchanted. Unbeknownst to her, the ring contained a mix of their blood and had been crafted by Nami. As she accepted it, it minded Vivi to Moria in ways she could not imagine. He slid the ring onto her finger, and as the metal met her skin, she felt a faint warmth spread through her hand. He smiled.

King Cobra stepped forward, his face a mixture of pride and solemnity. "My son," he proclaimed, placing a richly adorned crown upon Moria's head. The crown glinted in the torchlight, a symbol of his new status and the responsibilities that came with it.

"With this crown, I name you Prince of Alabasta. May you rule with wisdom and strength, and may your union bring prosperity to our land."

The hall erupted in applause, the sound filling the grand space. The guests cheered with fervor, their voices a cacophony of joy and approval. Outside the palace, the projections of the ceremony were broadcast to the main cities of Alabasta through Den Den Mushi. As the image of Moria being crowned appeared, a wave of cheers and applause erupted from the crowds. Moria, feeling through his Haki Doflamingo growing bored, saw him leave with his devil fruit's power. He snorted : the amusement Doflamingo had hoped for - him

being destroyed by the marine sent to check whether he had coerced Vivi into the marriage - definitely would not happen.

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30th March 1522

Skypeia

The priests of Enel, their once cruel faces now contorted with terror, looked up as the sky darkened. From the heavens, the monstrous constructs dropped like vengeful deities, their stone bodies crashing into the ground with bone-rattling force. Satori, his usual smugness replaced by dread, swung his staff desperately at a descending jackal-headed behemoth. The staff shattered on impact, and the beast's massive blade followed through, cleaving Satori in two. Panic spread as the priests realized their Mantra, their trusted ability to read thoughts and anticipate attacks, was useless against these soulless constructs. Blood sprayed across the ground.

"Enel, save us!" Shura screamed, his voice cracking with desperation as a falcon-headed titan descended upon him. He tried to ensnare the beast with his wires, but its stone wings sliced through them effortlessly. In a swift, brutal motion, the titan's claws tore into Shura's flesh, ripping him apart. His blood splattered across the battlefield, mingling with the dust and debris. Gedatsu, eyes wide with fear, summoned his swamp traps in a frantic attempt to slow the relentless advance of a crocodile-faced horror. "God Enel, protect us!" he cried, but the beast's stone jaws clamped around Gedatsu's torso, crushing bone and flesh with sickening ease. His screams were abruptly silenced, drowned by the gurgle of blood filling his throat.

Ohm, the last standing priest, fought valiantly with his iron ordeal, managing to destroy one of the statues with a powerful strike. But even his formidable swordsmanship was no match for the relentless onslaught. A lion-headed construct dropped from above, its massive hammer crashing down and catching Ohm in the chest, sending him flying. He landed in a broken heap, his life's blood pooling beneath him as his breaths grew shallow. Around him, the constructs continued their merciless massacre, indifferent to the priests' once-vaunted powers. The air grew thick with the scent of blood and the echo of dying screams.

"Enel, where are you?" Ohm whispered, his voice barely audible. The silence that answered was deafening, the dawning realization of their god's impotence or indifference sinking into his soul. As he passed away, his shadow was absorbed by the statue's shadow. With his last breath, he uttered a bitter realization, "We prayed to the wrong god."

Chapter 41

Marble pillars adorned with intricate carvings of mythological tales rose majestically towards a ceiling painted with gilded frescoes, capturing scenes of Alabasta's past glories. Crystal chandeliers hung like clusters of frozen stars, casting a soft, prismatic light that danced across the assembly. The walls were draped with rich tapestries, their deep emerald and sapphire hues glistening like the sea under the midday sun. At the head of the grand banquet table, Prince Moria sat beside Princess Vivi. The table itself, a masterpiece of polished alabaster inlaid with gold and precious stones, groaned under the weight of a lavish feast. Platters overflowed with succulent meats, exotic fruits, and desserts that seemed more like edible works of art.

King Cobra rose, lifting his golden goblet high, and the room hushed, a palpable anticipation settling over the guests. His voice, resonant and authoritative, filled the space. "To the future of Alabasta," he proclaimed, his eyes shimmering with paternal pride. "To my beloved daughter, Princess Vivi, and to her chosen consort, Gecko Moria, our new Crown Prince. May their union bring strength and prosperity to our land, and may their reign be blessed with wisdom and peace."

The guests, a glittering array of silks and jewels, raised their glasses in unison. Moria turned to Vivi, who gazed at him with eyes full of love and hope. Her wide blue eyes sparkled with emotion, framed by dark lashes that fluttered like butterfly wings. Her honey-gold skin glowed softly, and her lips, a delicate rose, curved in a tender smile. The golden crown atop her head caught the light, casting a radiant halo around her

Moria's outward expression was one of serene contentment, his lips curved in a benign smile as he scanned the assembly. Inside, however, his thoughts were laced with contempt. Fucking nobles. Parasites draped in their silks and satins, fattened on the labor of others. They knew nothing of true suffering, of pain and hardship. Weaklings, every last one of them. One day, he would put them through his sword. When they would no longer be needed. When he was strong enough to take on Doflamingo. Kizaru. Kaido. But now...

As the king's speech concluded, Moria rose to his feet, lifting his goblet in acknowledgment.

"Friends, esteemed guests," he began, his voice smooth and commanding. "I stand before you, honored and humbled by the trust and love you have shown. Together, Princess Vivi and I will strive to elevate this great land to new heights of glory."

He paused, his gaze softening as he turned to Vivi. "I must also acknowledge my incredible fortune. Not only am I blessed with the honor of becoming Crown Prince, but I am also fortunate to have such a beautiful and kind-hearted wife by my side." He chuckled lightly, a sound that carried warmth and sincerity. "I often wonder what deeds I performed in a past life to deserve such a treasure."

Vivi's cheeks reddened, her eyes lowering in modesty, and the room filled with gentle laughter and applause. Moria raised his goblet high. "To Alabasta," he declared, his voice ringing with a triumphant clarity. "To its enduring greatness and the bright future that lies ahead."

The hall erupted into cheers for the Prince, the sound echoing off the marble pillars and gilded ceilings. Moria may have been crowned the Crown Prince, but he was already the true king of Alabasta. Cobra was nothing more than a puppet, manipulated by Isabella's and Nami's powers, with a Shadow Soldier always lurking in his shadow as an added measure. Through the vast network of Baroque Works - and all the estate of Crocodile he had taken over, Moria controlled the economy, orchestrating the kingdom's prosperity from the shadows. It was his guidance that ensured Alabasta's stability. No, truly, Moria was the true King of Alabasta.

He observed the sea of faces before him, noting the eager, sycophantic smiles, the eyes glittering with envy and admiration. How could they be so...naive? He was a fucking Warlord! His nefarious deeds had been on the news more than once! He had pillaged some of their towns, burned their ships and killed thousands of their citizens!! And he did not even use Isabella's power...How could they be so...so...

Main Quest 1

[A King without a Crown]

How can you be a Pirate King if you are not even a King?

Take control of the Kingdom of Alabasta

Completed !

30th March 1522

Skypeia

A young woman, her eyes wide with terror, clutched her infant tightly to her chest as she darted through the burning streets. She tripped, gasping for breath, only to find herself face-to-face with a jackal-headed titan. creature's massive blade sliced through the air, cleaving her in two. Her blood splattered across the cobblestones, mingling with the ash, and her shadow was drawn into the dark figure that ended her life.

30th March 1522

Alabasta

A long, elaborately set table groaned under the weight of a feast fit for kings, with succulent roasted meats, exotic fruits, and delicacies from every corner of the kingdom. Nobles, reclining in plush chairs, traded stories of their wealth with a mixture of pride and indifference.

"Lord Farnham's new estate cost him a fortune," boasted one baron, his mouth full of truffle-stuffed pheasant.

"Ah, but worth it to keep the peasants off prime land," his companion replied, laughing as he sipped from a crystal goblet.

Nearby, a cluster of sycophantic nobles raised their glasses to Moria, their voices dripping with false admiration. "To our new Prince! May his reign be long and prosperous!" they chorused, their eyes gleaming with opportunistic fervor.

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30th March 1522

Skypeia

An elderly man, his body frail and bent with the weight of years, hobbled towards his modest home, the only sanctuary he had ever known. The ground shook violently as a falcon-headed horror landed before him, its stone wings spreading wide. The old man raised a trembling hand, as if to plead for mercy from an unhearing god. The titan's claws struck with merciless precision, rending flesh from bone. His blood pooled around him, staining the ground, and as his life ebbed away, his shadow was swallowed by the monstrous entity.

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30th March 1522

Alabasta

On the polished dance floor, couples moved in intricate patterns, their lavish garments swirling like living art. The orchestra played a haunting melody, but the conversations were far from graceful.

"How many families did you displace for your new vineyard?" asked a duke, smirking as he led his partner in a waltz.

"Only five, but it was worth it for the extra profit," she replied, her laugh like crystal breaking.

As they danced, a prince from a neighboring country approached Moria. "Congratulations, Lord Moria," he said, bowing slightly. "Your union with Princess Vivi promises a bright future."

Moria's smile was polite, his eyes cold. "Thank you, Prince Tarquin. Your words honor us."

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30th March 1522

Alabasta

Surrounded by the kingdom's elite, Vivi and Moria sat side by side at the head of the table, cocooned in their own world. The room buzzed with refined conversation and the clinking of crystal glasses, but for Vivi, the opulence blurred into the background. Moria leaned closer, his voice a low, seductive murmur that sent a delicious shiver down her spine. "Tonight, my Princess," he whispered, his breath warm against her ear, "I will make you mine in every conceivable way. I shall explore every contour of your exquisite body, and together we will discover pleasures unknown even in the most vivid of dreams."

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30th March 1522

Skypeia

A small boy, barely old enough to comprehend the devastation around him, wandered aimlessly amidst the chaos, calling out for his mother with a voice choked by sobs. His tiny legs carried him through the inferno, his cries piercing the night. Suddenly, a crocodile-headed titan appeared before him, its maw opening in a silent roar. The boy's scream was cut short as the beast's stone jaws crushed him, the sound of snapping bones mingling with the roar of the flames.

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30th March 1522

Alabasta

Vivi's cheeks flushed a deep crimson, her heart fluttering with a mix of embarrassment and eager anticipation. She tried to focus on the elaborate dishes before her, but her mind was ensnared by the vivid images his words conjured. Her breath hitched, excitement coursing through her veins as she imagined the night to come.

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30th March 1522

Skypeia

Blood and tears mixed on the scorched earth.

— — —

30th March 1522

Alabasta

Wine and laughter mingled in the majestic palace.

Moria smiled as he received a notification : Skypeia had already fallen? Perfect : this Enel had indeed had a B-rank or higher Fate.

Main Quest [A Court, a Kingdom and a Champion]

[A Kingdom] : 1/3→ 2/3

30th March 1522

Amazon Lily

Amazon Lily was a ghostly shell of its former self. The colorful flowers that adorned the streets had withered, and the air was thick with the stench of decay. Women in plague doctor attire, their beaked masks, moved through the empty alleys, tending to the sick and dying. Moans of pain echoed through the streets, a haunting chorus of suffering. The pandemic had overwhelmed them in a few days, and the corpses of the fallen, too numerous to be properly buried, were piled high in spires, awaiting the flames.

Boa Hancock's scream of rage pierced the silence, echoing off the abandoned buildings. Black dots marred her flawless skin, the telltale signs of the contagion that had claimed so many lives. She clawed at the spots in frustration, as if she could tear away the disease that had invaded her body and her home.

Hancock's heart ached with an unbearable grief as she stood over Sandersonia's cold, still form. Someone lit the spires, and they cast an eerie glow over the dying city. Amazon Lily was dying, and there was nothing she could do to save it.

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30th March 1522

Alabasta

Judge Vinsmoke, King of Germa 66, sat with an air of cold detachment, his sharp eyes scanning room. His gaze briefly rested on his son, Niji, who was deeply engaged in conversation with a princess from a neighboring kingdom. Judge felt a flicker of satisfaction. Alliances were the lifeblood of kingdoms, and every connection forged was a step towards greater power and influence. Good. Niji's charisma and charm were proving useful. He was a good tool.

His eyes shifted to the newly crowned Crown Prince of Alabasta, Gecko Moria. The entire situation felt unsettlingly convenient. A Warlord becoming a Crown Prince? The scenario reeked - it was almost a Doflamingo bit. Judge's gaze narrowed as he watched Moria bask in the adulation of the court. The future seemed all too clear: in a few months, news of King Cobra's "natural" demise would spread, leaving Moria as the uncontested ruler. However...maybe not. Cobra's overwhelming praise of his new stepson seemed too was immensely fervent and sincere. Maybe Moria would not even need to take care of him.

Cobra turned to Judge, his eyes alight with fervor. "Isn't he remarkable, King Vinsmoke?" Cobra's voice was filled with genuine admiration. "Moria has brought a new dawn to Alabasta. His strength, his leadership—truly, he is the son I never had."

Judge forced a tight-lipped smile, nodding in agreement. "Indeed, King Cobra. He seems...quite capable."

"More than capable!" Cobra continued, seemingly oblivious to Judge's disinterest. "Moria has transformed our kingdom in such a short time. His strategies, his vision—they are unparalleled. I have full faith that with him as Crown Prince, Alabasta will reach unprecedented heights of glory."

"His accomplishments are impressive," Judge replied, his tone noncommittal. "It is fortunate for Alabasta to have such a leader."

"Fortunate indeed," Cobra agreed, his voice brimming with pride. "I have never seen such dedication and skill. He is a true blessing to us all."

King Cobra's voice was a steady, admiring drone, filled with lavish commendations of Moria's strength and leadership. Judge nodded politely, his mind only half-engaged with the conversation. He was here not for the political spectacle, but for a more clandestine purpose: a private meeting with Moria.

Rumors had long tied Moria to Dr. Hogback, whose medical genius was legendary, but navigating the treacherous waters of the Florian Triangle to reach him was no small feat. He had wanted to meet the doctor for years, but hadn't been able to find him. The potential advancements Hogback could bring to Germa 66's soldiers were too significant to ignore. Judge's eyes flicked back to Moria, who was accepting another round of congratulations with a practiced smile. The wedding was a mere spectacle; the real game was about to begin.

As the grand clock in the hall struck one in the morning, Moria stood up, his imposing figure drawing the attention of the gathered guests. His deep, resonant voice cut through the murmurs and laughter, silencing the room. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, his tone both commanding and courteous, "I wish to thank you all for gracing us with your presence on this most joyous occasion."

The room fell silent, all eyes on the new Crown Prince. "However," Moria continued, "my wife, Princess Vivi, is understandably tired after such a long and eventful day." A few chuckles rippled through the crowd, and a lecherous noble in the back snickered loudly, earning a smirk from those around him.

Moria's gaze sharpened, but he maintained his composure. "As much as we would love to continue celebrating with you all, it is time for us to retire for the night. We will, of course, see you tomorrow morning for the final brunch before the conclusion of this splendid wedding."

He paused, allowing his words to settle over the crowd. "I am deeply honored by your presence and your support. Alabasta stands stronger today because of the bonds we reaffirm and the alliances we forge. Let us continue to work together for a future filled with prosperity and peace."

With that, Moria offered a gracious nod and extended his hand to Vivi, who rose gracefully beside him.

Chapter 42

30th March 1522

Alabasta

NSFW

Vivi was laying on the massive bed of the conjugal chamber, her heart a fluttering bird caught between anticipation and longing. The open-air courtyard was bathed in the soft glow of moonlight, a scene of opulent beauty that seemed almost otherworldly. The bed, draped in diaphanous veils, stood under the vast expanse of the night sky. Stars twinkled above like scattered diamonds, their light casting a soft glow on the courtyard's marble floors. The tall, intricately carved walls provided privacy, their surfaces adorned with delicate mosaics that shimmered in the moonlight. The gentle sound of water trickling from a nearby fountain filled the air, its melody mingling with the fragrant scent of blooming jasmine - her favorite flower, which also the one her mother preferred. She would have been so proud!

Vivi's mind was a whirl of thoughts and emotions. She was eager to please Moria, eager to show him how much she wanted him. But she was also nervous, her shyness battling with her desire. This was her wedding night, the night she would lose her virginity to her husband. Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson at the thought. Her husband. Moria was her husband now, a fact that filled her with a sweet, intoxicating joy. The thought of becoming one with him, of giving herself completely to the man she adored, made her heart race with excitement.

Her face was the epitome of innocence, framed by long, flowing azure hair that shimmered in the moonlight. Her wide, expressive blue eyes were accentuated with a delicate line of kohl. Delicate golden earrings dangled from her ears, catching the light with every movement. Her cheeks were flushed with a natural, rosy hue, and her lips, soft and full, were slightly parted in anticipation. The gentle curve of her neck, adorned with a simple yet elegant necklace, led down to her delicate collarbones, visible through the thin fabric of her babydoll.

For symbolic, she had chosen to wear the same babydoll she had worn when they first met. The garment was a masterpiece of delicate, almost transparent fabric that clung to her curves. The soft blue material, adorned with intricate lace, revealed more than it concealed, teasing the eye with glimpses of her skin beneath. The babydoll's neckline plunged daringly, accentuating the gentle swell of her breasts, while the hem floated just above her thighs, leaving her toned legs bare. Every movement she made caused the fabric to shift, offering fleeting, tantalizing views of her body.

Her body was a vision of erotic beauty, each part like a masterpiece designed to captivate and arouse. Her legs, long and perfectly sculpted, were a testament to her years of adventure and training. The thin, transparent fabric of her babydoll revealed every inch of her toned thighs and the gentle curve of her hips. As she moved, the delicate material clung to her shapely ass, emphasizing its firm, rounded contours. The sheer babydoll teased with each step, lifting and falling to reveal the full, seductive shape of her rear, every movement a tantalizing dance of seduction.

Her chest was a study in raw allure, the nearly invisible fabric showcasing her full, firm breasts. The small gold jewels that capped her nipples glinted seductively, drawing the eye to their hardened peaks. Her collarbones, delicate and defined, led to the smooth expanse of her back, the fabric barely covering her soft, pale skin. The moonlight played upon her shoulders, casting shadows that accentuated the gentle arch of her spine and the slender grace of her neck, making her appear even more desirable.

Her armpits, shaven and smooth, were an intimate revelation, a testament to her meticulous care. The fabric of the babydoll offered only the faintest cover for her most intimate area. Her blue-haired pussy, with its generous, inviting lips, was a tantalizing sight beneath the sheer material. The soft curls of blue hair framed her sex, the delicate folds partially hidden yet boldly displayed through the transparent fabric. The sight of her most intimate area, so openly vulnerable and yet so exquisitely adorned, was enough to drive any man to the edge of madness with primal desire.

A seductive voice whispered into her ear, "Were you waiting for me, my princess?"

Vivi started, realizing she hadn't heard Moria appear. Her heart raced as she turned to see him standing just behind her. The sheer size and presence of him made her knees weak. She leaned into his muscular torso, feeling the heat radiate from his body.

She was very shy, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson as she looked up at him. Moria's intense gaze held hers, and he smiled, a dark, predatory grin.

"It won't do for you to stay silent, my princess," he murmured, his voice a low rumble. "Tell me, what do you want?"

Vivi's voice trembled as she spoke, "Make me your woman."

Moria chuckled, the sound rich and teasing. "You'll have to do better than that, Vivi. Tell me exactly what you want."

Her blush deepened, and she hesitated before whispering, "I want to be taken."

Moria's hand moved to her throat, his fingers gently wrapping around it. She whimpered in need, the touch sending shivers down her spine. He leaned in, kissing her softly at first, his lips warm and tender against hers. Butterflies fluttered in her belly, and she had never been happier.

The kisses grew harsher, more demanding. Moria's lips and teeth claimed hers almost aggressively, and she melted in his hands, her body responding eagerly to his dominance.

Shyly, she reached for his pants, her fingers trembling with a mix of eagerness and nervousness. She fumbled with the buttons, her inexperience showing as she struggled to free him. Moria watched her with a dark, encouraging smile, his eyes never leaving her face. Finally, she managed to pull his pants down, revealing his hardened length. She hesitated for a moment, then leaned forward, taking him into her mouth.

Her movements were clumsy at first, her inexperience evident. She gagged slightly, but the sounds of her trying so eagerly to please him only fueled Moria's arousal. Vivi's cheeks were flushed, her eyes wide with concentration and desire. She moved with a shy but growing confidence, her tongue exploring him tentatively. Each movement of her mouth became more assured, driven by her eagerness to please him.

Moria's grip on her hair tightened as she bobbed her head, her tongue swirling around his length. He groaned, his hips bucking slightly as she found a rhythm. Her eagerness was intoxicating, her innocence making each clumsy movement even more arousing. With a final, deep thrust, he came, his release splattering across her face. She blinked up at him, her cheeks stained with his essence, a mixture of surprise and satisfaction in her eyes.

Moria stared at her for a moment, his breath heavy. Her face, flushed and smeared with his release, was a vision of raw, primal beauty. Her lips were slightly parted, her eyes wide and filled with a mixture of innocence and desire. He smiled, his eyes dark with lust.

With a rough movement, he tore the babydoll from her body, the delicate fabric ripping easily under his hands. Vivi's body was fully exposed to him, her skin shimmering with eagerness. Her pussy was glistening, the drops of her arousal evident as they trickled down her thighs. She wanted him so badly, her need palpable.

Moria's hands gripped her hips, lifting her effortlessly. He positioned her against the bed, her legs spread wide. With a single, powerful thrust, he entered her, driving deep into her core. Vivi cried out, a mixture of pain and pleasure as he took her virginity. The feeling of being filled so completely was overwhelming, her body trembling with the intensity of it.

He moved with a relentless pace, each thrust hard and demanding. Vivi's cries filled the night air, her body arching against his. She felt like she was being torn apart and remade all at once, each rough movement driving her closer to the edge. Moria's grip on her hips tightened, his fingers digging into her skin as he pounded into her.

With each thrust, Vivi's moans grew louder, more desperate, and uninhibited. Her hands clawed at the sheets, her back arching off the bed as waves of pleasure crashed over her. She was losing herself in the raw intensity of their coupling, her mind blank except for the overwhelming need to climax. Moria's growls of satisfaction mixed with her cries, the sound of their bodies colliding echoing in the open courtyard.

Moria's hand came down hard on her ass, the sharp crack echoing in the air. The sting of the slap sent a jolt of pleasure-pain through Vivi, making her moan crazily, her body responding with even more fervor. He slapped her again, harder this time, watching as her flesh reddened under his palm.

"Do you like that, my princess?" he growled, his voice a mix of dominance and lust.

"Yes, yes!" Vivi cried out, her voice breaking. "More, please, more!"

Moria obliged, spanking her ass repeatedly as he fucked her harder, his thrusts becoming almost brutal in their intensity. Vivi's moans turned into screams of pleasure, her body writhing beneath him. She was losing her mind, falling deeper into depravity with each slap and thrust. Her world narrowed to the sensation of Moria inside her, his hands on her body, his dominance overwhelming her senses.

Her mind was a haze of pleasure and pain, her body on fire with desire. She felt herself teetering on the edge of release, her climax building with each brutal thrust. Moria's grip on her hips was bruising, his fingers digging into her flesh as he drove them both towards completion.

With a final, powerful thrust, Moria pushed them both over the edge. Vivi's body convulsed with the force of her orgasm, her screams of pleasure echoing through the night. Moria followed moments later, his release filling her completely.

They collapsed onto the bed, their bodies slick with sweat and desire. Vivi's heart raced, her body still trembling from the intensity of their lovemaking. She looked up at Moria, her eyes filled with a mixture of awe and adoration.

He smiled down at her, his expression softening for a moment. "You are mine, Vivi," he murmured, his voice a possessive growl.

"I am yours," she whispered back, her voice filled with love and devotion, as she fell asleep in the arms of the man who, she was sure, loved her as much as she loved him.

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30th March 1522

Alabasta

NSFW

Moria stood by the bed, his shadowed figure looming over the sleeping form of Princess Vivi. Exhausted from their recent encounter, she lay sprawled on the silken sheets, her breathing deep and even. A smirk curled his lips as he regarded her naivety. What a naive girl, he thought, her innocence almost amusing in its simplicity.

Hidden Quest 1

?

2/3 → 3/3

Your Hidden Quest 1 is completed!

[Hidden Quest - A Harem for the King!]

To upgrade your Class from [Marquis of Dusk] to [Duke of Twilight]

Have sex with three woman with a A-ranked or higher Fate or Potential

1 - Selena : A-ranked potential

2 - Nami : S-ranked potential, S-ranked Fate

3 - Vivi : SSS-ranked Fate, A-ranked potential

Excellent. Once Nami or Selena passed the threshold of three thousands Dourikis, he would just have to go to Amazon lily...and his Class Upgrade quest would be finished!

The shadows around him began to swirl, a dark, tangible mist that enveloped his form. In an instant, he vanished from the opulent chambers of Alabasta and reappeared in the grand, gothic hall of Thriller Bark. The transition was seamless. With his six hours countdown, he would return before she awoke, none the wiser.

As the darkness dissipated, Moria found himself in the castle's main room. Waiting for him were Selena, Absalom, and Monet. The green-haired harpy, Monet, immediately prostrated herself, throwing herself to the ground in a display of subservience. Selena, with her sharp predatory features and fiery red hair, was almost bouncing on the spot, a rare eagerness lighting up her usually fierce demeanor. Moria's smile widened; her anticipation of scratches meant good news awaited him.

"Master," Absalom bowed deeply. "The Sky Island has been cleansed. Enel is under seastones constraints in the cells, bound and drugged by Hogback."

"Excellent," Moria responded, his voice a deep, resonant echo in the vast hall.

Selena could barely contain her excitement. She grabbed Moria by the hand and led him outside, her grip firm but reverent. As they stepped into the courtyard, Moria's eyes widened at the sight before him. On the back of the Necrosphinx, a colossal pile of gold glinted under the pale moonlight, haphazardly tied but unmistakably real.

"What is this?" Moria's voice was a mix of astonishment and curiosity.

Selena's eyes sparkled with triumph. "We found a freakin' gold city in the sky, Master. The winged Ushabtis have been making trips back and forth, bringing the gold here. We're rebuilding the city on Thriller Bark. You're rich! Rich beyond measure!

Moria threw his head back and laughed, a deep, rolling sound that reverberated through the night. The thrill of newfound wealth, the tangible proof of his growing power—it was exhilarating. He pulled Selena close and sat down, positioning her massive, muscular frame onto his lap. Her towering height and robust physique seemed almost incongruous with the softness that overtook her as she settled against him.

As he scratched her behind the head, Selena closed her eyes and let out a low, almost sensual sigh of contentment. Her usually fierce, predatory demeanor melted away, replaced by a look of pure, unguarded bliss. Her powerful, sinewy muscles relaxed under his touch, her body leaning into his, yielding completely to the pleasure he provided. Moria's fingers moved with practiced ease, each scratch a precise reward for her unwavering loyalty and diligent service. The contrast between her formidable appearance and the almost puppy-like delight she displayed was almost amusing, even if Moria found it endearing. She was a good pet. Selena's breath hitched slightly, her lips parting as she leaned further into his caresses, her fiery red hair cascading over his arm.

Chapter 43

31st of March 1522

Alabasta

Vivi stirred, her body stretching luxuriously beneath the silken sheets. The first rays of dawn painted the sky in hues of gold and pink, casting a gentle glow over the courtyard. She blinked awake, her senses slowly coming alive. Her fingers reached out instinctively, searching for the comforting presence of Moria beside her.

But the bed was empty.

Panic surged through her veins, her heart pounding in her chest. Where was Moria? Her love, her everything. Her eyes darted around the courtyard, seeking any sign of him. The sight of the opulent surroundings—the lush gardens, the gurgling fountain, the sheer curtains swaying gently in the breeze—offered no solace. Where was he?

Her gaze finally landed on the nightstand, where a single piece of paper lay. Her breath caught as she reached for it, her fingers trembling slightly. The familiar scrawl of Moria's handwriting greeted her.

"Good morning, my beloved Vivi,

I woke early to tend to the matters of the Kingdom. Rest well, my love.

Moria."

A smile spread across her lips, the tension in her chest easing. Of course, he was tending to the Kingdom. Her heart swelled with pride and affection. Moria was so dedicated, so good to her people. She brought the paper to her nose, inhaling deeply. His scent lingered there, a heady mix of musk and something uniquely him. She closed her eyes, savoring the familiarity, the connection. His smell was intoxicating, filling her with warmth and love.

"Thank you, my love," she whispered to the empty courtyard, her voice filled with quiet devotion. She hugged the paper to her chest, feeling closer to him despite his absence. He was her strength, her anchor, and she would carry his scent with her until he returned.

— — —

In the second highest tower of Thriller Bark, Nami stood naked in her personal ritual room. Her skin was covered in glowing runes. The walls were inscribed with ancient symbols. In the center of the room lay Enel, bound and asleep, held captive by seastones chains. A circle of black candles surrounded Enel, their flames flickering with an unnatural intensity. Nami's voice took on a guttural tone as she chanted in a language lost to time, each word resonating with sinister power.

***"Izt'ach tolsar, Izt'ach vilreth,
Qal'ar enoch, qol'ar renith."***

Her voice echoed through the chamber. The chains around Enel tightened, eliciting a low groan from his lips. Tendrils of shadow rose from the ground, writhing like serpents, wrapping around Enel's body, drawing out a shimmering essence from his blood. His eyes snapped open, wide with terror and pain, as Nami absorbed the conceptual godhood he had started to collect, and that, if his plans had succeeded, would have created a new Mythical Zoan in a few decades or centuries.

Enel's screams filled the chamber, a chilling sound of raw torment. His body convulsed violently as eldritch energy tore at his soul. The runes on Nami's skin glowed brighter, feeding off his agony. With each guttural chant, a dark, viscous substance seeped from Enel's blood, drawn towards Nami. It flowed into her mouth, eyes, and ears, merging with her being.

Nami's voice rose in intensity, her smile widening into a grotesque, ecstatic grin as she chanted,

***"Vorothe ki'shel, vorothe qil'har,
Ral'ik ni'en, ral'ik somor."***

The dark substance entered her, filling her with Enel's divine essence. His screams grew weaker, his body thrashing. The light in his eyes dimmed, his spirit utterly extinguished as he was reduced to a bumbling fool. Enel lay broken, his mind shattered before her, his form a mere shadow of its former glory.

[Oykot Nami]

Class: Witch

Job : Creepy Girl
Fruit : Wara Wara no Mi

Dourikis: 3 185
Potential: S → SS(?)
Fate: S → SS

As the final remnants of Enel's mystical essence surged into her, Nami felt a heady rush of power, a dark energy that electrified every fiber of her being. The room seemed to throb with this newfound strength, and a tantalizing thought whispered through her mind: with this immense power, did she truly need Moria to plunge the world into chaos? Could she not, with the might of gods and shadows at her command, reshape reality to her will? Alone?

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31st of March 1522

Alabasta

Gecko Moria, in his more human-looking form, reclined in a plush chair, a glimmer of satisfaction in his eyes as he watched the three dignitaries depart. Each was trailed by a Shadow Servant or Soldier depending on their importance, unaware of the spies and potential assassins embedded within their own shadows. He lifted a glass of water, savoring the brief respite.

Today was a whirlwind. With the guests set to depart soon, he meticulously scheduled personal or small group meetings with the most crucial foreign dignitaries. Alabasta's nobility was already ensnared in his web, blissfully ignorant of the strings he pulled. Earlier that morning, Moria had strolled through the palace gardens with Prince Fukaboshi of Fishman Island. The prince exuded confidence in Whitebeard's protection, unaware of the impending storm. The Marines were set to announce tomorrow that the old pirate would face his end - well, the news of Ace's capture.

Following the stroll, Moria joined all the royals guests for a sumptuous breakfast that he personally hosted. In more intimate settings, he met with the key players and influential merchants, securing their support. One notable encounter was with the Underworld Emperor, Giberson. Over a glass of fine whisky, Giberson asked for secure passage through the Florian Triangle. He even asked Moria if he could transport...'delicate' merchandise for him, combining Moria's teleportation abilities with Capone Bege's unique powers. Moria had been impressed the man knew that - he wasn't an emperor for nothing. The man was shrewd, well-informed. Moria, however, declined monetary payment, opting for favors instead—currency far more valuable in the grand game he played.

Subquest completed !

[A Champion] - 1/1

Nami : Dourikis - 3 185

Uh? Already ? It meant...there was only Boa Hancock and her country left. And most of the work was already done there. Moria glanced at his watch. 11:30 AM. He reviewed his evening: meetings with the Underworld Emperors, Stussy at 6:00 PM and Morgans at 7:00 PM, followed by a dinner party, and finally, a whisky with Judge Vinsmoke at 10:00 PM. His schedule was tight, yet with war looming, every moment counted. And he could not wait for fifteen days for the virus to be inoffensive before going...Plan B? It was. He would have to be sure not to make any direct confrontation, and in the worst case, Hogback had an antidote. Could he finish his quests, in only six hours? He peered into the shadows...he could not here anything from the lone shadows positioned in Amazon lily, the one that had unleashed Hogback and Caesar's virus.

He weighed his options carefully. Time was slipping away, but he couldn't afford to be idle. His mind, a maze of strategy, considered every possibility. With a decisive nod, Moria reached into his own shadow, pulling out a gas mask. He secured it over his face and vanished into the darkness.

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31st of March 1522

Amazon Lily

Boa Hancock was half-dead, yet her eyes still burned with a fierce determination. She would not die here, not like this. Her once radiant skin was now covered in black dots, each breath a painful rasp as the plague ravaged her body. The Amazon Lily, once a vibrant paradise, had been reduced to a desolate wasteland. She was the last survivor, the final remnant of a proud lineage brought low by an unseen enemy.

Through her haze of suffering, she sensed a presence approaching. Her Haki flared weakly, detecting the intruder before her eyes could see him. She summoned every ounce of her remaining strength, trying to stand, her legs trembling violently. But the effort was too great, and she crumpled to the ground, her vision swimming with tears of frustration and despair.

A towering figure emerged from the shadows, a grotesque seven-meter silhouette with a gas mask that transformed him into a nightmare. The mask, a twisted amalgamation of leather and metal, had dark, soulless eyes and a filter that hissed with each breath.

Hancock's mind raced, connecting the dots. This plague, this devastation—it was his doing. Gecko Moria, the Warlord she had once dismissed as a weakling, now stood before her, exuding an aura of malevolent triumph. He had undoubtedly unleashed this virus to decimate her people, to harvest their corpses and shadows for his twisted ambitions. Rage bubbled up inside her, a final surge of defiance igniting her will to fight. With a cry of fury, she tried to lunge at him, her body driven by sheer willpower. Her legs pushed her forward, but her strength failed her, and she fell to the ground, her hands scraping against the rough earth.

Moria looked down at her, his eyes glinting with mockery behind the mask. "Oh, how the mighty have fallen, Empress. Did you really think you could escape death so easily?"

Her vision blurred, and before she could muster another attempt, a sharp, searing pain pierced her chest. She gasped, her eyes widening as she turned to see a shadowy figure, a samurai with a single, glowing eye, standing behind her.

"No... not like this..." she whispered, her voice a faint echo of her former strength.

Her vision darkened, her body growing cold as life slipped away. The face of the samurai, emotionless and forged from shadows, was the last thing she saw.

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31st of March 1522

Amazon Lily

Moria took a deep breath and turned his attention to the lifeless Kuma Warriors strewn across the island. Each had once been a formidable warrior, their mastery of Haki making them truly dangerous. With a grin, he summoned their shadows, watching as the dark, writhing forms coalesced around him. As they merged with his own shadow, Moria felt an intoxicating surge of power, the combined strength of the fallen warriors amplifying his abilities. It was a grim harvest, but it left him feeling invincible. He did not even absorb the shadow of Boa Hancock, and he had already maxed his dourikis.

[Gecko Moria]

Class: Marquis of Dusk

Job: Warlord of the Seas

Fruit: Kage Kage no Mi

Dourikis: 8,000/8,000

Potential: S

Fate: S

Physique : 2,709

Will : 2,529

Soul : 2,762

Moria stood over the lifeless body of Boa Hancock, the third Warlord he had slain. She had been the most formidable of his opponents. In her prime, with her 9,000 dourikis, she would have crushed him. But now, sick and dead, she lay broken and defeated at his feet, her once radiant beauty marred by the plague he had unleashed. The scene was anticlimactic. There was no grand battle, no clash of titans.

Moria looked down at her, a mixture of satisfaction and disappointment washing over him. He had expected more, perhaps even hoped for more, from the woman who had ruled Amazon Lily with such fierce pride. But he was a pirate, after all. Victory was what mattered, not the manner in which it was achieved.

"So anticlimactic," he muttered, his voice carrying a hint of irony. "But we are pirates. I don't fight; I win."

Hidden Quest 2 :

? : 2/3 → 3/3

Completed !

[Hidden Quest 2 - A true King suffers no rivals]

Slay three Warlords : 3/3

1 - Crocodile

2 - Jinbe

3 - Boa Hancock

Finally...

Congratulation!

You are promoted to [Duke of Twilight]

Moria felt an exhilarating surge of power. The shadows whispered secrets to him, their essence infusing him with an almost intoxicating energy.

Your limit of Named Shadows increased by 2

4/4 → 4/6

You gained two new class skills

[Shadow Sacrifice]

Passive : You can permanently sacrifice shadows to permanently improve the Fate or the Potential of one ally. The greater the stat to increase, the greater the sacrifice.

Active : You can permanently sacrifice shadows to temporarily become a shadow yourself, allowing yourself to regenerate and blend even better in the shadows. By sacrificing a large number of shadows, the user will also receive a temporary boost in Dourikis.

[Shadow Fusion]

Thanks to your affinity for darkness, you can already blend into the shadows as if you were a shadow yourself. This skill allows you to take it a step further—you can now fuse with the shadows, swim within them, and travel through continuous shadows, becoming one with them and rendering yourself completely undetectable.

Skill Upgrade!

[Shadow Exchange]

The Player is able to switch places with any of his summons.

Cooldown time: 6 hours → 3 hours

Skill Upgrade!

[Shadow Absorption]

The intelligence and autonomy of non-named Shadows have improved.

“Kishishishi!” Moria's laughter echoed through the desolate halls of the Amazon Lily palace. He turned toward the broken corpse of Boa Hancock. Once the epitome of beauty and power, she now lay in a tragic heap, her body marred by the ravages of plague and death. Moria approached slowly, the air thick with the stench of decay. Extending a hand over her body, he summoned the shadows, which coiled around his fingers like living serpents, crackling with dark anticipation.

"Arise," he intoned.

Shadows seeped into Hancock's lifeless form, causing her body to twitch and rise, animated by a newfound dark essence. Her hair, once lustrous, now moved like tendrils of shadow, and her eyes blazed with cold blue fire. The shadows clung to her form, enhancing her movements with spectral fluidity. Her skin turned ashen, and her eyes, now glowing with an eerie blue light, opened slowly, revealing a predatory gaze.

Moria's attention was drawn to a mark on her back—a Celestial Dragon tattoo that flared to life in a brilliant red. The sight of it took him aback, his grin faltering. "She was... a slave?" he muttered, surprise coloring his usually mocking tone. The tattoo pulsed with a life of its own, casting an ominous glow that contrasted starkly with the shadows enveloping her, amplifying her newfound power.

· Hancock]

Class: Named Shadow

Job : Empress

Dourikis: 5 872

Rank : SS

Merge shadows to enhance

Moria stepped back, admiring his new Named Shadow with a mix of pride and satisfaction. Now...He would definitely have a chance against Kaido and his crew. "Welcome back, Hancock," he purred. She bowed her head, the glow in her eyes intensifying as she acknowledged her new master, while he turned back to the notifications. Now, was the moment of truth. Where would the system try to nudge him?

New Class Upgrade Quest

[Class Upgrade Quest]

To upgrade your Class from [Duke of Twilight] to [Prince of ?]

Subquests:

- 1. Have a Fate of at least SS: 0/1**
- 2. Have a Potential of at least SS: 0/1**
- 3. Main Quest : [The Summit War] - 0/1**

- 4. Secondary Quest 1 : TBD
- 4. Secondary Quest 2 : TBD
- 5. Hidden Quest : ? - 1/3

Main Quest - [The Summit War]

Gol D. Ace is about to be executed. His captain, Edward Newgate, will mobilize all his forces and launch an assault on Marineford on the day of the execution in a bid to save him.

Pick a choice. Your decision will influence your secondary missions and determine your next class.

Choice 1 : Side with the Marines :

Ensure Ace is killed : 0/1

Kill three Whitebeard Commanders : 0/3

Kill three Whitebeard Fleet Captain : 0/3

Unlocks 'Prince of Order' quests
Whitebeard's fleet and allies will try to kill you

Choice 2 : Side with Whitebeard :

Free Ace, deliver him yourself to Whitebeard and ensure he stays alive until the end of the War : 0/1

Kill three Vice Admirals: 0/3

Kill a Marine with a Fate of SS-rank or higher : 0/1

Unlocks 'Prince of the New World' quests
The World Government will try to kill you

Choice 3 : Side with Blackbeard:

Kill Whitebeard with your own hands: 0/1

Unlocks 'Prince of the Abyss' quests
Rocks D. Shanks will personally hunt you.

Choice 4 : Side with Garp:

Free Ace : 0/1

Kill three Whitebeard Commanders : 0/3

Unlocks 'Prince of Justice ' quests
The World Government and Whitebeard's fleet will try to kill you

Chapter 44

Main Quest - [The Summit War]

Gol D. Ace is about to be executed. His captain, Edward Newgate, will mobilize all his forces and launch an assault on Marineford on the day of the execution in a bid to save him.

Pick a choice. Your decision will influence your secondary missions and determine your next class.

Choice 1 : Side with the Marines.

Ensure Ace is killed : 0/1

Kill three Whitebeard Commanders : 0/3

Kill three Whitebeard Fleet Captain : 0/3

**Unlocks 'Prince of Order' quests
Whitebeard's fleet and allies will try to kill you**

Choice 2 : Side with Whitebeard :

Free Ace, deliver him yourself to Whitebeard and ensure he stays alive until the end of the War : 0/1

Kill three Vice Admirals: 0/3

Kill a Marine with a Fate of SS-rank or higher : 0/1

**Unlocks 'Prince of the New World' quests
The World Government will try to kill you**

Choice 3 : Side with Blackbeard:

Kill Whitebeard with your own hands: 0/1

**Unlocks 'Prince of Hell' quests
Rocks D. Shanks will personally hunt you.**

Choice 4 : Side with Garp:

Free Ace : 0/1

Kill three Whitebeard Commanders : 0/3

**Unlocks 'Prince of Justice ' quests
The World Government and Whitebeard's fleet will try to kill you**

The letters seemed to glow with a mocking light, their message clear and inescapable. Every path led to the War. The War he did not want to take part in. Fury began to boil within him, a dark storm gathering strength. He, Gecko Moria, was to be a pawn in this grand conflict, a mere tool in a game he had no desire to play? His fists clenched, the rage sharpening his vision to a razor's edge. "I will not!"

With a roar that seemed to shake the very heavens, he lashed out. His fist connected with a marble pillar, shattering it into a cascade of rubble. The throne room trembled as he tore through it, a whirlwind of shadow and destruction. Each strike was a defiant scream, his wrath unraveling the opulence that surrounded him.

"No, I will not!" he bellowed, his voice trembling with unrestrained fury. He was no puppet, no mindless piece to be sacrificed on someone else's board. He was a pirate, a lord of shadows, and he would not bow to anyone, even Fate.

In a climactic surge of sheer will, Moria's defiance reached its zenith. The air around him grew thick with tension, shadows writhing and coiling as if alive. He drew in a deep, steadying breath, feeling the power within him building to an explosive peak. "I am not a pawn of the system. I will be free! I am a PIRATE!"

As the final word left his lips, an incredible force erupted from his body. The throne room quaked, the very walls shuddering under the weight of his unleashed spirit. A dark, formidable aura enveloped him, crackling with raw, untamed power. His King's Haki exploded outward, a shockwave of energy that flattened

everything in its path. The marble floors cracked and the remnants of the once-grand room were thrown into disarray.

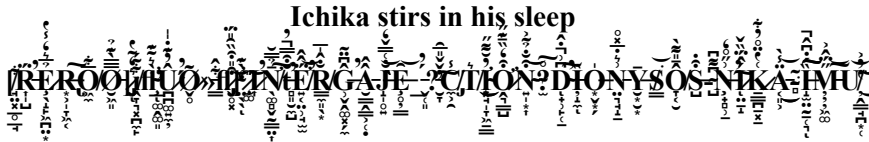
Your will to be free have been noticed.

Your dream has been noticed

You are fastening the awakening of Nika.

Yonka stirs in his sleep

Ichika stirs in his sleep



Choice 5 : Side with Yourself

Prevent the war.

Countdown : 20 days

Unlocks 'Prince of Dreams ' quests

Unlocks "Pombero's will" quests

Secondary Quest 1 : [A King suffers no rivals II]

Kill all remaining Warlords : 0/3

Secondary Quest 2 : [A Harem for the King II]

Sleep with three woman with more than 4,000 Dourikis

Hidden Quest [?]

? - 0/3

Gecko Moria's chest heaved with exertion. The adrenaline that had fueled his rampage ebbed away, leaving him feeling drained. He thought he saw the man in a toga. No...It had to be an hallucination. But, royal Haki ?

His legs gave out, and he sank to the ground, the cold marble pressing against his skin. As the dust settled and silence reclaimed the hall, a singular thought crystallized in his mind, cutting through the haze of exhaustion. To avoid the war, there was only one way. The solution was as brutal as it was simple: Kill Ace before his execution.

Moria's eyes narrowed, the flicker of a dark plan igniting within them. He would not be a pawn in anyone's game. He would forge his own path, no matter the cost.

Fuck those quests, he would not do them.

31st of March 1522

Alabasta

Moria was back in Alabasta, seated in the office of the King. His fingers tapped restlessly on the desk as he pondered the daunting task before him. Ace was imprisoned in Impel Down, the most secure prison in the

world. Invading such a fortress seemed impossible, but Moria's mind raced with possibilities. Could he use his shadows to slip past the guards?

A soft knock on his office desk interrupted his thoughts. A palace maid entered - he had wanted the façade of secrecy and chose not to display his Shadow soldiers.

"Lord Moria, your next guest is ready to see you," she announced with a steady voice.

Moria nodded, setting down the glass and rising to his full height. "Thank you. Send them in."

The door opened, and in stepped Stussy. She appeared younger than her actual age, with short, curly blonde hair framing her delicate face. Her blue eyes were sharp and calculating, a stark contrast to the warm smile she wore. Red lipstick highlighted her full lips, matching the red polish on her fingernails. Dressed in a form-fitting red dress that accentuated her thin, slightly curved body and large breasts, she moved with a feline grace, each step deliberate and poised. Her presence filled the room with a mix of allure and menace, a vision of elegance and danger, identical to Buckingham Stussy in her youth.

Moria raised an eyebrow as he watched her, his mind whirling. Well, the day was full of surprises, he thought. What an asshole she was, he mused, examining her profile with a critical eye. The Queen of the Pleasure District was a triple agent?

Stussy's smile never wavered as she approached his desk, her eyes locking onto his with a predatory gleam. "Prince Moria," she greeted him, her voice smooth and melodic. "Congratulations on your wedding".

Moria raised an eyebrow as he watched her, his mind whirling. Well, the day was full of surprises, he thought. What an asshole she was, he mused, examining her profile with a critical eye. The Queen of the Pleasure District was a triple agent?

[Stussy]

Class : Clone (Buckingham Stussy)

Job(s) : Queen of the Pleasure District (undercover), CP0 officer (undercover), MADS

Dourikis : 5 875

Fate : A

Potential : S

Stussy's smile never wavered as she approached his desk, her eyes locking onto his with a predatory gleam. "Lord Moria," she greeted him, her voice smooth and melodic. "I trust you're well?"

Moria's gaze remained steady. . The layers of deceit and complexity around her were astounding. Stussy was not just any agent—she was an undercover operative within CP0, and a remnant of MADS. He remembered Caesar speaking of MADS, the illegal scientific research institute led by Vegapunk, active over 24 years ago before he was forced to join the World Government Judge had been a member - as had been Buckingham Stussy, a member of the Rocks Pirates. How could he play that to his advantage ? Should he confront her? About the CP0? About MADS? No, it would be too early, first, he should milk his advantage...

"I am, thanks. Did you enjoy the wedding ceremony?" Moria asked, leaning back in his chair. He discreetly sent three Shadow Assassins into her shadows — the most he had sent for anybody. Stussy was bound to venture into fascinating places, and the secrets he could glean from her interactions would be invaluable.

Her smile widened just a fraction, revealing a hint of teeth. "Oh, it was quite the spectacle," she said, her tone light and airy. "Your bride looked radiant. You certainly know how to throw a memorable event. And, I must admit, it was quite a surprising wedding. None of us thought you would be the one to earn the hand of the Princess."

As she spoke, his mind raced with suspicions. Had she come to watch the wedding as a CP0 agent? Was her presence here to dispose of him? If that were the case, she would have acted during the night, under the cover of darkness. Or perhaps she had been dispatched, her handlers underestimating his strength, causing

her to bide her time. Should he dispose of her now? No, he thought. If he could discreetly infiltrate CP0 using his shadows, the intelligence he could gather would be invaluable.

Moria chuckled, though it did not reach his eyes. "I do enjoy defying expectations... But I'm not being a good host, I'm afraid. Please, have a seat," he invited, gesturing to a plush chair opposite his own.

Moria began preparing tea himself, surprising her. He placed a kettle over a small flame, watching as the water gradually came to a boil. He reached for a tin of finely ground tea leaves, their earthy aroma filling the room as he carefully measured a spoonful into a delicate porcelain pot. As the water reached a rolling boil, he poured it over the leaves, watching as they unfurled and infused the liquid with a rich, golden hue. Moria waited patiently, allowing the tea to steep to perfection before he poured it into two exquisite cups, offering one to Stussy.

Stussy accepted the cup with a gracious nod, as Moria took a sip of his tea, savoring the flavor before speaking again.

"Tell me, Stussy, you bear a striking resemblance to Buckingham Stussy in her younger days. Are you related by any chance?" he asked.

Her smile remained unfaltering, her acting impeccable. There was no hint of surprise, no flicker of discomfort. "Oh, no," she answered smoothly, her tone light. "But I have been told that before. Perhaps we share some long-lost ancestors?"

She brought the cup to her lips, tasting the tea with evident appreciation. Moria observed her, impressed by her composure and the effortless grace with which she handled herself. Only Nico Robin had ever displayed such flawless acting.

"It's a pity we never met before," Moria said, his tone casual, knowing full well it was because he wasn't important enough to warrant her attention. But that was before.

Moria leaned back, a smile playing on his lips. "But now that we are acquainted, I'm sure we can find ways to be mutually beneficial. After all, the world is full of opportunities for those who know where to look."

Stussy's eyes gleamed with intrigue. "Yes, indeed," she replied smoothly. "But I would like to meet you after the war, to be more...sure you would still be there to act your part of the deal." She paused, as if considering her next words carefully. "Perhaps," she began hesitantly, "I could help you fake your death and hide, to avoid the war altogether?"

Moria's smile widened before he quickly composed himself. Ah, so this was her true purpose. To gauge his intentions regarding the war - and, if he did not intend to come, to "take care" of him. "Interesting proposition," he mused, eyes narrowing slightly. "Tell me, how do you know about the war? The news is set to be announced tomorrow."

Stussy's smile was coy, almost playful. "I have my ways. Let's just say I bought the information from Morgans. He always has a knack for sniffing out the biggest stories before they break."

Moria chuckled, a dark, amused sound. "Morgans, of course. That bird-brained gossip monger never misses a beat."

Then, with a theatrical flourish, he adopted a more serious demeanor, leaning forward and clasping his hands together. "But let me make one thing clear, Stussy. Now that I am a Prince of the World Government," he said, his voice rich with mock sincerity, "I have a duty to protect my people and my kingdom. It is my responsibility, my noble obligation, to stand on the frontlines against Whitebeard and any threat that may come our way."

He watched her closely, noting every flicker of her expression. "To shirk from this duty would be to betray everything I stand for. I will fight, not just for my kingdom, but for the honor of the title bestowed upon me."

Stussy's eyes sparkled with something akin to admiration, though Moria knew it was likely feigned. "Such noble sentiments, Prince Moria," she said, her voice smooth and appreciative. "I am impressed by your dedication."

A soft knock interrupted their exchange. The palace maid entered, bowing slightly. "Lord Moria, your next guest has arrived," she announced.

Moria nodded, turning his attention back to Stussy. "It seems our time is up for now," he said, rising to his feet. "I apologize for the abrupt end to our conversation."

Stussy stood gracefully, her expression unchanged. "No need to apologize, Prince Moria. I understand the demands of your new position. We shall speak again soon, I'm sure." She gave a slight bow, her eyes lingering on his for a moment longer before turning to leave the room.

As she walked away, Moria's gaze followed her, settling on the elegant sway of her hips. Her red dress clung to her form, accentuating the curves of her backside. He watched, momentarily captivated by the sight. Then, he shook his head, clearing his thoughts. Not with a CP0 agent, he reminded himself.

"Send in Morgans," he said to the maid, his voice steady and composed. The day was far from over, and the wheels of intrigue continued to turn.

Chapter 45

31st of March 1522

Alabasta

The door swung open, and "Big News" Morgans strode in with an air of authority. The imposing albatross-man, draped in a deep purple suit, commanded attention. His long beak and expressive eyes, hidden behind round spectacles, exuded both wisdom and sharp cunning. A camera hung around his neck, always ready to capture moments of intrigue, while his neatly folded wings accentuated his distinctive presence.

"Well, well, Moria," Morgans cawed deeply, his voice resonant and commanding. "Congratulations on your new crown—the one you're wearing now as Crown Prince, and the true one, evident from the fact that you're occupying the King's personal salon without Cobra himself."

Moria chuckled, his sharp teeth glinting as he extended a hand. "Morgans, it's a pleasure to see you. Your keen observation never ceases to amaze me."

Morgans shook his hand firmly. "Ah, it's my job to notice things, after all." He paused, his eyes sweeping over the opulent room before settling back on Moria. "And I must say, you wear both crowns well."

"Thank you, Morgans," Moria replied smoothly, gesturing to a chair opposite his desk. "Please, have a seat. We have much to discuss."

The two men exchanged a glance filled with shared amusement. Though they had never met in person, their reputations were well-known to each other. Morgans had penned countless articles that painted Moria in a less-than-favorable light, but both were seasoned players in the game of power and influence. Now that Moria was a Prince, the stakes had changed.

Moria moved with deliberate ease to a sideboard, pouring two glasses of rich, amber liquid. He returned to the desk, setting the glasses down with a pointed gesture, indicating Morgans could choose which one to take—a subtle yet clear assurance of his guest's safety. He would not be poisoned today.

"We both understand the value of mutual benefit," Moria began.

Morgans picked up a glass, swirling the liquid thoughtfully before taking a sip. "Indeed, Moria. But I pride myself on reporting the truth. I am, after all, a journalist first and foremost."

They held each other's gaze, then burst into laughter, the sound echoing through the opulent salon, shattering the tension like glass.

Moria leaned back, a sly smile playing on his lips. "I have some exceptionally juicy information for you."

"Oh, I probably already have a sniff of it. The impending war and the execution, perhaps?"

Moria's smile widened, appreciating the man's acumen. "I see you're as informed as ever. But what if I told you I could provide information about Monkey D. Dragon before he became the revolutionary? Also, did you know he had a son? Such information comes at a price, of course."

Morgans' eyes gleamed with intrigue. "And what do you expect in return?"

"I need some... appreciation," Moria replied, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "You're a maestro in Public Relations, Morgans. I need you to craft a narrative that will make the Marines' job considerably more difficult if they ever decide to dispense with my services."

Morgans cackled, a gleeful, almost maniacal sound that echoed through the room. Uh. The Warlord was afraid of being hunted by the marines ?

Moria hesitated, swirling his glass thoughtfully. How could he avert the impending war? An idea began to crystallize, one that could dramatically shift the balance in his favor. He fixed his gaze on Morgans, his eyes gleaming with renewed determination.

"But that's not the information I'll be sharing today," Moria said, his voice laced with mystery.

Morgans raised an eyebrow, his intrigue palpable. "Oh, you won't tell me about Dragon? You know, my services aren't free, so if you truly want your little RP stunt..."

Moria's smile widened into a sly grin. "I have something even better. Much, much better."

Morgans leaned in, curiosity burning in his eyes. "Better than Dragon? This I've got to hear."

Moria leaned forward, lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "What if I told you that Ace is actually the son of Gol D. Roger?"

Morgans' eyes widened, the gravity of the revelation sinking in. "Gol D. Roger's son? That's explosive news...and you do not lie? How?"

Moria smiled. He had correctly deduced that Morgans' Albatros Devil Fruit allowed him to tap into the myths linked to Albatros and misfortune, making him able to do something akin - but not exactly similar - to detect lie by gauging the fortune a person could bring him, or to know if he would regret following someone's advice.

Morgans leaned back, a triumphant cackle escaping his lips. "This is gold, Moria. Absolute gold. The implications are staggering. The Marines, the pirates, the world governments—they'll all be in an uproar."

Moria's grin widened. "And that's where you come in. Use your influence, your narrative skills, to shift public perception. Make it impossible for the Marines to act against me without facing severe backlash."

Morgans took a deep breath, his mind already racing with possibilities. "You realize the kind of power this information holds, don't you? The leverage?"

"Of course," Moria replied smoothly. "And I trust you know how to wield it."

Morgans nodded, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "The execution is in about twenty days. I'll wait ten days before breaking the news about Ace, giving us some time to maneuver. And Moria, for giving me this scoop, I'll make you the most popular man in the world. Everyone will know your name."

Moria leaned back, satisfied. "That's exactly what I wanted to hear."

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31st of March 1522

Alabasta

As Judge Vinsmoke strode into the room, the newly crowned Prince of Alabasta, Gecko Moria, rose from his seat with an elegant fluidity.

"King Vinsmoke," Moria greeted, his voice smooth and resonant. "An honor to meet you."

Judge inclined his head slightly, his eyes sharp and calculating as he assessed the man before him. "Prince Moria, congratulations on your recent union and ascension. Alabasta is fortunate to have such a formidable leader."

Moria's lips curved into a smile, though his eyes remained inscrutable. "Thank you, King Vinsmoke. Please, allow me to extend my welcome to you and your esteemed daughter."

As Judge prepared to respond, a discreet vibration in his pocket drew his attention. His hidden dourikimeter, a device he had created himself during his time at MADS and used to measure a person's combat strength, was signaling an unexpected reading. With a subtle glance, Judge noted the numbers. Eight thousand dourikis? The figure was staggering, almost unbelievable. Just yesterday, Moria's strength had registered far lower. How could this be?

Judge quickly masked his surprise, his mind racing. He had underestimated Moria, not only in political maneuvering but also in raw power. The marriage to the Princess of Alabasta was one thing, but this newfound strength also changed things. Strong-arming Moria into handing over Dr. Hogback was now a dangerous proposition. Judge's own dourikis, impressive as they were at a bit over four thousand, paled in comparison. And he could not even use the Marines, as he was now a royal. Judge's eyes flicked to his daughter, Reiju, who had accompanied him. Maybe... Seeing how the Prince was looking at his daughter... Of course, they could not marry, but he could instruct her to...

Her shoulder-length light pink hair cascaded sensuously around her face, covering her right eye and curling upwards at the tips. Her face was beautiful, with her large, visible and expressive purple eye framed by long, fluttering lashes and her spiraling eyebrow. Her lips, full and perfectly shaped, were painted a provocative shade of light pink, slightly parted as if perpetually inviting a kiss. Her skin was flawless, a smooth canvas of honeyed gold that glowed softly under the room's ambient light. Reiju's dress was an exquisite piece of haute couture, designed to accentuate her every curve. It was a daring ensemble of translucent silk, dyed a deep magenta that clung to her body like a second skin. The fabric shimmered with each movement, catching the light and casting tantalizing shadows on her form. A plunging neckline revealed the gentle swell of her breasts, adorned with a delicate lace that drew the eye without being overtly scandalous. The dress hugged her hips and flared out slightly at her thighs, the hemline teasing the viewer with glimpses of her toned legs.

Her body was a masterpiece of erotic allure, sculpted through years of rigorous training and genetic enhancement. Her legs were long and perfectly toned, leading up to hips that swayed with a natural, hypnotic grace. Her waist was slender, accentuating the hourglass curve that made her figure so captivating. The sheer dress offered a tantalizing hint of the firm, rounded contours of her backside, every step causing the fabric to dance and cling, revealing the perfection of her form. Her breasts, full and firm, moved subtly with each breath, the lace offering a tantalizing glimpse of the softness beneath.

Judge smiled, introducing his daughter with a flourish. "Prince Moria, allow me to present my daughter, Reiju Vinsmoke."

Moria's eyes gleamed with interest as he took Reiju's hand, raising it to his lips in a courtly gesture. His kiss was a whisper of warmth against her skin, his eyes never leaving hers. "Lady Reiju, the pleasure is mine," he murmured, his voice a low, seductive purr.

Reiju's cheeks flushed ever so slightly, forcing the blush as she guessed the thoughts of her father, her composure unwavering as she offered a graceful nod. "Prince Moria, it is an honor to meet you."

Judge's smile widened, the wheels of his mind turning. Perhaps there was another way to achieve his goals. "Please, let us sit," Moria invited, gesturing to the plush chairs arranged around a polished table.

They took their seats. Judge wasted no time. "As you may know, the Germa Kingdom is renowned for its scientific advancements. Our soldiers, Germa 66, are predominantly male clones of former exceptional warriors, created through our advanced technology. We constantly seek ways to enhance them."

He paused, twirling his mustache thoughtfully. "We have heard that the Genius Doctor Hogback is one of your esteemed subordinates. We wish to meet him and request his expertise in refining our soldiers. I am prepared to compensate generously for his assistance."

Moria leaned back, a thoughtful expression crossing his face. "Your Majesty, would you be open to an alternative suggestion?"

"What might you have in mind, Prince Moria?"

Moria's smile widened. "In addition to Hogback, I have recently acquired the services of a most extraordinary individual: Trafalgar Law."

Judge's brow furrowed, not recognizing the name. "And who, pray tell, is this Trafalgar Law?"

"He is a doctor of exceptional skill, having consumed the Ope Ope No Mi. His medical capabilities are unrivaled."

Judge's eyes widened in astonishment, and in his excitement, he crushed the armrests of his chair. "What! You find who had that fruit? I want him...I mean, I must meet with him!"

Moria's smile turned sly. "It so happens that I possess the means to transport us to him directly, utilizing my Devil Fruit powers. We can arrange a meeting immediately."

Judge hesitated for a moment, suspicion flickering in his mind. What if this was a trap? But he quickly reasoned that Moria, already stronger than him, had no need for deception.

"Very well," Judge said, nodding. "Let us proceed."

Shadows began to swirl around them, enveloping them in darkness.

Chapter 46

31st of March 1522 Thriller Bark

Reiju felt a jolt as the shadows dissipated, leaving her momentarily disoriented. Blinking rapidly, she found herself in the heart of a forest, the scent of pine and damp earth enveloping her senses. In the distance, a magnificent castle emerged, its towering spires piercing the twilight sky, casting long, eerie shadows across the landscape.

Steadying herself, she glanced at her Father and Moria beside her. In less than a minute, they stood before the castle's main entrance. Up close, its grandeur was even more apparent. The stone walls were adorned with intricate carvings, and the windows were framed with ornate ironwork. Gargoyles perched on ledges appeared almost sentient, their eyes seeming to follow the trio with a lifelike vigilance.

Judge twirled his mustache, his gaze sweeping over the castle with a discerning eye. "It may not appear so at first glance," he remarked, "but the technology within these walls is remarkably advanced, though much of it seems dormant and not alimented."

Reiju was taken aback. Her father rarely doled out compliments, especially regarding technology. It must be extraordinary if it had earned his praise.

Moria's lips curved into a subtle smile. "I am pleased you appreciate its craftsmanship, King Vinsmoke. The main Architect name is...well, was Cutty Flame."

As they stepped through the grand entrance, they moved toward a staircase leading downward. She hesitated, her eyes scanning the vast hallways branching off from the main corridor. Why were they heading downstairs? Was the laboratory underground? Strange for a doctor...

The descent was long and winding, the chill in the air biting through her clothes despite her genetic enhancements that usually rendered her impervious to such discomfort. Reiju wrapped her arms around herself, puzzled by the unexpected cold. They passed through a first door, then another, and finally the third. Each one was heavily fortified, nearly a foot thick and composed of reinforced steel, requiring a complex series of codes and biometric scans to unlock. Guarding these doors were soldiers seemingly made of shadows, exuding a formidable aura

Ahead, six closed doors were arranged in a circular formation. Reiju felt a strange pull towards one of the doors, a magnetic curiosity that gnawed at her insides. But they did not stop. Instead, they headed towards the fifth door. Beyond it laid an enormous cavern. The vastness of the space was breathtaking, the cavern's ceiling stretching high above with stalactites hanging like ancient chandeliers. In the center stood a massive structure she recognized from her studies with her father—a Faraday cage. Inside, a tall man was bound to a cross, his body radiating a latent energy even in apparent slumber. His skin was a deep tan, almost golden, with sharp, angular features. He had long earlobes and lightning bolt tattoos.

Around the cage, three men were engaged in a heated argument. The first, Dr. Hogback, was immediately recognizable with his rotund figure, garish clothing, and the grotesque grin perpetually plastered on his face. The second man was younger, more composed, with a serious demeanor that suggested a depth of intellect and precision—this must be Trafalgar Law, the user of the Ope Ope no Mi. The third figure, lean and wiry with wild hair and a manic gleam in his eye, was less familiar but equally intriguing.

Judge came to an abrupt halt, his eyes widening in surprise. "Caesar?" he exclaimed, his voice tinged with disbelief.

The wild-haired man turned around, a sly smile creeping across his face. "Judge?" he replied, his tone equally astonished.

Reiju's mind raced. Caesar? Could it really be Caesar Clown, her father's infamous former colleague from MADS?

"What are you doing here?" Judge demanded.

Caesar's sly grin widened. "I work for Moria now," he replied, a hint of smug satisfaction in his tone. "Well...Prince Moria, is it?"

Moria, standing slightly apart from the exchange, smiled, watching the interaction with a knowing gleam in his eye. Reiju felt a sudden clarity wash over her. She understood now why Moria had orchestrated this meeting so meticulously, and wanted them to come here. Three geniuses gathered in one place, and her father, desperate to enhance his army, would go to great lengths to secure the assistance of any one of them.

"Prince Moria," Judge began, "I propose we consider an alliance between our kingdoms—Alabasta and Germa. Our combined strengths would be unmatched."

Reiju noticed how Moria already spoke of Alabasta with a possessive air, indicating his ambitions.

Moria nodded, a hint of intrigue in his eyes. "An alliance is a compelling idea, King Vinsmoke."

Judge continued, "In that case, I extend a formal invitation for you to visit the Germa Kingdom in two weeks. We will be ready to discuss the details and explore our mutual interests."

Moria didn't look too enchanted by the idea. He leaned forward, his eyes locking with Judge's. "King Vinsmoke, while I am eager for this alliance to take place, I would like a more immediate commitment. I propose a personal promise of alliance between us, made public before we proceed. In three weeks, we can negotiate a more formal agreement in your kingdom."

Judge raised an eyebrow. "And what would you offer in return for this public commitment?"

Moria's smile widened. "In exchange, I guarantee the exchange of scientific project patents and other advancements. Our collaboration could lead to unprecedented developments for both our kingdoms."

Judge's expression remained skeptical, his brow deeply furrowed with doubt. Why couldn't he wait? This felt suspicious. If Moria couldn't afford to delay, it meant he had enemies he wasn't sure he could defeat, and they were closing in fast. Damn. Could it be the marines? Was he planning to leave the Warlords?

Sensing the hesitation, Moria leaned forward, his eyes gleaming with anticipation. "Allow me to demonstrate something that might change your mind." He turned to Hogback. "Do it."

Hogback's grin stretched into a manic smile, the look of a scientist on the brink of a groundbreaking revelation. He pressed a button on the panel in front of the man in the Faraday cage. A small electrical discharge jolted the figure, quickly escalating into an explosion of energy so intense that Reiju's cybernetic systems went into overdrive, bombarding her with unprecedented energy readings. The electricity surged through the cage, coursing into a massive rod with a deafening hum. Instantly, the entire castle roared to life. Every mechanical system, every hidden device, thrummed with newfound power. Reiju's internal diagnostics struggled to keep up with the flood of data, her sensors registering a level of energy output that was almost beyond comprehension.

The spectacle was mesmerizing. Sparks flew, lights blazed, and machinery whirred with a power that seemed limitless. Reiju could see the awe in her father's eyes, his skepticism melting away in the face of this technological marvel.

"This," Moria said, his voice cutting through the electric symphony, "is the future we can achieve together. Unlimited energy, harnessed and controlled."

"Fuck...". For the first time in her life, she heard her father swear.

Judge's eyes widened, the magnitude of what he was witnessing sinking in. Unlimited energy—this was beyond valuable, beyond anything he had ever imagined.

"Let... let us discuss this alliance in greater detail," Judge finally spoke.

Moria's grin broadened, his eyes sparkling with triumph.

Judge looked at his daughter, then at Moria. There was no law forbidding polygamy in Alabasta, was there?

1st of April Alabasta

Nico Robin was in Rainbase. The third biggest city of Alabasta bore marks of grandeur and decay. Once-gilded facades now stood marred by the relentless sun and sand, a testament to time's passage and life's harshness. Beneath a tattered cloak, she blended seamlessly with the earthy tones of ancient, sun-bleached buildings. The air was thick with the scent of spices and the distant roar of a restless crowd gathering at the main square. She slipped through the throngs. The crowd converged on the square, where an estrade had been erected for the Crown Prince's inaugural address. His first one since his marriage two days ago - and he had chosen one of the poorest cities to make it. Despite the grand preparations, poverty was inescapable. Beggars lined the streets, their gaunt faces and hollow eyes a stark reminder of Alabasta's struggles. Rich mineral resources lay beneath the parched earth, a cruel irony for those who needed them most.

Robin's gaze swept over the scene. The Prince had earned goodwill by distributing food and water, culminating in a lavish meal for all in celebration of his ascension. She had herself orchestrated this event alongside Capone Bege, ensuring its success. Yet, such gestures, though grand, offered fleeting relief to a population ravaged by drought and despair. Alabasta's people remained impoverished, their livelihoods eroded by years of relentless drought. Skeletal remains of crops lay in fields turned to dust, and children with eyes too large for their emaciated faces clung to their mothers' skirts. Hope flickered in their eyes, fragile flames in a relentless storm.

The crowd erupted into cheers as the pale, aristocratic figure of the Crown Prince emerged. His tall frame and regal bearing a stark contrast to the surrounding destitution. The crowd's adulation was deafening, their cheers a desperate plea for salvation. It was not about him, but what he represented : a change. A potential change.

He raised his arms, silencing the throng with a single gesture. The anticipation was a tangible force, pressing in on Robin from all sides. He began to speak, his voice carrying effortlessly over the heads of the crowd, weaving a metaphor that bound his fate to Alabasta's.

"People of Alabasta," he began, his voice resonating, "I stand before you not as a distant ruler, but as one who has known the depths of fear and hunger, much like our beloved country. I was not always a prince, nor a symbol of hope. I, too, was lost, desperate for change. Through perseverance and strength, I have risen, and now, with Princess Vivi by my side, we embark on this journey together."

"I see myself in all of you—not just in the wealthy or the privileged, but in the beggars, the downtrodden, the forgotten. We have all suffered. Yet, together, we will rise. The drought that has plagued our land is not a curse but a consequence of the Dance Powder, used to summon rain at the cost of our future. But I vow to you today, under my rule, there will be no more thirst in Alabasta."

The initial cheers gave way to murmurs of doubt rippling through the crowd. Robin herself felt a pang of skepticism. His promises were grand, but reality was harsh and unyielding. Yet, as he raised his arms once more, the crowd fell silent, hanging on his every word.

"From this day forward, as long as I am the Crowned Head of Alabasta, no one in this land will suffer from thirst," he declared, his voice echoing with unwavering conviction.

He raised his arms to the sky, eyes closed in concentration. And, to her disbelief, for the first time in years, the scorching blue sky began to transform, clouds forming and swirling into existence above their heads. The miracle unfolded before their eyes, the first fat drops of rain splattering onto the parched earth. The crowd's disbelief morphed into awe, then into ecstatic frenzy as the rain intensified, a deluge soaking their upturned faces and filling their hearts with renewed hope.

The people erupted into wild acclaim, their voices a thunderous roar echoing through the city. Robin stood among them, her cloak heavy with the blessed rain, her skepticism momentarily washed away by the Prince's demonstration.

How? How had he done it ?

As the rain poured down, the crowd's cheers took on a new fervor. Whispers of a divine figure, a messiah, spread like wildfire. The Prince, standing drenched and triumphant, had become more than a ruler; he was now a symbol of salvation. The people looked upon him with reverence, believing they had witnessed a miracle. Robin watched as the newfound faith in their eyes turned the Crown Prince into a beacon of hope, a living legend who had summoned the clouds and brought life-giving rain to their barren land.

How ?