

## Chapter 50

**6th of April  
Impel Down**

"I can feel you...", Shiryu of the Rain, standing as still as a predatory statue, smirked. Moria heard one of the other prisoner cackle, while all the other one opened their eyes.

Fuck. He had to move quickly. It was risky, but if he could do it, the reward would be a jackpot.

Fortunately, he had the necessary equipment for this audacious stunt, thanks to Caesar's ingenuity and Bege's resources. He glanced at his attire – a specially designed suit with propulsors, tested for high pressure, enabling him to survive underwater with approximately ten minutes of oxygen autonomy. Even in his smaller two-meter form, he still required oxygen at the rate of his original seven-meter frame. Form-changing just made him denser. He had the EMP device to disrupt the Den Den Mushi surveillance.

And finally, he looked at his silver ring – a masterpiece. Thanks to Caesar's brilliance, they had managed to clone Bege's Devil Fruit, the Shiro Shiro no Mi, and imbue the ring with its powers. Objects could indeed consume Devil Fruits, and this ring was the key to his plan.

**[Spatial Ring]  
Fruit : Shiro-Shiro no Mi (Artificial)  
Bound user : Gecko Moria  
Space : 1,000 cubic meters - 998/1,000**

And finally, he looked at his silver ring – a masterpiece. Thanks to Caesar's brilliance, they had managed to clone Bege's Devil Fruit, the Shiro Shiro no Mi, and imbue the ring with its powers. Objects could indeed consume Devil Fruits, and this ring was the key to his plan. Moria took a deep breath and activated the EMP device. It would give him an additional thirty seconds of freedom from the watchful eyes of the Den Den Mushi surveillance. Every second was crucial. He began the countdown in his head, marking the start of his ten-minute window.

With a swift motion, he activated the ring. Instantly, sea water surged from it in torrents, flooding the vast room and the cells within mere seconds. The sudden deluge elicited a cacophony of screams from the prisoners. Those who had consumed Devil Fruits collapsed into unconsciousness, their bodies limp and lifeless against the encroaching water. The others, though weakened and battered by years of imprisonment, could retain their breathes for a long time...or so they thought.

The sea water was tainted with a corrosive poison, designed to penetrate flesh and bone. Only Moria's specially designed suit protected him from its agonizing touch. The air filled with the shrieks of agony as the poison took hold. For good measure, Moria activated a small device on his waist, also conceived by Caesar, truly one of his best minions, sending a powerful electric shock through the water. The convulsions and cries of the prisoners intensified, but Moria contained his cackling glee as he felt the Shadows ready to be harvested.

**You made a major change in the course of History  
Natural Increase of Fate : S → SS**

He extended his arms, fingers splayed wide, and began absorbing the Shadows. Dark tendrils of energy flowed towards him, drawn from the thrashing bodies of Ace, Shiki, Avalo, and the others. Power surged through him, a heady, intoxicating force that made him feel invincible. As soon as his Dourikis had been maxed, he directed the power to his own Shadow Soldiers - in particular the Named Ones.

**You absorbed a SSS-ranked Fate  
Reward : Cursed Random Box [S-tier]**

Speaking of which...He swam to the still form of Shiryu, who floated lifelessly in the poisonous brine. One slot remained for a named Shadow. "Arise," he commanded, and the Shadow of Shiryu emerged, swirling into his grasp to serve him in undeath.

[Shiryu]

**Class : Named Shadow**  
**Job : Swordsman**  
**Dourikis : 9 056**  
**Potential : SS**

*Merge Shadows to Enhance*

Moria cackled, feeling the last vestiges of life drain from the prisoners.

**You absorbed ten SS-ranked Fate**  
**Reward : Cursed Random Box [S-tier]**

Seven minutes left. The distant wail of an alarm reached his ears. The Den Den Mushi must have detected something amiss, though the torches had been extinguished by the water, plunging the level into darkness.

No problem. Moria pressed a button on his watch, setting off a series of explosive charges he had strategically placed on the previous floors. The blasts echoed through the labyrinthine prison, and soon, sea water gushed through every level of Impel Down. The immense pressure ensured the water filled the spaces rapidly, submerging everything in its path.

Moria watched, a triumphant smile curling his lips, as chaos and destruction enveloped the prison. His plan had succeeded beyond his wildest expectations. The power he had seized was overwhelming. Fuck you, World Government. But he was not finished yet.

He swirled back to the previous levels. He moved like a wraith, silent and unseen, slipping through the darkened, waterlogged corridors of Impel Down. His first stop was the Level 5.5, now submerged and eerily silent, save for the muffled sounds of rushing water. The once hidden paradise was now a drowned tomb. The bodies of revolutionaries and misfits floated lifelessly, but a few Newkamas, those without Devil Fruits, still struggled against the tide. They tried to fight him. Moria dodged their attacks with his propulsor. He had no time to waste on weaklings. He absorbed Ivankov's Shadow. The Shadows of the remaining Newkamas followed, each one adding to his growing collection.

Ascending to the fifth level, Moria felt the cold even through the water. The icy waters of death had claimed the weakened prisoners here, their bodies drifting in the dark, frigid expanse. Moria moved swiftly, absorbing the Shadows of the strongest inmates. The EMP ensured the Den Den Mushi remained blind to his presence, shrouding his actions in an impenetrable fog of static.

On the fourth level, the Blazing Hell had been extinguished by the deluge. The prisoners, now free from their constant torment, floated lifelessly in the water. Moria absorbed their Shadows with grim satisfaction, feeling the fire of their rage and agony fuel his own dark ambitions. He sought the four awakened Zoans. Even in death, their forms were monstrous. He absorbed their Shadows one by one, feeling their primal strength and feral instincts infuse his being. Strange. Why did he feel the primality ? The anger ? Was that because they were awakened Zoans ? Finally, Moria he toyed with the idea of taking the Shadow of the Warden, Magellan. But...did he have the time ? He could hear the distant sounds of the alarm, growing louder and more urgent. Reluctantly, he abandoned the thought, cackling softly to himself as he teleported back to Thriller Bark.

---

**6th of April, 1522**  
**Thriller Bark**

Isabella was waiting for him, her eyes alight with curiosity and concern. "How did it go?" she asked, her voice steady.

Moria's laughter echoed through the chamber, a deep, resonant sound.

"Kishishi!"

He returned to his towering seven-meter form, the suit tearing apart with a satisfying rip. His massive hands reached out, and before Isabella could react, he swept her into his arms, twirling her around with a joy that was almost boyish.

She smiled, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "I take it it went very well."

**[Gecko Moria]**

**Class: Duke of Twilight**  
**Job: Warlord of the Seas**  
**Fruit: Kage Kage no Mi**

**Dourikis: 16,000/16,000**  
**Potential: SS**  
**Fate: SS**

**Physique : 5,301**  
**Will : 4,291**  
**Soul : 6,408**

"Better than I could have imagined!" Moria beamed, his grin wide and feral. The power he had absorbed coursed through him, a heady, intoxicating force that made him feel invincible. He set Isabella down gently, his eyes gleaming with unrestrained triumph. He summoned his six named shadows.

**[Ryuma]**

**Class: Named Shadow**  
**Job : Samurai**  
**Dourikis: 6 565**  
**Rank : SS**

*Merge shadows to enhance*

**[Shadow Dragon]**

**Class: Named Shadow**  
**Job: Dragon**  
**Douriki: 4 786**  
**Rank : SS**

*Merge shadows to enhance*

**[Vinsmoke Sanji]**

**Class: Named Shadow**  
**Job: Chef**  
**Douriki: 3 197**  
**Rank : SS**

*Merge shadows to enhance*

**[Rob Lucci]**

**Class: Named Shadow**  
**Job : Assassin**  
**Dourikis: 4 050**  
**Rank : S**

*Merge shadows to enhance*

[Boa Hancock]

**Class: Named Shadow**

**Job : Empress**

**Dourikis: 5 872**

**Rank : SS**

*Merge shadows to enhance*

[Shiryu]

**Class : Named Shadow**

**Job : Swordsman**

**Dourikis : 9 056**

**Potential : SS**

*Merge shadows to enhance*

— — —  
**6th of April, 1522**  
**Marine HQ**

The Den-Den Mushi crackled to life, bringing to Sengoku the devastating news.

"Impel Down has collapsed," the voice on the other end reported, trembling with fear. "And Ace... Ace was inside." Sengoku felt a cold dread settle in his chest. "Fuck," he muttered, the uncharacteristic curse slipping out before he could stop it. He tried to process the information, his mind racing. Could it be Whitebeard? Had the old man launched a full-scale attack?

"Was it Whitebeard?" he demanded, gripping the receiver tightly. The answer came hesitantly, "No, sir. We found Ace's corpse floating in the sea... along with Magellan's."

"Fuck," Sengoku repeated, his voice barely above a whisper. Just yesterday, the Marines had publicly announced Ace's upcoming execution, intending to use it as a decisive blow against piracy and a warning to all who defied the World Government. Now, with Ace dead and Impel Down in ruins, their plans lay in tatters. They had to find a solution, and fast. "We need to cover this up," he said, more to himself than to the caller.

"Get me Spandam", he ordered.

— — —  
**6th of April, 1522**  
**Thriller Bark**

Daz Bones watched his Senpai. Zoro's muscles were straining and sweat poured down his face as faced off against the Shadow of Ryuma. The forest floor was littered with fallen branches and shattered leaves. Each swing of his swords was met with an equally forceful parry, sending sparks flying. Blood trickled down his arms from countless cuts, but he ignored the pain, driven by an unyielding resolve. Daz Bones gulped as the violence of the clash intensified, Zoro's muscles burning with exertion. His heart pounded in his chest, each beat fueling his determination. The Shadow Soldier's strikes grew more brutal, aiming to end the fight with each blow. But Zoro's mastery of Armament Haki improved with each desperate exchange. Dark, shimmering energy coated his blades, hardening them against the relentless assault. With a primal roar, Zoro unleashed a series of savage attacks, his swords carving through the Shadow Soldier's defenses.

—

**6th of April, 1522**  
**Thriller Bark**  
**NSFW**

"Lord Moria..." Isabella's soft voice broke through his reverie. He looked at her; He knew she was trying to capitalize on his success, profiting of his good mood to fuck him and become his lover - she truly felt threatened by the arrival of Robin. And she knew he knew it.

She stood before him in an incredibly erotic leather outfit that clung to her like a second skin. The black leather was cut in strategic places, revealing slivers of her pale skin. Her long white hair cascaded down to her ass, contrasting sharply with her striking red eyes, which were alight with a mix of genuine desire and ambition. She pushed up her medium-sized breasts, emphasizing their fullness, the leather straining to contain them. Her nipples, barely concealed, pressed provocatively against the thin material, hinting at the treasures beneath.

Isabella swayed her hips seductively. She leaned forward slightly, her breasts thrusting out as if begging for attention. Her fingers trailed along the edges of her outfit, teasingly tracing the line between innocence and sin. Her eyes locked onto Moria's, a sultry invitation clear in their depths. She licked her lips slowly, her tongue flicking out in a suggestive gesture.

Moria hesitated, the primal part of him stirring with interest. "Why not?" he thought to himself. He was a pirate, after all. Shifting from his seven-meter form to a more human-looking three-meter one, he watched Isabella gulp. Did she think he would take the two-meter form? Naughty. If she played with fire, she should prepare to be burned.

As his suit was already torn apart, he stood almost naked before her, his frame lithe and muscular. "What?" he asked.

She moaned softly, "Maybe we should celebrate your success."

He grinned, a dark gleam in his eyes. "I'll take you here. On the floor."

Her eyes widened, and she stammered, "I... I prepared a room..."

He laughed, and in one swift motion, caught her. With a brutal gesture, he tore her clothes. Her body was revealed, a vision of vampiric beauty. Her medium-sized breasts were firm, her pale skin almost translucent. Her long white hair framed her face, cascading down to her ass. Her pussy was hairy, the white curls a stark contrast to her flushed skin. Her thighs were slender, not heavily muscled but still strong. Her armpits were smooth, adding to her ethereal allure.

As she knelt before him, a naughty look on her face, he caught her head, guiding her to his hardened length. Her mouth was experienced, her tongue skillfully tracing the contours of his dick. She took him in eagerly, her eyes never leaving his as she worked him with a combination of finesse and fervor. Her lips wrapped around him, sucking and licking with an expert touch. She bobbed her head, taking him deeper with each movement, her throat constricting around him.

Moria's grip tightened, and he forced her into a deep throat. Isabella moaned, her eyes rolling back with pleasure as he face-fucked her. Saliva dripped down her chin, her eagerness and arousal evident. She choked and gagged, but her enthusiasm never wavered, her hands gripping his thighs as she took him deeper. Her eyes were half-lidded with lust, tears streaming down her cheeks as she gagged around him. The wet sounds of her sucking and gagging filled the room, mingling with her moans of pleasure.

When he finally pulled away, she gasped for air, a mixture of saliva and precum glistening on her lips. He roughly positioned her, spreading her ass cheeks. She gulped, turning back to him with a sultry smile as he pressed against her entrance.