

Chapter 58

13th of April Amazon Lily

Onigumo, his spider limbs bristling with readiness, faced the smoking shadow. The air around the shadow rippled with heat as it launched itself at him, fire licking around its legs. Onigumo blocked the first flaming kick with two swords, but the force sent him skidding backward, his boots digging trenches into the dirt. Another kick followed, faster and more vicious, searing through the air. Onigumo deflected it with a crossed pair of blades, but the heat scorched his arms, blistering the skin.

Before he could recover, Shiryu materialized from the shadows, his sword a blur of steel and death. Onigumo barely had time to parry as the blade sliced past his face, carving a deep gash into his cheek. Blood sprayed, and he roared, swinging his swords in a deadly arc. Shiryu danced away, a cruel smile playing on his lips.

The shadowy figure's fiery onslaught didn't relent. A kick to his ribs cracked bone, the heat burning through his uniform and charring the flesh beneath. Onigumo retaliated with a barrage of sword strikes, his spider limbs moving with lethal precision. Each blow landed with the force of a hurricane, but the shadow reformed instantly, mocking his efforts.

Shiryu struck again, his blade slashing through Onigumo's shoulder, nearly severing his arm. Onigumo bellowed in pain, his grip faltering. He swung wildly, his swords cutting through empty air as the shadow moved with inhuman speed, its fiery kicks relentless. One strike caught him in the stomach, the fire burning through to his spine. He staggered, his vision blurring from the agony.

Desperate, Onigumo lashed out with all his remaining strength, his swords a whirlwind of steel. But the shadows were faster, their movements a cruel dance of death. Shiryu's blade found its mark, slicing through Onigumo's abdomen. He gasped, blood gushing from the wound, and fell to his knees. The shadow's final kick connected with his head, the flames incinerating his hair and flesh. Onigumo's last sight was the glowing ember of the cigarette being extinguished on his skin, before the darkness swallowed him whole.

Main Quest : [Summit War - The Obsidian Night]

Kill three Marines with a Fate of A or higher : 1/3 → 2/3

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13th of April Paradise

Mad Monk Urouge stood on the deck of his ship, the salty wind ruffling his dark beard. The sun dipped low, casting golden and indigo hues across the sea.

“Captain, we’ll be arriving at the Sabaody Archipelago in half an hour,” a crew member called out, his voice slicing through the rhythmic crashing of the waves.

Urouge nodded, his eyes lingering on the flag fluttering above. The emblem was now marked by the symbol of Gecko Moria—a bitter reminder of his defeat. His mind wandered back to that fateful battle: the overwhelming strength of Moria’s subordinates, the cold, damp cell that became his prison.

A shiver ran through him as he recalled the terrifying orange-haired witch who still haunted his nightmares. Her "interrogation" was brutal, yet she paled in comparison to Moria himself. Urouge remembered Trafalgar Law's fortunate recruitment—and the chilling moment when Moria had killed Drake without a second thought, not even deeming it significant. He had dispatched Drake while casually chatting with the witch, never glancing at the lifeless body.

Moria’s proposition to Urouge had been clear: he wanted captains under his banner, like Doflamingo, Whitebeard, and the other emperors—not fleet or division commanders, but subordinate captains. It was a

less prestigious post for Urouge, but a sign of prestige for Moria. Seeing no other option, Urouge had accepted, even signing a binding blood contract, sealing his fate. Yet, an unexpected twist followed.

During the night, the Beast-Man who had defeated him—apparently enjoying their fight—came to take him out of his cell. Urouge had laughed in amazement when the Beast-Man showed him what Moria had done to Enel. Now, Urouge was a subordinate of a subordinate of the Warlord. His direct superior was Absalom, and he carried a den den Mushi to contact him.

As they neared the infamous Sabaody Archipelago, he tensed. Other strong rookies—Bellamy the Hyena, Jewelry Bonney the Glutton, and even Scratchman Apoo—were said to be arriving at the same time.

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13th of April **Amazon Lily**

Vice-Admiral Bastille marched at the head of his battalion, the disciplined lines of marines moving with a rhythmic precision behind him. He could feel through his Haki the battles raging where Onigumo and Doberman engaged unknown foes. Bastille's jaw tightened. He knew his comrades were formidable, but the dread gnawing at his gut told him something was terribly wrong.

"Stay together," he ordered his men, his voice a low growl. "Do not disperse."

The path led them to the heart of the island, a city that seemed plucked from time. Majestic stone structures rose from the jungle, their beauty marred by the grotesque sight of corpses littered everywhere. Women of Amazon Lily lay sprawled in the streets, their bodies twisted in the agony of disease, their skin marked by festering sores. A plague had ravaged this once proud nation, leaving death in its wake. Bastille's eyes narrowed. Amidst the death and decay, he could sense a presence within the palace ahead. The silence was broken by the eerie creak of the palace doors opening, and he felt a chill as the presence began to move towards them.

The marine ranks tensed as Gecko Moria emerged from the shadows of the palace, his grotesque form illuminated by the sickly light filtering through the clouds. His towering figure, hunched and malformed, cast a nightmarish silhouette. His skin was deathly pale, almost translucent, and his eyes gleamed with a malevolent glee. The grotesque stitching on his lips pulled into a wide, chilling grin.

"Surprise, Motherfuckers", the grinning presence laughed.

Gasps erupted among the marines. Bastille's eyes widened in shock. "Gecko Moria... How did you... Have you killed Boa Hancock? And... did you also kill...?"

"I killed your friend Vice-Amiral Momonga, yes," Moria interrupted with a cackle that sent shivers down their spines. "I had to eliminate marines... But doing it at Marineford during the war would draw too much attention. You, my dear Bastille, and your comrades were the perfect targets."

Rage bubbled within Bastille as he felt the life forces of Onigumo and Doberman flicker and fade in the distance. His friends, his colleagues, were dying. "You will die here, Moria!" he roared, charging forward with his massive zanbato.

Gecko Moria toyed with Bastille, their duel a macabre dance. Moria's laughter echoed as he deflected Bastille's powerful swings with ease, his own twin rapiers flashing like serpents. He mocked the Vice Admiral, his voice dripping with cruelty. "Is this the best you can do, Bastille? How pitiful."

Suddenly, from the shadows, nightmarish figures emerged, warriors forged from darkness itself, which started to engage his soldiers. The battlefield erupted into chaos. Shadow knights clashed with marines in a brutal, gore-soaked melee. Limbs were severed, blood sprayed, and the screams of dying men filled the air. The marines fought valiantly, but the shadows were relentless, reforming instantly whenever they were struck down.

A rapier sliced through Bastille's arm, severing it cleanly. The Vice Admiral roared in pain, swinging his remaining arm in a desperate attack. Moria sidestepped effortlessly, driving his other rapier through Bastille's remaining arm, rendering him defenseless. Bastille's swords fell to the ground, useless.

"Such a disappointment," Moria sneered, his eyes gleaming with sadistic delight. He sliced through Bastille's legs, the Vice Admiral collapsing to the ground in a pool of his own blood. "I expected more from you."

Bastille, gasping for breath, looked up at Moria with defiant eyes. "This... won't end well for you... Moria."

Moria's grin widened. "Oh, but it already has." With a final, brutal thrust, he ended Bastille's life, his mocking laughter the last thing the Vice Admiral heard. The shadows closed in around the fallen marines, their dark forms moving like a tide of death, sealing the fate of those who dared to oppose them.

Main Quest : [Summit War - The Obsidian Night]

Kill three Marines with a Fate of A or higher : 2/3 → 3/3

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13th of April Grand Line

The colossal ship Moby Dick stood immobile on the horizon as Shanks approached, his red hair whipping in the wind. He stepped onto the deck, greeted by the figure of Whitebeard.

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14th of April Grand Line

Reiju sat in the opulent solitude of her bedroom, the luxurious furnishings offering little comfort against the turmoil in her mind. Silk tapestries adorned the walls, and the soft glow of ornate lamps bathed the space in a warm, golden light. Her bed, a grand four-poster draped in fine fabrics, beckoned invitingly, yet sleep eluded her. She perched on the edge of a velvet chaise, her light pink hair cascading over her shoulders in soft curls, the ends curling upward in defiance of her inner turmoil.

The announcement of her impending marriage to Gecko Moria, Prince of Alabasta, still echoed in her mind, a dissonant chord disrupting the carefully maintained harmony of her thoughts. An alliance to bolster their military strength, her father had said, as if that justified binding her life to a man she had never met. Her father and brothers, their emotions dulled by genetic modifications, would not have cared. But Reiju was different. She could feel, even if she often chose to suppress it.

As she pondered her future, a tempest of conflicting emotions surged within her. The Vinsmoke family was a nest of vipers, and Moria was likely no different. The life she had always envisioned—a life of lavish tranquility, far removed from her family's cruelties—seemed to slip further from her grasp. Should she flee, abandon her family, and seek her fortune elsewhere? Or perhaps, she mused, life with Moria might prove to be an unexpected improvement.

Reiju's resolve hardened. She needed to see him, to gauge the man who would become her husband. Rising from the chaise, she crossed the room to the ornate dresser, where a small radio sat amidst her collection of perfumes and jewels. She lifted the device, its cold metal a stark contrast to the warmth of her hands.

"Prepare a speedboat to Thriller Bark," she ordered, her voice steady and authoritative. "I'm going to solidify our alliance."

As she set the radio down, a voice, smooth and unexpected, sounded behind her. "You wanted to talk to me, Princess Reiju?"

She jumped, her heart leaping into her throat. Spinning around, she found herself face to face with a man of striking beauty. His presence was overwhelming, and she remembered he could teleport, a thought that sent a

shiver down her spine. His dark hair framed a chiseled face, and his eyes held a piercing intelligence that made her uneasy. Despite knowing it was merely a facade, she found herself momentarily captivated by his appearance.

Fear surged within her, but with practiced ease, she activated the mechanisms within her genetically-engineered body, stopping the flow of hormones that fueled her anxiety. Instantly, her emotions dulled, and she felt the fear recede into the background.

“Prince Moria,” she managed to say, her voice now steady and controlled. She forced herself to maintain an impassive mask. “I didn’t expect you here.”

Reiju stood motionless, her mind racing behind her composed exterior. Moria’s piercing gaze seemed to see right through her. She swallowed hard, feeling a chill despite the warmth of the room.

“What is it you wanted to say to me, Princess Reiju?” he asked, his voice smooth and disarming.

She hesitated, trying to find her footing in this unexpected encounter. “I wanted to discuss our alliance,” she began, her tone polite and measured. “To understand how we can best solidify our... partnership for the benefit of both our families.”

Moria let out a small, amused laugh, his eyes never leaving hers. “Is that truly what you wanted to discuss?” he said, a knowing smile playing on his lips. “I think not. You wanted to gauge me, to see what your life would be like as my wife. You’re wondering if you need to flee the Germa family or if we can strike a deal to improve your life.”

Reiju’s breath caught in her throat. His insight was unsettling. As he stood and moved closer, she felt a shiver run down her spine. What was happening? She had activated her emotional dampeners, yet they seemed to falter in his presence.

Moria continued, his voice low and compelling. “We can strike a deal, Reiju, one that your father need not know about.” He reached into his coat and produced a parchment, unfolding it with a flourish. “This contract can stay between us.”

Reiju’s eyes flicked to the document, then back to Moria, who watched her with an unnerving intensity. She felt a mixture of fear and intrigue. Could she truly find a way to carve out her own life within this arrangement?

Her mind raced, weighing the potential benefits and dangers. She couldn't afford to trust him entirely, but the offer was too tempting to dismiss outright. She had to play this carefully, using her wits to navigate the treacherous waters ahead.

Moria's smile broadened as he sensed her hesitation. “This will be our secret,” he said, his voice a soft purr. “A safeguard for both of us. In addition to the official contract I will present to Judge, this one will ensure your autonomy and comfort.”

Reiju took a deep breath, steadying herself. “What exactly are the terms?” she asked, her voice firm yet cautious.